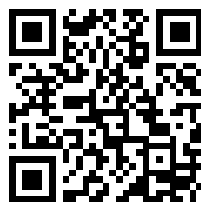

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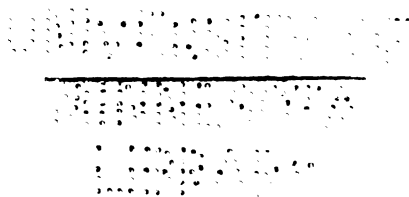
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UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

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FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

MORNING DRESSES—FIRST FIGURE.—Robe of *mouseline de laine*, a light grey ground spotted with silk of a darker shade, the *corsage* quite high behind, descends in the V form on the bosom; it is tight to the shape, and edged with lace standing up. Demi-large sleeve. *Pelerine* of moderate size, descending in front considerably below the waist in rounded ends, it is cut round in festoons, which are edged with a plaited trimming headed by a rouleau. The skirt is trimmed with two flounces to correspond. Black velvet bonnet, a round shape lined with blue, the interior of the brim is trimmed with shaded ribbon disposed in *dents de loup*, from which flowers issue; ribbon and an ornament composed of fancy velvet adorns the crown.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.—Cambric pantaloons, rose-coloured *gros de Naples* frock, the body is half-high, and made *en gerbe*, and the sleeves disposed in *bowillons* at top. The skirt is trimmed with a flounce. Point lace collar. Bonnet of light drab-coloured Terry velvet, trimmed with green velvet.

SECOND YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.—The frock is black velvet, made tight to the shape, and partially high. The sleeves are demi large, and trimmed at the top with velvet bands and gold buckles. A row of *papillon nauds* with a gold buckle inserted in each goes down the centre of the back of the skirt. Pale pink satin bonnet, trimmed in a novel style with ribbon to correspond.



FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

EVENING DRESS.—Robe of Indian *organdy*, over very pale pink satin, the *corange* low and pointed at bottom, is draped at the top in full folds, rising rather high on the shoulder, and descending very low in the centre of the bosom, they are hooked by gold ornaments. Short sleeve, disposed in close plaits at the top, they are terminated by a row of lace laid plain, and partially covered by a *bouffant manchette* looped by a gold ornament in the centre of the arm. The skirt is looped high on one side by a gold band, and bordered by a fall of lace. The hair is dressed low behind, and in a profusion of curls at the sides, and ornamented with a bouquet of white ostrich feathers.

OPERA CLOAK AND TURBAN.—Black velvet cloak lined with *groselle* satin quilted in waves; large pelerine of the *mantelet* form, trimmed, as is also the bottom of the mantle with black lace, a rich cord and tassels at the throat finishes the trimming. The turban is composed of apple-green *velours épinglé*, of moderate size, and descending very low at the sides; an end that falls on the right is trimmed with green fringe intermixed with gold, and a gold cord and tassels ornament the foundation. A gold *ferronnière*, which encircles the forehead, completes the *coiffure*.

THE NEW
MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE:

JANUARY, 1840.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
CONSISTING OF TALES, ROMANCES, ANECDOTES,
AND POETRY.

—
LOVE AND DUTY.

BY LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

It was evening, when a party of gleaners left the fields wherein they had been gathering the scattered ears of corn, after a plentiful harvest. There were amongst them the aged bending beneath the weight of years returning slowly homewards, and there were others who trod the earth with the firm proud step of youth, bidding defiance to fatigue, and there were little ones who preceded their grandsires, though they could not keep pace with their parents, proud of taking part in the labours of their elders. But a general silence pervaded the group of gleaners on their return home, and the merry glee and cheerful voices of the harvest folk at distance, in another glebe, contrasted painfully with their silent course; the former were laden with the plenteous riches of the earth—the latter had toiled long for the niggard portion scattered by the careless husbandmen out of their abundance; some of the gleaners wore a meek and resigned expression of countenance, but others amongst them looked dissatisfied as they heard the joyous shout of the reapers boasting of their plenteous harvest, and they wondered why such disparity of gain should be permitted, and murmured among themselves.

Two of the peasants however, loitered far behind the rest, and to them there was no mockery in the merry peal of distant laughter, and no murmuring in their hearts; they were satisfied with the share of the golden fruitage they bore, for they had all things, possessing each others love; kindly words passed between them, and looks more kindly still. Jessy Clive and her sweetheart, William Osmond, plighted their troth to one another, and their innocent courtship was prolonged till the last twitter of the birds settling themselves to rest, was hushed, and half the landscape lost in twilight ere the peasant lovers had reached the home of Jessy.

The maiden paused when she approached her parent's cottage, and William bade her reluctantly good night, but she asked him to go in with her to her father and mother, and he gladly complied.

As they entered together, her parents guessed what they were to hear, and when William preferred his suit, and Jessy avowed her love, they blessed their children. The rich and the great on similar occasions, might have envied the rustic lovers their happiness that night, but even in the transport of their joy, and the fond parents' heartfelt bliss the duty of prayer was not forgotten—the loved and the loving knelt together—then followed the innocent embrace, and the lingering "good night" between the lovers, and they parted in the happy security of innocent love; the cottage door of Jessy was closed, and the inmates went to rest.

Shortly after Jessy's father fell sick; the winter was unusually severe, and the poor were sorely tried—the great man who used to live on his estate seldom or ever visited his paternal domain, and the tenants who in former times found bread in work on the lands of the manor, had now no work to do. Every thing was inhospitable, cold, cheerless—the master of that domain squandered his rents on foreign shores or idle places of resort at home—the tie was broken that bound the peasant to the lord, and poverty and want spread discontent around.

Jessy's mother was old and feeble—she could no longer work; the landlord was pressing hard upon them, through his flinty agent. Jessy was indefatigable, but alone, what could she do? Actual want of food and raiment—those human wants that the higher classes think not of, and which are so imperative—were close at hand. Jessy was fair and young,—many had wished "to keep company with her," and one old rich farmer offered to marry her; he promised to support her parents—he promised to endeavour to make her happy; William Osmond could offer no assistance in this time of their great need, for he was as poor as themselves, and things had gone badly too with him—he also had an aged mother to maintain, who was totally helpless. What was to be done? Jessy's father at length asked her to marry David Elliott, the old rich man; he was sorry to give his child pain, but he argued as age always argues—"Love will pass away, but poverty is an everlasting evil." "For our sakes Jessy," was the plea he urged, and her mother echoed the wish and wept so bitterly, that Jessy could not say that she would not consent to their entreaties. Yet break her faith, with William because he was poor—

n  ver listen more to his kindly words—never again look upon his handsome countenance, and think with pride that he was her lover, and *she* the chosen of his heart! No, Jessy felt it would be impossible for her to endure such a trial, yet she began to think if *she could* from the hour in which her parents implored her for *their sakes* to accept her rich suitor, she endeavoured to school her heart to the duty imposed upon her; it rebelled—it murmured loudly—it would not be subdued by the stern behest. Still she persisted in summoning resolution to sacrifice her own felicity to her sense of duty, and each day some circumstance tended to strengthen her in her resolve to secure her parents' comfort by marrying the aged suitor. Every day her father was compelled to part with some piece of furniture—some small possession which had given great comfort to them, and thus little by little all was parted with to meet the demands of their pressing wants, and the earnest supplications of her mother's looks as she pointed to her husband's tottering footsteps, when he left his home on these melancholy errands, Jessy *could* not withstand. Nay so strongly did they influence her, that she almost brought herself to believe she no longer loved William Osmond, and that David Elliott would be welcome, whom she had so often rudely repelled from their hearth. Such were her feelings, when one day William Osmond entered the cottage. The colour mounted to her cheeks when she saw her lover, but Jessy greeted him not as formerly.

"How now, Jessy," he asked, "what is the matter?" and was about to enquire of her mother, when Jessy answered not, but the latter only wept—so the daughter said—

"William, it is better to tell it you quickly," and her hand trembled as she took his, "we must part; you and I can no longer keep company together—it is no fault of yours, William. Stay," she said, seeing he was about to speak, "and it is no fault of mine; but I—I can never be your wife, William; I must marry David Elliott or my parents be without bread—without shelter; that shall not be when I can hinder it. David Elliott promises to make them comfortable if I will become his wife, and I am about to consent."

"Jessy you, you *shall not* marry that old man. Shame on the thought! Your parents cannot wish you to do so; you are mine, Jessy, and no earthly power shall divide us. What, could you think of breaking your troth with me?"

"William upbraid me not, I cannot tell you what I have suffered—what I *shall* suffer in parting from you, and becoming the wife of David Elliott; but for my parents' sake I *will* do so, and she looked resolutely in her lover's countenance, and there was no tenderness in her expression as she gazed upon that beloved face, although her heart yearned with the love she bore him.

"Jessy this is most cruel, most wrong; you do not love me, or you would never consent to break your faith with me; is it such a fickle, heartless girl as *you* that I have loved? I am ashamed of my choice, and remember I tell it you, no good can come of your marriage with that old fool, whose gold has tempted you to his withered arms."

"William you will be sorry to have spoken

thus; do not let us part in anger, I deserve nothing but pity—one kind word, I beseech you, William, ere we say good bye for ever; in mercy be kind to me!" and she hid her face on his shoulder, and sobbed bitterly, but her lover's heart was hardened against her, and upbraiding her for her fickleness, he left the cottage without relenting from his harshness.

Soon after this melancholy parting, David Elliott came, and began in his usual way to court Jessy, and the old man was jocose and lavish of compliments. For the first time Jessy turned not away with contempt from his wooing, and she even tried to smile; and before he left the cottage that night, Jessy Clive was the betrothed of David Elliott.

The farmer was proud of having won so fair and young a bride, and he asked numbers of the country folks round to his wedding, and he would have a dance, and the village church bells rang with a merry chime.

Jessy's heart sickened at all these signals of joy, so inappropriate to the state of her feelings, and which seemed to her a mockery of her misery, but she never betrayed to the young peasants who laughed at her for marrying old David, that she did so from compulsion, neither did she grieve her parents by making them feel what a sacrifice she made in order to insure their comfort, and they hoped Jessy was reconciled to David Elliott, and had forgotten William Osborn. Jessy quailed not at the altar—it is not a ceremony or the repetition of a few set phrases that constitute the most trying part of the duty she had resolved to perform—it is the long, dreary hereafter, when the excitement of the resolve has passed away, and the object attained for which she made the sacrifice, then it is that the trial weighs heavier and heavier with every passing hour. When Jessy was settled in her new home, a home to her of far surpassing luxury from any which she had hoped or dreamt of—it was then, and not *till then* that she felt her wretchedness. True, she did turn with a sort of satisfaction and look at her parents as they sat beside her, and beheld them happy in the enjoyment of every domestic comfort; yet her thoughts would revert with fond and aching remembrance to the ingle nook of the humble cottage where she had sat as a happy child, without a care or a wish for such a home as she now possessed, and where, subsequently, she had sat beside William Osborn, and felt that the whole world was as nothing to her.

It is very strange how the old forget that they once were young, that they once were "foolish" as those they now condemn, for the self-same folly it may be, which they themselves indulged in—above all that they should forget those warm and tender feelings of the heart which once perhaps, reigned as despotically in their own as in those of the young ones with whom in age they find fault. The metamorphosis of the human heart is a very grievous change, and a very strange one—so strange that we often feel inclined to doubt the identity of the old person being the same with that of the young one we knew in former days.

Jessy's parents believed they had done well for their daughter's sake to urge her to marry the wealthy farmer, and she did not deceive them;

but they little knew the perpetual anguish of her heart, or they would not so have thought.

David Elliott employed William Osborn to superintend his farm, and so Jessy lived much in her lover's society. William loved her with too true a love to offend her by any expression which might have startled her purity, but it needs not words to convey an expression of that sentiment, and Jessy knew that she was as well beloved as heretofore, and did she love him less? Time is the test which proves true love from false; yet she never by thought, word, or deed, wronged the man she had married, but the trial of being frequently in his presence—of beholding his handsome countenance opposed to that of the old wrinkled face of her husband, of knowing herself still dear to him as ever, yet separated by an insurmountable barrier from being his, was so great, that she felt as though that sickness of the soul would shorten her days. How sedulously did she ply her needle, and keep her eyes fixed on the piece of work she was engaged on, during the long winter evenings, when her parents and her husband would frequently drop asleep, and she was left alone as it were, with the one so fatally beloved; or if she raised them to answer some question, her eyes met his earnest gaze with a calm and holy expression, and her whole deportment evinced a moral dignity on which he never dared to encroach. Often he wondered at her command over her feelings, and sometimes doubted if she had ever loved him; but William Osborn, the peasant, honoured Jessy Elliott with a respectful love which many high-born dames could not have inspired. Habit at length perhaps, rendered Jessy's task of duty less difficult than it was at first, but still she never relaxed her vigilance over herself, and her moral courage sustained her to its performance, day by day.

Months passed on, and the time of the assizes at the county town of —, arrived. One trial of peculiar interest excited unusual attention—but to no one did it convey half the interest it did to Jessy, for David Elliott the farmer, was confined in the jail on a charge of *forgery*. He had been long considered as a respectable man in his class, and the greatest anxiety was felt and expressed at such a charge, and for the issue of his trial. There was a general and powerful feeling in his favour, yet strong evidence had been brought against him, and it was even apprehended by some that he would be convicted of the crime. The old man had firmly and repeatedly declared his innocence, and the noble and courageous manner in which he bore the accusation brought against him, rendered him an object of interest—nay, even of admiration to his wife. Mr. Delaney, the counsel on the circuit that year, was to conduct the cause for the defendant. Jessy had personally pleaded her husband's innocence with him, and he had promised to use his utmost skill to bring the cause to a favourable issue.

"Have you good hopes, Sir?" she asked earnestly, and her whole heart and soul was bent on his answer being in accordance with her wishes. She shared her husband's prison and did all in her power to soothe and cheer him. The old man

who had been so hateful to her as a suitor, now that he was her husband, humbled by misfortune too, and resting upon her for support, excited a warm and affectionate interest in her heart, and the gratitude which she entertained towards him for his uniform kindness to her and her parents, completed the obligation, and fixed the generous purpose in her breast to prove his innocence at any sacrifice.

At length the day arrived on which David Elliott was led forth to the bar of justice, and the trial commenced. Mr. Delaney pleaded the prisoner's case skilfully—not eloquently; he did not excite emotion in the court, but he used such arguments in plain language as went far to influence the judgment of the bench in his client's favour. It was a remarkable characteristic in Mr. Delaney's manner of pleading, that he invariably appealed to the understanding, *not* to the feelings; he knew though a pathetic appeal has occasionally been successful in influencing a favourable verdict, yet it is far from being so certain in its result as a skilful defence, which combats with the reason and makes the hearers even doubt the evidence of their own senses. What a wonderful art is that of pleading for a criminal, with every circumstance against him, and the pleader's own conviction pronouncing him guilty, and yet he saves from the condemnation of the law, by his judicious and plausible arguments! Every circumstance brought against the guilty can generally, by some happy sophistry, be converted into a saving clause, for what story may not be related in such a manner as to serve an opposite purpose? Mr. Delaney although availing himself of those allowed subterfuges in his profession, was in his heart an honest, straightforward man, but yet though every circumstance in the present instance combined to make him in his own opinion believe the prisoner guilty of the crime for which he stood accused, he prepared to refute the charge by changing the aspect of every iota the witnesses alleged against him. However, not all the counsel's skill and hearty intention to save his client could effect the purpose, and on the last day but one of the trial, David Elliott's cause appeared hopeless.

"Jessy," said he, as they sat mournfully by each other's side, "Jessy, I give up all hope." The old man's voice faltered, but he recovered himself, and continued speaking—"I wish to thank you for your kindness to me during these long dreary months of suspense. I was vain and proud when I got you to marry me, and become the wife of an old man, but I little thought what an angel I should obtain when I courted you; I was laughed at for an old fool to suppose so young and pretty a girl would be faithful to me as a wife, but you *have* been faithful, Jessy, and you have been put to a severe trial; I watched you narrowly,—I own I did at first—but I did not watch you long; I felt secure of you at all events, and I hope, I believe you have long since forgotten William, have you not, Jessy?"

It was a very painful question for the wife to answer, but Jessy paused not in her reply.

"I have indeed been a faithful wife to you—I have never forgotten for a moment the duty I owe you—the gratitude for delivering my parents from wretchedness; so I have grown to esteem and

honour you, David, but I will not speak an untruth—I will not deceive you—I still love William Osborn.

But even though she made this confession, her eyes shrank not with the cowardice of guilt from the scrutiny of her husband, and David Eliot could only look sadly as he replied,

“I wish you had not told me so, Jessy, I had flattered myself you had forgotten him; well it is no matter now, I shall soon be no more, and you, you will be rewarded—you will marry William Osborn and be happy. All the property I possess will be your’s, and now I bless you, dear Jessy. I wish you to leave me, that I may endeavour to prepare for the great change that awaits me—yet stay Jessy, one word more as a man on the verge of eternity—I am not guilty of the crime for which I shall suffer; what motive, not to mention any worthier reason, any feeling of honesty, for which hitherto I have stood fair in the opinion of my fellow-men, could I have had to do this deed? I do not want money, for my station in life, I am a wealthy man—Jessy the charge is false, utterly false; but since I could not make you happy, life is of little value!”

Jessy was much agitated, but she did not weep, the heart must be softened to tenderness to excite tears, and for David Eliot Jessy had no tenderness, but she looked as she felt, very grave and thoughtful, and at length she said,

“For the present farewell, I must leave you, but we shall meet soon again—yes, in this world we shall meet again,” and before he could desire her to remain she vanished from his presence and sought for Mr. Delaney. She once more abjured him to say what hope was entertained for her husband, and was informed that there was very little chance of his acquittal.

“I shall be in the witness box to-morrow and give evidence that will change the sentence,” she observed.

The morrow came, but what an altered being was Jessy Elliott in personal appearance, how changed in the course of that one night of terrible struggle with herself—yes, that awful night had added a weight of years to her brow, and changed the golden hue of her hair to grey—this great and sudden change struck every one who beheld her with compassion and amazement.

“I did not think she would take on so,” was the remark of her rustic friends and acquaintances.

The usual forms of the court were gone through, the prisoner pleaded “not guilty” with a firm clear voice that resounded through the assembly. The defence was ably conducted, but it evidently failed in proof, and the verdict that must have followed would have condemned him. Jessy’s face was convulsed with internal emotion, and then as if by some supernatural resolution, she ascended the witness-box, and exclaimed loudly,

“He is not guilty! my word for it, he is innocent—another is the forger, I see him *there!*” and she pointed to an individual amongst the crowd of spectators, she closed her eyes whilst doing so, but kept her finger directed to the same spot.

“Who? who?” was asked by many voices, “which person do you mean?” and after a pause she forced her lips to utter the name of the guilty

man, and with a fearful scream of agony betrayed her lover.

“It is William Osborn who is the culprit!” and she detailed the circumstances by which she had discovered his guilt.

The man himself was so amazed, that he made no attempt at escape, and for several moments he was unable to utter, when he did so, he turned to his accuser,

“And is it you Jessy who denounce me as the criminal? from this day forth, let no man trust a woman,” and he looked wildly round the court. “This woman has professed to love me, has plighted her faith to me long before she married old David—his gold it was tempted her to betray me, as then so now. Oh! Jessy, and it is you who denounce me.”

“Never for gold, but to save my husband,” she replied in a low calm voice of despair.

“Deceitful woman, to pretend you care for his life.”

“William, I am not ashamed in this public place to own that you were my first, my only, my last love. I married yonder good man because he succoured my parents—love to him I never professed, but I have tried to do my duty, I have fulfilled it very imperfectly I fear. I lingered to the last moment in the hope that David would have been acquitted without the forfeit being set upon your head, but when I found he must die for the crime of which you alone are guilty, I resolved, though my heart should break I would save my husband; last night was awful, but it is over now. David you are saved, I cannot say that at such a price I am glad,” and she turned mournfully, and with a look of ineffable tenderness to the now prisoner William Osborn; “but there is a hope still,” and she appealed to the judge. “grant him pardon—was ever any one you so loved in danger of death, of a violent death, if so you can feel for me? Oh! try to save him!” and she dropped on her knees, her tears falling in showers upon the robes of the Judge. He calmly wiped them off with his handkerchief, as he replied to this passionate appeal, while his countenance relaxed not from its rigid expression.

“Young woman, you know not what you ask, and I must remind you. You are a married woman, it ill befits you to plead for a lover.”

“David Elliott knows that I never swerved from my allegiance as a wife—he too will plead for William,” and the old man did so, but the Judge was inexorable.

“This conduct is quite inadmissible in a court of justice, I cannot allow it to continue.”

The court adjourned, and the prisoner was taken to jail, while the wife and husband returned to their home.

Such a scene had perhaps never before been witnessed as passed in the court that day.

* * * * *

A lady richly attired in a court costume was about to leave her house, and enter the chair that awaited to conduct her to the presence of royalty, when she was arrested by a female, who implored her to listen to a petition she had to make. Her countenance interested the lady, and she attended

to her request—it was Jessy Elliott who implored Lady Portland to use her influence with the Prince to shew his royal clemency to the prisoner William Osborn.

"Oh lady," said Jessy, "you are great and noble, and no one you have loved, ever could have been in such circumstances as he is in, but if you have ever loved, you can know what it is for me to have sacrificed William's life for the sake of one, I am only bound to by duty."

She said this and much more, until the lady promised to speak in her behalf to the monarch, and Jessy blessed her, and she was moved by the recital of her story, and as she went along the streets for the first time in her giddy life she was careless of the curious and admiring gaze of the spectators, as they endeavoured to obtain a sight of the St. Michael's Beauty, as she was called, and neither the compliments to her personal charms or the coarse jest of some of the populace in reference to her being a favourite with the king, had power to arouse her thoughts from the reflections Jessy Elliott's story had excited.

"There is an example," she mentally exclaimed, "what a reproof that woman's history is to me; I, who am living for the King's smile, waiting for his notice for hours, and happy or miserable only as his humour is kindly or the reverse. It is a miserable and an evil state—this woman's tale has strangely startled me—I wish I had not seen her, yet I promised to speak for her to the King."

These wholesome reflections were put an end to, for the chair was stopped and Lady Portland alighted in the palace. Her cheek was flushed with pleased vanity as passing by the crowds of admiring plebeians or gentry, who awaited the hour at which the Sovereign received the public; room was made for her to pass, and enter by the *tribune* to the royal presence. The most graceful curtsies from the Lady Portland received the most gracious of bows in return from the monarch, and then advancing the king spoke with the most profound respect and admiration evinced in his manners to the favoured lady of the court, and at length whispering a few words to her aside, which appeared not to displease her, she again curtsied low, and passed from the royal chamber to take her station in the ante-room, amongst the *élite* of the aristocracy and fashion of the court. Many a gay and handsome gallant tendered his homage to the Portland courtly beauty; some of the women courted her, some rebuked her superiority by treating her with cold and dignified contempt—to the first she was condescending, the second she ridiculed, and almost laughed at, if so well-bred a lady could have been guilty of such a breach of etiquette, as she witnessed their ill concealed jealousy of the "monarch's favourite." But both alike were indifferent to her, and she dispensed her smiles to some and her frowns to others, and wiled away the afternoon pleasantly enough, listening to the honied-*phrases* of her numerous admirers, and receiving the confidences of half those who compose the "cabinet," and laughing at the sallies of wit which flowed from the king's jester, Frederick Berkeley, or at the audacious ease and vulgar familiarity with which "*Bon Ton* Stratford," as he was termed, boasted of having made the king fetch him a chair

the preceding evening. And Jessy Elliott's prayer and her promise were alike forgotten by that vain and frivolous being. It did recur to her recollection that night, ere she slept, but Lady Portland was one of those who upon *principle* never permit themselves to be annoyed. She administered to herself a double portion of the mental opiate of selfishness, to which she had so often recourse; the remembrance of Jessy Elliott did not keep her long awake, and she fell asleep recalling to mind the words the sovereign had addressed to her that morning. With far different feelings had another of the belles of that day left the court. Lady Emma Hervey trembled as she stood before the monarch, her tottering knees scarcely permitted her to make her obeisance to the sovereign, and when she did so the movement was awkward, yet how far more respectful, how far more devoted was the inward homage she paid the king, than that which actuated Lady Portland when she had a moment before surprised the king and all the court by the grace of her deportment.

No matter the pale and trembling form before him had lost the power it once possessed to charm him, and the king's cold formal acknowledgement of her curtsy was very mortifying to one who had but a short time previously been treated even as the Lady Portland of the present hour. Still Lady Emma Hervey remembered her right to command the king's respect and attention to what she had to say—the very circumstance which had made her an outcast favourite gave her a stronger claim on the attention of the sovereign, though it had lost her the admiration of the man, Jessy Elliott had in the first instance gone to Lady Emma Hervey, and requested her to use her power to obtain the king's pardon for William Osborn, but she had been told afterwards that Lady Portland was the person who had the greatest power over the king, and she had therefore also had recourse to her influence, but the latter forgot her request, the former remembered it—her bosom heaved with painful emotion as trembling she ventured to implore the attention of the king, who used but a little while before to ask her bidding, still she did not flinch with selfish pride from fulfilling her promise to Jessy Elliott, but she did so without success, for the king received her communication with cold indifference and replied,

"I am afraid it will not be in my power to grant Lady Emma Hervey's request—at all events I regret she should have chosen so unfit a time and place to make known her wishes. Madam, your most obedient."

Lady Emma drew herself up to her full towering height, she looked steadfastly and reproachfully at the monarch—once again she curtsied, but it was without nervousness, and the former favourite left the royal chamber, and hurrying home she wept, for what? the king's cold looks? Oh! no much worse for her own peace, she wept for the forgotten love of the individual.

Jessy Elliott failed in her mission, and William Osborn was convicted and underwent the utmost rigour of the law. Before his execution he sent Jessy a cruel message to say that all her life long his spirit would haunt her as his murderer; the

threat alarmed her not, she had done her duty. He was dead, she *lived* to suffer, *her's* was the heavy trial—that prevented her from ever joining in a laugh or feeling pleasure in the beauty of nature, or any thing this world can offer of enjoyment. It was a sterile existence, yet it did not kill, it did not as sorrow is said to do, lay her low, or impair her reason. Jessy was a young woman when this awful episode in her life took place, and she lived out her appointed time, even as though she had never endured such trials; surviving David Elliot, surviving her parents, she had not a tie left in the world. Yet there was no repining in the meek expression of her countenance, or, still more wonderful in the bruised spirit which looked to heaven, for the happiness it had been denied on earth.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

Old Christmas returns in his mantle of snow,
And glad hearts assemble around the gay hearth;
Young holiday faces with happiness glow,
And all things proclaim it a season of mirth;
Dull Care has ta'en wing, rosy Joy now holds away,
E'en Sorrow's pale cheek is beguiled of its tear,
For the sunshine of Pleasure beams bright on Life's way,

As friends greet us with smiles—and A HAPPY
NEW YEAR!

Now parent and child—hearts' and hands sever'd
long,
Meet around the gay board, with unclouded de-
light;

And more prized than the glitter of Fashion's cold
throng

Is the social communion, where true hearts unite!
What gambols are played in the old Castle hall!

How circles the cup! though it wakens a tear
For some, who though absent, fond mem'ries recal

As we quaff a "good health," and A HAPPY NEW
YEAR!

Yet let not a cloud on such merriment rest,
Since mirth, while 'tis innocent, none can gainsay,
And though sometimes a sigh will escape from the
breast,

For friendships forgotten—or Love pass'd away;
O'er the dial of Time shall no shadow be cast,
When Hope's sun shines forth, every heart it
should cheer,

So, let Mem'ry but glance on the scenes of the past,
To ensure for the future a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

EPIGRAM.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

"Give me a reason," Laura said one day
To an M.P. who loved his friend and glass,

"Why No you never to a Motion say,
But always vote that every BILL may pass?"

"The reason, child!" he cried:—"the reason's
known;

A kindly feeling prompts me, for alas!
I find it difficult to pass my own!"

THE POET'S GRAVE.

Say where should the grave of the Poet be,
On the shore of the blue, unbounded sea?
Oh! how should the heart of the Poet sleep,
Midst the restless murmurs of the deep?
The sound of the fathomless waters near,
Has a voice to waken death's cold ear;
How should he rest, midst the deeping swell,
From each light wave, each ocean shell;
When the foaming billows shout on high,
And the storm blast rings right merrily?
They were his soul's loved sounds, and still,
Their voice, through death's cold shroud would
thrill.

Oh tell me where should the Poet lie?
'Neath the light of a blue and laughing sky;
With the leafy shade above him spread,
And the soft spring odours round him shed?
In the old church-yard, with a moss grown stone,
To tell his sad sweet tale alone;
Oh lay him not in that quiet grave,
Amidst the loveliness which gave
Its colour to his gifted lot,
His spirit would haunt that lonely spot;
Oh think not amidst that solemn bloom,
The heart of the Poet could find a tomb!

Oh seek not a home for the child of song,
The glorious scenes of earth among;
The smiling sky, the sweet impress,
Of Nature in her loveliness.
The whispering voice, from wave and wind,
That leaves a thrilling tone behind,
Each falling leaf, that can impart,
A voiceless lesson to his heart;
The howling storm, the mighty blast,
The dark cloud o'er the heavens cast;
The snow clad fields, the leafless bough,
Where bright the frosted garlands glow.

The pale moonlight, with chastened smile,
Lingering lovingly awhile;
The thousand stars, whose voice of song,
The minstrelsy of Heaven prolong;
His soul amidst their beauty dwelt,
His heart their thrilling magic felt;
Their spell around his spirit twined,
He may not leave their dream behind.
The tomb is a rest, all sad and deep,
Where all the heart's emotions sleep;
His hand is cold, his eye is dim,
But Earth has no such grave for him.

Oh cold and dark is the mournful tomb,
Haunting our hearts with lonely gloom;
And thrilling fear. Oh seek ye then,
His sepulchre in the hearts of men;
In the cold eye, where he can find,
No sweet communion with his kind;
In the worldly laugh, the scornful sneer,
The feigned delight, the soulless tear.
In hope deferr'd, the early blight,
Of dreamy visions of delight;
In the lost sweetness, which they gave,
The Poet's heart has a colder grave.

E. K. S.

TRUTH AT LAST.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

When old Sir Peter on a sick bed slept,
His young wife lingered in the room and wept:
The pitying Doctor strove to soothe her pain,
And promised fair to patch him up again,
But quick she rallied at the sad misgiving,
And owned she only wept that he was living!

THE TRIPLECASH FAMILY.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE EXPATRIATED," "THE SCEPTIC,"
"MARGARET CORYTON," &c. &c.

In a street at the West-end of London the Honorable Everard O'Sullivan had taken up his residence, during the metropolitan season, about two years ago. His name was graven on a large brass plate, and affixed to the door, by the kind permission of his landlady, of whom he rented a *single* apartment at the back part of the house, which he chose, very probably for the purpose of enjoying the freshness of the air from Hyde-park; it being literally what is termed a "sky-parlour,"—and he, moreover, had the liberty of using one of the lower rooms, when not in request by the family, to see any of his particular friends who might unfortunately make a call when he was at home. He, being a young adventurer with a tolerable good person, and fashionable appearance, was received into good society almost as soon as he entered upon London life, and he had a happy knack of pushing himself forward with such a modest effrontery, that wherever he made a point of being invited he very seldom found his request denied. His father, the Baron Lackland, held a questionable title, without possessing any of the hereditary estates; and, in consequence of his native modesty, had never ventured to assert his pretensions to a seat in the House of Peers, but Everard held himself Honorable by courtesy, and on the speculation of getting a wife with something to enable him to live with comfort to himself, was packed off to the metropolis by his sympathizing father, with some few pounds in his pocket, which were got together with great difficulty;—one or two letters of introduction, and the kindest paternal advice.

I have frequently heard long and sage dissertations on the difficulty of getting on in the world without money, from country cousins, who paid their bills regularly once a year, and kept an account of all their expenses in a goodly-sized memorandum-book: but it is plain they knew very little or nothing of the world, or times have changed since youth gave an impetus to their imagination, for there are many who bear the outward and visible sign of wealth, without having it in their power to command the possession of a penny. Such was the hard case of the Honorable Everard O'Sullivan, who drove a cab, sported a tiger, wore the finest white kid gloves, and when not invited out, was frequently compelled to go without a dinner. A hard case truly, but young men about town find it easier to *dress* than to *dine* without money.

Gifted by nature with high spirits, and blessed with a good opinion of his own attractive qualifications, Everard O'Sullivan shone forth in the circles of society like a new planet. Lady Winterblossom, who had one unmarried daughter on hand with a portion in the Spanish Funds, of which she had both the principal and interest to receive whenever the aforesaid Government should think proper to promise payment, kindly extended her patronage to him, and gave a *fête champêtre* expressly for the purpose of introducing him among her circle of fourth-rate aristocracy; and

as she considered him a likely young man, who from his style of appearance must have something in his pocket, entered her daughter on the list of aspirants for his heart and his hand, and her old yellow chariot was to be seen following his cabriolet down Regent-street, at rather a quicker pace than a Dowager trot, to the great detriment of its crazy wheels, the peril of its fair inmates, and the pain of the two spavined, wheezing animals who had the high honor of drawing the vehicle along, and which ought to have been transferred to a dustman's cart some years bygone, and perhaps banquipped the feline race, instead of stopping up the Queen's highway. But the horses were her Ladyship's own property, and, if truth must be told, she was compelled to use those, or none, for the livery-stable keepers had an objection to let out their horses to a Peeress who *promised* to pay. The patronage of Lady Winterblossom was, however, very useful to O'Sullivan, though he was too wary to pay any thing more than common attention to her daughter, as he entered life with the prudent determination not to commit himself without being perfectly assured that he should receive money down, if he consented to sacrifice his person, and give up the dear delightful liberty of a bachelor. Besides he was always on the *qui vive*—and if he saw any thing *likely to suit*, took the precautionary measure to enquire what the expectations of such persons were; the *weight* of Papa, and what claims, in the shape of brothers and sisters, might be put in for a share of the property. In this he was much to be commended—all young men are not so prudent. He was exceedingly industrious in his researches into the sources of those who were reputed wealthy, and absolutely refused to be introduced at Alderman Waxwick's, because there was an *on dit* that he used German silver articles at his table, drank porter at dinner, and dressed his daughter out with British diamonds. Very few young men would have had so much foresight, but as he said, if the Alderman was as rich as the world gave him credit for, he would not strive to increase his consequence by the length of his shadows.

Having premised that Mr. O'Sullivan possessed the phrenological organ of *caution* in a high degree, we will now shew him up as an active member of society; Lady Winterblossom, who always had a considerable degree of devotional feeling when the London season was over, was very intimate with her country pastor, the Reverend Peter Pigwiggin, whom Mr. O'Sullivan chanced to meet at her Ladyship's *fête*, he having taken up his residence for a few weeks at her pretty suburban residence, which was distinguished by the name of Nutshell Villa. The two gentlemen did the civil to each other at their first introduction, grew rather intimate after dinner over her Ladyship's Cape Madeira, and before coffee was announced, became sworn friends. Peter, being a worming sort of personage, quickly obtained a knowledge of O'Sullivan's wants and wishes, and promised to aid and abet him in all his speculations, having previously agreed upon *terms*, for people who engage in affairs of this description, generally expect to receive a share of the profits. With so kind a friend as Peter Pigwiggin, who had taken the precaution to request that Lady Winterblossom

should not become a third party in the business, Mr. O'Sullivan entered with spirit into his professional avocations, and having met Miss Triplecash, the great pawnbroker's daughter, whom Lady Winterblossom had for some few substantial reasons, been trying hard to foist upon society, he, at second sight, made her an offer of his hand. The lady being neither young nor handsome, and if not yet a member, first on the list to be elected one of the Gobelin Tapestry Club, could scarcely believe that her ears had not deceived her, but willing to be convinced, she contrived to let him repeat his offer, and utter a hundred pretty nothings before she ventured to make a reply, which was quite a characteristic one—namely, a reference to her papa, who always managed *her matters of business*. This was not exactly what Mr. O'Sullivan would have desired, as he knew papas were generally considered to be cold, calculating, inquisitive persons, who having outlived the fire of their youthful passions, looked over love affairs as closely as they inspected their ledgers, and liked the sum total on both sides to agree to a fraction. But on the other hand he was aware that ambition frequently blinded the eyes of the *nouveau* rich, who were willing to purchase rank at any price, and he fondly indulged the hope that Mr. Triplecash might be one of the aspirants to the honor of being father-in-law to the heir to a nominal peerage.

On the following day the cabriolet of Mr. O'Sullivan, with the tiger swinging behind on the footboard, and amusing himself by making faces at the driver of each hackney-coach that came within sight, was seen threading a dirty narrow street in the neighbourhood of Soho-square, the Honorable driver having his glass squeezed tightly between his eyebrow and his cheek, being on the look out for the well-known signs by which persons of the profession of Mr. Triplecash were distinguished. Nearly at the further end of the street stood the residence of that gentleman, the doorway of the shop being decorated with a quantity of forfeited wearing apparel, blankets, patch-work counterpanes, odd pieces of china, flat-irons, dirty-looking books, and all the other usual appendages of shops of this description. The private entrance was next-door-neighbour to the public one, bearing a brass-plate with the name of Triplecash engraven in German-text capitals, and a brass knocker, which one of the lads of the establishment was giving an extra polish to at the moment the cabriolet of Mr. O'Sullivan drew up. The tiger immediately dismounted from his elevated position, applied all the strength of his fingers to the knocker, the noisy rat-a-tat of which, nine times repeated, told the inmates within of the arrival of a visitor of more than usual consequence, brought one of the female servants from the kitchen panting for breath to one door, and the pawnbroker himself to the other, almost at the same moment, whilst the under-secretaries at the three balls were peeping through the small interstices which the goods exposed for sale in the window had left, and wondering among themselves what the gentleman wished to leave behind him.

The tiger having ascertained that the Triplecash family were at home, announced the Honorable Mr. O'Sullivan after the most approved fashion, and

having assisted his master to alight, took his station at the head of the horse, which was exactly *vis-a-vis* with the shop-door at which Mr. Triplecash was still standing, probably calculating what was the real value of the equipage—the livery of the tiger included. From this calculating reverie he was disturbed by the maid-servant that had answered the loud summons of Mr. O'Sullivan's factotum, who was hastily tying on a clean apron, and looked as flushed as if her face had been held for half an hour before the kitchen fire, and who informed the great man of the establishment that young mistress's new sweetheart that she was telling him about, was up-stairs, and as old mistress was making herself a bit tidy to see him, she wished him to go into the drawing-room, and make himself agreeable to the gentleman until she could come down herself. Mr. Triplecash directly divested himself of his apron and sleeves, was brushed down by one of his helpers, and disappeared from public view. No sooner had he backed out of business than the lad who had been brightening the knocker, advanced to the tiger, and condescendingly remarked that it was an exceedingly pretty cab. To this remark the tiger assented, and the first speaker continued, "but I don't think we can take it in." How long this out-of-doors conversation might have been continued it is impossible to say had not the burly, bustling frame of Peter Pigwigin appeared on the step of the private door; he enquired of the tiger in what part of the neighbourhood he had set down his friend, and expressed great pleasure on being informed that he was to be found if enquired for within. The tiger, perhaps not wishing to be caught gossiping, or betraying his master's secrets, stepped into the carriage and drove up and down the street, where we will leave him for the present to take a glimpse of the scene within.

Miss Triplecash was discovered bending over an ornamented album, employed in finishing a pencil-sketch, when Mr. O'Sullivan entered, and the skirt of a dark cotton gown was seen vanishing through the folding-doors that led to a small half-lighted apartment which was used by the family as general sitting-room, where Mr. Triplecash smoked his cigar after the hours of business, Mrs. Triplecash mended stockings, and the young men, engaged in the establishment, took their meals:—which room, however, it must be remarked, Miss Triplecash never condescended to enter. She belonged to a different *caste*, and had a *clique*, as well as apartments of her own. Mr. O'Sullivan began to think that his visit had been expected, for Miss Triplecash was somewhat overdressed for the time of day, and he could not but remark that it was unusual for ladies to whisper their messages into the ears of their servants. Mr. O'Sullivan was saying some very pretty things and pressing the hand of Miss Triplecash, which was most profusely decorated with rings, to his lips when her father made his appearance, with "your servant, Sir, glad to see you in *this* *here* part of the town. Have you asked the gentleman to take a crust of bread and cheese, and a drop of porter, after his drive? I know I always feel to want something myself when I get out of the shop for half an hour, and our business is a mighty fagging sort of a one."

"I dare say it is, my dear Sir," replied Mr. O'Sullivan, who although he had an innate loathing for the low-bred person before him, was determined to make a good first impression, "but how much better is industry in the *shop* than idleness on the *bench*."

"Aye, aye," rejoined Mr. Triplecash, they are idle enough there—playing racquet all day long, and laughing at their creditors. When I lived over the water I used to have half the gentlemen's watches—but you've been there, Sir, I suppose, so I need not tell you how things go on in that quarter;"—and Mr. Triplecash chuckled loudly at his abortive attempt at wit.

The cheeks of Mr. O'Sullivan flushed deeply at the degrading insinuation; Miss Triplecash exclaimed "Oh, Papa!" and the Pawnbroker looked as foolish as if he had been compelled to declare that all his money was honestly obtained. As soon as Mr. O'Sullivan had recovered from the shock his nerves and his dignity had received from the unpolished manners of Mr. Triplecash, he thought it prudent to correct that matter-of-fact gentleman's opinions by assuring him that his allusion to the bench had been perfectly misunderstood; his meaning was that if the Aristocracy were compelled to labour like the operatives, the affairs of the nation would be better managed. This piece of diplomatic finesse effected a most wonderful change in the opinions of Mr. Triplecash, who was a most violent politician, and moreover a decided Republican in principle, had as great an aversion to hereditary peers as an apothecary has to pills, and would not have allowed a scion of nobility to set foot within his doors if he had not thought that an enamelled card, with the Honorable Mr. Somebody upon it, would look grander in the eyes of the world than the business one of a pawnbroker and salesman. With all his patriotic feelings he was willing to tack himself to the flag-end of nobility, and as O'Sullivan had such high respect for the shop, he was half inclined to spare him the important question, and offer him the young lady, with a junior partner's share in the concern. On the brow of Miss Triplecash a dark cloud, in the similitude of a frown, was observable when she found her suitor advocated the principles of her father; she was one of the opposite party: the one that was *patronized* by her *patroness*, Lady Winterblossom, who always condescended to wear the colours of the Tory candidate at an election, because she got them for nothing, and they served afterwards for waist-ribbons and cap-strings. Ere yet the frown had vanished, the Reverend Peter Pigwigin made his *entré*, with a message full of flattery to Miss Triplecash, and a protested bill which Mr. Triplecash was requested to renew for the fifth time, and add the interest to the principal.—"W-h-e-w!" muttered Mr. Triplecash, elongating each letter as if it had been a syllable of itself, "why you don't mean that surely, do you?"

"If at the present moment her Ladyship was not considerably inconvenienced with respect to cash, she would not have ventured to *ask* such a favor," replied Mr. Pigwigin.

"Grown very particular all on a sudden,"

growled out he of the three balls; "and suppose I do *not* choose to do her the favor, what then? eh, Mr. Parson?"

"Oh, fie Papa!" whined out Miss Triplecash, "when you know how I love dear Lady Winterblossom."

"And the affection is reciprocal," echoed Mr. Pigwigin.

"I fancy she loves my money better than she does either me or mine," responded the Pawnbroker, "but I suppose if I do oblige her I shall not be much worse off than I am at present, and with the comfortable reflection that the chances were against the bill being paid when it next became due, Mr. Triplecash renewed it, and Mr. Pigwigin made his exit with the precious piece of paper in his pocket."

Mr. Triplecash having as much notion of delicacy as a bear has of elegance, and considering the visit of Mr. O'Sullivan to be purely one of business—a pledging of the person instead of the property—and finding that his daughter's suitor did not at once come to the point, opened the door to the subject by saying—

"You were making love to my daughter the other day, I understand, Mr. O'Sullivan?"

"Papa! Papa!" shrieked Miss Triplecash, "consider my feelings—the delicacy of my nerves—my strange situation—" and she sank down upon the sofa in as pretty a specimen of a swoon as could be wished for.

It was Mr. O'Sullivan's place of course to play the adorer, and the adored rested in his arms quiescently, and it might have been supposed unconsciously, had she not ventured to keep the lids of one eye partially ajar, the better to observe what was going forward. Mr. Triplecash rang the bell for water, and Mrs. Triplecash, arrayed in cherry-coloured satin, which was in good keeping with the very deep *couleur de rose* of her face, bounced into the room at the same moment, looking, in gracefulness of figure, something like a Dutch-plaice in petticoats, and seeing the situation of her daughter she became so terribly nervous that she commenced an hysterical solo, which began in *A flat*, and went considerably higher than *F sharp*. This interesting group was heightened by a dirty-looking servant wench, who, in her haste to administer relief to the lady, had, being at the moment disturbed in her occupation of striking a light, brought up instead of the glass of water which had been called for, the tinder-box, and the nauseous effluvia, which was emitted from the smouldering rags, she pertinaciously persisted in holding under the screaming lady's nose, until, unable to bear being suffocated in the manner kind-hearted naturalists destroy their insect specimens, she gave up her melodies, and kicked the girl's shins, till she uttered something more like an oath than a compliment. Almost at the same moment Miss sighed and revived, and the Pawnbroker, who had stood with his broad back before the fire, until a portion of his body must have been nearly half roasted, remarked that he was glad this nonsense was over, and that women knew as much about business as cats did of making butter.

This remark raised the ire of Madame, who was a great personage in her way, and having her own

bank in her pocket, kept her *mari* under proper subjection.

"I must say, Mr. Triplecash, my dear," she said in what was intended to be a soft and sentimental tone of voice, "you are so rude in all your ways: now you know good words cost nobody nothing, and the least indelicate *illusion* always brings on a *constipation* of my daughter's nerves. She is just like me, Mr. O'Sullivan,—I beg your pardon a thousand times for not speaking to you when I first came in, but I was in such a flurry, and its washing week, and our maids are such dawdles; so, what with looking after them, and keeping an eye over the young men in the shop, when the master is out of the way, you may suppose I've a precious deal to do."

"Too much, I think, Madam," replied Mr. O'Sullivan; then addressing himself to the young lady, he whispered, and pressed her hand at the same time to give more point to his words, "May I indulge the delightful hope that you are better?"

It must be observed that this was uttered in a stage whisper, and therefore was easily overheard. Miss Triplecash elongated *Y-es*, with a sigh at the end of it, finishing in a kind of falsetto shake.

"Poor dear!" ejaculated Mamma, "I know what she feels!"

Now what Mrs. Triplecash *knew* could *not* have been by *inspiration*, and the honourable admirer of the *** Street heiress saw at a glance that he was to be "taken in and done for." This conclusion was quickly verified by the quaint humour of the Pawnbroker, who chucking his fat, fusby helpmate under the chin, gave her to understand that she began to look something like a grandmother!

I detest detailing and retailing, therefore I must be pardoned if I cut short much of the twaddle of the *quartette*. I shall therefore leave the old couple to crack their jokes unrecorded, and keep to the principal personages, who looked very like a couple of ninnies; though it was but in appearance, for each was playing a separate game. Mr. Triplecash, who was "without ambition," thought the good-looking O'Sullivan might be useful in the way of business, by introducing young Lordlings who were not without good expectations, to whom the *three balls* would hold out inducements to raise cash to provide for their immediate necessities, and if he was without *fortune*, he might probably soon have a *title*, and then to be Father-in-law to a Lord!—why it was enough to set the old speculator on stilts. He was ready to snap at the bait, and gudgeon-like, never considered that he might be hooked himself.

"Well young people," said Mr. Triplecash adjusting his neckcloth with one hand, and satisfying the cravings of his nasal organ with the other, "you seem to have made up matters without my interference, I suppose all that remains to be done is to draw out the settlement and fix the day."

The mention of *settlements* gave a cold chill to the blood of O'Sullivan, but he had sufficient presence of mind to say,

"I am most ready to settle all the unentailed property of the Lackland peerage unconditionally on my fair bride."

"How handsome of Mr. O'Sullivan!" screamed Mrs. Triplecash at the very top of her voice.

"Ay, but that is like catching the moon in a cabbage-net," said Triplecash, "you see young man,—I beg pardon,—Mr. O'Sullivan I meant to say,—the property cannot fairly be said to belong to you while the right honorable gentleman, my Lord Lackland, is above ground: when he takes his last ride with the feathers bobbing above him, then indeed the power will be in your hands."

"He is a martyr to the gout," responded Everard.

"That does not always kill people," answered the pawnbroker.

"Then he is dreadfully afflicted with the asthma," interposed O'Sullivan.

"So is my wife's brother over the way; you know Doublescore, at the Plucked Pigeon?"

"I have not that honour," rejoined O'Sullivan, whose aristocratic feelings were a little annoyed by the supposition that he and mine host of the Plucked Pigeon could be on familiar terms.

Poor O'Sullivan was now at a loss what terminating disorder to attribute to his father:—luckily Mistress Triplecash, who began to be fearful of losing the opportunity of writing herself mother-in-law to the son of a Lord, came in with the powerful re-inforcement of *her* arguments, and taking her liege lord by the button-hole she forced him to the embrasure of the window, and in a tone of voice not to be misunderstood, threatened to make her guardian call in all *her* money that was invested in *his* business, if he let such an offer as the present one slip through his fingers.

"I don't mean he should escape," replied the Pawnbroker, "though I do not believe he has an acre of land to call his own."

"That's always the way with you," responded the lady, "you are so suspicious. It was but the other day you would have it that the second floor lodger, at our other house, was going to *shoot the moon*, and you know what a fool you made of yourself. Now, Mr. Triplecash, hear what I have to say:—you *shall* hear me, sir, or I'll raise every body in the house about your ears. If you prevent my daughter from being made a lady, into the *Gazetteer* you shall go, or I don't stand here!"

From this eloquent (if not elegant,) appeal to his ambition, Mr. Triplecash knew not how to escape. His better-half had cash at command, and, like some lord's wives, had been nurtured on the profit of animal carcasses which had been exposed for sale in Newgate market. He looked as confused as if one of the Informers had caught him making a mistake in his calculation of the interest to be claimed on the money advanced upon a two-shilling pledge.

"You must do as you think proper, *love*," he replied, biting his lips with vexation, "I'll go down to the shop," and off he went, muttering something like a malediction against the rights of women.

Mrs. Triplecash had now, as she had for some minutes been anxious to have, an arena in which she could play the *prima donna*. She called up all the sentimentality of her nature, and looked, with such a pitying glance, first at her daughter, who was resting her head upon the shoulder of O'Sullivan, and then at the half-declared lover,

that she seemed a fine specimen for a Caricaturist. Then she sighed as deeply as if the keen north-wind had been spitting its spite at her for half an hour, and wiped her eyes with a *mouchoir*, which she held so tightly squeezed up in her clenched hand, that only about two inches of one of the corners could be made available for the purpose to which she applied it: and, to complete the scene, sunk down upon the sofa, on the dexter side of O'Sullivan, as lightly and gracefully as a bag of wool rolls from a waggon to a warehouse.

"You can't think, Mr. Solomon," she began, but was in an instant interrupted by her daughter, who set her right with respect to patronymics by exclaiming "O'Sullivan, my dearest mamma." "Well I'm sure I beg the gentleman's pardon, you see, sir, we sell a good many of our things that are out to Mr. Solomon, and a very good price he gives, so you will excuse the mistake. But as I was going to say, you can't think what a peck of troubles I am always in with that husband of mine: he has no more idea of gentility than a cat has of eating sauce with her fish. But don't you mind his nonsense; he knows I will do what I please when I please, and after having brought up my daughter in the most *ladyfied* way in the world, he shall not prevent her being a Peeress in *her own right*, as of course every body that has common sense must know will be the case when my Lord pops off, if she marries you."—O'Sullivan bowed most devotedly.—

"I was going to tell you exactly how I brought up my daughter," resumed Mrs. Triplecash—"in the first place I had a nurse for her till she could run alone, and then I had a *Bone*, as they call maids in France, a *real French maid*;—none of your shams—no, no I was too wide awake for that:—catch a fox asleep, said I, if you can, so I made her give me the most respectable *inferences* before I engaged her, and I found it was all right, for she was born at Brussels, and educated at Amsterdam."

A close observer might have seen a tremulous motion curve the upper lip of O'Sullivan, when he discovered his intended mother-in-law's geographical mistakes, but she shook hands with herself too comfortably to perceive that she was making herself supremely ridiculous, and seemed to luxuriate in displaying the profundity of her ignorance. Some people have a happy knack of fooling it to the top of their bent for the amusement of others—Mrs. Triplecash actually seemed to invite ridicule.

"So you see my daughter is not a person of a common class, Mr. O'Sullivan," resumed Mrs. Triplecash, "as poor dear Lady Winterblossom said of her, and it was such a pretty compliment, but my lady does repeat so many delightful *bone moos*, as the French say:—your sweet daughter, Mrs. Triplecash, said my lady to me, is so brilliant that I could almost fancy her to be the shadow of a sunbeam. And so she ought to be, my lady, said I, for I had her taught every thing, by every master I could hear of; I was not so foolish as to think that *one* master could know half so much as twenty, and I never allowed her to remain at one school longer than three months, so you see she may well be clever, for she has sucked the brains, as I may say, of the cleverest people in the kingdom."

"She is happy in having such a mother," said O'Sullivan.

"You may well say so," returned the lady, "but now we will talk about our own affairs. My property, being in my own hands, I mean to do what I like with it, and so I've been thinking when you and my daughter are married, I shall leave my old man to take care of the shop, and live with you, for, as dear Lady Winterblossom said, I really ought to mix a little in the fashionable world."

O'Sullivan was horrified at the proposition; he knew there were many monstrosities exhibited in that circle already, and he was not very desirous to shew off with a *couple* of originals, though, as matters stood, he could not exactly give utterance to his sentiments. As a kind of *entrement*, once in a way, a vulgar old woman does very well to fill up a yawning pause in a languid conversation:—she, by some uncouth remark, or boisterous peal of laughter, contrives to be a serviceable being, inasmuch as she awakens the sleepers, and makes the wakeful stare. O'Sullivan was obliged to play the civil, and being taken unawares, he thought it far better to parry the attack than to reply to it; therefore he addressed his dulcinea, somewhat questionably as to veracity, and said,

"That *would* be delightful!"

"Very," replied Miss Triplecash.

"You think so?" said O'Sullivan.

"Yes, don't you?"

He could not say *no*, and he found the affirmative stick in his throat, as prickly as the backbone of an eel: he coughed to conceal his sentiments, and mamma continued her conversation.

"I must say, Mr. O'Sullivan that you have done the handsome thing in offering to settle your property on my daughter, when my Lord becomes food for the *quadrupeds*, as the *naturals* call worms; you may see I am well read in *history* by my making such a simile;—but bless me, I have read so much that I have forgotten half I have seen."

If you had forgotten the other half, thought O'Sullivan, the world would have been benefited.

A pause for breath was necessary, for the tongue of Mrs. Triplecash, according to the vulgar adage, went nineteen to the dozen, and she actually paused from an exhaustion of wind. The cessation was however but of short duration; the love of talking led her on to endure the fatigue of it with heroic fortitude, and had she been bound like one of the primitive martyrs to the stake, she would have prayed for leave to speak another word.—It was evident to O'Sullivan that the match had been made up and agreed to, even before he could make a formal proffer of his hand and expectancies; perhaps the wedding cake was ordered and the *trousseau* in a state of extreme forwardness at Maradan's manufactory, where brides are fitted out *secundem artem*, and neophytes prepared for the matrimonial market. All that O'Sullivan dreaded now was a particular enquiry as to the exact locality of his embryo property, and the *where* was asked as soon as Mrs. Triplecash had drawn in a current of fresh air. The enquiry, although anticipated, was not very easy to be replied to, but the old lady was assured that the estates were the grants of sovereigns in almost every quarter of the globe from the bogs of Ireland to Otaheite. ogle

Mrs. Triplecash would have been satisfied to have married her daughter to the son of the celebrated club-footed old gentleman in black if she had been assured that she should become mother to a titled dame, and grandam to some honorable hereditary ninnies; but to make short of this portion of my tale, consent was given, the fortune of Miss Triplecash was principally secured to herself and her heirs,—Mr. Doublescore, the host of the Plucked Pigeon, being one of the young lady's trustees, and the parties WERE MARRIED.

During the honey-moon O'Sullivan was so fortunate as to be left without the delightful society of his respectable mother-in-law, who was fully occupied at home in making preparations for the reception of her daughter, when she should return to town. As a first commencement towards "leading a new life," she gave the cut direct to all her *trading* acquaintances, and gave up being seen in the shop, though still having some of the old leaven clinging to her nature, she was very assiduous in the warehouse, where she paid particular attention to such articles of plate as were there deposited, as might in her opinion be worthy to grace the new residence she had taken for the reception of her Honorable son-in-law, on the left hand side, leading from the New Road to the Regent's Park, in Baker-street, North, which she, in all the beautiful simplicity of native innocence, thought was *quite* the West End of London. In this little mansion, containing about ten moderate sized closets, Mrs. Triplecash now domesticated herself, and numerous were the packages and parcels that daily and hourly arrived with articles of use, taste and *vertu*. It was evident that the warehouse had been well looked over, and Mrs. Triplecash was not a person to stand upon trifles.

Three days after Christmas the young couple arrived in London, and *Madame Mere*, who was bedizened with as much finery as would have been sufficient to have dressed out the gorgeous heroine of an Eastern pantomime on the boards of Covent Garden, flew to the door, with a blazing mutton-dip in her unmitten hand, before the half-frozen footman had time to sound the alarm upon the knocker, upon which his hand had just rested, and the door being at the same instant thrown open, the poor fellow fell plump into the arms of Mrs. Triplecash, who, in the confusion of the moment, thinking it was her honorable son-in-law, squeezed, kissed and hugged him at a most unmerciful rate, at the same time adorning his new livery with some fine specimens of *wick* embroidery, in the shape of spots and streaks of molten tallow, while the flame was adding to the work of destruction by burning the nap from off his broad-cloth. A passer-by might have figuratively supposed that she was singeing the skin of the man, to try experimentally whether human beings could be easily *baconized*. Whilst this affectionate scene was enacting in the door-way, the inside passengers were liberated by the aid of the postillion, who with a broad grin remarked to the mortified O'Sullivan that perhaps the old lady had not seen her son for a long time, and was giving him a drop of comfort. To this blister on an unhealed wound he condescended not to reply, but hastily dragging his bride from the post-chaise in which they had journeyed, into the

house, he grasped the arm of his lady mother so tightly that she shrieked aloud with pain, and screamed at the top of his voice "Woman! are you mad, or——"

The conclusion of the sentence we will not write. Mrs. Triplecash became highly indignant at being classed with her sex. *Woman*, was to her a term of reproach, and I have always observed that it is so to all vulgar people; wherefore I never could discover: but *Womun* and *Madam*, although the very opposite extremes to each other, always give offence, if applied under certain circumstances. The insulting epithet, *Woman*, rung like a knell in the ears of Mrs. Triplecash, who, discovering her mistake, left the mark of her ten commandments on the face of the unfortunate lacquey, and hastened into the drawing-room after her offending son-in-law. Some people think that a wedded life is one of happiness; and if they marry, let it be either for *money* or for *love*, that they are to expect *kindness*. This was O'Sullivan's idea, though he dealt more in *realities* than in *idealities*, and provoked as he was to give way to temper by the folly of Mrs. Triplecash, it was forgotten in a moment, and he was willing to pay her all the respect that was due to the mother of his wife. He felt that he had sacrificed his pride, and was half inclined to believe that the old lady had not been content to sing "Drink to me only with thine eyes," but had been tempted to pledge her children in "ruby wine." Mrs. Triplecash, however, felt the power a full pocket has over empty pride, and acted upon the principle of the *monied interest*. She would not condescend to take his proffered hand, but stood aloof, looking daggers, as far as she could do so with her little blue eyes, that were imbedded in a mountain of flesh, and looked like two small blue-bottle flies in the centre of the petals of a couple of crimson roses. Mrs. O'Sullivan had retired with her *Parisian femme de chambre* to arrange ringlets, and superintend the unpacking of band-boxes, therefore her liege lord was left to contend, single-handed, against his loving mother-in-law's irritability of temper and volubility of tongue.

"This is a strange reception, Madam," began O'Sullivan.

Mrs. Triplecash tossed her head somewhat in the style of a horse decorated with a plume of black feathers, whose ear is tickled and annoyed by an intrusive fly, which will not understand the motion as a notice to quit.

"What offence have I committed, Madam?"

The tongue of Mrs. Triplecash was obstinately immovable. Had not O'Sullivan been perfectly aware that she was not tongue-tied he might have been induced to have sent for a surgeon to operate upon that sometimes refractory organ. Mr. O'Sullivan was now almost in a passion, and rang the bell so furiously that the rope was wrenched from its fastenings, and rested in a coil over the lower portion of his arm. Something like an imprecation against the rope escaped from the lips of O'Sullivan, which at the same time gave an impetus to the tongue of his mother-in-law, who screamed out—

"Don't swear in my presence, Sir; and learn to behave yourself like a gentleman, if you wish

me to take you under my protection. Dear Lady Winterblossom, who is a *real* Countess, says you *coagulated* her daughter's affections, and then left her only to get my daughter's money. But it won't do with me, Sir, for whilst I live I'll make her what my lawyer, Mr. Trickall, calls a *femmy sole*, if you don't mind your P's and Q's. That's what I'll do."

The legal knowledge of Mrs. Triplecash made O'Sullivan open his eyes to the fullest extent: his lip curled with a smile of contemptuous derision, and he was about to reply, when the entrance of his wife, who instantaneously received the bruin-like maternal hug of Mrs. Triplecash, sealed his half-opened mouth.

It was evident to O'Sullivan that his quondam friend, Lady Winterblossom, had been divulging some little secrets regarding his pecuniary expectations, and being disappointed in disposing of her own live stock on any terms, she had taken the opportunity of sowing the seeds of discord during his absence from town. By the interference of Mr. O'Sullivan matters were, however, soon patched up, the belligerent parties exchanged kisses and squeezes, and the sum of happiness shed its beams over the little mansion in North Baker-street. Calls from the visiting friends of O'Sullivan, and a few cards from the *inadmissible* former circle of the Triplecash family, made the inmates of this *bijou* of doubtful aristocracy, somewhat gay. Then came dinnerings and dancing, to all of which Mrs. Triplecash insisted upon being franked, though O'Sullivan frequently wished that the black velvet dress that enveloped her portly form could be brought into use to cover a stately coffin. The thousand and one mistakes of the old lady was a source of annoyance to him, and a fund of amusement to others, and the pertinacity with which she clung to her own system of always speaking of or to her daughter as the *Honourable* Mrs. O'Sullivan was so truly farcical that it even became a by-word among the domestics.

Had not O'Sullivan found that by the pawn-broker's policy he had been so tightly tied up with respect to money matters that even the apparent liberality that had been shewn towards him in the marriage settlements, was counteracted by one or two subsequent clauses he would most probably have given the old lady an *audience of leave*. Poor as he was, he had now no alternative but to submit to the insolence of vulgar wealth with as good a grace as he could. Of his wife he had no reason to complain, though he could not help remarking that even she seemed at times to be obliged to conceal her affectionate feelings in the presence of her mother, who loved to play the *prima donna* at home and abroad. Time passed on with his usual measured step, and Mrs. Triplecash was preparing for her daughter's first grand party, which was within a few hours of its arrival, dishing the fowls, boiling the custards, and scolding the maid-servants, when the knocker of the door began to join chorus with the voices within, and ere the echo of the first summons had reached the bottom of the kitchen-stairs, a second one quickened the paces of the domestics.

"Not at home," screamed Mrs. Triplecash, at the very top of her voice, but her orders were

either unheard or misunderstood, for some heavy footsteps were in a moment heard in the hall, while the girl flew down stairs to give information that two gentlemen were desirous of seeing her, and would insist upon being admitted. Mrs. Triplecash uttered a few select terms of reproach from her scolding vocabulary, swept off two or three jellies from the table as she threw off her apron in a rage, and had placed her foot on the first step of the kitchen stairs, when she encountered the two visitors, who had nearly reached the bottom. Mrs. Triplecash gave something between a shriek and a squeak, for from the appearance of the men she had certain misgivings as to the purport of their visit, and she fancied she saw by the dim light that was shed from a passage-window something like a number on the collar of one of the gentlemen's coats.

"Don't be in a flurry," Ma'am, said the companion of the person who had caused Mrs. Triplecash this agitation, "we are obliged you see to do our duty, and if you will please to look at this paper you will perceive that we are authorized to make search for certain articles of plate and furniture which were placed by the parties who are named therein, as pledges in the establishment of your husband, and which, on the oath and information of your shopman, who was first charged with the robbery, you are accused of having abstracted for the purpose of furnishing this house."

"The villain!" shrieked Mrs. Triplecash.

"It's no use calling names, Ma'am," replied the man mildly; "the wisest way will be to make the best of a bad business, so, if you please, we will begin below, and then proceed upwards."

Mrs. Triplecash trembled as an epergne, with some few dozen of spoons and forks, which had undergone the operation of a last polish, were seized as being a portion of the missing articles, and was about to go off in search of her son-in-law to make some arrangement with the intruders, when her progress was stopped, and she was informed she must consider herself in custody. She stormed and screamed, but all to no purpose; the agents of the law, like the familiars of the Inquisition, were deaf to all her noise, and very quietly put by such articles as answered the description given of the missing goods. After about two hours' search, during which carpets were hastily torn up, and with numerous other articles of furniture removed in a cart to the police-office, to be produced in evidence, Mrs. Triplecash was conducted to a *fiacre*, and conveyed by her unwelcome attendant into the worshipful presence of a Justice of the Peace.

This scene had scarcely been enacted in North Baker-street, when Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan arrived at the door of their residence from their morning's walk. The pallid cheeks of the girl who answered their summons, formed a strong contrast to the pink ribbons that fluttered on her cap, and the state of confusion in which the hall appeared, called forth a reproof from Mrs. O'Sullivan at the carelessness of the servants allowing the *dirty tradesmen* to bring their articles to the front door, instead of taking them down the area.

The girl burst into tears:—tears of pure, unsophisticated sorrow. She felt that the truth must

be told, but at the same time she was pained to be obliged to give a pang to the bosom of a fellow-creature. Though she was humble, her soul was noble, and as Mrs. O'Sullivan was proceeding up stairs to the now dismantled drawing-room, which had been arranged with flowers in the earlier part of the morning, in the expectation of enjoying a gay and brilliant evening, the faithful creature could endure the pain of mental excitation no longer, and seizing the cloak of her mistress to interrupt her progress, she fell on her knees, and cried, "Do not, pray do not go up there."

O'Sullivan became alarmed at the earnestness with which the girl strove to prevent her mistress going forward:—his wife stood as if paralyzed, and had he not caught her in his arms, would have fallen. A loud knocking at the door demanded the attention of the maiden, and at this undesired moment Peter Pigwiggins made his truly unwelcome appearance. There never was a family yet that liked to be caught in confusion, and under the present circumstances, O'Sullivan wished Peter in particularly warm quarters, for from him he was destined to hear the worst he could have feared. Peter was one to whom delicacy or feeling were strangers, and moreover he delighted in propagating anything like scandal, even though that scandal should bring ruin to his dearest friend. Fear of what deadly injury he might inflict, only kept him within the pale of society; as his heart was known to be of the colour of his coat, the contact with him was dreaded, and therefore he was allowed to travel on in his iniquitous course unimpeded. Panting and puffing from the exertion he had made to be first in the field, that he might secure, if possible, a portion of the plunder for himself, he most unceremoniously began to relate the occurrences of the morning, with, most probably, some few additions of his own, and concluded by reminding the half-stupified O'Sullivan that he had a little demand upon his purse for the part he had taken in negotiating the marriage between him and the pawnbroker's daughter.

"Everard!" cried Mrs. O'Sullivan, "am I dreaming, or is what I hear true? Has my ambition ruined my family, and made me an object of detestation to my husband?"

O'Sullivan had a good heart when its better feelings were brought into action. He was almost bursting with indignation at the conduct of his pseudo friend, and clasping his wife more tenderly in his arms than he had ever done before, he replied, "No:—You shall find, poor girl, that in affliction, even a purchased husband can love."

The sobbing maid servant exclaimed in the excitement of the moment, "God bless you," and his wife in silence clung closely to the bosom of her husband. It was a tableau that would have interested the coldest-hearted being in creation; and even Peter Pigwiggins looked, for once in his life, astonished. In his opinion, interest was the only tie between human beings; it was the only one that bound him to his fellows, for he would flatter to gain a farthing, and cheat the devil of his tithe of a cabbage.

The truth, disguised as it was by the emendations and additions of Peter Pigwiggins, was pain and sadness to the heart of O'Sullivan. The

wretched condition of the half-furnished rooms,—the unaffected agony of the only servant that had ventured to remain in the house,—all around him bore corroborative evidence that disgrace and shame hovered like a dark cloud, over his fame and fortunes. But although he felt mortified and degraded in his own estimation, the depth of his sorrow was for the sufferings of his wife: she was the victim of circumstances, and from those circumstances he was anxious to deliver her if he could. After he had for some few moments had time to reflect upon the cruel and unexpected condition in which he was now so unfortunately situated, he placed his wife under the care of the kind-hearted girl, who had so generously strove to conceal the worst aspect of affairs from him, and seizing Peter Pigwiggins, rather unceremoniously, by the collar of his coat, he compelled him, *nolens volens*, to be his companion withoutside the house, having previously given orders that no person, who did not belong to the family, should be admitted. Trouble at any time is bad enough; but when not only friends, but all with whom we are on visiting terms, are expected to congregate together, to be compelled to write one-self *bankrupt*, is a most intolerable nuisance; the mind of O'Sullivan was a chaos, but he was determined to act boldly, and for the best. It was well that he did so, for Pigwiggins was prepared for mischief. They were no sooner in the open street, than O'Sullivan gave vent to his rage, and told Pigwiggins in plain terms what opinion he had formed of him from the heartlessness of his conduct. To speak of generosity to a miser, or expect to meet with mercy when in the grasp of a half-famished tiger, would have been quite as reasonable, as to hope to touch the chord of feeling in the breast of such a character as Pigwiggins. Like Shylock, he wanted to obtain payment of his bond, and he thought, from the turn circumstances had taken, the only chance he had of attaining his object, would be by being first in the field. Peter could bear an insult with patience and a horse-whipping uncomplainingly, if he was likely to be paid for either; but finding that in the person with whom he was now contending, he had rather a rough-rider to encounter, he quickly changed his tone, and serpent-like, endeavoured to wheedle him into compliance with his wishes. O'Sullivan was rather short of cash, for the old people had not come down quite so handsomely as they had promised, and at the present moment, glad on any terms to get rid of his annoying companion, he compromised the affair *pro tem.*, by offering him his watch, the only article of any value he had about his person. It was accepted; Peter vowed he was one of the best fellows in the world, and promised to get the accusers out of the way on the morrow, long before Mrs. Triplecash was brought up for a full examination. O'Sullivan threaded his way through the bye streets, and at length stood before the shop of the pawnbroker. A dense crowd had collected round the door, for ill news speeds onwards with the velocity of an eagle's flight, and it was with difficulty that he could himself obtain ingress, even with the assistance of the police, who had been called thither to preserve order. The shop was filled with persons who were clamorous to ascertain the security of their

property. O'Sullivan forced his way through them into the little back parlour, where, seated in his accustomed chair, with his head resting on his outspread hands, he found his father-in-law. The old man started when he heard his name, the tears trembled in his eyes, and in a voice choked by a stifled sob, he said,

"Are you too, come to taunt me with my disgrace? Tell me I am a knave, a beggar—say what you will, I can submit to any thing now."

"Be calm, Sir," said O'Sullivan; "you do not know me, or you would not at a moment like this so completely mistake my character. To serve you, to act with you in endeavouring to silence this unhappy affair, I have left your daughter alone in her desolate home. Our decision must be immediate."

"My daughter," exclaimed the old man, the tide of feeling having for a moment overcome the force of passion, "ay, it was for her, poor girl, that her mother has brought me to shame. I could till now hold up my head proudly, but now, —now the brand of shame will stand a burning curse upon my brow; and *you*—you whose love was for her gold, will hate her; scorn, taunt, curse, the daughter of a felon mother!"

"You mingle truth with wrong too closely, Sir," replied Everard, "but as the unfortunate connexion exists, let me at least trust that you will, for your own sake,—I will not say for *mine*—allow me to advise, if you will not suffer me to direct."

Mr. Triplecash seemed to awake from a sort of stupor: he looked earnestly in the face of O'Sullivan for a few seconds, and then grasping his hand firmly within his own trembling ones, he said—

"They told me you were a knave, but the rascal lied; I feel that you are honest, and my only friend in misery. Tell me how I am to act—lead me which way you will."

"There are but two plans to pursue," replied O'Sullivan, "I have obtained a promise that the accusers should be withdrawn to-morrow, from Mr. Pigwiggin."

"From whom?" shouted the pawnbroker; "from Pigwiggin? Why it is he who has brought all this mischief upon me. It is Lady Winterblossom who with my money has sent to redeem the property that has been in my custody for years, and which I have *lent* her when she entertained the fools of fashion, who laughed at her for her pride and her poverty! Ay, ay, I see through it now; the mischief is done—I am a degraded man, and they draw back now in kindness!"

O'Sullivan perceived that a deep-laid scheme had been matured between these two worthies either to extort money from the pawnbroker, or to drive him from society, because he had preferred uniting himself to wealth in preference to poverty. He felt assured from a review of the circumstances of the case, which he had heard for the first time, that the accusing parties dare not come forward, and on further enquiry he found that the *principals* had not as yet appeared in the business, but that it had been conducted by an *agent* and that person it was evident was to bear all the blame, and be promptly removed out of the way.

The result was exactly what O'Sullivan had ex-

pected. The agent was not to be found the next morning, but in his stead Lady Winterblossom made her appearance before the bench, weeping and caressing her *dear* Mrs. Triplecash, and begging leave to explain to the magistrate all she could recollect of this very unpleasant affair. "It was painful to her to acknowledge that she was poor—very poor; but persons in her rank of life were in a manner *compelled to live above their means*, and as she sometimes had pressing demands for money, that actually could not be put off, from motives of necessity, she was obliged to part with little articles of luxury till fortune returned in a smiling mood. The little documents she was sorry to say, had been lost or stolen, and the thief or the finder had most unjustifiably and impudently made use of her name to injure her very respectable friend. It was plain to her that the fellow dare not come forward in her presence, and as to the plate and carpets, being in use in North Baker Street, it was of such trifling consequence that she quite laughed at it, until she found that it had taken so serious an aspect. She begged to say that she had no charge to make against Mrs. Triplecash, who had lately married her daughter very highly in life; indeed she was not quite sure that she had not desired her to make use of any property of her's that could be useful to the newly-married couple, as she knew the young man was not very rich," and bowing her adieux to his worship, she was making her way out of the office, when she encountered O'Sullivan at the door. She was too old a practitioner to give signs of confusion, and, thanks to her rouge, was never seen to blush. She congratulated him on the turn this unhappy affair had taken, and hinted that she hoped she should not meet with ingratitude.

"Impossible!" said O'Sullivan, with a glance of indignant scorn, "the *pledges* of the Lady Winterblossom shall be as publicly sent home, as she has publicly strove to injure an honest man's reputation for the imprudent follies of his wife," and he turned aside to prevent himself saying too much. Mrs. Triplecash was of course discharged from the criminal bar, and the property which had been so rudely taken from North Baker-street, was ordered to be restored, and, by the orders of O'Sullivan, it was conveyed back to the shop, whither Mrs. Triplecash was also content to return, being, as she acknowledged, completely sickened of fashionable life.

O'Sullivan and his wife retired to a pleasant residence a few miles distant from the metropolis, where they live happily. The unpleasant affair was but a nine days' wonder, and as by the death of his father he is now Lord Lackland, few persons when they occasionally mix in the world during a short visit to London in the season, recognize in the titled fair one, the pawnbroker's daughter.

One word more of Everard O'Sullivan. Though a poor man he is more truly respectable than many who have the command of unlimited wealth, and as a husband and father may be held up as a pattern for others, which is more than can be said of most of the adventurers of the day, whose sole aim would have been to dissipate as speedily as possible the hoarded wealth of the Triplecash family.

THE ABSENT FRIEND;

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Why comes he not? Why comes not yet the friend
 Who makes my life a track of light, whereon
 The storm may beat in vain, the blast descend,
 But pass unheeded, stingless, and unknown?
 Why comes not he, whose every sight is full
 Of healing to the sickness of my soul?
 Should absence e'er his heart's affection cool!
 Nay, nay! I spurn suspicion's dark control!
 He loves me! yes, he loves me—as before
 He ne'er hath loved! and I—oh! loving God!
 I thank thee for my Friend! I thank thee o'er
 And o'er again, that I on thorns have trod
 To teach me thus, the value and delight
 Of these rosepaths, where he with me doth walk;
 I thank and bless thee for the sunshine bright
 Of his caressing looks and tender talk!
 How do I love him? Absent, all my prayers
 For him to Heaven ascend: present, he is
 My very life, the comfort of my cares,
 The sole bestower of my bosom's bliss!
 Lonely I wander'd through a world, where Pain
 And Disappointment still had been my lot
 Until I met him, then I knew how vain
 Each former feeling, all in this forgot!
 I hear his voice, and every sense hangs mute
 Upon the kindly music of each word;
 I watch his face, whose quick expressions suit
 Each feeling in the truthful bosom stirred:—
 Oft, as in silence do we sit and think
 Such thoughts as have no language, save the beat
 Of melting hearts and clasped hands, I drink
 From his fond eyes Affection's homage sweet.
 Yet oft, in all my happiness, by fits
 Will tears intrude to think how cares will come!
 —My eyes rain blessings on him as he sits—
 My soul wafts prayers for him, though speech
 be dumb!
 To see him, hear him, touch him, these comprise
 The whole of my desires; to blend with him
 Those supplications, which (though men despise)
 Our Heavenly Father hears, dispels the dim
 And doubting fears that fill each human breast
 At times, with darkness. Young, and pure, and
 bright,
 He is my pride and pleasure: oh! how blest
 If I could watch him flourish in my sight!
 It may not be! it may not be! The hour
 Will come, to part us; but our Friendship's lamp
 Shall burn in constant light, nor spend its power
 On sullen bosoms, gloomy, stern, and damp:
 Religion's hand shall keep its sacred flame
 Eternal, changeless, pure! and God may yet
 Restore us to each other, still the same
 In heart, as now, though suff'ring and regret
 May wear our frames the while! 'Tis sweet to have
 This confidence, for Love without it dies;
 A true affection looks beyond the Grave,
 And hath a holier trust than human ties!

LINES,

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEPARTURE OF SOME
 ESTEEMED FRIENDS FOR SYDNEY.

BY JAMES MURRAY LACEY.

I have seen ye depart from Old England's lov'd
 shore,
 With feelings of anguish and sorrow;
 For, alas! something whispers we ne'er may meet
 more,
 Or else at some far distant morrow!

Time and change will assuage your severest regret,
 As Hope comes so soothing and cheering,
 But the friendships of years you can never forget,
 Nor find others so warm and endearing.
 While you go, you will gaze on the land of your
 birth,
 As long as your sight can possess it,
 And when from your eyes fades that dear spot of
 earth,
 You will weep, and, while weeping, will bless it!
 Other stars will shine o'er you, strange lights to your
 eyes,
 But still the same Sun will attend you;
 And the same MIGHTY POWER that rules earth, sea,
 and skies,
 Will guide, and protect, and befriend you!
 Though pensive you quit us, yet Hope points the
 way
 To your land of adoption, with pleasure;
 May the Star of Success shed its fostering ray,
 And give all the best of earth's treasure.
 May health, in Australia, give welcome to you,
 Of all Heaven's boons, best and brightest;
 And may Time give you friendship, both fervent and
 true,
 But deem not old friendships the lightest.
 For we think of you here with regret's bitter sigh;
 Yet Hope sparkles bright in our chalice,
 Hope to see you again, ere we droop, and we die,
 If Fate will abstain from its malice!
 Farewell! gentle friends!—when the page meets
 your view,
 Which shall bear on its impress these breathings,
 And you trace hopes and wishes, both kindly and
 true,
 That Joy may with Peace blend its wreathings;
 Then remember that Eng'land,—your fair island—
 home—
 Holds hearts that still think of you dearly,
 Hearts that mourn for your absence, while distant
 you roam—
 In silence indeed,—but sincerely!

THE LOVER'S SONG.

It is sweet to walk 'neath the morning beam,
 When the liquid pearl on the grass is seen,
 And the lark ascends in the ether above,
 And countless songsters delight the grove;
 And the ears entranced by the varied song
 That the breeze conveys, and the hills prolong.

It is sweet to bask in the early ray
 Of the glorious sun, where the zephyrs play,
 And dream the zephyrs that cool my brow
 Are the words of my fair one's gentle vow;
 And the beams of the morning sun from high
 Are the glorious rays of her beautiful eye.

It is sweet to mark each opening flower,
 And train the young vine in the shady bower;
 But my fair one to meet, when the evening star,
 And the Queen of night from her radiant car,
 The boliest thoughts and affections call
 To the lover's heart, is sweeter than all!

With her then to walk in the lonely vale,
 While the blush and the tear tell affection's tale;
 With the full heart's emotion too deep and too strong
 For the thrush's last notes, or the nightingale's song,
 Or the sun's latest rays, or the aspen tree
 To disturb a thought, is the bliss for me.

St. Neots.

W. B.

THE HAPPIEST BALL OF MY LIFE;

[(A REMINISCENCE.)]

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"Dear creature! you'd swear,
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,
And she only "par complaisance" touches the
ground."

MOORE.

A Ball! what enchantment is in the idea! what visions of artificial flowers, blond lace, gauze, or even more fairy-like "tulle," float before the young mind's eye at the thought! How the heart beats, and how the cheek glows, with anticipated pleasure! How we do wonder what all the Misses of our acquaintance will wear on the important occasion; "but, unkind things, with all their pretended friendship, they are as close and mysterious as the leaves of the sybils on that head!" Not even our broadest hints, as to what suits their complexions the best, can elicit the very smallest atom of the desired information. No, we must wait patiently for the eventful evening's revealing each belle in all her radiance and glory.

How long the time seems to move which is to usher in "the important day, big with the fate" of gallopade and waltz! Surely it has additional lead to its wings! "Oh! Mamma, I am really tired of waiting!" But all this expectation—this impatience—this sweet and restless anxiety, must be for our first ball; after that, (like everything else in life), illusion is destroyed, and although we may enjoy a ball, as a rational pleasure, the intoxication—the delight is over; we know that its gay and brilliant saloon is not impervious to envy and jealousy; nay, often is the fostering nurse of those evil and deadly passions. We can hear the sigh of sorrow mingling with its light harmonious strains of witching melody, and detect its half-dried tear lingering on the newly rouged cheek! Then the anguish of disappointment, after everything is arranged so satisfactorily for going, should some unforeseen event occur to prevent it. The death of a fifth cousin, whom you never saw, for instance; yet, "being of the same *name*, it would not be decorous to be seen in public, as everybody knows she is a relation!" "How provoking! as if she must choose to die just then, a disagreeable creature! I wish the letter had not arrived till after the *dear evening*, that I do!"

Nor is the acuteness of this disappointment at all lessened, when, on the following day, some dear, sympathizing, malicious friend, comes to take tea with us, and drops asleep over it, then starts up with, "I really beg your pardon, dear, but I am so tired—stayed at the ball till day-light. Oh! it was so delightful; you ought to have been there: the best I ever remember—quite different to our Balls in general, poor hum-drum things, not worth going to; but last night was truly exquisite, Leonora, quite a love of a Ball! so many beaux, danced with them all—was quite the fashion; so you must excuse me if I nod a little, for I am quite worn out, La! I'm afraid we shall never have such another gay affair; what a pity to be sure, you could not go. And your dress too, it

will be quite spoiled before another year. What was it, Nelly dear? eh? Oh, I long to see it. Let me just have one peep—it can't signify now, you know, as you cannot possibly keep it nice enough for a similar occasion; nothing gets so soon tumbled and crushed as gauze and flowers."

I was but seventeen when I went to my first Ball, (too young!), but being tall and womanly for my age, and more than all an only, and fondly indulged child, I went "because I wanted or rather, would go!" I shall never forget the weeks of anxious consultation it cost my dear mother, about the style of dress I should appear in.

Every "fashionable mirror" was eagerly consulted, and a most "recherche robe de bal" selected. She quite forgot, or disregarded, in her elaborate orders to Madame Rosemont, for lace, satin, and flowers, the beautiful and true moral advice to mothers, of the poet, that—

"Youth needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most."

No tolerable-looking girl of seventeen requires much of what is called dress; her hair simply arranged in its own natural profusion, and the hue of health and innocence on her cheek, will always insure her being thought pleasing and pretty enough; and if she is plain, poor thing, it is absolutely cruel to deck her out, only making the defects of nature more apparent.

Our County Ball is the great event of the year, preceded by wretched races, which last two whole days, and afford every variety of thing but sport. And there is an ordinary at the principal hotel both days, which is pleasant enough. I was allowed to dine at it the first day, but the second, "the night of the Ball!" my mother would not hear of such a thing; "she was sure I should either eat something which would affect my health, or talk and laugh so, that I should be flushed, and vulgar. Oh! it was dreadful to think of. No, I must keep myself cool and fresh for the evening; remember, love, it is the great event of your life! So, do be a good girl, and don't distress me just now, I am agitated enough on your account, my love, I can tell you. So, go and lie down until it is time to dress. I will send you up a little nice arrowroot, light and easy of digestion, and try and get a nap before you go, it will do you a world of good, and enable you, my darling, to go through the fatigues of the night. La! I daresay we shall not get away till breakfast time almost!" So, with one of her ever warm and affectionate kisses, I was sent to bed, at three o'clock in the afternoon, in a noisy inn, with a bright sun glaring into the room, my dress pinned most provokingly to the foot-curtain, every bow, flounce, and flower displayed to the utmost advantage to meet my enamoured gaze—hungry as a hunter, with only a small allowance of arrow-root (my utter abhorrence) to sustain me till the evening—to sleep. No, vanity, pride, joy, and being half-famished, entirely banished the drowsy god, crying—

"Sleep no more! The Ball hath murder'd sleep!"

And so it had, for after vainly courting it for hours I grew almost ill with the futile endeavour, and the "ennui" of being so long alone, for Mamma did not come near me, she was dining at the ordi-

nary—happy Mamma, or happy any one who was dining.

The excitement of dressing, however, and a cup of good coffee, with a bit of nice toast, quite restored me, and I looked as animated and beautiful as my fond mother could wish: I was dazzled and enchanted on entering the room; the three chandeliers appeared to me to possess a magical brilliancy; the dresses were superb, and every face beamed (to my unpractised eye) with the unadulterated gladness of the heart.

"A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell."

The steward, Lord Ashville, son of the Duke of Grantham, "requested the honour of the first quadrille." "A marvellous proper man" he seemed to be "at charges for a looking-glass, and entertain a score or two of tailors," for I never saw a man so handsome or well dressed—he was quite "the Triton of the minnows" there, "the observed of all observers," for the deference paid to him was astonishing; while he, in the proud consciousness of superiority, towered above all, from the lofty eminence of high birth, and when he did descend from it I thought his condescension to his adulators oppressively humiliating. After the dance he led me to the top of the room, chatting in that lively agreeable manner which is gay without being offensive, and which only a man of the world understands; there we remained some time, his Lordship intently gazing, not on me—not on the dancers—but on himself, in a large pier-glass, or, as an exquisite observed to his fair partner, a *peer*-glass, from the attention his Lordship paid it, (not being a whit behind himself, in that particular); at which piece of wit she laughed immoderately; but then she had beautiful teeth, and was glad of the excuse it afforded her of displaying them.

The whole room seemed emulous to follow his lordship's example, and I literally danced with every gentleman there; I, who until then had been *sacred* to a mother's arms alone, was embraced by at least a dozen young men, strangers, flushed with wine and excitement; for Englishmen must, what they call, "support you in the waltz." I thought nothing of it at the moment, but have often since, and more particularly from an observation made by our old housekeeper, (who was permitted to witness the Ball from a place set apart for a few favoured domestics of the gentry).

"La, Miss Leonora!" said the old woman, "I would not let a daughter of mine be *hugged* in that way by any man in the world, except her husband; but you are a *lady*, and that makes all the difference!"

We stayed, as Mamma had predicted, until an advanced hour, and when I retired to bed I could not close my eyes (although fatigued to death). I recalled every particular of the late fascinating scene, and was forced to admit a slight feeling of disappointment for my first Ball!

The next morning we were literally besieged with visitors, to make enquiries after me, expressive of their hopes, "that I had not been a sufferer from the fatigue and late hours." Persons who

had known me from infancy, and who had been in the almost daily habit of seeing me, expressed the utmost astonishment "at my being so beautiful, and so tall too!" And one lady, who had no daughters of her own, declared, "she was positive I had made a strong impression on Lord Ashville, for he told a friend of her's, in the strictest confidence, 'that he thought me very pretty indeed, and had just the sort of eyes he admired!'" In fact, I was thought extremely lovely; I may candidly confess it, for the sequel will shew, it all ended in "vanity and vexation of spirit." I was truly mystified as to the cause of their all *only now*, discovering my perfections, as I had been sensible of them for a long, long time; but the truth was, "I had come out," the padlock was taken off the park-gate, and the grounds thrown open to the inspection of the public. Young men might now venture to whisper 'their soft nonsense' to me without incurring the charge of patronizing babies! I was no longer a child; oh, how I felt the proud independence; would now I could be one again! Happy, happy period, never, never appreciated till gone past all recall!

For ten successive seasons I went to the annual County Ball, always dressed with as much expense, care, and anxiety, as the first; I never had to complain of want of partners, although latterly dancing very much with married men, who going without their wives, and determined to have a holiday, if I may use the expression, actually 'danced like mad.' But the last; oh! I shall never forget it. I had sat planted against the wall for some time, wondering no one 'asked the honour of my hand,' when a young man, a dentist, whom I had lately consulted about a rather suspicious looking front tooth, (out of pity to me, I suppose, for I had the reputation of being a slave to dancing), approached, and in a voice, which plainly indicated no fear of a repulse, (considering my forlorn situation), asked me to dance. I have heard of such a thing as "looking daggers," I am sure he thought I looked them then, when, drawing myself to my full height I said, "I have given up dancing, Sir, it is too *mixed a circle* for me to join in now!" He walked silently away, and I felt a momentary regret at having hurt his feelings; but he had plunged the barbed arrow of mortification in my heart, to rankle and fester there, in all its incurable bitterness.

"This is a climax!" I exclaimed, in a tone of savage desperation, "I am no longer a girl; I am no longer worth asking to dance; youth and loveliness have vanished, like a dream, and left only the bare and naked branches of discontent and moroseness; the tree of vanity bears no fruit."

From that hour my mind was made up, I took the reins in my own hand, and resolved to make one desperate effort to avoid the horrible pit I was fast approaching, that of being an old maid—the bugbear instilled into me from childhood—the only disgrace that could attach to woman's name!

I had had several very excellent offers, but none exactly what my mother wished. She always found something seriously to object to in every one; in fact, she had set her heart upon a title for her beautiful child.

"And it were as well to love some bright par-

ticular star, and hope to wed it;" it was not to be had 'for love or money.' However, as I did not feel what I considered love for any one of my numerous suitors, I cared not how soon she dismissed them. Oh! no, no, I loved long, silently, and passionately loved, before I had caught one glimpse of that world, so falsely, so flatteringly described to lead my heart astray, then leave it in its utter loneliness.

Henry Summers was the idol of that young, warm, innocent heart; he was our curate, and as he came from a distance to perform the service, Mamma made a point of his dining with us every Sunday, and taking a bed. Oh! I shall never forget those delicious Sunday evenings when, with his fine, deep, sonorous voice, he read us one of Jortin's or Paley's fine sermons; all the poetry and romance I have devoured since never gave me an atom of the delight I derived from those sermons. His full, large, lustrous eyes haunt me still; and well they may, for raise mine when I would they were fixed on me with immovable intensity. Had my mother had the slightest suspicion she must have guessed the meaning of those passionate glances, and said—

"He loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he will stand, and read,
As 'twere my daughter's eyes."

And she might, alas! have added the poet's beautiful conclusion—

"And to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best."

But he was poor, and knowing her ambitious views for me, and not dreaming (in the modest humbleness of merit), that I could ever return his love, he never breathed it, but finding it impossible to conquer it, even with the aid of the strongest and purest religious principles, he accepted an offer to go abroad as a missionary; and when on his death-bed, through a fever, (but more from mental anxiety), he entrusted to a faithful friend, in a few brief lines, the long and hopeless secret of his soul. I have them now, but there is not one word legible, from my kisses and tears; what matter, they are engraven on my heart, from whence nothing can erase them but death.

The Ball was approaching again, so, without saying one word to my mother, who had a slight attack of influenza, which obliged her to keep her room, although not violent enough to require my close attendance, and as it was arranged that I should join a party, I prepared my plans.

On the eventful evening, having kissed her and bade her good night, previous to commencing my toilette, I hastened to my room, where, although I had not the appearance of a grey hair, I merely braided it, and put on a turban—yes, a turban! On entering the room, the lady with whom I went having four daughters, (all dancers), and thinking I was old enough to take care of myself, soon "left me alone in my glory;" with a beating heart and burning cheek I walked direct into the card-room. The first table was filled, but at the second I beheld Sir Henry Granville, Sir Thomas Mor-

and, must I write it? Miss Julia Morrison, another old maid! She always insisted on being called Julia, as the only attraction she had left.

"You never play at cards, Miss Aubrey, I think," said Sir Henry to me, in a manner, which seemed to express, "I wish you did!"

"Oh yes, I do, very often."

"Do you? then pray make a fourth, for we are dying to make up a rubber!"

So down I sat, as his partner. What cards I held! Fortune must have been perched on my shoulder, in one of her blindest moods.

"Well! really!" exclaimed the delighted Sir Henry, at the end of the third rubber, "I have not had the pleasure of playing with a lady who understands the game so well for a long time!"

He was most avaricious, and had won; that accounts for the compliment.

"I never knew you were a card-player," he continued, handing me down stairs to tea, "I thought you were entirely devoted to dancing."

Oh dear, no! dancing never was a passion with me, (what a fib!), but Mamma thinks it is such nice exercise; but I play at cards a great deal."

Do you indeed? But I suppose nothing except Whist? No games for two, such as Piquet, or Backgammon?"

Here I was puzzled; but thinking he wouldn't have mentioned those particular games unless they were favourites, I said—

"Oh yes, both, with Mamma, in the long winter evenings. I am never tired, for it amuses her!"

"How amiable; and what do you play for?"

"Love!" said I, with a pretty simper.

"Love!" he repeated, and he laughed, and showed two teeth, at a most respectful distance from each other, "that is nicer still."

On returning to the card-room, there was a slight crush, so I affected to be alarmed, and leaned upon him rather more, when, feeling his heart thaw, by the genial contact, he said kindly, pressing my arm to his side—

"Lean on me, don't be afraid, I'll take care of you."

It is no matter, whether old or young, men like to see that confidence in them, that timid distrust in ourselves, that dependence on their aid and protection; it gratifies their "amour-propre," by proving their superiority, holding them up as the natural protectors and guardians of the weaker sex.

In a few days (to the utter amazement of my mother, to whom I had not revealed one word of my proceeding at the Ball) we received an invitation to dine, with the assurance of well-aired beds, (a great consideration in a large country-house), from Sir Henry. She could not at all understand it, but "she thought we might venture, although he was a bachelor, he was so very old!"

He received us with the most marked distinction. Again I played with him at cards, and was again fortunate. He was in the most exuberant spirits, and so was I, laughing and talking more like a wild school-boy and girl than steady rational people. But we were both playing a game, and both wished to be thought particularly amiable to each other.

In the morning he insisted on showing me all his improvements, for his was certainly one of the

finest old baronial seats in the county, and he had spared no expense to embellish it, possessing great taste and judgment, and following Pope's advice exactly, in every particular—

"Consult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps the ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades,
Now breaks, and now directs, the intending lines,
Paints as you plant, and as you work designs."

He had made it a place of true enchantment. Like the wary fortune-teller, with the artless rustic, I waited to learn his own opinions of all he had done, which being favourable, I joined most cordially and sincerely in my admiration of it, comparing it to everything I could recollect, ancient and modern, and at last concluded my eulogiums by calling it, "the happy valley!"

"The happy valley!" repeated he, with a profound sigh. "Do you remember one observation in that charming history, from whence you borrow the lovely name, which you mistakenly bestow on the possessions of the isolated and miserable Sir Henry Granville? I will repeat it to you, for I hold it as true as 'holy writ.' 'Marriage is evidently the dictate of Nature; men and women are made to be the companions of each other, and therefore I cannot be persuaded but that marriage is one of the means of happiness.' The only one, my dear Miss Aubrey," he continued, in a voice almost inarticulate from emotion. "Oh! the only one. Pardon an old man's freedom, (it is the only good we reap from our own sad experience), but let me advise you to think of it before, like me, you find it too late. How is it, young and lovely as you were, and beautiful as you still are, you have not yet been prevailed upon to shed a radiance on the hearth of some fortunate man? You must have often been implored to do so. Oh! let no chimerical ideas of unattainable felicity tempt you to forego the real happiness of a well-assorted union; one, who sincerely respects you, urges you to beware of splitting on that fatal rock where the *hopes of a thousand hearts lie stranded*."

Overcome by the solemnity of his manner I replied, weeping bitterly, "but for a mother's ambition I had found that happiness." And I thought of my early love for my idolized Henry.

"And was it your mother's ambition, and not your own, prevented your being a happy wife? Would to God!" he continued energetically, "it was in an old man's power to offer a slight opiate to the wounds of your heart, Leonora, then would these vast possessions acquire a value in my eyes they have never yet possessed, and I should unite with you in calling it indeed 'the happy valley.' But if you think me too old, young lady, do not make a jest of me, I meant it kindly, I meant it fondly!"

"Dear Sir Henry," I rejoined, extending my hand, "I am only too grateful, and the only thing that deters me from accepting your offer immediately is, the consciousness how little I deserve such generosity, and how poor my means are of repaying it."

"I want nothing more than your sweet society, to shed a ray of light on my path to the grave, and a tear of affection to glisten above it, my dear child."

In a few weeks I became Lady Granville, to the inexpressible joy of my mother, who had lived long enough to see her darling in possession of a title at last; and never was she weary of addressing "*her Ladyship*."

Many may blame me for accepting a man so much my senior, but I was no longer a girl, and I had learned from experience that happiness does not depend on *years*, but the qualities of the mind. Sir Henry was amiable, affectionate, a scholar, and a gentleman, laying aside cheerfully all the little peculiarities acquired from living much alone, and only studious for my comfort; and although I did not love him exactly, I was profoundly grateful, which is often a more amiable and permanent feeling, and never till the day of his death had he the slightest cause to repent his union with me, both agreeing, years after, that the last was the happiest Ball of our lives!

AN APPEAL TO TIME.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

Time! Time! Father Time!

Stay thy pace in this cold wintry weather,
For if thou'rt so quick, Father Time,

We had better not travel together.

Time! Father Time! I implore thee

To tarry, and list what I say:—

Thou hast the *whole* new year before thee,

So, prithee, give me up *one* day!

In vain against thee have I toild,

For thou fly'st o'er the graves of the years

As though thou wert a merry young child,

Unheeding complainings and tears!

Thou racing old gentleman, Time!

Wilt thou ever affect to be young?

If in mortals such things be a crime,

What of thee shall be said or be sung?

See what thou hast done to the fair—

Bright eyes have grown sunken and dim;

Thou hast whiten'd the nutty-brown hair,

And made unelastic the limb.

Ruby lips have grown wrinkled and pale,

Beneath the rude press of thy kiss:—

Ay, storm in the voice of the gale,

But tell me thy *REASON* for this!

Father Time! hast thou *really* a friend?

Thou'rt the scorn and the jest of the gay;

And the aged, if thou would'st but attend,

Spurn thee daily and hourly away.

The *hair* always deems thee too slow;

The *beauty* complains thou'rt too quick;

And *all*, when they're summon'd to go,

Wish Time, like themselves, would fall sick.

Time! Time! Father Time!

Thou art pressing too closely on me,

And, by the New Year's merry chime,

I fear we shall never agree!

THE AUTHOR.

It was midnight, the fitful rays of a wintry moon partially illumined a small room situated in the suburbs of the most fashionable part of London; it was a desolate apartment; a table and chair, with a small truckle bed, were all the furniture it contained. The embers of an expiring fire burned dimly in the grate, and a small candle raised its flickering light to add to the miserable appearance of all around.

At the table was seated a young man, whose appearance formed a strong, and striking contrast to the scene; although not absolutely handsome, his countenance was one that to be seen once, was to be remembered for ever; the pride of conscious talent, superiority of thought and feelings, were stamped indelibly on every feature; the flashing eye grew brighter, as some fairy vision, some new idea, burst on his glowing fancy.

Alfred Walsingham was the second son of a gentleman of fortune in the North of England. His brother who was some years his senior, had been received into a large commercial house, where wealth and promotion awaited him. Alfred had a similar offer, but his choice was already irrevocably made; he was an author,—the germs of literary talent had been allowed to bud and bloom; he looked on Man as his unshackled judgment prompted, and he described the world as he imagined it; he looked on Nature as it is, and true, and brilliant was his colouring. He had created to himself an ideal world, and peopled it with visions of his own imagining; his writings were his only care, his sole employment, his hopes, his wishes, prospects, all were concentrated in the development of his mental powers. His brother, whose tastes and sentiments little accorded with his own, incessantly ridiculed his pursuits and talents; this petty persecution was soon adopted by his family and friends; they knew not the nameless charm which clings to the pure effusions of a well-stored mind; they did not imagine that when the mind is resolutely fixed upon one theme, the more we are deterred in our pursuit, the more firm will be our devotion in its cause.

At last Alfred became wearied of these incessant interruptions to his literary career, and announced his intention of departing for London, to follow the profession he had chosen; he imagined the Metropolis the mart where talents would meet their recompense, unaided by interest or intrigue; he knew not that however great those talents, there are but few will foster those who have not already gained the approving sanction of the world, but that they were left unaided and alone, to climb the rugged hill that leads to fame.

Buoyant with hope, Alfred arrived in London, his first enquiry was for his brother; too soon he was informed, that Charles Walsingham had become careless and dissipated, and was rarely to be found, except in the society of friends as reckless as himself. Our young author now offered his compositions to a fashionable publisher, they were politely but decidedly rejected.

Alfred gazed around him in astonishment; those works, to which he had devoted so many months of unceasing labour, were not thought worthy of publication! He would attempt a different subject:

—he did so,—he again presented a manuscript, and again it was refused.

Thus months passed on, the sum of money he brought with him, had decreased so considerably that he was compelled to take a humbler lodging; he still hoped for success, and still wrote on, but his efforts were vain, his spirit sank, and his heart chilled, as day after day he added another to the pile of manuscripts that were consigned to his desk as useless. His pride forbade him to apply to his family, for pecuniary assistance, and for the first time in his life Alfred became aware of approach of want; he at length engaged one room; his last bank note was nearly expended,—he was without resource.

It was at this period, that Alfred sate by the cold moonlight, as has been already described; his situation rose before him in all its dread reality! he had been writing all day, his brain was wearied with intense thought, and he feared, vain application;—he laid aside his pen, and gazed shiveringly around the miserable apartment; it was winter, and he contrasted the embers of the dimly burning fire, with the thought of his own home, and the many comforts he had voluntarily resigned.

He arose, and descended into the street, all was calm and silent, he looked at the starlit sky, and was himself once more. "Why should I fear?" he mentally exclaimed, "He who bestowed the talents I exult in possessing, will not suffer them to be my punishment; I will despair no more!"

He emerged into the public thoroughfare, and a gay scene rose to his view as if by magic, carriages whirled along in quick succession, bearing their owners from different places of fashionable resort; he wandered on, reflecting how unequal is the distribution of wealth, and again he thought on the destitute state of his circumstances; he was able to endure privations, yet, at that moment he needed the means of purchasing the common necessities of life.

He shuddered, as a few distressed beings asked charity of the passers by, while their broken and hollow voices were frequently drowned in the sounds of the carriages of the proud and wealthy.

He had left his room with no definable purpose, yet he dreaded to return to the dreary and miserable abode;—he passed a theatre, and stopped to look at the many elegant persons issuing from its brilliant portico; a party of gentlemen attracted his attention by the gaudy splendour of their dress,—they approached,—and Alfred instantly recognised the foremost of the groupe to be his brother Charles. His first impulse was to accost him, but a moment's reflection deterred him, he recollected the change in his own dress, and general appearance, and his pride forbade him to subject himself to the probable raillery of his brother.

The party entered a coach, and Alfred, determined not to lose this opportunity of an interview jumped up behind; a short ride brought them to a gaming-house, they alighted, and entered it. Alfred no longer wondered at his brother's probable destruction; this then was the place of his resort, perhaps he was a constant frequenter of scenes like those within. Alfred resolved at all hazards, to wait his return; some hours elapsed, and the grey streaks of dawn appeared in the hori-

zon, at length they rushed from the house, apparently in the wildness of desperation; they again entered the coach, again Alfred took his station behind the vehicle, which drove furiously along, till they arrived at a common on the outskirts of town.

The fearful truth flashed across the mind of Alfred,—a quarrel at the gaming table was to be followed by the execrable decision of a duel; he hoped that Charles was not concerned in the affair, but he was soon convinced that he hoped in vain. It was now daylight, and Alfred for the first time, looked steadfastly at his brother, and beheld a countenance, whose expression of intense despair, and haggard misery could never be forgotten.

Often in after years did the remembrance of that fatal morning return to Alfred's memory with faithful accuracy, and for a time, embitter the calm and peaceful tenor of his existence.

The usual preliminaries having been arranged, Charles and his adversary took their stations; in the excitement of the moment Alfred was not perceived, he approached as near as possible, and in breathless horror waited for the result.

The word was given, both fired,—and Charles Walsingham fell!

His adversary immediately left the ground, accompanied by the friend who had officiated as his second, and Charles was left mortally wounded, but his dying hour was soothed by the presence of that brother whom he had neglected and forgotten; he was conveyed to his superb apartments, and medical assistance was procured, but it was useless; he could not recover, and after a few hours of acute suffering, Charles Walsingham expired.

The young author deeply mourned the fate of his unhappy brother, yet it was some mitigation of his sorrow, when he reflected that his last dying look had rested on one familiar face, and that his eyes were closed by one who loved him.

A painful necessity had now occurred, for Alfred's return to his family, he was the bearer of the tidings of his brother's death.—His father survived his favourite son but a few months, and Alfred became sole heir to his ample fortune; it was now, when possessed of affluence, that the almost dormant spirit of his genius, arose again in all its wonted energy and beauty; he sought and fostered talent, incited others by his brilliant imagery, and hallowed the memory of the eventful day on which he first became an author.

ELIZABETH POLACK.

ANSWER TO MISS LOUISA HUNTER'S CHARADE.

BY DREWYN, A WELSH BARD.

The *Moth* is emblem of delusion,
As round the flame it madly flies;
For lured, it seeks the bright illusion,
Which, finding fatal, writhing dies!
And Oh! I wish all human-kind,
Would never err against each other,
But learn to love; and thus I find,
Your answer, in the name of "Mother."

MON DESIR.

Give me some lone sequestered cot,
Far in a sweet romantic vale,
And there by all the world forgot,
I'd sheltered live from life's rude gale;
And o'er this lonely, blest retreat,
Let blushing roses graceful 'twine,
Mingling their perfume soft and sweet,
With that of sweeter jessamine;
And there, with one congenial soul,
One friend to share my peaceful joy,
Beneath Contentment's mild controul,
Our lives would pass without alloy.
How sweet 'twould be in summer eve,
To watch the riv'let murmur'ing by,
And hear from some deep shady dell,
The nightingale's "pure melody;"
Whilst with the gathering shades of night
From dew-kissed flowers fresh odours rise,
Stars, streaming forth their hallow'd light
From yonder azure arch, the skies;
Oh! then when hush'd was every sound,
Our thoughts would turn from earth to Heaven,
And grateful for the blessings 'round,
Pray that they ever might be given.
Tell me ye gay and careless throng,
That needless dance from shrine to shrine,
Think ye happiness could belong
To this dear envied wish of mine?
Ah! no, ye think not, for your aim
Is to outvie in wealth or pow'r,
To snatch a laurel wreath from Fame,
And live the meteor of an hour.
Dance onward then, 'tis not with you
The wearied spirit seeks for rest,
The slaves of pleasure ne'er are free,
But live "unblessing and unblest!"

SOPHIA ALICIA JONES.

DIRGE.

Where the forest branches quiver,
Where the green-wood shadows lie,
By the reedy fringed river,
'Neath a burning stranger sky:
We thy lonely bed have made,
'Neath the dim yew's spreading shade.
We consign thee now in tears,
To thy kindred earth,
Parted thro' the lapse of years,
From thy land of birth,
To sleep where forest shadows lie,
Beneath a burning Afric sky.
Nor are the friends of childhood near;—
Thy mother, where is she?
And all the band of kindred dear,
Beyond the deep blue sea!
Hoping we yield thee to the dust,
All sadly, tho' from hearts of trust.
But thy freed spirit soars away,
Far from these woodpaths wild,
To realms of never-fading day,
Thou blessed and happy child!
Thou, the exile's cherished trust,
We consign thee to the dust.
Where the forest branches quiver,
Where the green-wood shadows lie,
By the reedy fringed river,
'Neath a burning stranger sky;
We thy lonely bed have made,
'Neath the dim yew's spreading shade.

CLOSING SCENES OF IMPERIAL BENEFICENCE.

BY MRS. GRANT, OF DUTHIEL. AUTHOR OF
"POPULAR MODELS."

The master of a British vessel, with a perspective glass at his eye, stood on the deck, anxiously watching one bark, among several consorts, dexterously struggling against wind and tide, to avoid being dashed on the island of St. Leon. Near Captain Hardy, his nephew, the second mate, ejaculated compassionate words of alarm, lest the passengers in a Sicilian brig might fall into the gripe of their merciless countrymen; and such of the crew as were off duty employed the respite from work in gazing on the brig and muttering curses on the Dons ashore, who had already shed more Spanish blood than Soult and his French army, when he drove them from their sheep-walks and vineyards.

"My brave boys!" exclaimed Captain Hardy, "can you withstand the pitiful sight, or will you, like true British seamen, out with our small craft?"

Instantly all hands were unlashing the boats, and the gallant captain continued his oration while assisting them:—

"Bravo, my high-mettled fellows! These boats have been tightly secured, or else the pitching and tossing of our timbers had sent them clean overboard, during so much foul weather right ahead; but they are safe here, and will be afloat in a twinkling. The fleet that left Gibraltar with us had a raging sea and a darksome night, while we found shelter in a little creek, south of Port St. Mary. And after escaping danger ourselves, shall we stand actionless and see the noble-hearted outlaws in the *SCAMPATORE* taken to be cruelly executed? The American traders are much nearer the Sicilian than we could get safe anchorage, see how gallantly they defy the wild storm, and are snatching from the white-topped billows the unfortunate men that have plunged there, rather than meet the doom of malefactors in their native country! Shall it be said that Yankees were less afraid of threatening surges, and more prompt for the rescue of persecuted honourable sufferers, than the mariners of England, Queen of Ocean? Our good ship can never again be called the *DARE-ALL*, nor her commander named Thomas Hardy, if we tamely look on and yield to the Yankees a prize of honour and humanity. Who flinches from a brave deed, though the blast whistles loud and louder? But this is not the first time we have battled with breakers! Out! out manfully with the boats, and I will lead you, my fearless hearties!"

Captain Hardy had talked incessantly to divert the attention of his seamen from too earnestly considering the hazardous effort he urged in behalf of a brig, freighted by Spanish refugees. With unanimous cheers the boats were manned. Every moment threatened death or captivity to exiles, desperately resisting their assailants on the deck of the *Scampatore*; but their enemies had boarded her with far superior force. The fog, which until too late had misled them into a near approach to the bay of Cadiz, had likewise delayed an attack from the land, as the flags of the signal-tower could not be descried amid thick masses of vapour, until

a freshening gale cleared the sky. Then, under orders of the Holy Brotherhood, horse and foot assembled on the beach, to line the coast and prevent retreating to some obscure inlet. The *Scampatore* had drifted on a sandbank during the conflict, and she now lay within reach of the shot aimed at her, which the outlaws returned with undaunted perseverance.

It was a gloomy October evening. The sea around the Sicilian brig was deeply tinged with blood,—the ghastly corse frequently appearing and disappearing among the ensanguined waves. The crew of the *Dare-all*, in their boats, strained every sinew in hastening to meet a yawl, much overladen, and rowed only by a young man and a stripling boy. Though the yawl hardly kept above the tumbling billows, an aged gentleman, wounded and bleeding, refused the help of Captain Hardy to step into his barge, unless the rowers and three of his friends, disabled and covered with gore, were first removed by his aid. The sailors of Great Britain took off their jackets, in imitation of their commander, and spread them to receive the wounded Foreigners; other boats of the *Dare-all* secured their property; but they who were extended in the barge, it seemed evident, would soon pass away from temporal concerns. The aged Spaniard had a frightful gash on his forehead, which a sailor had tied with a silk handkerchief taken from his own brawny neck; yet a purple stream oozed through the bandage, which the sufferer wiped away with one hand and compressed a wound in his arm, before unnoticed, with the other. Captain Hardy, being engaged by endeavours to staunch the welling sabre-cuts of the prostrate gentleman, a sailor very promptly bound up the senior's arm: With kind, yea, tender exertion to raise them gently, these warriors were hoisted on board the British vessel, and laid on the best beds she contained; and the youngest rower, moving from one to another, moistened their parched lips with wine, and kissed and bathed their hands with unavailing tears. He perceived there could be no hope of life, and kneeling down, uttered fervent prayers for the departing souls of his father and brother. The sad ceremonial, in committing their remains to a watery grave, succeeded a night of pious vigils, on the part of the surviving strangers. Don Maiorascos attempted an ascent on deck, but he sank down; a former wound on his knee had opened unheeded, and a mark on the double top of his boot showed where a musket bullet had struck, and was repelled by the folds of leather and a wadded bandage, that kept the pressure of his garment from the injured part.

A favourable breeze springing up, Captain Hardy set every sail to waft his Spanish passengers to the protection of Gibraltar, and Don Maiorascos regained tranquillity,—composed but saddened by afflicting recollections, and by anxiety regarding the state of his native land. He entrusted to the civil authorities at Gibraltar chests, bales, and various packages, that pertained to exiles, or their heirs. After witnessing these transactions, Captain Hardy said it puzzled him to conjecture how so much property could have been gathered in the very heat of battle.

"These valuables," replied Don Maiorascos,

"were heaped into the yawl by a dignified priest and two subordinate brethren. The remnant of our effects is small, but if we had lost our moveables entirely, we should bless the saints, and above all we should laud the holy St. Lawrence, that we had money to bribe the Sicilians to connive at our escape, while our adversaries regaled themselves with choice wines, intended for the princes of Naples and Sicily. Under God and the Saints, we owe life and liberty to you, Captain Hardy, and to your brave seamen. I shall not be ungrateful."

"Say no more, say no more of our accidental services," interrupted the blunt, generous tar; "I never in my life was happier than in seeing you beyond the reach of the tower guns."

Arrived at Odessa, Captain Hardy sent his nephew with the Spaniards to Tuganrog. The Emperor was expected there, and every lodging had been engaged for the court. Young Hardy thought himself of a certain tallow merchant, with whom his uncle had frequent dealings. The merchant was absent; however, his managing damsel knew he valued the favour of Captain Hardy, and would be displeased if she neglected an opportunity to oblige him, in the person of his nephew. Cadrowna besides, doubted not she might have individual advantages by titled guests; and she bustled about from chamber to chamber, preparing for their reception. Before a litter could be procured to convey the crippled Don from the barge, Cadrowna, all obsequious and officious, threw open several doors, and with young Hardy as interpreter, begged they would choose their accommodation. Don Colonarez and the youthful, slender Nascondery walked beside the litter that bore their aged friend. Young Hardy most decidedly refused to accept a well filled purse, which Don Maiorascos intreated him to receive as a small token of his gratitude; but the high-spirited sailor and his uncle would be offended, and swallowing a large bumper of brandy, which Cadrowna had previously offered to the gentlemen, and they rejected as invalids, Mr. Hardy withdrew. In process of time, Don Maiorascos transmitted to Captain Hardy a draft on a London banker for handsome remuneration to him, his officers and seamen.

Left to themselves, the Spaniards took documents which Don Colonarez carried from the barge with much care, the rest of their luggage being transported to the tallow merchant's house by the sailors. Next day Cadrowna's curiosity was excited and tortured, yet ever unsatisfied; she pried and listened, but the dialect that irritated her mind through her ear, and the objects that met her eyes, were inexplicable.

"What is necromancy? what is witchcraft?" said she, in soliloquy, "if all about these odd folks are not out of and above common nature. I sat late and rose early, to mark such outlandish doings; but like spirits gliding away without a footstep being heard, the young handsome Don and the pretty stripling are off, and I am half mad that I know not—ay, never may know—where they have gone. As for the young lady all clad in black, and her very face in mourning, how she came here, and who she is, I am dying to know;

and I cannot even get it out of her by sly questioning; for, deuce! take her ignorance, she has not understood one word of all I have said to her, and wants quickness to take the meaning of signs. How many a nice kerchief and bits of lace, and ell of ribbon, and fur caps, and gloves, have I taken from the customers of my master that knew nothing of my lingo, nor I of theirs. A sign of their good will was enough for my ready wit. This girl with bright black eyes, and long, glossy, raven hair, must be of southern birth. Her whimsical ways confirm what her face betrays. She crosses herself like none of our Russian ladies, and passes and re-passes the *Bagh* without one act of reverence. I wish she could speak to me; I am likely to forget the use of my tongue."

In a few days Don Maiorascos was very ill, and day by day grew worse. At times in delirium, he talked incessantly, and cruelly tantalizing for Cadrowna was her inacquaintance with his language; she might have discovered all his secrets, could she but translate this profusion of foreign phrases. The patient seldom slept unless lulled into composure by the guitar, which the young lady played and accompanied with her voice. The music of a distant region was not in unison with the feelings of a hyperborean damsel. Her household tasks completed, she wiled away her leisure hours gazing from the windows; if a chilling north wind reminded her that a frozen cheek, nose, or lips, would inevitably wither her complexion before its time, Cadrowna had a happy knack of forgetting ten or a dozen years, in computing her age.

A tolerably mild afternoon tempted her to lool on a paling that enclosed a piece of ground surrounding the house. Wrapped in a large, soft and thick Angola shawl, a fur tippet, and her half grizzled yellow locks covered by a fur bonnet, her hands protected by gloves lined with fur, she glanced in all directions for some passenger, whom she might induce to gossip with her. Not one appeared. Cadrowna supposed all were feasting their eyes on sights of the Emperor Alexander and his glittering *cortege*. She internally bemoaned her own hard lot, in being confined with impenetrable strangers, when a tall man, his figure concealed by the ample folds of a dark cloak, slowly advanced on the path leading from the town; and she felt uneasy in observing that he contemplated every part of her master's premises with scrutinizing attention. She opened the gate of the paling, and accosted him. He returned her salute with a nod of smiling affability. Thus encouraged to chatter, she gave an exaggerated description of the strangers in her master's dwelling; and prolonged the gratification of loquacity, by an imaginative account of the wondrous evasion that, all unperceived, took away two young men, and substituted for them a lovely girl—adding—

"Oh! if the Emperor saw her, he would chace her melancholy from that charming face! Has his Imperial Majesty come to Tuganrog?"

"Rumour tells he arrived last night."

"Have any ladies come with him?"

"I have not asked."

"I wish you had been more inquisitive."

"'Tis pity your sage wisles were unknown to me."

"Indeed Sir, I am vexed you can tell so little to a poor damsel, who must watch over an outlandish beauty, that cannot speak to her."

"Is the fair one dumb?"

"Not at all, she has words in plenty, for the old sick man, but alas! I don't understand them. You had better have a peep at her, and tell me if she looks like a great lady, intending to pay her homage to her Majesty the Empress. She plays the guitar finer than any public musician I ever heard at St. Petersburg, and she sings with the voice of an angel."

"It has not been my good fortune to hear the melody of angels, and as I may not have another opportunity, I shall not decline your invitation, but thankfully enter your masters's house, if unseen I may listen to the seraphic voice."

"Tread softly, and you may listen all unseen."

Cadrowna had oiled the hinges of all the double doors, the lobbies she doubly covered with mats, for the convenience of her own prying inspections. Noiselessly did she open the sick chamber. Don Maiorascos lay on the bed of suffering, his forehead bound with a black silk handkerchief, that covered his eyes, the sable bandage contrasting dismally with his thin grey hairs partially appearing, and his mouth strikingly expressive of intrepidity and firmness, received a more than stern cast of reckless daring, encompassed by a neglected beard, blanched less by time than by sorrows. He slumbered; but if in fevered restlessness, he moved his wounded limbs or head, a sense of pain extorted groans, which awaking him, he resolutely suppressed. The lady, in deep mourning, chaunted with the most touching pathos, a requiem for the souls of the brave who had fallen in a righteous cause. She accompanied her clear, thrilling voice with the thorough bass of her guitar. Tears rolled over her pale cheeks, and dropped on her bosom, heaving with anguish. The unsuspected auditor and spectator was greatly moved—the patient groaned, spoke, and the intrusive stranger retired.

He gave a coin, named Xervonity, to Cadrowna, telling her that if he found she was sympathizing and attentive to the lady and her distressed companion, a better reward should compensate for her seclusion. He placed his fingers on his lips to enjoin silence. Cadrowna refrained from speaking till she followed the unknown to the gate. There was in his manner, when he chose to assume it, an imperative grandeur that overawed the damsel; yet curiosity prevailed, and she asked him in what language the lady sang her doleful ditty? It was not French; she, poor creature, had not been taught French, and when addressed in that language made no reply, except by a shake of her pretty head; then like other waiting maids, Cadrowna ran on in praises of her features, in the best style of a French play, which she learnt at Paris, while in the service of the Russian Ambassador's secretary's lady, now dead and gone!

"I see you want to get away," continued Cadrowna, "and I will only ask you again, in what language the lady sang, and made you look so pitiful; you surely knew what she said?"

The gentleman responded that he attended to the music, and not to the words of the lady's lament. In short, with gay indifference, he baffled

at all points, the inquisitive Cadrowna, by equivocal replies to her numerous interrogatories. He turned away with a slight bow, but she stopped him to say she hoped he had secured lodgings at Taganrog before the Czar, his imperial household, his train, civil and military, filled every mansion. The stranger answered, he always took prudent measures for his own comfort, but he must remind her that she ought not to be longer absent from her duties, and the promised gratuity must be earned by unremitting readiness to attend to any call from the foreigners. Cadrowna unwillingly submitted to these authoritative intimations. Next day the same gentleman met Cadrowna about twenty yards from the house.

"How now, going so far from the sick chamber? How is the patient?"

"Don't stop me a minute; I am galloping on two legs for a doctor; the old gentleman cannot live unless great skill takes him back from the edge of the grave."

"I am at his service with all my best skill; return with me, as I must despatch you with a note to an apothecary, when I have considered the sufferer's case."

"Are you in very truth a physician? I am so concerned for the old man, and so grieved for the affliction of his daughter. I am sure she is of his blood, she is in some respects so like him, and so I must make free to tell you, that in all things you are a contrast to my notion of doctors; you have just the bold laughing eye of a soldier, and the high bearing of a great courtier. The poor old man is too ill for cracking jokes at his expense."

"You have feelings, good damsel, and I swear to you, by the holy Virgin with the Three Hands, and by our blessed Lady of the Bleeding Cheek, that I have been many years chief physician to his Imperial Majesty; without my consent he takes no medicine—indeed, he takes it only from my hands."

"Enough, enough! I can no longer doubt that you speak the truth. No man in his senses would invoke such awful witnesses to a falsehood. But this is more than galloping—it is flying, and I am so out of breath, I cannot ask half the questions you could easily answer."

"Hush! less bustling—stand back, or you will disturb my patient."

Cadrowna in officious kindness of heart, unasked, had hastened away for a physician. His unexpected entrance startled, and for one moment disconcerted the young lady, but she resumed her self-possession, and requested he would speak to her only in the Italian language. He felt the pulse of his patient, pencilled some lines which he ordered Cadrowna to deliver, with the utmost expedition at the Czar's pavilion, and to return in all haste. He looked at his jewelled watch, telling her he would know if she obeyed his commands. Cadrowna nothing loth, hastened to seek relief for the Don, and to enjoy a glimpse of the royal domicile. The physician seated himself close to Don Maiorascos, the lady giving up to him her station at his pillow. In his delirium, the Don mingled events long past, with his recent excitements—at one time addressing *La Harpe*, or his illustrious and amiable pupil, *Alexander*, the pre-

destined sovereign of all the Russias. He then adverted to the heroic girl, who, overcoming the natural timidity of her sex, by the higher impulse of filial devotedness, had wielded weapons of defence, side by side with her father, her brother, her grandsire on the deck of the *Scampatore*, and by her presence of mind, had induced the greedy Sicilians to take a bribe for their safety.

"But," exclaimed the unhappy grandee, "she is gone—I neither see nor hear my last, my only comforter. I will seek her."

Don Maiorascos made a violent effort to rise. The lady in soothing accents prayed him to remember that the bandage on his forehead, being over his eyelids, all objects were excluded, and the music had ceased by his own desire. Exhausted and calmed, the patient had a lucid interval. The apothecary came, spurring a fleet horse to his utmost speed, and attended by a mounted groom, who took the charger at some distance from the house, lest his tramp might incommode the patient, whose wounds were balsamed, and anodynes administered, before Cadrowna appeared. She was lost in astonishment to see that, in her absence, so much surgery had been effected, and inwardly reflected—"The apothecary must have wings at his heels. It is all wonder on wonder."

While the apothecary ascertained the symptoms of disease, the physician drew his fair attendant to the seat most remote from Don Maiorascos, lest she should hear any alarming enquiry, and he engrossed her attentions by asking explanations of the significant, though incoherent references to former impressions, on the raving spirit. The lady replied to every question with the ingenuous simplicity of conscious rectitude, that desires no concealment. The apothecary said Don Maiorascos laboured under the *brimane* fever, aggravated by the suppuration of his wounds; but the symptoms though severe, were not dangerous. He daily visited the patient, and was generally preceded by the physician, who, as he recovered, told the Don he was commissioned by the Czar, to inquire into the circumstances and prospects of a Hidalgo known to him in early life, of whom and his valiant son and grandsons his Imperial Majesty had heard honourable mention from British officers that served with them in the Peninsular war. The Emperor had ordered daily supplies of whatever could be agreeable or beneficial to the invalid.

"Before Don Colonez came back from his northern journey, the aged exile was much recovered, and had, through the medium of his physician, made the communications which his Imperial Majesty deigned to require. We shall endeavour to arrange into one connected narrative, the facts imparted by the invalid, with many interruptions from recurring pain or debility.

Don Olynthus Maiorascos, father to the expropriated grandee, long enjoyed distinguished favour with Charles III. of Spain, and though his near relative and intimate friend, the Count Florida Blanca, was removed from the direction of political affairs, the king signified to the Count D'Aranda, his royal pleasure that Don Maiorascos should be appointed ambassador to the court of Russia, where he had extensive estates, the hereditary portion of

his wife, a Muscovite lady of high rank. Only natives of Spain can succeed to titles or property in that kingdom; and in obedience to this ancient law, the ambassador returned thither, and neither he nor his Donna revisited Russia until three sons were born, of whom Don Xanthus Maiorascos, our exile, was the youngest. He was about seventeen years old when his father obtained leave to reside some years in Russia, to settle the affairs of his lately deceased father-in-law, wherein public interests were complicated with private and extensive territorial transactions. The elder sons of Don Olynthus must serve their country in civil and military capacities, while Xanthus had permission to accompany his parents to Russia. His mother had been honoured with many distinguishing marks of favour by the Empress Catherine, and was received by her Imperial Majesty with renewed condescension. The Czarina likewise deigned to take the young Xanthus into her personal services, whenever he finished his studies at the military school, and procured for him, from the King of Spain, permission to accept an appointment in the Imperial guards, immediately in attendance at the palace. His father being recalled to assist at the coronation of Charles IV., the Czarina obtained from his native sovereign leave for Xanthus to remain at St. Petersburg, being on the eve of marriage with the lovely and accomplished Adeline La Harpe, sister of a talented French gentleman, employed to mould the young mind of Alexander, now Emperor of Russia—a monarch whose enlightened beneficence, hath effected the intrinsic aggrandisement of his vast empire more than all the Czars and Czarinas of preceding reigns. The best of his predecessors, including Peter the Great, were deficient in attention to the moral and intellectual improvement of the people; but Alexander wisely hath founded their prosperity on the firm basis of moral and mental elevation.

A Russian noble, the intimate friend of Don Xanthus, married a sister of his Donna. This personage had a high command in the army sent against Oczakow, and before his departure nominated Don Xanthus and his wife the guardian and trustees for his only child, the heiress of immense wealth and territory. A certain extent, with the title of Kneee, must devolve to the male heir, but her Imperial Majesty sanctioned and guaranteed the settlement on her name-daughter, the infant Catherine Alexandra, and vouchsafed to affix the Imperial signature and seal to the deed in her favour, also to another document, recommending the union of Catherine Alexandra with the Count Ragana, should these children grow up in mutual attachment. His elder brothers died early, and gave to Don Xanthus a large inheritance, and the dignity of Hidalgo, some weeks before Catherine Alexandra became an orphan. Her father, the Kneee, General Azurbozem, was slain in the moment of victory at Oczakow; her mother, the victim of fears for his safety, survived the accounts of his loss but a few weeks. Don Maiorascos, with his Donna, their ward, Catherine Alexandra, and their only offspring, the Count Ragana, took a long farewell of Russia, in obedience to a summons from the King of Spain.

At the earliest age allowed by the laws their

ward and their son plighted the nuptial vow of faithful love, at the holy altar. A family so tenderly attached to each other, could not endure a separation. One spacious palace sufficed for their abode, and if ever true felicity sojourned in this world of trials and vicissitudes, her presence blessed the splendid residence where Don Xanthus Maiorascos, his consort, endeared by long experience of her virtues, and their descendants in two generations, happy in assimilating dispositions, enjoyed the heartfelt satisfaction of promoting the gratification and welfare of a wide circle in their own sphere, and conferring essential benefits on multitudes, their inferiors. But permanent prosperity is not the condition of human existence. Vague rumours of the revolution in France produced fermentation in the public mind, while the severities resorted to by Godoy, misnamed the Prince of Peace, to suppress intelligence, augmented the far-diffused avidity for news from Paris; giving thus a fatal scope to demagogues in misrepresenting facts, with the view of raising themselves to eminence during the civil commotion. Don Maiorascos and the Count Ragana, laboured to prevent a rupture between the King, his nobles, and the middle class, whose talents and numbers rendered them formidable in troublous times. But these honest patriotic endeavours to moderate the opposition, and reconcile the interests of all ranks, awakened in each a distrust of the mediators, suspecting them of a latent conspiracy for individual advancement to power. Foreign invasion suspended the animosities which threatened to arm the sons of Spain against each other. Don Maiorascos and his son having braved many open and secret dangers, to conciliate their sovereign and his subjects, now clearly discerned that the most effective service they could attempt, must be an escape to Galicia, where they might assemble a force to oppose the French.

The Donnas Maiorascos and Ragana, and Count Ragana's daughter Catherine, sought an asylum at a convent, where the aunt of Don Maiorascos presided. Donna Maiorascos had been some years in declining health, the menacing evils that hung over her husband, her son, and grandsons, with the alarming crisis of their departure to check invasion, uncertain whether their countrymen would be true to their own cause, broke the attenuated tie that bound to life this exemplary woman. A fortnight had not elapsed since she found refuge at the convent, when her soul passed forth from earthly cares to bliss eternal!

The convent was situated near unfinished baths on the river Manzanares. A party of French soldiers were detached by their commander to complete the buildings. An old French woman who came from Russia with the late deceased Donna, often strayed to the baths to assuage her grief by talking with her countrymen, and hearing from them of her relations in Languedoc, which province she had not visited in the course of forty years. She learnt from the sergeant, that the commandant of the second division, *en seconde* was Colonel La Harpe, and that his *gentilhomme* was Le Cadre.

"Is his name Barthelemé, and is he not young, but *vif* and good looking?" said Madeleine.

"Monsieur answers to that description," replied the sergeant.

"Well, do me the kindness of telling him that a sister of his grandfather, the same who rejoiced to see him in Russia twenty years ago, will be on this spot the day after to-morrow, waiting his convenience to receive from her hands a curious and valuable *tabatiere*, which, with her blessing she wishes to give to her nearest of kin, and that kinsman is Monsieur Barthelemé Le Cadre, from whom she wants nothing but the pleasure of embracing him."

The valet had leave from his master to attend this assignation. Madeleine, arrayed in rich attire, and bedizened with fine trinkets, came to the place, not considering how she exposed herself and the ladies at the convent to the unbridled cupidity of the French soldiers. In the meantime Barthelemé was enchanted to see his grand aunt, a personage of apparent wealth and consequence, and so very old that he should soon enjoy all her possessions, since she promised to appoint him sole heir. He described her person and address to Colonel La Harpe, and showed the *tabatiere* which was indeed, an exquisite specimen of Lyonesse workmanship. The Colonel desired his valet to invite the demoiselle to take *câfé* the next evening, and Madeleine presented herself accordingly at Monsieur's *salle à manger*, more gorgeously adorned than in her walking-dress. The repast was in a style of magnificence. When concluded, Barthelemé informed her the Colonel desired to see her in his *salon*. She failed not to make known to him that the Countess Ragana was of his own blood, and her daughter doubly descended of his nation. When she rose to take leave, the Colonel directed Barthelemé to see her home, followed by a file of soldiers, as her costly *bijouterie* was too likely to compromise her safety. Colonel La Harpe apprehended the principal danger from his own soldiery. In two days he waited on the Countess Ragana at the convent, and aware that nuns have apertures in the partitions of the hall for receiving visitors, that they may know whatever is said or done, Colonel La Harpe cautiously avoided all appearance of *chuchoterie*, and seeming to be gaily diverting the young Donna by writing enigmas, and taxing her ingenuity to give a solution, he pencilled the intelligence that his division had that morning unanimously presented to him a formal claim to the plunder of all religious houses, a right established by the precedent of Junot's army in Portugal. If they persisted in this demand for pillage, the Colonel would send his fair cousins a portmanteau containing male attire, as intimation to provide a timely retreat, and he dropt a key, which Donna Catherine sportively conveyed to her reticule, and feigned to restore at parting; but she understood it was intended for the portmanteau. The Colonel likewise pencilled a warning to the ladies not to betray anxiety, as the nuns by long confinement were rendered helpless, and their juniors impatient for liberty, would precipitate their own fate. He would protect the very aged abbess and Madeleine, and spare no exertion for the safety of all the recluses.

Next morning Barthelemé came to invite his aunt to breakfast, and brought a portmanteau with

books an music, as he believed, for the Countess Ragana. She and her daughter quickly assumed the garb of Murcian peasants, and they covered their male disguises with long cloaks, that accompanied the homely raiment. The Donnas were accustomed to take the air in a *calesh*; an excursion on their parts caused no surprise to the nuns. At a safe distance the fugitives turned their mules northward, urged their pace to the utmost speed, and near a ravine unyoked the calesh, sent the mules to browse on the herbage in a thicket of dwarf trees, dragged the calesh to a precipice, and cast it down the ravine. These were toilsome exertions for ladies bred in affluence and ease; nor might they rest after the painful task. They must rapidly tread bye-ways, to shun the French, who were dispersed over the towns, hamlets, and villages, on foraging parties. Ascending the Sierra Morena nearly overcame their strength, but their fortitude failed not. The hope of meeting Don Maiorascos and the heroes of their house, revived their flagging spirits, and in a defile half a day's journey from Salamanca, they were stopped by a patriotic band, watching to intercept a body of French infantry. The Countess Ragana joyfully recognized the young Don Colonarez, and addressed him as a peasant who wished to make important communications to Don Maiorascos, and craved a private audience for himself and his son. Don Colonarez sent an escort with them.

How acute, how mixed were the feelings of Maiorascos, when the Donna revealed their names and the events that occasioned their disguise. When informed of his Donna being removed from temporal woes, the aged warrior bent his head on the rude table in his tent, in mental prayer; then rose, saying in a low, but firm voice, "my best beloved has been taken away from the evil to come! Praise be to God and the Saints!"

The interview between the Countess and Count Ragana and her sons, evinced at once the tender feelings and self-command of the lady and her daughter. The Count was hastily called to arms; the detachment under Don Colonarez was engaged by the enemy and must be supported. They returned safe and victorious. They had left a guard over the Murcian peasants, ostensibly to detain them until the truth of their intelligence could be ascertained. Don Colonarez proposed taking the boy into his service, but Don Maiorascos told him the youth was of noble parentage, and the son of a valued friend. He and his father must act at this juncture under the immediate protection of Count Ragana, who intended entrusting them with a special mission to Tamora. Don Maiorascos and Count Ragana could not resist importunity so reasonable, magnanimous, and endearing as the entreaties of the ladies, who prayed not to be separated from their most dear guardians, and represented the dangers they might incur if the French attacked Tamora. The heroines, therefore, remained, and faltered not in resolution to endure undismayed every peril, and cheerfully to partake all hardships or privation.

To enter on the detail of events, which led to the restoration of Ferdinand to the throne of Spain, would be tedious. Adversity had not taught the king to respect his sacred oaths to maintain the

new constitution. A breach between him and the Cortes ensued, and soon became manifestly irreconcilable. The ascendancy gained by Don Colonarez, on account of his services to the Cortes, and by well-merited confidence in his tried integrity and talents, was employed at this critical period to avert from Ferdinand a criminal trial, as a traitor to the duties of royalty, and the rights of the people. Again he broke faith with the existing government: the Cortes were dissolved: arrests, confiscations, banishments, or executions multiplied daily. The pusillanimous, credulous king wanted firmness to protect his best subjects, or to discern those who served him with fidelity. Accident discovered to Don Colonarez that he and the family of Don Maiorascos were to be accused of treason, and the public denunciation was retarded only by the absence of Don Maiorascos, Count Ragana, and some of their kindred, who were perfidiously invited to Madrid, for the solemnization of Holy Mysteries in honour of St. Lawrence. Donna Ragana and Donna Catherine set out secretly, and by a hazardous, circuitous, and fatiguing route, met the Don, his son, and grandsons, in time to warn them of the danger. They changed their route for Gibraltar, a destination recommended by Don Colonarez, who joined them on the second day of their progress to the South. Donna Catherine had been placed in a convent near Madrid, on the return of her parents to that capital, and now in male disguise, she was hailed by Don Colonarez as a brother soldier. The Countess Ragana, worn out by fatigue and anxiety, must be carried in a litter after the second day of her perilous journey. Don Maiorascos and his companions, disguised as monks on a pilgrimage, carried the vehicle with the dying lady, who drew her last breath ere they reached Gibraltar. Her mortal remains were conveyed thither by her father-in-law, her husband, and Colonarez, who testified surprise at the grief of his shy, melancholy, stripling companion. The youth accounted for it by ascribing it to a grateful recollection of many benefits conferred since his early years from the hand, now and for ever cold in death. The governor, the officers, and superior inhabitants around Gibraltar, paid all respect to the obsequies of the Countess Ragana, offering every consolation and aid in their power to the noble mourners. Several officers in the garrison had served with them in Galicia and other parts of Spain, and greatly esteemed their worth and valour. Soon after the interment of the Countess in hallowed ground, her sorrowful relatives embarked in a Sicilian brig for Odessa. The consequences of their voyage have been related; and we now return to Don Maiorascos, a convalescent under the care of the court physician and apothecary, and the unremitting attendance of Donna Catherine.

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So much conversation in an unknown language was intolerably irksome to Cadrowna. She only murmured at the risk of losing the use of her tongue, and wished and wished again for the return of her master. He would encourage her to speak of his own concerns, and his customers would talk to her. Thus pondered the isolated damsel, while seated at a table repairing her fineries; and having

completed the operation she resumed her usual place at the back window of the kitchen. The double doors were closed, to exclude a piercing north wind. Don Maiorascos had fallen asleep soon after the physician left him, and he had talked so much and so long, that he had not awoken though the young lady had suspended her performance on the guitar, and only lulled the patient with her soft voice. Afar off Cadrowna discovered a figure so like the tall gentleman that had come with Don Maiorascos, that she kept her eyes directed to his approach, till sure of his identity. She glided to a door, partly subterranean, which to the uninitiated seemed a latticed window. Gazing intently on all sides to satisfy herself she had no beholders, Cadrowna withdrew the semblance of a latticed window, and clambered over the opening to meet Don Colonearez. She indulged her long restrained volubility in a minute detail of occurrences since his departure. She spoke in very bad French, but her auditor listened with profound interest, and occasionally encouraged recitals by asking questions. She replied in diffuse narrative, not unembellished by her exursive imagination, and was eloquent in praise of the lovely lady.

"A young lady, who, and what is she?"

"You, a young cavalier or knight, should be able to answer that question. Nobody knows less of her than I, after being weeks uncounted obeying her dumb signs. She can speak fast enough to those that understand her gibberish."

"Whence came she? But first good Cadrowna, tell me, how fares the youth that came to your house with Don Maiorascos and me?"

"If you would not interrupt me so often, I would have told you, that the very day you vanished, with that youth I found standing at the old Don's beside the pretty lady, all in black; I am quite convinced the lad was her brother, I never saw two faces so like."

"The young officer did not go with me."

"Then he has wandered, and is lost—lost for ever. The wild Calmucks too surely have laid their wicked claws upon him; they will sell the sweet boy for a slave."

"I will redeem him, at all hazards."

And Don Colonearez darted away, as he vehemently uttered the last sentence. Cadrowna sprang after him, and seizing his arm, expostulated on the foolish project of going a wild-goose chase, without inquiring of the Don why, and where the dear boy was gone.

"To the Don then, I shall go, instantly."

"The Don is fast asleep, and must not be disturbed. You had better see the young lady."

"Then lead me to her this moment; I see no door open."

"I dare not open the double doors; the noise would awake the sick man, and he seldom sleeps so sound; but if you can keep a secret I will give you access another way. Promise on your Spanish honour never to tell, not even to hint, that *this* is a door."

"By my sacred honour, by my soul—by all the saints! I swear to keep inviolably the secret you confide to me; pray, pray admit me."

"Saint Alexander Newsky!" exclaimed Cad-

rowna, "it would be enough for you to be so eager to see the young lady if you had known how lovely she is, or if the poor wandering lad was a beautiful girl, and your real sweetheart. Come on, leap over these plaguy bars, and wait for me till I have replaced the blinds."

"Good Cadrowna be quick; let me assist you; there, now all is fastened, pray show me the way. Every minute seems an age till I begin a search for my dear young friend."

Cadrowna led the impatient young Don through obscure, mysterious passages, among puncheons, barrels, bales, bags, hampers, and boxes of miscellaneous description, left him at the door of an apartment occupied by Don Maiorascos, and made the usual finger-sign to the young Donna that her presence was desired in the kitchen. She complied, having drawn her veil close, and spread her fan, as Spanish nymphs invariably conceal their features on leaving their own peculiar retreat. She acknowledged with a reserved, ceremonious inclination of her head, the deferential bow of Don Colonearez, which preluded his entreaty for some direction in following the stripling, Count Nascondarez—the dearest, the most attracting companion he ever had!

"There is no cause for disquiet, Senhor," said the lady, "the supposed wanderer has not strayed a mile from this house since you left it. All his movements are well known to us, and in a few days he will account for them to Don Colonearez."

"Blessed tidings! may the saints reward you," said the Don, "for raising my heart from the depths of misery to happiness inexpressible! A temporary absence from my beloved friend has taught me how necessary his presence must ever be to my happiness."

The vehement tone in which Colonearez uttered this self-gratulation, passed through the unclosed doors to the quick ear of the invalid. The return of Don Colonearez was hailed with joy, and the kindest cordiality. He expressed great concern for having missed the Emperor, who suddenly left Petersburg ten days sooner than was expected.

"Let not this supposed delay of my memorial vex you, my dear envoy," said Don Maiorascos, "the physician whose skill is most trusted by his Imperial Majesty, has generously attended me in a violent fever, and has promised to lay before the Czar a duplicate of our petition. If you feel sufficiently refreshed to attend the evening assemblage at court, the announcement of your name will remind the physician of his promise. I have obeyed the imperial mandate to confide the history of my life to that medical adviser, and those facts authenticated by exiles and by English officers of high consideration now with the Emperor, will corroborate such as have been stated in the memorial."

"Excuse me, Don Maiorascos, I must be utterly unfit for courtly homage unless I may first embrace my dearest friend, Nascondarez. I am astonished at the witchery that binds my inmost soul to him. Tell me, I beseech you, where I should go in quest of that heart-cheering companion, and I shall afterwards endeavour to prepare for the part of a courtier."

"If you would spare me distress, dear Colone-

rez, you will take a little rest and refreshment before you go out. Catherine, my love, can you permit Don Colanarez to renew his fatigues without some experience of your hospitality? Let us have the advantage of your superintendence to the damsel, Cadrowna, she does not well understand the savoury compound you direct her to make in imitation of our *puchiero*; Colanarez will relish any semblance of our fashions in cookery; and in place of the fine pears of Ildefonso, we can only offer him the water-melons sent this morning by our kind friend and medical purveyor, Monsieur Zerbstoff. For me the Astracan apples and the restorative beverage, are not incompatible with a regimen prescribed by my good physician. You surely will not omit sliced turnip and a modicum of brandy in the bill of fare; Cadrowna would be affronted if you forgot that preface to a dinner *à la Russe*."

Donna Catherine hastened to the kitchen, and Don Colanarez resumed enquiries about his young friend.

"Can you discover no likeness between that youth and my granddaughter?" asked Maiorascos.

"The Donna has not vouchsafed me the privilege of beholding her unveiled countenance."

"Holy Virgin! may'st thou plead for the helpless maids of Spain, compelled in evil times to assume disguises repugnant to their feelings! Would you, Colanarez, think the delicacy of an innocent girl compromised, though to save her honour she had no resource unless by wearing male attire, in the ranks of war with her grandsire, her father and brothers?"

"Don Maiorascos!" exclaimed Colanarez, with a start of joy, "no words can express my admiration and astonishment, I extolled a youth supposed to be of the masculine sex, so early, so calmly and steadily enacting the hero; but what language can applaud the heroine, or how shall I combat the regrets that an intimacy on which I had erected my dearest hopes of happiness, can no more gladden my heart?"

"These impressions will gradually soften, and throughout this evening it will perhaps be expedient not to let Catherine perceive you are aware of her identity with Nascondarez."

"I cannot depend upon my self-restraint so as to promise forbearance, and if irresistible impulses betray my feelings, may I throw myself on your mercy, thrice honoured Don Maiorascos?"

"Dear Colanarez, this cereimonious appeal to mercy is too incongruous with our obligations to the brave preserver of our lives, by his political influence and his valour. Can you doubt our gratitude? Providence hath munificently blended our fates; I leave you without reservation to your own exalted honour and often-proved discretion. You will, no doubt, keep in mind that my granddaughter is a mourner for her dearest relations."

"I cannot forget that I also am a mourner for those esteemed and loved companions in misfortunes and perils, nor—"

Cadrowna, with a huge plate of sliced turnip, a brandy bottle of corresponding magnitude, and glasses of ample capacity, here interrupted this confidential dialogue. She knew this prologue to a Russian dinner was forbidden to Don Maiorascos,

but looked chagrined when it was hardly tasted by Colanarez. However, the scowl on her face was changed to a gracious smile, as he pleaded being too worn and weary to venture on a strong restorative, and begged her to be his deputy. She tossed off the bumper gaily, invoking all good *boghs* to bless the stranger; she moved with increased alacrity in bringing forward the dinner, and observing that Don Colanarez ate little, took the liberty of telling him he should have whetted his appetite with turnip and brandy, which must not be spared to-morrow,

Don Maiorascos pushed the bandage from one eye, to look if Catherine had unveiled. She observed this, and rose to adjust it, begging him not to hazard a fourth suppuration of the wound, which was beginning to show signs of inflammatory swelling, when she drest it in the morning. He answered that if she treated Don Colanarez with due frankness by taking away her screen, the old patient would be all compliance. Catherine gave invariable obedience to her grandfather, and therefore immediately complied with his request, but before evening she often wished for the veil to hide the suffusion called to her cheeks by the ardent gaze and implied tenderness of her guest. Attendance at the Emperor's *soirée*, the memorial—all interests were absorbed by engrossing passion. Don Maiorascos slumbered, or seemed to sleep, and the young Don and Donna availed themselves of the precious moments for an interchange of sentiments the most interesting. He won her consent for their immediate betrothment, and the celebration of the sacred forms of marriage whenever a Catholic priest could be procured to give the sacramental benediction to their union, should Don Maiorascos sanction the proposal. In answer to the urgent solicitation of her lover, Catherine decidedly objected to an application for her grandfather's assent until next day, lest the excitement should give a restless night. He had been much disquieted since the physician had so long delayed his visits, and it was necessary to avoid all topics of conversation that might disturb his tranquility, while nature claimed repose.

Days dawned and darkened, and the physician still discontinued his personal attentions; the wound in Don Maiorascos's face underwent another suppuration, but the fever was moderate, and Don Colanarez had often practised surgery in the patriotic army, where professional men were not always at hand. A note from the Imperial physician acted as anodyne and cordial for the aged Don. The physician had accompanied the Czar on a journey—he had not forgotten the memorial, and its representations were favourably considered by the monarch. The exiles gratefully received these intimations, and submitted to the postponement of their wishes with becoming gratitude.

One morning Don Colanarez heard Cadrowna sobbing as if in extreme sorrow, and enquired the cause. Cadrowna with a violent burst of tears, said she had been told by a sensible customer of her master's, that the Emperor had not long to live. Her story was so incredible, that, after consulting with Catherine, Don Colanarez resolved on going to Taganrog for authentic information. He made haste in returning to relieve her alarm.

He fortunately met an English field-officer, with whom he had served, who said he had been with the Emperor at the palace of a Boyard, about twenty versts from Taganrog, where the incident happened that occasioned so much painful, and in his opinion, absurd fear for the Czar's health and life. A dense fog detained the Emperor from Taganrog, beyond the time fixed for his return. It is his uniform custom to dedicate the morning, and when needful, the day, to business; the evenings were given to amusements in society. Couriers from various stations, civil, military, and commercial, delivered their despatches late at night. The Czar rose very early next morning, and by candle light examined the several packets, in a sequestered apartment. The sun broke out bright and clear as noon-day. An hour passed on; the time arrived for bringing chocolate to the Emperor. The nobleman in waiting, and the attendant pages stood aghast at finding his Imperial Majesty writing, with all the tapers burning, and the sun darting a brilliant lustre on his head. The Russians entertain a superstitious notion that writing by artificial light, be it wax, tallow, or resin, or lamp-oil, when the sun shines, is portentous of death to the penman. The Emperor raised his eyes from the paper, and is alleged to have changed colour. He desired the tapers to be extinguished, gave orders to prepare his travelling equipage, took the chocolate, and resumed his pen, till apprized of his *cortege* being ready for the road. The Boyard, and all who saw the Czar, believed that his deportment, though courteous, was unusually grave, and almost true it is, that ever since his return to Taganrog, his Majesty has made unremitting exertions to improve and confirm his salutary laws and benevolent establishments. By the most explicit enactments he settled the emancipation of all the peasantry on the imperial domains, and promulgated encouragements for their instruction. He has granted the new privileges and honours to the princes boyards, and proprietors of every description, who should emancipate their serfs. By legal instruments he prohibited the sale of Calmuck children, by their parents, or by agency and established schools for reading, for teaching useful arts and manual crafts to those semi-barbarians. The number of schools throughout the Russian Empire with larger salaries has been augmented, and no means have been neglected to make the people enlightened and happy.

Don Maiorascos was preserved from sharing the anxiety that preyed on his granddaughter. Don Colonarez tried to persuade Catherine he was not less incredulous than his English informant, regarding the superstitious prognostic of evil to the Czar. After a sleepless night, she gave breakfast to the invalid, and tried to stifle her too impressive recollections of the omen, by cheerful communications for his entertainment. The small walnut table with their morning repast had not been ten minutes removed, when the door opened, and with joyful officiousness Cadrowna announced the physician.

"I doubt not the doctor has seemed forgetful," said M. Zerbstoff to Don Maiorascos, "but verily he hath neither been forgetful nor idle, the tedious-

ness of official proceedings is alone culpable of delay."

"I entreat you, M. Zerbstoff not to take the trouble of apology," replied Don Maiorascos; "you did not promise to settle our affairs at any given period, and we have not presumed to repine at our trial of patience."

"The trial was not premeditated, and I am delighted to congratulate you and Donna Catherine on its happy termination. In the first place, this document secures to Don Maiorascos the full value of his property, to be repaid from the day of his payments being suspended, by the intrigues of his enemies, who misrepresented his conduct, and induced the Czar to sequester his effects in Russia. These parchments convey to Donna Catherine all the rights, all the territorial inheritance and funded wealth bequeathed to her by her maternal grand-sire, the Kneese Bastides of Oczakow. As for you, brave Don Colonarez, the Emperor knows you to be so eminently, so peculiarly qualified to manage the interests of Donna Catherine Ragana, Princess of Oczakow, that pecuniary remuneration from the imperial treasury must be superfluous; but if these instruments, titles of high dignity in the Russian empire, and a commission in the Imperial Guards, are conferred on Don Colonarez, it seems not the physician to speak of more exquisite and felicitous guerdon destined for his valour."

Catherine blushed and trembled with emotion, Don Colonarez rose to receive the intimations of Imperial goodness to himself, and Don Maiorascos was offering most grateful acknowledgements to the Czar and to the physician for benefits so munificent, when a door, hitherto unnoticed by the Spaniards, was forcibly thrown open, and a tall, corpulent man appeared, amidst a falling heap of cloaks, hats, side-arms, and umbrellas, hung there by Cadrowna, to conceal the aperture. Stunned by blows from the swords and walking-sticks, as they fell from pegs in the door, and entangled by folds of Spanish cloth, the intruder tumbled, and trying to emerge from his incumbrances, unwieldy in his efforts, and disconcerted by a feeling of his grotesque, absurd situation, he at length got up, and waddling to the couch, commenced a set speech to Don Maiorascos, full of high-flown compliments, and thanks for honouring his humble roof by the residence of a Hidalgo and far-famed warrior. This oration was suddenly stopped as he glanced at the physician. Retreating several steps, he cried aloud—

"To your knees! homage to the EMPEROR!" and while he spoke, he prostrated his bulky figure.

Don Colonarez had snatched, and unsheathed a rapier, when the apparition issued from the unsuspected door; the strange man uttered cries for mercy, in breathless terror, and Cadrowna increased the general confusion by rapid inquiries for the cause. As soon as her master heard her voice, he reprimanded her for leaving the kitchen, but without her help he could not have risen, and when he kneeled, she followed his example. Donna Catherine knelt on one knee. The Emperor raised, saluted her, and still holding her hand, said—

"Good friends, our unpractised gentleman-usher has made rather a clumsy announcement of the Emperor. Rise, Don Colonarez, genu-

flexions ill accord with the easy intercourse to which Alexander has owed pleasant hours in this circle. My lovely subject, thus we seal thy renewed allegiance."

The Emperor again saluted Donna Catherine, then turning to Don Colonnarez, said—

"Colonnarez, Count of Spain, Prince of the Russian Empire, we crave in your behalf from Don Maiorascos a title more blissful—the affianced spouse of Donna Catherine Ragana."

"Your Imperial Majesty disposes of my granddaughter in accordance with my wishes," responded Maiorascos, "and I most humbly beseech your high benignity to accept our poor acknowledgements for honours and bounties infinitely beyond the most emphatic words to express, or to utter our gratitude. I cannot bend my knee, but every feeling of my heart and soul is prostrated before our royal benefactor."

Raising his person as far as he had strength, Don Maiorascos supported on his elbow, bent his head in token of reverence the most profound. The posture was soon observed by the Emperor, and resuming his medical functions, he said—

"Don Maiorascos we enjoin you not to discredit our surgery by a posture so unsuitable for a convalescent; and there will soon be a call to exertion for which you should prepare by present ease. A litter will remove you in less than one hour to the chapel of the French Factory, where the chaplain waits to officiate in the ceremonial of uniting this Prince of our Empire with the Donna Catherine, Princess of Ockzakow. An equipage will speedily attend, and we shall conduct the betrothed, first to the holy altar, and then to a mansion, our nuptial gift on this occasion."

The expressive eyes of Alexander beamed with the mild lustre of benevolence, as he spoke to the aged Hidalgo; but turning to the tall merchant and his damsel, a shade of severity darkened his brow, and the merchant quailed under that penetrating glance, where he and Cadrowna still grovelled on the floor. She looked at the Emperor undaunted, and promptly obeyed his command to rise, and take the promised gratuity for her sympathising assiduities to Don Maiorascos. His Imperial Majesty cut short her loud and rapid thanksgiving, and dismissed her to the kitchen; a mandate gladly obeyed in her impatience to know the amount of her treasure. When she shut the door, the Emperor resumed—

"As for you, Gezzereych, stand up, and listen to the detection of your mal-practices against our revenue. Accidental and premature gentleman-usher to the Emperor, we appoint thee for an employment where fidelity may atone for past misdeeds. 'Set a thief to catch a thief,' says the old adage, and familiar with all the nefarious devices of illicit trade, you ought to be an able and vigilant intendant of our customs at Taganrog. Your behaviour to Cadrowna implies a suspicion that she betrayed you; she is innocent. Our information has been more deserving of credit; to-morrow your appointment shall be made public; go now and fit yourself for its duties."

Gezzereych again kneeled, tried to speak his gratitude, for lenity so unmerited, but could not

utter a word: The Czar, in pity to his confusion, waved his hand to dismiss the delinquent.

The balsam of domestic happiness promised for Don Maiorascos the perfect cure of his mental and personal wounds. How transient is the sun of human prosperity! A week subsequent to her marriage, the Princess of Oczakow was seized with a typhus fever. The court physician who, in prescribing for Don Maiorascos, had personated the apothecary, was sent by the Emperor to attend the lady, but the resources of his eminent skill had nearly been frustrated by the imprudence of a servant. By order of the Emperor she brought fresh fruits from the summer garden every morning. She came one day beating her breast in an agony of grief, and exclaiming—

"The good and great Emperor, Alexander, is dead! The Emperor Nicholas has been proclaimed!"

"The sick princess overheard these woful tidings—relapsed—and during many days there was little hopes of recovery. The all-absorbing anxiety of her father and husband on account of her dangerous state, diverted their thoughts from the public affliction. She recovered. The Emperor Nicholas granted permission for her to remove to Tuscany to establish her health, accompanied by her illustrious consort and her father.

Each morning and evening their prayers for the soul of the deceased Emperor, were mingled with petitions to the saints that Nicholas might be guided and upheld in the footsteps of their imperial benefactor, and like Alexander the Beneficent, might he seek the aggrandizement of his empire—not in the extension of territories, already too vast for the efficient administration of the laws in all parts—rather may he take the example of his magnanimous predecessor, and ensure the glory of Russia by accession of moral excellence, science, literature, and the useful arts. So be it henceforward!

THE CHANGE.

We tell thee not of lighted hall,
Nor twine around thy brow,
With the pale braid, a rosy wreath,
It were but mockery now;
Nor bring again the gentle lute,
Nor wake its tuneful string,
Too much its silver tones would now
Of fond remembrance bring,
When brightly past life's sunny hours,
As a glad stream 'mid summer flowers.

Lady, thy cheek is very pale,
Thy blue eye dim with tears,
And sorrow on that fragile form,
Hath wrought the change of years;
Thy gentle heart is still the same,
Kind as in days gone by,
We feel we love thee more, as o'er
Thy blighted hopes we sigh;
What though thy beauty's sun be set,
There still is moonlight softness yet.

Vale of Clwyd.

MARY H.

SOLUTION OF AN ENIGMA, IN OUR LAST.

The castanet sounds gaily o'er the lea,
While fishers cast a net upon the sea.

X. Y. Z.

THE CRUSADER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC.

'Tis an old story—done i' the olden time,
Falsehood and faith—man's honour, woman's crime!
'Tis an old story—often told before—
Such as hath been, and shall be, evermore.

In the department of Auvergne, the sunniest and fairest, and most fertile district of fair France, some miles from Monistrol, a narrow, savage and indented glen, in striking contrast to the broad valley of the superb Loire which it intersects, affords an outlet to the waters of the Lignon; which hurries down, fretting and chafing over many a rocky dam, to join the larger river, between stupendous masses of basaltic rock, black, rugged, and austere, yet beautiful and grand in all their varied aspects. Below these mighty walls, reared ages ere the memory of man began, by subterranean fires, the whole slope of the valley, formed by the debris of the slaty rock, is clothed with massive and impervious foliage, through which a difficult but most romantic path ascends, taking the torrent for its guide, toward the little village of Issengeaux. Above this road, which it commands perched like the eyry of some bird of prey upon the verge of a projecting crag, three hundred feet, at least, above the waters which perpetually foam and murmur round its base, there may be seen, to this day, the remains, rifted and gray, and over-run with immemorial ivy, which has, most probably, preserved them from entire ruin—of a tall Norman keep or watch tower. It evidently never has been large: but in the early years of the thirteenth century, although even then an ancient building, it was entire, and a place of formidable strength. A flanking wall of huge rough stones surrounded its small court-yard, with bartizans projecting at the angles, quite over the face of the precipice, and two small turrets with many a loop and crenelle, guarding the narrow gate, to which the only access was by a steep and zigzag path, hewn by the pickaxe through the solid rock, and purposely exposed at every traverse, to shot of bow and arbalast, both from the castle and its outworks. This perilous approach was liable, moreover, to be swept from end to end by avalanches, as it were, of rocky fragments, which were piled ready at each point of vantage, and that too, so slightly, that the frailest arm would have sufficed to launch them down the precipitous descent. But, at the time with which we have to do, the fortress, although garrisoned, as might be judged, from the steel-clad warder pacing his round upon the ballium, and the swallow-tailed pennoncelle floating above the keep, was, evidently on good terms with the neighbourhood; for its draw-bridge was lowered across the deep dry moat hewn like the road, out of the solid rock, and the steel-clenched and grated leaves of the gate stood wide open. In the small court-yard, a groom was leading to and fro a splendid charger of the high-breed of Andalusia, which even at that early age, had been improved by mixture of the Arab blood, introduced by the Moorish victors, coal-black, without a single speck of white, except a small star on his

brow, with a keen vicious eye, and a mane that almost swept the ground, when it escaped from the confinement of the iron barbing, which, running all along the neck, connected the bright chamfron with the steel plated saddle and scaled poutrel. Another menial held the long lance, and small three cornered shield, waiting, as it should seem, until the rider might come forth; while several others, pages, and men at arms, and one or two girls, seemingly belonging to the household, were loitering round the entrance, admiring the fine horse, and laughing merrily among themselves at fifty trifles, such as youths and maidens have laughed at, and will laugh at still, despite philosophy and common sense to boot, from the creation downward.

In the third story of that ruined keep, accessible even now to an adventurous climber, there is a little chamber, occupying one-third of the area of the tower, irregular in shape, for two of its walls are segments, and the two others radii of a circle, its longest side being the outer wall of the castle, and its two ends, portions diverging from a central circle, which is occupied through the whole height of the building, by a steep, winding staircase. Though small, it is a pleasant spot even now, with three tall lanceolated windows; through which the green leaves of the ivy flutter at every breath of air, commanding a wide prospect of the deep chasm-like valley of the Lignon, from its far mountain cradle, down to its confluence with the majestic Loire, which, from that giddy height, may be seen winding its silver way through many a golden corn field, through many a teeming vineyard. In this apartment, decorated with the best skill of that early day, were two young persons, deeply engaged in conversation seemingly of a description the most interesting to their feelings. They were of different sexes, both in the prime of youthful life, both eminently handsome, and though there might be something of resemblance in their high features and rather dark complexions, it was yet the resemblance rather of very distant kindred, or perhaps of dwellers under the same ripe climate, than of more close connexions. The girl had not seen, certainly her eighteenth summer; yet she was tall, and fully formed; her glowing bust, and all the wavy outlines of that most lovely of all lovely things, her woman figure, developed to the full extent of that voluptuous roundness, which in a colder climate, would have betokened a maturer age. Her face was not less perfect than her form, perfectly oval, with large dark Italian eyes, half languor and half fire; a nose, in which the slightest tendency towards the aquiline, redeemed the insipid character of the more classic outline; lips exquisitely arched and pouting, with a perpetual dimple playing at either corner: and hair, the most superb that ever added to woman's beauty, dark as the wings of night, and so redundant that if it had escaped from the confinement of the fillet, which restrained it, it would have flowed down to her very feet, veiling her person by its ample waves. Nor was her beauty anywise impaired by the pensive, melancholy attitude which she maintained; as half reclined on a settee within the embrasure of one of the tall windows with her chin propped upon an arm of the most

perfect symmetry, she suffered her right hand to lie all unresisting in the fervent grasp of her companion; while of her eyes, which were bent earthward, nothing could be discovered but the long silky lashes so exquisitely pencilled in relief on her transparent cheek. He, too, was young—too young, as it would have seemed, from the first glance, for the gilded spurs which shewed he had attained already to the rank of knighthood—his hair, like her's, was coal black, but different in this, that it was wreathed above a broad, high forehead with a thousand natural curls; his eyes were also dark, and sparkled with a quickness that showed him prone, at least, to gusts of passion; while the compression of his thin lips told as clearly of a character resolved and positive, as did the deep lines on his brow, and from each nostril downward to the angles of the mouth, speak the dominion of unconquerable passions—still was the whole contour decidedly impressive, and even handsome, though it might well be doubted, whether at an age more advanced, the less attractive features might not predominate. He was attired, from the throat downward, in a complete suit of chain mail, exquisitely wrought, and yielding to the play of every swelling muscle, polished, too, with such rare skill, that every ring flashed to the early sunbeams, as if it had been wrought of fabled adamant. This dress, however, was only visible at the neck, where it was firmly riveted to a broad gorget of bright steel, and on the arms and legs, which it completely covered—these to the wrist, leaving the bony but white hand, defenceless—those to the ankles, where it was joined by splendid shoes of the same hard and glistening material. All else was covered by a surcoat, resembling in form, a herald's tabard, or the poncho of the South American, of pure white cloth, bisected in the front by a broad cross of scarlet. This over-dress was fastened round the waist by an embroidered belt, through which was thrust a long, stout, two-edged dagger, the only weapon of offence he bore about his person. On a small oaken table, in the centre of the room, were placed his helmet, a cumbersome flat-topped casque, with neither crest nor plume, and his gauntlet delicately wrought in scale; while his two-handed sword—a massive blade, four feet, at least, in length, with a cross-handled hilt proportionately large and heavy—rested against it, with a rich baldric trailing down upon the oaken floor.

"A thousand! thousand thanks, sweet Adelaide," he said, pressing the fair hand, which he grasped, to his hot lips. "That word hath made me all invincible!—that word hath given me the strength, the resolution, to dare all—to endure all—and—by the aid of blessed Mary and her son—to conquer all! Three years, when passed, are but so many *days* of retrospection. Three years!—sweet Adelaide—three little years—and by your father's promise—by your own dear avowal—you will be mine—mine own for ever! Is it not so—is it not, loveliest?"

"Have I not said it, Brian?" she replied, raising her liquid eyes to his, but dropping them again upon the instant, before the glance of fiery passion which encountered her's—"have I not said it, Brian? How often must I promise—how

often vow, to satisfy your craving earnestness? Is it, that you misdoubt my word? Is it, that I have all misread your soul—and that you are, in truth, as they rumour you, jealous unto suspicion, distrustful of all faith?"

"No! no! believe it not," he answered in tones absolutely choked with passionate emotion—"doubt thee!—as soon doubt Heaven!—as soon Heaven's King in all his glory! Doubt thee!—By all the gods, thy name, before three years be flown, shall be acknowledged through every realm of Europe—shall be as widely bruited for the paragon of constancy and beauty, as the four winds can blow the tidings. From the remotest point of Spain, to the blue waters of Byzantium, all shall admit thine eminence! Say only, Adelaide, say only, once again, that thou dost love me!"

"I have said so. I have said so, again, and again, Brian! Yet, since it seems nought else will satisfy you—I do! I do! with all my heart and soul, most singly and most wholly, love you!" she exclaimed, a deep crimson flush pervading as she spoke, not her cheeks, only, but her brow, her neck, her bosom, and those exquisitely falling shoulders, as far as they were visible above the collar of her low velvet bodice—while her full eye met his with so deep an expression of voluptuous passion, and dwelt on his face so languidly, that Brian was emboldened to throw his right hand round her sylph-like waist, and clasp her to his bosom. Nor did the maid resist, but twining her soft arms about his neck, she met his kiss half way; and, for ten seconds' space, their hearts beat sensibly against each other's bosom, in tumultuous union, their eyes grew dim with passion, their lips were glued together. But after that one burst of irresistible, uncontrolled phrenzy—for love in its excess, is phrenzy—the maiden, extricating herself from his embrace, parted the close curls on his forehead, and imprinted there one long kiss—then arising, with a blush yet deeper than before—"There, Brian, there!" she said, playfully smiling, "that must both satisfy thee, and convince! More, I cannot say—more, I cannot give thee—and keep thy confidence or love. And now, God speed thee. Let not the lip of woman bear away that kiss which I have left upon thy brow;—as I shall keep for thee the burning one which thou hast printed on my lip—nay' rather on my soul! not e'en my father shall press his mouth to mine, ere your kiss shall release me. And now, God speed thee, Brian. I need not bid thee be foremost ever—for that I know thou wilt! But oh! be not too rash! Few demoiselles, I trow, need so advise their chevaliers;—but I know thee too well—too well have marked thy daring, thine enthusiastic all-pervading valor, to fancy that thy spirit lacks the stimulus of words, more than thy gallant Andalusian needs the spur to urge him to the charge. God speed thee, Brian, and farewell." And even as she spoke, a distant swell of martial music, the prolonged cadences of the shrill trumpet blest with the deep clang of the Norman nakir, came floating on the gentle breeze, from the far valley of the Loire. "There I hear you not," she added, "hear you not, even now, the music of your comrades? and see! see! there they file, band after band, and banner after banner, across the bridge

that spans our valley! Blessed Maria, what a gorgeous train—lo! how their spear-heads twinkle in the sunbeams—how their plate armour flashes!—pennons, and pennoncelle, and banderol waving and fluttering to the free winds, above a sea of plumage!—there, the square banner of the Great Counts of Auvergne—and there, the Lion flag of Ferrand of Clermont—and Guy de Ponthieu's Ravens—and Tankerville's chained dragon!—and there!—haste, Brian, haste! Do on your helmet quick, and belt your espaldron, and spur Black Tristram to his speed—there floats the oriflamme itself—the gorgeous oriflamme of France, above King Philip and his peers. Linger not—loiter not, my beloved—God speed thee! and farewell! And be thou fortunate, as I will still be faithful, and we shall be a pair hereafter for chroniclers to tell of in set prose, and trouveres to descant upon in lay, and virelay, and sonnet!”

His helmet was braced on—his espaldron was belted—snatching his gauntlets from the table, with the rich scarf, which she had given, bound on his left arm, he cast one long, long glance upon the lady of his heart; and, daring not to trust himself to speak, rushed down the winding staircase, taking three steps at one, his steel shoes clanging, and the point of his huge broadsword clashing and jarring on the stones. He gained the court, and scattering his largesse to the menials, who, cap in hand, saluted him with loud lip-love, vaulted at once into the saddle; dashed like an arrow through the gateway, over the clattering drawbridge; and, at a pace positively fearful, plunged down the steep descent, his horse's hoofs striking at every bound the fire from the flinty road, that rang beneath the fury of his gallop. Once he looked back, just where the traverse from the castle joined the road down the Lignon! A fair round arm was waving from the lattice, where they but now had stood together, a white kerchief; and the proverbially quick eye of the lover fancied it could have recognized that arm of snow, among ten thousand. Bowing his helmeted head quite to the saddle-bow, he brandished his long lance high in air, making the pennoncelle, which graced it, rustle and waver in the sunlit atmosphere, like the flash of a shooting star; and, spurring his hot Andalusian to yet fiercer speed, devoured both hill and valley in his course; and joined his comrades on the way toward the fatal sands of Syria, long ere their rear had passed the high and narrow bridge which spans, even to the present day, the confluence of the Loire and Lignon.

Three years had passed away—passed as the youth had expressed himself to her he loved so dearly, but as so many *days* of retrospection. That gallant army, which had leaped so dauntlessly ashore from their proud red-cross galleys, had whitened with their bones the pestilential fields of Palestine. Disease, and want, and treason of false friends, and, more than all, dissensions in the host, had marred the progress of that superb array, which—led by the unrivalled Lion-heart, the wise and wary Philip, and scores of other chiefs whose names were second to these only—had threatened the extermination of the Saracen dominion. Philip Augustus had returned to his paternal kingdom;

and was occupied more wisely, if less gloriously, in fixing himself more firmly on his throne than any king who had sat there since the Great Charles. Richard—who had, reluctant to depart, lingered with his bold islanders as long as any hope remained—was now a captive in the dungeons of the mean-spirited and vengeful Austrian. None of that lordly expedition yet remained in the land, which the most superstitious now scarcely hoped to win, except the Templars and the Hospitallers, whose vow permitted to them neither peace nor truce, so long as Infidels possessed the City of the Tomb. Three years had passed, and more!—and from the first glad tidings, which reached France, of their triumphant debarkation, of their first mighty victory, no ship arrived, but brought reports proving that Brian de Latouche had well made good his boast to Adelaide de Montemar. At Ascalon, it was his lance that bore Iconium's Soldan from the saddle—before the leaguered walls of Acre, it was his sword that won Zamor, ‘the good horse that never failed his rider,’ the choicest of that breed of Yemen, emphatically styled the winged, in single fight from the proud Prince of Trebizond, who lost his charger and his life together! And when the axe of England's Lion-heart had dashed the gates of that same city into atoms, forcing its way through heart of oak and bars of steel, as though they had been reeds and pasteboard, it was the foot of Brian de Latouche that pressed the threshold, second to Richard's only. Nay, more! When France had treacherously fallen from the league, though still a few of her best warriors tarried to win them laurels under the flag of their hereditary foe—when, after having relieved Jaffa, that most unequalled hero sustained with* ‘seventeen knights and three hundred archers, the charge of sixty thousand Turks, and grasping his lance, rode furiously along their front, from the right to the left wing, without meeting an adversary who dared encounter his career,’ it was again the hand of Brian de Latouche that couched his spear by Richard's bridle-arm: Nor, when his fame was at the highest, did he forget his plighted word—whenever he couched lance, his cry was “Adelaide de Montemar!”—till, at that *cri de guerre* alone, a hundred of the boldest mussulmen would draw their reins in terror—till, as the youth had boasted, each knight of the Christian host had heard the fame, and, judging of the beauty by the exploits it produced, had willingly admitted the pre-eminence of her, whose charms and constancy were backed by so strong an arm, and a heart so dauntless, as those of Brian de Latouche.

Three years had passed, and more, when, in a gloomy evening in November—on which the winds sullenly wailing through the overcast and cloudy sky, where whirling the sere leaves from every tree—a stately knight, followed by four attendants—two of them *negro* slaves, with caftan, scymetar, and turban! two, Christian men-at-arms, in plate and mail!—rode wearily along the rocky path, which, following the valley of the Lignon, leads to the Mountain keep of Eguerrand de Montemar, the chastelain of Issengeaux.

The knight was a tall, powerful figure, sheathed

* Gibbon, Vol. VIII. 395, Oxford Ed.

cap-a-pie in armour of linked mail partially covered by the white surcoat of a crusader. He sat with practised grace, on a superb blood-bay Arabian, sixteen hands high at least, and powerful enough—unusual as such stature is, among the generally slight coursers of the East—to bear a knight in complete panoply, throughout the longest day that ever yet was spent in battle. The noble steed was not caparisoned for battle, but decorated with the lightest furniture then used; as though the practised eye of his owner was aware that every thing which tended to conceal the exquisite proportions of the animal, must be a blemish rather than an ornament. Yet, light as was the saddle, and all the corresponding housings, a heavy battle-axe of steel, magnificently wrought with carvings of Damascus, was slung on one side of the pommel, while from the other, was suspended, as if to balance it, a yet more ponderous mace of similar material, workmanship, and decoration—these, save the dagger at his belt, were the only offensive weapons which the rider bore; for, one of the esquires, in addition to his own arms, carried the long lance and heater-shaped shield of the knight; while the other led a coal-black Andalusian, fully barbed for battle, to whose steel saddle was attached, besides the usual mace and battle-axe, his long two-handed broadsword. The face of the warrior, as, also, his strong hands, were bare, for his casque and gauntlets hung with his battle-axe at the saddle-bow, while his head was protected only by a low cap of scarlet cloth, with a long drooping plume, leaving his strongly-marked and noble features, exposed to the eye, which there might read strange tales of pride, and energy, and passion. Short coal-black hair, curled round a forehead unusually high and massive, worn away, somewhat, at the temples, by the pressure of the helmet, and closely cut behind, that it might not impede the fastenings of the mail hood, displayed a set of high, thin features; the predominant expression of which, was overruling and all-mastering pride, although the thick and corded veins upon the forehead, and the deep lines furrowed by the hot ploughshare of an excitable and ever restless soul, betokened other and more fiery impulses, that well might aspire for pre-eminence against the master passion. The mouth was shadowed by a thick black moustache, which quivered, as it were instinct with life, at every transient emotion, while, to complete the picture, a deep scar crossing the forehead, and narrowly missing the right eye, gave an expression of additional sternness to a countenance which, in spite of its fierce and audacious character, could not be looked upon without both admiration and respect. The age of this formidable-looking person, was probably not more than six or seven and twenty, although exposure to the fierce suns of the East, while it had burnt his naturally dark complexion to almost negro blackness, had given him the appearance of being several years farther advanced toward the mid vale of life.

“That is the fortress, Amelot,” he said, in deep, sonorous tones, “that is the fortress—we shall be there anon—the ascent turns abruptly beyond that mighty chesnut, which has not yet lost all its leaves.”

“And in good time here comes a wood-cutter, Sir Brian!” answered the man-at-arms, a favourite esquire, whom he had addressed. “Were I not best inquire?”

“Inquire what?” retorted the knight. “Inquire what, fool, what?” he once again repeated, as the esquire, little encouraged by his manner, hesitated to speak out.

“Whether the Chastelain be at the fort,” at length he faltered out.

“Why? where else should he be, thou dolt?” returned his master, “He hath no other castle—he dwells even here!”

For strange though it may seem, it was yet most characteristic of the determined, resolute, and enthusiastic character of Brian de Latouche, that since he had returned to France, he had made no inquiry—had asked no question concerning her whom he loved so devotedly. He would have deemed it ominous of evil to inquire of her health, and, as to asking of her constancy, he would have spurned the very thought, as something nearly allied to sacrilege—and equally dishonourable to her and to himself, as auguring the existence, on his own part, of a most base and narrowminded jealousy, and authorizing a suspicion against her of the most shameful fickleness! And, therefore, though his heart might throb at mention of the name of Montemar, he had repressed his doubts, his terrors, his emotions, within that most inscrutable of mysteries, the heart of a strong-minded, crafty man. Nor, indeed, had he asked, would he have found any one to answer; for, so small was the consequence of Euguerrand de Montemar, and so small the renown of his daughter, except in so far as it had been promulgated by the deeds of Latouche himself, that scarcely any one in France, except the dwellers in their close vicinity, could have afforded him the smallest tidings of the object of his anxiety.

He passed the angle of the road; and great was his astonishment when he perceived that there waved no pennoncelle above the battlements, glanced no light through the casements of the tower. Goaded almost to madness at the sight, he spurred his good horse to its speed, and in a moment, stood within the shadow of the draw-bridge. Raising his bugle to his lips, he blew a blast that made wood, rock and river echo for minutes, to its prolonged and piercing summons. And long ere any answer could have been returned, again he sent it forth—again! and yet again! waking the peasantry for miles around, yet bringing no response from the apparently deserted fortalice. At length, when Brian’s patience was well nigh exhausted, a feeble light gleamed from a shot-hole near the summit of the tower, was lost, shone out again, a story lower, and at last reached the court: A moment after it flashed from a crenelle in the watch-tower by the gate, displaying the white hair and well-known features of the old seneschal, who tremulously craved to know who claimed admittance.

“I! death to your soul!” fiercely exclaimed the soldier, “I, Brian de Latouche! Up! up with your portcullis, and down with the draw-bridge! why keep you me here shivering in the night wind?”

After a short delay, the bridge was lowered, and the gate opened. Recovering his good humour,

the knight rode in, holding some gold coins in his right hand, about to throw them to the old faithful servant, whom he had known from his earliest boyhood—when, to his wonder, the old man stepped before him, and catching hold of his rein—

“Stop! stop!” he cried, “Sir Brian! there be none here save I!”

“None here save thee!” exclaimed the surprised and now thoroughly alarmed crusader. “Why, where then is the fiend’s name, be they? Speak! speak, old man—see you not I am choking? Where is Euguerrand—where Adelaide de Montemar?”

“My master—my master Euguerrand, that is,” faltered the old man, “has been dead these two years, come Martinmas! He lies up yonder in the chapel of St. Thomas, at Issengeaux! And as for my lady—as for my Lady Adelaide—”

“Well! well! Speak! speak! thou torturer! or I will wring it forth, if it be with thy life blood. What of thy lady?”

“She hath been married—married these eighteen months and better.”

“Liar! dog! slave!” thundered the knight, leaping at one bound from the saddle, seizing him by the throat, and shaking him so furiously, that he had well nigh slain him. “Confess! confess, that thou hast lied, and I will pardon thee! Speak! speak, man”—still without relaxing his stern gripe on his throat—“speak! Say thou hast lied, and bless me!” and with the words he loosed him, yet it was many minutes ere the terrified vassal could find breath to answer him.

“True! it is very true—true as the sun in Heaven!”

“True! the sun! The sun is *not* true—Heaven is *not* true! there is *no* truth! If this be so, all is lie! all, all! The sun in Heaven, the Heaven itself, the God that made them all! But speak, speak out! I am patient now, and can hear very calmly.” And he choked down his fury into his heart of hearts, and stood pale, firm, and motionless, without once interrupting him, till his tale was concluded.

Within one year after his sailing for the East, while the first tidings of his valour and his glory were fresh and rife about her, she had inclined a willing ear to the addresses of a poor, nameless, Norman squire, whom chance had brought to that vicinity, and thrown upon her father’s hospitality! The splendid evidences of her lover’s faith, and worth, and glory, availed not anything to restrain her; and eighteen months before, her father having died but ten or twelve weeks, she had espoused him, and set forth at once to his demesnes, near to Avranches, on the Western coast.

“Ha! well—it is well! And for this I have won wealth, such as kings might envy! Fame, such as never king attained, nor dreamed of—save the Lion-heart! For this I refused the daughter of Lusignan. For this,—God of my fathers—was it for this!” and he stamped furiously with his mailed heel upon the pavement, and bit his lip till the blood sprang. “But hear me, thou,” he went on, turning his hands and eyes upward—“hear me, thou, for whose tomb I have fought—*how*, thou best knowest! hear me swear—that henceforth I live but for vengeance! Earth shall not drink her blood—nor the cold waters choke

her breath—nor the tomb cover her! but she shall wither—wither—wither!—accursed—desolate—broken-hearted! The boldest soul shall tremble—the manliest ear shrink from the story of my terrible revenge! Grant me this—only this, and to thy service, and the warfare for thy temple and thy tomb, I do devote myself for ever!”

He turned abruptly, mounted his good horse, Zamor—rode many a mile toward Paris that same night. Within the week he knelt to the grand master of the order—registered himself a Templar—swore to perpetual celibacy—and thenceforth never more on earth was the name heard of Brian de Latouche; but far and wide, both for good and for evil, was the more famous appellation spread abroad of *Brian de Bois Gilbert!

REMEMBRANCE.

“I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me.”

SHAKESPEARE.

How sweet the power which memory possesses,
Of fondling o’er the dreams of past delight;
E’en as a lover dallies with the tresses
Of her, whose love to him is life and light,
So does she conjure up youth’s warm caresses,
When hope was all unclouded, pure and bright.

Oh! when I muse upon the time when mirth
Seem’d in her chosen element, and cast
Her mantle o’er each heart—this barren earth
Seems yet a paradise, and that sweet past
Glow in rich colours—taintless as the birth
Of blessed infant:—would that they could last!

Yes, yes the past is ever present—Time
Turns but the self-same hour-glass o’er again,
And all these moments which were most sublime,
Most fraught with pleasure, and most free from
pain,
Do they not ever live? Can vice or crime
Blot out their record with its odious stain.

No, no—there is no heart in which the past
Is all o’er-laid—our sweetest dreams are those
With which ’tis interknit; when misery’s blast
Breaks o’er the haven of our life’s repose,
Our memory hails the star, whose beams have cast
A halo round our darkest, deepest woe.

W. HODSON.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA,

IN THE LAST NUMBER.

Of in the sportive, youthful dance,
The *Castanet* has made me prance;
I’ve been an angler too, but yet,
Could never hear to *Cast a net*.

J. M. L.

REAL MISERY.—It is only they who, with keen sensibilities, have yet no habit of communication with their God, who can be said to know the complete solitude of the soul—A. M. Porter.

* It will be easily perceived that the idea of this sketch was adopted, with a view to carry out, humbly and imperfectly, a slight hint of the great magician, dropped carelessly, like many another pearl, from his incomparable pen, in the sublime scene of the turret chamber, between the Templar and Rebecca.—*Iranhoe*, Chap. xxiv.

CLARA.

(A DOMESTIC SKETCH.)

In the parlour of the rectory, at the close of one fine autumn day, some half dozen guests were assembled to take tea with the minister and his family. The apartment was large, old-fashioned and more adapted for comfort than show; the walls were adorned with several spirited drawings, views of the surrounding scenery, a piano-forte and a harp occupied a niche near the window, the opposite recess was filled with a choice collection of books: some china and other elegant trifles distributed about the room gave it an air of refinement, not out of place with the plainness of the remainder of the furniture. Around the tea-table sat the visitors, candles were lighted, the silver urn and tea equipage was brought in, and the business of tea-drinking and conversation soon commenced. Foremost of the group sat the rector, an elderly man of mild and gentlemanly deportment; his attention was directed towards a pretty brunette his only daughter, whose small graceful figure was bent playfully over the back of his chair. Nearest to the father and daughter, there reclined on a sofa a young lady, a ward of the rector's, who was addressed as Miss Howard, her head had sunk back in the down of the cushions, and one hand rested on cheeks transparent, wasted and pale, rarely tinged even by the fleeting bloom that rises and fades upon the cheeks of the consumptive, her features were very lovely, and the figure to which they belonged appeared almost too frail to bear the weight of drapery drawn around it. One turned willingly from this fair dying girl, towards the matronly lady who was doing the honours of the tea-table, with an officious zeal that seemed to say she was the next most important personage at the rectory, as such we must introduce her to the reader. Mrs. Aimwell was the wife of an attorney who had retired from town and business, and now rented a cottage ornée in the village of B—, in —shire. Mrs. Aimwell was a star in the village, the leader of fashion among its belles, the confidante of many, the adviser of all in matrimonial differences, a regular attendant at church. As lady patroness of the Sunday-school, the little flock were taught to tremble at her reproof, and from her authority there was no appeal. She made clothing and soups for the poor and was in truth the "Lady Bountiful of the village," but these were the bright lights in her portrait, the shadows were deeper than should characterize feminine loveliness; her ears were never closed against a tale of scandal, however gross; when in her own circle she declaimed against the sinful waste or upstart pride of an unlucky neighbour, she used a proper caution, urged a discreet request that the story should go no further, wound up by a shrug, mysterious look, and thanks to her own foresight she had always known how such doings must end. Alternately despised or laughed at, and dreaded by all, yet none had the hardihood to forbid her visits. Regularly might she be seen passing from one house to another, nothing daunted by cold looks, or an ungracious reception; her assurance supported her through the ordeal.

She had established her authority at the rectory on the plea of relationship to the late Mrs. Irwine, and her interference was borne in the family with-

out any show of hostility: the friendship which subsisted between the rector and Mr. Aimwell seemed to justify this forbearance. Mr. Aimwell united to the acquirements of a brilliant education sound sense, and a benevolent heart; like the rector he was passionately fond of music, and his talents contributed in no small degree to the *clat* of the weekly concert at the rectory. He was engaged in conversation with an elderly lady, whose dress betokened her a widow, and who as the relict of a baronet, might be supposed to take precedence of the other guests, but she did not betray any conscious superiority—she was a lady of quiet and reserved habits, not distinguished by talent, and if she was deficient in any striking virtues so was she freed from the imputation of the opposite extreme; her company was rather tolerated from respect to her rank and uniformity of character than any pleasure to be derived in her society, and her absence from any friendly party was never missed; too indolent for much exertion, her only resource against *cunui* was in the society of Mrs. Aimwell, who had the tact to perceive that Lady Aubrey, prejudiced as she was by pride and indolence, was not in reality so indifferent to what was passing around her as the world imagined. The intimacy had been of long date between the two ladies, for this mutual good understanding gratified the vanity of both. Mrs. Aimwell was flattered by the confidence extended towards her by one so much her superior in rank; she was sensible that it raised her individual consequence in the opinion of her equals; while Lady Aubrey's pride was also gratified to patronize the most popular person in the neighbourhood. The last guest that remains to be described was a maiden lady who owned, whenever the delicate subject of ages was mentioned, to eight and twenty, though Mrs. Aimwell invariably guessed her to be thirty; certain it is the charms of Miss Jones were waning, and she heard herself styled the "old maid" without shame or mortification; she indulged in no premature sourness, no vain regrets; she did not think her maiden-state entitled her to be more formal, or more whimsical than other people. A serene and contented temper warmed by sensibility, a benevolence that was daily exerted, united to an accomplished mind, were the charms that drew all hearts to love her.

After tea, the little party settled themselves to the amusements of the evening. Lucy Irwine and Miss Jones seated themselves with their embroidery, near the invalid—Lady Aubrey had a kind of horror of all working ladies, so she sat with her eyes half closed, occasionally yawning out a reply to the confidences of her dear friend Mrs. Aimwell. The two gentlemen commenced a duet, and Miss Jones paused from her work to arrange the pillows and assist Miss Howard to sit upright on the couch, and tenderly answering her enquiries after some aged pensioners in the village.

"Now dear Miss Jones," she said in a very faint yet sweet voice, "you are so very good, so kind to bear thus patiently with all my little weaknesses, but I know you feel for your Clara, and so they still speak of me as affectionately as formerly? though I can no longer visit them when they are sick, or sit whole hours chatting and teaching their

young ones to read. One of my favourite urchins brought me a charming bouquet of wild flowers, he said, 'he knew that Miss Howard when she was quite well, a long time ago, loved flowers, and could plant and weed them in her own little flower-bed in the rector's garden, but now she was so very ill, he thought he would gather her such a nosegay as she might love to look at in her sick chamber.' Poor child," she continued, "he was right, I am ill, very ill, and I know that I never again shall be able to cultivate my garden, there is no strength now left in this hand," and she laid one on her friend's arm, white, wasted and trembling with weakness.

Miss Jones sighed deeply, for she remembered the time when there were none more blooming and beautiful than Clara Howard, and now she was fading away in the flower of her youth and she would soon be "no more seen."

Mr. Irwine and his friend had just finished the duet, before Mrs. Aimwell could pronounce it quite charming, the door opened, and the servant entered with two letters. One was directed to Mrs. Aimwell, who after apologizing, broke the seal; it was from her daughter at school, of course there was no news, no novelty in the anticipations of pleasure at the return home for the holidays—nothing strange in her request for an increase of pocket-money; but it was strange that Mr. Irwine should have a letter also, and one sealed with black, so without bestowing another thought on her own she handed it to her husband, who did it much more justice—he answered to the polite enquiries of the ladies, that Miss Bella would be soon among them, she was quite charming, and very much improved by the last half-year's instruction—best love to all her dear friends concluded this epistle to the great relief of Mrs. Aimwell, whose anxiety to know the contents of the other letter, was heightened by the agitation of the rector, who after a slight glance at its contents, sunk faintly in his chair, and for a moment covered his face with his hands.

"What can there be in that letter, my dear lady," whispered Mrs. Aimwell, "to affect our worthy minister so greatly, alas! I fear it contains intelligence of some terrible misfortune, perhaps the death of his son; I always said that wild youth would come to a bad end, and now it seems likely my forebodings are realized."

"You are an observing quick creature," yawned out Lady Aubrey, "I shall never possess half your penetration; but if there is anything odd now, pray do find it out, use the privilege of kindred and old acquaintance, and ask yourself."

Mrs. Aimwell was by the Rector's side in an instant.

"Pardon, my dear sir, this interruption, I really can't bear to see you thus suffer in silence, and not enquire the cause—but you turn faint and pale! a glass of water—Lucy a little water, your father is fainting!" she exclaimed as she caught the letter from the relaxed grasp of the Rector, and proceeded deliberately to read its contents.

An indifferent observer would have smiled at this stratagem by which Mrs. Aimwell obtained "the very earliest intelligence," but it was unnoticed by the anxious group who had drawn round

Mr. Irwine; he soon recovered sufficiently from his emotions to quiet the fears of his guests, and perhaps a little indignant at the pertinacious attack of Mrs. Aimwell, he turned to the lady who was still reading, and observed with some asperity,

"The interest Mrs. Aimwell takes in her friends' affairs is so apart from idle curiosity, and so purely philanthropic that she waves all ceremony in the laudable desire to serve them. To relieve your anxiety, my dear friends, know that that letter is from my son, who has just arrived from India, he is now in London, and writes me word that he shall be among us very shortly, but read it aloud Mrs. Aimwell."

"Read it, let us hear from the dear absent Charles," cried many voices at once, among them the faint entreaty of Miss Howard was heard. Mrs. Aimwell, "nothing loth," commenced as follows:—

"My dear Sir,—I fear you will think it unkind that I have passed several weeks in London, without apprising you of my arrival from India,—alas! during all that period I was suffering intense pain both mental and bodily, I am now recovering but slowly from the effects of a dangerous fever, caused by an awful calamity that has befallen me. I am returned to my native country a bereaved and miserable man—pity me, pray for me, for if I have erred in my youth, my sufferings are now more than I can bear—farewell, my dear father, I shall soon see and embrace you along with my dear Lucy, until then I am your's.—CHARLES IRWINE."

An intense and commiserating silence followed this incoherent recital, that was only broken by the deep shuddering sigh which escaped Miss Howard, as her head sunk back upon the pillow, and an unnatural whiteness spread over her face. Lucy caught her hand within her own, it was cold and damp; she bent down her tearful eyes on the countenance of the invalid, and murmured softly a few soothing words. Clara smiled faintly, although she appeared not to understand their import; when Lucy offered to conduct her to her room, she rose apparently unconscious of all present, she uttered no adieus, she hardly raised her head from its drooping posture on her breast. It was evident to all that her mind, memory and heart wandered far from the scene before her. The guests arose simultaneously, and looks of deep compassion were exchanged between them, every one present seemed to understand the cause of that sudden and overwhelming grief which the anguished countenance of Clara Howard had betrayed.

Mrs. Aimwell's talkative propensity respected a sorrow so full and absorbing, and for once refrained from administering that sympathy of which a short time before she was so liberal.

The rector was the first to rally himself, and he spoke cheerfully of his absent son, the delight they should all feel on again meeting after an absence of five years, and he trusted also that his son would remain by his own peaceful fireside and cherish him in his old age. Mr. Aimwell seconded his efforts, but a gloom had taken possession of the ladies which the two gentlemen found it impossible to remove. Lady Aubrey complained of fatigue and nervousness, declared herself so much affected by the unexpected news they had just heard that she could no longer endure the effort of supporting a

conversation, and appealed to her watch ; this was the signal for Mrs. Aimwell, who was anticipating the sensation her narrative would make on the morrow, among a few dear friends.

First the letter, then the emotion of the rector on the receipt of it—what room was left for conjecture was left by the writer's silence, respecting the nature of his misfortune, the illness of Miss Howard—nothing must be forgotten which could at all heighten the effect of the detail. While indulging in visions of future gossip, she was not sorry to perceive the rector turning over the leaves of the family Bible, it was always his custom to read aloud a chapter before the party broke up, and the one he now selected was the return of the prodigal son ; he read with a feeling of pious awe that vivid, simple, and affecting passage which describes the meeting between the penitent and his father—like him, the unfortunate Charles Irwine had been the most beloved by his father, notwithstanding the many grievous pangs he was too often made to suffer by his wild and wilful habits. He was now about to return to that home which in his youth he had forsaken, to be received with open arms and blessings by the aged and tender parent whose admonitions he had too sinfully and proudly despised, the wanderer was to return to that domestic hearth, but with blighted health and ruined happiness.

Mr. Irwine closed the sacred volume, and rising exchanged friendly adieus with his guests, the slight bustle of departure was soon over, shawls, mantles and bonnets were adjusted. The carriage drew up to the hall-door, and drove off with Lady Aubrey, Mr. and Mrs. Aimwell, accompanied by Miss Jones, sought their home, and in another half-hour all was silent at the rectory.

The next morning Miss Howard joined the father and daughter at the breakfast-table, she had to all appearance quite recovered from the shock her nerves had sustained on the previous evening. Lucy satisfied herself after one hasty glance at the pallid face, which looked as melancholy and resigned as formerly, that in its expression there was nothing immediately to fear from the emotion she had so recently betrayed ; it was the sabbath-day, and the church-bell summoned the rector to his duty, Lucy offered to remain with Miss Howard, this was gratefully declined, and Clara was left alone, and to her own resources for the means to beguile the weariness of solitude ; she took up the prayer-book which lay on the table, and endeavoured to read the morning service, she replaced it with a sigh for a mist had spread over her sight, and her eyes and temples ached with the effort. Then she fell into a deep reverie, and bygone images rose to her mental vision, and brought with them the recollection of early happiness, light and gloom, smiles and tears, rose and faded again on her countenance, then the flush of emotion died away, leaving but the expression of great bodily pain, suffering and resignation.

The father of Miss Howard, a gallant naval officer, received his death-wound in his country's cause ; he left a fair young widow to mourn his untimely end ; the unhappy lady lived but a few days after the birth of Clara. When dying she entrusted her darling infant to the compassion and affection

of her husband's brother. The uncle fulfilled to the best of his ability his duty towards the helpless being thrown on his love and protection : he was unmarried, and shortly after this event his regiment, in which he was the commanding officer, was ordered away to a foreign clime—in the dilemma which this placed him, he had little time to seek out among his numerous friends one willing and worthy to take the charge of his orphan niece. He decided in favour of Mr. Irwine, who had been his tutor, and hearing of his embarrassed situation had offered to take the charge of the education and interest of the little orphan. Nobly and tenderly did the minister and his wife fulfil that sacred duty, Mrs. Irwine received the infant from the arms of her uncle, and from the moment she pressed it to her warm heart, she felt for the bereaved child maternal solicitude and love—Clara was associated with her own two children, shared with them in the same amusements, the same instruction, and apparently there was no division in her affection.

As Clara emerged from childhood she received proofs of her uncle's regard, not only from the costly presents he often sent her from India, but from letters full of affection, and breathing the tenderest solicitude for her welfare. In this manner was she reminded of her orphan state, and the probability that at no distant time she must leave the deep seclusion in which she had been brought up, to mingle in a society more suitable to her birth and expectations, as her uncle's heiress. To her this prospect brought with it no bright anticipations, for all her earliest associations were connected with the rectory, which had been to her truly a home, and her kind guardians were dear to her as parents—a separation from them she looked upon as the greatest misfortune which could befall her ; but time wore on, and she remained unrecalled from a retreat which misfortune no longer respected. Clara was deprived by death of her early and best friend Mrs. Irwine—the loss of that exemplary woman was felt deeply and long mourned by her family.

That event was succeeded too soon by other and deeper evils, which the rector found it more difficult to bear with resignation. The elder of his two children, Charles, had become lately the source of much uneasiness to his father—as a boy he had been distinguished by a fickle and violent temper, and deep-rooted selfishness ; the failings of the boy grew with him to manhood, and his father saw that it was difficult to eradicate them. He had overlooked his faults until longer indulgence appeared sinful, when he exercised his parental authority in order to reclaim his son ; he found a resistance from the too fond and too loving mother—when Charles lost this support he found protection scarcely less strong in the weakness of his father, and the attachment borne to him by Clara and Lucy, who never could forget that he had been the favourite of their dear departed mother. As the youth grew older, he gave indications of better qualities than hitherto ; at times he exhibited traits of self-devotion, and the brilliant talents he naturally possessed gave hopes that if cultivated he would be as superior in mental attainments over every other youth in the neighbourhood as he was already in personal attractions.

When his young and enthusiastic advocates repeated their belief in his reformation, they failed in convincing his father, he saw the fallacy of their opinions, he knew from his own observation of human nature, that a temper so wilful, and talents that had to struggle against a long habit of idleness would become but the source of bitter reflection, and a burthen to their possessor, unless a change was wrought in him, a change the unhappy father prayed daily and fervently for. Charles had long declared his disinclination for the church as a profession, indeed his neglect of study, when a boy, proved the strongest argument against his father's wishes; a soldier's life was more consonant to his wild and adventurous spirit—a commission was purchased, and Charles had arrived at the summit of his darling wishes.

Clara had not been an inattentive observer of her early companion's misconduct, but she saw in his faults only the weakness of a too sensitive temper, not the whirlwind of passion that slumbered a while to break out at some sudden moment and sweep all before it, leaving the victim without inclination to resist the impulse of evil. This blind attachment which had power to render her sanguine in her belief of the triumph of his better nature, was as much the result of the deference he had ever paid to her opinion, as to her own pure and unsuspecting heart; her influence over him had now assumed a more decided character, and she was not long ignorant of the nature of his sentiments. At the avowal of his attachment, she was neither surprised or alarmed, she did not stop to analyze his feelings, the duration of a passion he professed to occupy his soul, she received his plighted vows in the unshaken faith of a high-minded and devoted woman.

When the rector became acquainted with their mutual passion, he lost no time in laying before Major Howard, who was returned from India, an explicit statement; he did not even conceal his son's failings, and also how inferior Charles' fortune was to the expectations he was aware he had formed for his niece. Major Howard was much pleased with the rector's candour, and he wrote to him to announce his intention of visiting the rectory and judging by his own observation if indeed Charles was worthy the hand of his niece. The rector made no secret of this communication, and it dissolved from one breast the fairy spell of self delusion, Clara was compelled to reflect more upon her lover's character, and she trembled at the investigation and sentence of an impartial judge. Charles heard of her uncle's intention with indignation and a contempt that he did not attempt to conceal, he contended that this interference was an arbitrary exertion of her uncle's authority, and he foresaw that it would be followed by other and harsher measures to prevent their union.

Major Howard soon arrived at the rectory, he was received with a warm and cordial welcome by Mr. Irwine, the more affectionate and grateful expression of love that fell from the orphan's lips, were sweet to the veteran's ears, who had long been accustomed to harsher sounds. Major Howard joined in his own person a superabundant share of pride, and his manners were slightly tinctured with hauteur, and accustomed as he had

been for years to the utmost submission, he could not brook opposition from even his most dear friends, therefore he was ill prepared for the proud independence which Charles took care to manifest upon all occasions whenever the Major suggested anything for his good. The consequences followed which he might have expected, the Major saw only the worse traits of a mind that disgusted him, he believed that his niece's happiness was about to be sacrificed to her inexperience, he saw but one line of conduct, and he was resolved that no sentiment of pity for the anguish he must inflict, should make him swerve from a duty he felt it imperative to perform; yet in making known to Charles his intentions, he did not destroy all hope—he did not reject the thought of their future union, he only pointed out the evils which might result from a union between two such very young persons, and his own wish that Charles would prove his constancy by enduring a probationary absence of a few years from England.

With a view to effect this last object he obtained for Charles an exchange into the East India service, accompanied by an order to join his regiment in a few weeks. Charles, although maddened with disappointment, at the alteration of his prospects, could offer no reasonable opposition to Major Howard's plan; indeed the veteran had spoken so calmly and decisively upon the subject that no alternative but obedience was left.

(To be concluded.)

STANZAS.

"Love not, love not, the thing you love may die."
Mrs. Norton.

They have laid thee in thy silent resting place,
And mourn'd for thee with tears, and many a prayer,
Have breathed o'er their departed. The sweet face,
The voice, that breathed but love, the form so fair,
That bound our hearts with many a winning grace,
Alas! are fled;
The glad smile that shone,
Is faded now, and gone,
For thou art dead.

Sad is the lov'd home, where thy bright smile played,
In the clear sunshine of thy sunny glance,
Gay as the visions thy young dream portrayed,
In the pure freshness of its soft romance;
Alas! that e'er a thing so bright should fade,
And fall away,
To the cold and silent tomb,
Like a flower in its summer bloom,
To dull decay.

E. K. S.

A LUKEWARM LOVER.

Fair Ellen had Luke for a suitor, I trow,
And he vow'd that his love was like Etna's fierce glow,
Or like lightning in some fearful storm;
But Ellen—a playful young puss to be sure—
Declared that his love she should never endure,
For at most he could be but Luke warm!

J. M. L.

FACT AND FANCY.

Fact and Fancy met each other one day near town: they had dropped cards and been long introduced, but were always shy of each other; the one called itself *Judgment*, sometimes Common Sense lived on the first or ground floor streetwards, and though well off in the world had no lofty pretensions; the other called itself *Genius*, lived in a garret, but looked up to high titles, and therefore looked down on the crowd: well, they met together near town, the path was close and they could not pass by with mere saluting; there were but few people walking—just enough to make a few observations on, but not enough to hurry or confuse; they began about the weather; the day was mixed, partly cloudy, partly sunshine, and the topic being loose and open, where there is no danger of committing one's self, it suited both parties. Fact plodded away looking downwards—Fancy was gazing at the sky; but the former looking pleasant the other began—

"How beautiful those variations," says he, "of light and shade! How it reminds one of all our changes in life, and that strange connection between the world within us and the world without!"

"That's very true," says Fact, "and that's all very fine, but will all that get us on through life itself? does that give us the *means*—does that shew us the *end*?"

"What end and means do you propose?" says Fancy.

"Why," says Fact, "you know I'm a man of business. I look to the main thing—I look to the straight line before me; and thus, my entire route being so clear, I can never go astray."

"That's all very good, my dear friend," says Fancy, smiling, "but let me ask you, are you always to be occupied in such routes? is not this world a round instead of a straight one? are not the straightest persons in it, and the greatest plodders, stumbling and straying like others; and is it not the pleasantest thing in this world to be picking up flowers and sunshine?"

"That's all matter of opinion," says Fact, gravely, "you have your's, I have mine; with you pleasure is a business, with me business is a pleasure, and I do not see why people should be idling away their time in vain pursuits instead of looking straight forward to those points which concern them."

"Well then," says Fancy, "let us just see if the path now before us is so straight; you seem to have come out for amusement like myself; you seem to have got tired of the crowd and streets, and to find such amusement necessary. What do you gain by plodding, unless at the end you can divert yourself? For if there's no end of the one there can be no beginning of the other!"

"I rather begin to think you're right," says Fact, "but still you'll admit that you are often wrong in looking about and above you."

"I certainly do," says Fancy.

"Then," says the other, "let's take arm in arm," and on they walked together.

S.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

At the dead of night, on BETHLEHEM's plains,
A humble band of shepherd swains,
Watching their flocks in silence, met
When the stars were dim, and the moon—beset
By gauzy clouds—on rock and tree,
Flung her argent tapestry!
It was a night most sweet and fair—
There gloomed not a cloud in the welkin there,
Save the fleecy things that come and are gone
Ere scarce there beauty be looked upon!
There blew not a blast to stir the trees,
Save a mild and gently murmur'ing breeze,
That wafted many a balmy swell
From the orange grove and the cedar dell.

The shepherd swains piously there,
Had whispered each his evening prayer—
When hark! what is that on their ears that floats?
Music, so dulcet in all its notes,
That every heart on that charm'd spot,
Felt a joy that of earth was not!

Is it on earth, or is it in air
That sound celestial, sailing there?
Is it in air, or is it on earth?
It is not aught of mortal birth
So bland the burthen, sweet the strain,
It robs each breast of its secret pain!

It is not the birds of the woods that sing,
It is not the psaltery's chords that ring;
Nor is it the merry rebeck's call,
That sounds at some village festival!
Oh, no! oh, no! 'tis all too sweet
For earthly harpstrings to repeat;
'Tis all too sweet and 'tis all too soft
For the feliage-whisper, that visits oft
The wakeful shepherd's ear;
For never yet had such tones as these,
Linked with such wondrous harmonies,
Aroused a wanderer here!

Then every swain at the blessed sound,
Fell on his knees on that holy ground,
While the darkness of midnight overhead
Dispersed, and a rosy light was shed;
And these simple men beheld a sight,
Had ne'er before blessed a mortal wight!
A seraph-choir, on silver wings,
Struck in the air their heavenly strings,
While thus they sang, in voices more sweet
Than ever again shall mortals greet:—

"Fear not," they cried, for sudden dread
Assailed each trembling mind,
"Fear not, ye swains, we come to shed
Joys of ne'er fading kind!

Shepherds, glad tidings we bring to you
Glad tidings of immortal hue;
In the city of David, of David's line

This day is born, in manger lowly,
The SAVIOUR-LORD,—the CHRIST divine,
The PROPHET, true and holy;

And this shall be the sign!
Behold that star, whose vivid light
Brightens the dusky brow of night,
Follow its rays, and ye shall find
The heavenly babe; mean garments bind
His sacred limbs, to view displayed,
Slumbering, in a stable laid!"

With a chorus-burst of joy, their song
Ceased to delight the kneeling throng,
And vanishing from sight away,
They soared to the realms of endless day.
Dec., 1839.

—
 LINES,
 WRITTEN ON READING CALDER CAMPBELL'S
 "LAYS OF THE EAST."

"It sunk on my ear,
 Like the odorless sigh
 Which music breathes 'midst the dewy wreaths
 Of the wild flowers near—
 But it pass'd me by!
 And my heart leapt high,
 With a thrill of delight,
 And I felt a glow rush over my brow,
 And bright was mine eye,—
 And my vision bright!

* * *
 It came, and it passed,—
 And oh! 'twas a strain
 That peoples my breast with visions of rest,
 And joys that shall last
 Till we meet again!"

C. CAMPBELL.

Volume of pure and lofty thought,
 Of high and wild imagining;
 And visions with such passion fraught,
 That o'er the soul entranced, they fling
 A very spell!—Oh! I have quaff'd
 Full deeply of thy dreamy draught!
 And in thy joys, awhile, have found
 A Lethe from the world around!

Volume of Poesy's own sweet
 And thrilling language! thou indeed
 Hast power the fancy's eye to greet,
 Then lead enchain'd, thro' "flow'ry mead,"—
 By "dashing waters,"—"silent night,"—
 E'en in each strange and daring flight
 It follows thee,—is all thine own—
 And 'neath thy magic care has flown!

Volume, I love thee! thy wild lays
 Stole o'er me like remember'd tones—
 Like sounds I've heard in bygone days,
 While list'ning to the breeze's moans
 Amid the "leafy limbs" of trees;
 When solitude the spirit frees,
 And murmurs, that are not mundane,
 Blend with the whisper of the grain.

Volume! thy touching strains to me
 Are the embodying of sound!
 The full and gushing melody,
 Of what but faintly floated round!
 Oh! well I love thee! freshly flown
 From feeling's fount! and while the tone
 Of thy wild music's in mine ear,
 I fain would leave an echo here!

MARY.

—
 SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE,
 IN THE LAST NUMBER.

The *Moth* will seek the taper's gleam,
 Attracted by the pleasing light,
 But finds his flight is *er-ror's* dream,
 And sinks in death's Cimmerian night.

So some fair child, in heedless play,
 Snatching bright flowers, or brighter flies,
 Falls in the stream, with margin gay,
 And there in innocence dies!

The *Mother* sees that gentle boy,
 Once all her hope and all her care,
 In Death's embrace! Gone all her joy,
 She droops the victim of despair!

J. M. L.

—
 OUR BOUDOIR TABLE,
 OR
 GLANCES AT NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"—Nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice."

SHAKESPEARE.

—
 LOVE, a Play, by J. S. Knowles.—First and foremost in the list of our modern dramatists, stands the name of Mr. Knowles, and the praise that has been awarded to him is not greater than he merits. The two principal characters, those of Huon and the Countess, are inimitably sketched, and the haughty spirit of the latter, overcome at last by the power of love, is as finely drawn as it is possible for any writer to portray. We select for quotation a portion of the third act, which gives the scene between Huon and the Countess after the Duke, her father, had been informed of the secret love of the serf, and had given the latter the choice of death or uniting himself to Catherine. The Duke has just quitted the chamber, and Huon has imploringly followed him to the door. The Countess has in the meantime entered unobserved.
Countess (interposing). Stop, Huon!—What's the matter?

Huon. Huon—Huon!
 Didst thou say Huon—and with gentleness?
 Madam—my mistress—I am your slave!—I am nothing

But the poor serf!
Countess. Now, what's the matter
 With my father and you?

Huon. He bade me sign that paper,
 And I refused,

Countess. What is it? Let me see it.

Huon (hands the paper, and watches the Countess while she reads).

How her eye fastens on the writing—seems
 To grasp it, as her hand the paper! What!
 Did she start? She did! Oh, wherefore?—What
 is this?

Her sweet face, that just now was all a calm,
 Shows signs of brooding tempest! Yes, 'tis on—
 Lowers on her brow, and flashes on her cheek,
 Like cloud and lightning. How her bosom heaves!
 What makes it heave? She has let the paper drop,
 Yet there she stands as tho' she held it yet!
 And where but now all was astir—now, all
 Again is stillness! Dare I speak to her?
 She is not like to faint—no—no—she breathes!
 Her haughty spirit wakes in her again,
 Towering, alas! as ne'er it did before.

Countess. (after a violent struggle, giving way.)
 Huon, I die!

Huon. Heavens!—Mercy!

Countess. (bursting into tears.) It is over.

Do not speak to me. Let my tears flow on!

Huon. Flow they for me?

Countess. I told you not to speak.

Huon. Sweet Heaven! your voice is tears;
 Your looks are tears; your air, your motions, all
 Are tears! floods! floods! to those that course your
 cheeks,

And fall more bright than diamonds on the hands
 Which now I clasp to thee in supplication,
 That thou wilt deign this once vouchsafe me au-
 dience,

To give my fatal passion vent before thee—
 For years pent up within my wretched breast—
 And then I'm mute for ever!

Countess. Huon peace—
I know thou lov'st me.

Huon. Thou know'st it, dost thou?
And say'st it!—and mildly say'st it!
Not with a tone of scorn, not with a threat,
Nor accent yet of cold indifference
For the poor serf, who, body, soul, and all,
Not being worth a tithe of thee, yet dares
To love thee! dares to wish for thee!—yes, wish,
Altho' he knows thee out of reach of him,
As the sun!—as the stars—a million, million times
Beyond the sun; the poor despised serf,
Despised of himself—of thee—of every one—
Thou see'st he loves thee, and thou deignest to say it!
Say it with pity—with most tender pity!
Behold 'st him kneeling at thy feet, and know'st
The passion throws him there, and suffer'st him
So stay there!—Let him die there! Let him die
At thy feet! [*Falls at her feet.*]

Such is the general style of this admirable play. In the fifth act, the agony and humbled pride of the Countess is given with power, feeling, and delicacy, and when she kneels at the feet of the now ennobled serf, acknowledging him her husband, we pity the man or woman who could cast the book aside with a dry eye. The grand fault, if fault there be in this play, is that the absence of Catherine is not decidedly accounted for, after her supposed union with Huon, while, in truth he is wedded to his

“Most sweet cause
Of most insufferable misery.”

VOYAGE, THROUGH THE MOHICAN ARCHIPELAGO AND ALONG THE PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN SOUTHERN COAST OF NEW GUINEA, PERFORMED DURING THE YEARS 1825 AND 1826; by D. H. Kœff, Jun., Translated from the Dutch, by George Windsor Earl, author of the *Eastern Seas*. *—Information respecting that portion of the Indian Archipelago from the island of Borneo, the Philippine islands, and Java, to the northern coast of Australia, has hitherto been most scanty and uncertain; and were it for nothing more than the carefully laid out chart which accompanies this volume it would be a valuable addition to geographical literature. Even a tolerably correct chart of the islands which spring up opposite the south-eastern coast of China—so well known by name and so often visited—is yet, in spite of Lindsay's voyage, a desideratum; and for want of one, Captain Basil Hall describes the navigation of the Yellow Sea as “exceedingly trying to the nerves.”

The Dutch government having still a great command of trade in Java and the surrounding islands, have been, as may naturally be inferred, anxious to add to the scanty details already furnished by former voyagers, and sent out an expedition under the command of the author of the book before us. While our own government fearful possibly, of too great an increase of Dutch influence in that quarter, have despatched Her Majesty's ships *Alligator* and *Britomart*, under the command of Sir Gordon Bremer, to reconnoitre the islands of the northern coast of Australia, for the purpose of seeking some favourable spots for a British settlement, and of cutting out possibly a snug job for a new Emigration Committee.

Yet these little movements are productive of great good in a scientific point of view, and from the English expedition much information may be derived; for one of the officers of the *Alligator* is the able translator of Kœff's voyages, and has evinced besides no ordinary acquirements and powers of observation in his own work on the Eastern Seas. But to the book itself: it is evidently the work of a thorough-bred sailor—clear-headed, observant, with a forcible straight-forward method of recording his facts and observations. So that while the adventures of Lieut. Kœff will amuse the general reader by the unaffected style in which they are described; the discoveries he has made—some of them by no means unimportant—will be of great service to those who take an interest in the progress of geographical science.

THE LAST MAN; a Poem, by Edward Wallace. Of the production of this candidate for the *bays* or the *birch*, we cannot speak highly; he speaks of “Fame's silver whispers,” but to him we fear they will be inaudible. Such similes as a “famished eye,” and unequal, and unmeasured lines have no claim to the title of poetry. This Mr. Wallace also deserves severe censure for stealing a title for his work from Campbell; we dislike young writers intruding their rapid nonsense under false colours. He will find honesty to be the best policy, and he would do well to change the title of his rhymes.

A GOOD MATCH; by Lady Chatterton—ought to be read by all ladies who have daughters to dispose of; and there are many in this situation.

ONE FAULT; by Mrs. Trollope—is by no means a faultless publication: the style, and even the opinions are peculiar, but that very peculiarity has obtained her popularity. The more eccentric people are the more they appear to be courted.

MEMOIRS OF ADMIRAL SIR SIDNEY SMITH; by the Author of *Rattlin the Reefer*.—A clever book, and one of decided and most powerful interest, is now before us. Mr. Howard has had a laborious task to perform, but he has toiled manfully, and executed it well. Accuracy, with respect to facts, and candour in his expressed opinions, entitle the author to unqualified commendation. Sir Sidney was an individual who had attained in some points an enviable degree of notoriety, in others a character which we would wish to blot from the page, for we cannot consider the employment of a spy to be consistent with the dignity of an officer; but let his faults sleep, we will return to his memoirs. The description given of Sir Sidney's capture in 1795, when he was employed on the French coast off Havre, is highly interesting and graphic:—

“On the 8th of March, being near the shore off Havre, with his boats on a reconnoissance, he fell in with and took possession of a French lugger privateer, which, by the strong influx of the tide, was, with its captors and their boats, carried a considerable way up the Seine, and far beyond the numerous forts. Thus unpleasantly situated, it may be fairly said, in the interior of the country, he found himself in a situation not very dissimilar from that of the renowned Gil Perez. Thus entrapped, Sir Sidney Smith remained during the night. The first breaking of the morning presented to the French a very curious and unaccustomed picture. There lay in the middle of their own river the long black hull of the lugger,

* London, Madden and Co., 8vo. p. p. 365.

lately their's, in tow by a string of English boats, the crews of which were pulling with a strength and energy that British seamen only can display. Great was the Gallic commotion. Amid the incessant crowing of their national cocks, which were doing their national duty this fine spring morning, in announcing the commencement of another day, were heard the clamour of the National Guard, the shouting of the peasantry on the river, and the shriller cries of the females, mingled with the baying of innumerable dogs, and the calling of the cannoniers to each other, as they rushed into their various forts, and unlimbered the guns. In this crisis, the enemy seems to have wanted neither courage nor conduct; for, in addition to the fire from the batteries, which played upon the boats and the prize, several gunboats and other armed vessels, attacked this little party, and, in less than an hour, another lugger, of superior force to the one captured, was warped out and made to engage her late consort. This unequal fight lasted a considerable time, although Sir Sidney was exposed to the fire of much heavier metal, and had, at the same time, to guard the captive Frenchmen. Never was a combat more unequal, or an unequal combat more obstinately sustained. At this period our officer seems to have been gifted with a charmed life, for the grape shot was poured into his vessel literally in showers. After having, of his little force, seen eleven men put *hors de combat*, that is to say four killed and seven badly wounded, he had to undergo that severest of mortifications, to haul down the English colours that had been floating over the French, and to render up himself, his boats, his prize, and his companions prisoners of war, to the number of somewhere about twenty."

Sir Sidney was sent a prisoner to Paris, and being considered as a *chef de espionage*, was refused his parole. He, however, by means of forged documents, contrived to escape from his prison, the Temple, and evading all pursuit reached London in safety. Sir Sidney was also mixed up with the *blameables* in the matter of the late unfortunate Queen Caroline, and in many other instances evinced great eccentricity of character. But Sir Sidney will ever live in history as the *beau ideal* of a chivalric hero, and Mr. Howard's memoirs will stand very high in the class of biographical literature. We were much pleased with the following account of Sir Sidney's encouragement of conviviality amongst the officers and men under his command.

"When lying in the harbour of Mahon, during the severe gales of the winter months, the Hibernia was the focus of all that was hospitable and social. The mania of the day consisted in theatrical exhibitions, and we believe we are strictly in truth when we say that they were patronized, and as far as liberality of purse was concerned, mainly assisted by Sir Sidney Smith. These performances took place in a dismantled church at Mahon, and what was formerly the altar now became the stage and proscenium of the theatre. The wings of the church, that had once been appropriated as chapels to the saints, were metamorphosed into saloons, where very excellent cigars and very bad grog were sold by ladies who were more liberal in their moral notions than in their mercantile dealings. The Spaniards of the Balearic Islands are very good and orthodox Catholics; yet they never objected to all this, but generally made the greater part of the audience. Acts of Parliament not being in force at Mahon, money was openly taken at the doors for admission to this theatre, and the

proceeds applied to the purchase of luxuries and indulgences for the sick of the fleet, and to the assistance of the poor of the town. The characters were filled, of course, by the junior officers of the Navy; if they performed them well—it was well—if ill, still better for the amusement because the more exhilarating. On board of the Hibernia, also, we have witnessed histrionic performances, which, though they were not so effective as those exhibited in the deserted church of the town, might well compete in excellence with the efforts of any company of strolling players that were ever great in a barn."

Here we must close our notice of these interesting volumes.

THE JESUIT—has claims to notice, and also claims to censure; we allude to that portion of the work in which the wife of Massinger is painted in such odious colours. Few females are of such a wretched disposition as to teach a daughter to hate a good father. There is also something like a scorn and contempt of religious feelings, which we do not approve of, for if we cast them into the shade, what poor mortals human beings would become! The novel, we are ready to allow, is powerfully written, and in many parts, beautifully; so much so that we wish the damning blot had not been there. The world is at present confused enough, and the business—nay, the *duty* of a wise man is to endeavour to restore it to quietude. Novels are powerful engines; they are the soil upon which the ideas of the young flourish, therefore the authors must be held responsible for what they write: in truth they should consider beforehand.

THE WONDERS OF GEOLOGY—can only be spoken of with praise. Dr. Mantell deserves it; and a few such works would render that science truly popular.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE OLD PAINTERS has nothing new to recommend it. It is a compilation, however, which may be useful to those who cannot obtain larger and more erudite works upon the same subject.

SIR REDMOND, A METRICAL ROMANCE, by Mrs. Edward Thomas, is a pleasing little volume, and will prove an interesting companion during a long winter's evening. This lady is but a new-comer into the world of literature, but she has introduced herself very favourably to notice. Had we space for extracts we could say much in commendation of "Sir Redmond," but as our columns are limited we wish to recommend him to all the ladies of our circle, and beg them to introduce him to their very particular friends.

NOTICES DURING TRAVELS IN AFRICA, by the late John Davidson, F. R. S., is amusing, and shows that the author had more than a common share of credulity. For instance, he gravely tells us that the horses of the desert can perform immense journeys, and require to be *fed only once in three days*, and then all the sustenance that is given is a large jar of camel's milk. This is so like what that learned and accurate traveller, Munchausen, would have written that we almost suspect Mr. Davidson was in possession of some of the Baron's MSS. We do not admire these tricky publications, which might be got up by any tarry-at-home traveller without moving ten yards from

his own fire-side. There ought to be a punishment attached to the publication of these contraband works, or the writers thereof ought to be compelled to print the word *FUDGE* on the title-page.

TALES ABOUT PLANTS, by Peter Parley, edited by *Mrs. Loudon*, will be found a very useful introduction to Botany, and enable the young to understand the beauties and qualities of the ornaments of Nature's garden. Ninety engravings embellish this comprehensive little volume, which does great credit to the Editress.

THE COMIC ALMANACK, for 1840, has all the wit and spirit of its predecessors: It is undoubtedly the best work of its class, and the illustrations by Cruikshank are exquisite. Under the head of August we find the following humorous allusion the Eglintoun Tournament, and a pun on the name of the publisher:—

Oh! that *Ayr* tournament in that *ere* shire,
With lots of gentlemen in male attire,
And many a *Don*, and many an *Skvire*!
Took several days and lots of *knights* to mount;
And a great many *puges* to recount
Its deeds of glory—Chivalry their *fount*!
Though lances *shivered* (and no wonder, for
'Twas cold and rainy), no sword flesh'd its hilt;
And we'd pass all unnoticed, but, O lor!
We draw our own existence from a *Tilt*!

THE GOVERNESS, by the Countess of Blessington, will not detract from her ladyship's well-earned literary reputation. There is an interest in this work that acts like a spell upon the imagination, and the attention is rivetted to it until we close the last page.

PREFERMENT, by Mrs. Gore, shews an intimate knowledge of human nature. It is a very cleverly written book, and the object of it is highly laudable, inasmuch as it points out the evils attendant on the influence of patronage. There is much pointed satire in these volumes, and no lack of wit. It is a work which cannot fail to amuse and please, and we cordially give it our recommendation.

THE SONS OF THE SOIL, A POEM, by Mrs. Ellis, who seems ambitious to shine forth a sort of Bloomfield in petticoats, bears a very uninviting title, and will not rank high in the annals of poesy. The motives and principles of the writer appear however to be perfectly unexceptionable, but we have had so much already written about rural life, that the subject is worn threadbare. We think this lady would do wisely to try her talents upon more attractive subjects, and leave ploughing and harrowing to the other sex; why cannot she be content to *har-row* the feelings, instead of the acres! If she studies the seed time she would stand a chance of reaping the harvest.

THE COURT FAVOURITE, by Miss Jane Roberts, is an interesting work, and will find not only readers, but admirers.

THE HISTORY AND PRACTICE OF PHOTOGENIC DRAWING will be a very useful work to place in the hands of those who are studying this new method of Dioramic painting. It is clever and concise.

A WORK ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE RAINBOW, by a *Mr. Eagle*, has appeared in the

pamphlet form, and contains as much real nonsense as any moderate man would wish to purchase for eighteen-pence.

THE CHILD OF THE ATLANTIC we have been called in professionally to prescribe for. Alas! we can give the mother but little hopes of the infant surviving the winter. We see no hopes of prolonging its days, unless some kind-hearted trunk-maker can be found willing to adopt it, and make it useful in his business.

THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, with an introduction by Southey, is now publishing in monthly parts. Of the merits of the writers we need not speak, but the first part is beautifully got up.

THE HON. MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE'S ACCOUNT OF CAUBUL, is a very important and interesting publication, and in the present state of our Indian possessions, deserves great attention.

TREATISES ON POETRY, MODERN ROMANCE, AND RHETORIC, by *George Moir, Esq., and Wm. Spalding, Esq.*, is fitted to be used as a superior kind of class-book in schools. It is an accurate and well-arranged publication.

THE FRIGHT, another novel from the pen of Miss Ellen Pickering, has been duly announced in the list of literary births, and registered in the catalogues of some few circulating libraries. It is not of a superior description, but will do very well to while away an hour or two, during the long nights of winter.

THE MARINE OFFICER, by *Sir Robert Steele*, who informs us on the title-page, that he is Deputy Lieutenant of Dorset, will be read with great interest. We are glad to find some one who will take the marines by the hand.

THE PICTURESQUE ARCHITECTURE OF PARIS, &c., contains twenty-nine exquisite views, printed in colours, after a new style. They are admirably executed. This new art has been christened *Chromolithography*; rather a hard word, as the children say.

THE MEMOIRS OF WYBIZKI, gives us a curious insight into the Polish policy of Napoleon. We cannot but marvel at the quickness of his intellect, for in one hour he framed a constitution for the Poles, about which the last Diet had been four years in consultation. The estimation in which Napoleon held the talents of the King of Saxony was very low, and we think he had some reason to be dissatisfied with the commissioners who chose that monarch for their duke. His sarcasm was severe, when he said, "I know that the King of Saxony is no sovereign for you; he is no soldier, but you have yourselves chosen him at your Diet."—Had the Poles not been divided amongst themselves, Poland would now have been a nation.

A PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE, by *M. Geramb, Monk of La Trappe*. Here is considerable talent displayed in this production of the *Trappist*.—Palestine must ever be, to the professor of Christianity, the most interesting country upon earth, M. Geramb tells us little that is new, and every work relating it, must therefore be read with avidity.

but what information he does give, appears to bear the stamp of truth.

THE MAIDEN MONARCH, OR ISLAND QUEEN, is one of those publications that are suited to attract a momentary attention, and then die a natural death.

THE BELLE OF A SEASON, is one of Lady Blessington's happiest sallies.

THE DIARY OF A NUN, will, we think, be a highly popular novel. In incident it is rich, and elegant in style.

THE PROTESTANT EXILES OF ZILLERTHAL, is an interesting narrative of the expatriated professors of that creed from the Tyrol. It is concise, and perhaps principally a compilation, but we are willing to allow it the merit it truly deserves.

VIOLA, THE AFFIANCED, has appeared in a new edition. It is a very pleasing work, and we are glad to find, that the public have not been backward in acknowledging the charms of the affianced fair one.

LUNAR OBSERVATIONS, are so clever, that we can safely avouch the author is not a lunatic.

THE FAMILY MEDICAL REFERENCE BOOK, by W. Bracer, M.D.—This little work will be of some use to families, from the easy and familiar style in which information is dispensed, medical jargon being dismissed for the language of common sense.

THE STRANGERS' INTELLECTUAL GUIDE BOOK TO LONDON, by A. Booth, F.S.A., F.S.S.—A book professing to contain an account of the "literary and scientific societies, and institutions, exhibitions and curiosities, museums, libraries, public and private collections, botanical, horticultural, and zoological gardens, &c. of the metropolis," will be found valuable to all those who visit London, as a work of reference.

NOTHINGS, BY E. DARBY, JUN.—This is a little volume of pleasing poetry, put before the public in a very unassuming manner. We trust the author will find that out of "nothings" comes something, for he has the capabilities of earning a "wreath and a name," if he thinks them worth trying for, although he modestly tells us—

"The powers of Genius own not my controul,
A Poet's garb I wear, but not a Poet's soul."

BRITAIN'S HISTORICAL DRAMA; A SECOND SERIES OF NATIONAL TRAGEDIES, INTENDED TO ILLUSTRATE THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS OF DIFFERENT ERAS IN BRITAIN; † by J. F. Pennie.—One of our sweetest poets, the Rev. C. Bowles, speaking of the former series of the work before us, thus writes: "In animated description, in knowledge of English history, in poetical imagery, in language chaste yet forcible, joined with the strictest morality, such a work might place him (Mr. Pennie) not only among the living poets of Great Britain, but among those who have cultivated with most success the same pursuits, reaping the same worldly

reward." This is high praise, nor would we farther detract from it than by suggesting a preference for more *thought*, more *idea*, more *imaginativeness*, than we find amongst many pages full of descriptive vigour, harmony of versification, and the most accurate attention to costume and consistency. Acting plays these dramatic poems do not profess to be, nor are they suited for representation. We have three in this volume, *The English Slave*, *The Devoted One*, and *Masonic Honour*; illustrative of the 1002 era, and the eleventh century. The first is our favourite, but there are passages of beauty in all; and our Masonic friends—"brothers of the mystic tie"—will be gratified with the third, which is followed by a clever essay on the origin, antiquity, and descent of Freemasonry.

PARABLES, by F. A. Krummacher, D.D. Translated from the German, by Miss F. Johnston. 1 vol.*—This is one of the most pleasing volumes we have ever seen for young minds; the language is highly poetical, and the moral excellent. The fair translator has done every justice to the original. As a book for Sunday reading in families and schools, we have not its equal.

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

1. "Queen Victoria's New Court Quadrilles;" Twelve Sets, composed, selected, and arranged by L. Dufréne. Cocks and Co.

2. "She bade me go." Poetry by A. Mc. Cabe, Esq.; music by James Hill. J. Reagan, Burlington Arcade.

3. "Poland's Martyr Heroes." Words by Mrs. C. B. Wilson; music by James Hill. Duff and Co., Oxford Street.

4. "A Happy New Year." Words by Mrs. C. B. Wilson; music by James Hill. J Willis, Lower Grosvenor Street.

1. In our glance at these new quadrilles last month we had barely leisure to mention the four first sets. It now becomes our pleasant task to speak favourably of the others, *en masse*. From each separate set, it is true that more choice melodies may be selected than can be supposed to follow consecutively through the whole series; but it is so seldom that we hear a set of quadrilles, in which each quadrille is equally pretty, that we always expect to find dross amongst the gold. The fifth set, *La Double Echelle*, may be familiar to our metropolitan friends from having been frequently played at the Crown and Anchor concerts last season, under the management of Eliason. No. 6. *La Chatte*, is of a common-place description, nor equal to the others. No. 7. *Le Diable Boiteux*, is a sparkling set; the airs for Pantalón, L'Été, and finale are very pleasing. No. 8. *L'Arivée du Regiment*, as its title imports, is of a military character, and will be one of the most popular of the series. No. 9. *Guise*, the airs from Onslow's opera (of which, by-the-by, we know nothing), contains two agreeable melodies in L'Ete and Trenis. No. 10. *Le Depart de la Montagnarde*, is altogether good, and we strongly recommend our young lady friends to

* Churton, Holles Street.

† Stocking. 1839.

* James Nisbet, Berners Street.

practise it for the holidays. No. 11. *Gay's Lays*, possesses an exquisite finale; whilst No. 12, *La Bayadere*, by no means equal to the quadrilles of the same name arranged by Musard from Auber's opera, is still a right merry set, and conclude the series with *éclat*.

2. A very sweet drawing-room ballad of easy compass.

3. These words, which were written for the occasion of the Fancy Ball, given recently at Guildhall in aid of the funds for the Polish Exiles—have been very sweetly set by Mr. Hill, and are published for the benefit of the refugees.

4. A most *seasonable* song, and one that must make its way to every family circle—for schools and the purposes of teaching, it is unexceptionable.

FINE ARTS.

HARRY COMPTON.—A life-like portrait, drawn by W. Nightingale, and engraved by B. Holl, of this gentleman has just been published. It is beautifully executed, and deserves to find a place in the portfolio of every lover of the Drama.

OUR SCRAP SHEET.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL AND SELECTED SHORT ARTICLES, EPIGRAMS AND FACETIÆ.

BOB LOGIC AND THE HABERDASHER.

A TALE OF THE REIGN OF VICTORIA.

Bob Logic, in a speech with talent made,
Had done the Queen the pride of complimenting her,

(Pardon my Muse the abruptness of her grade)

And glorified e'en to her heart's contenting her:
He was a harness-maker by his trade—

I wish for the romance he was a vintager—
And to his words—to cheer, or to admonish meant,
Men lent their ears, and women their astonishment.

Now, after the display above just cited;—

Which had drawn down the plaudits of the citizens,

Who wonder'd he could either speak or write it,

Or fill it with such argument and witticisms,

And praises of the Queen—who, to requite it,

All said and swore, (e'en though it were a pity,
since

Sir Robert did not treat her with due lenience),
Would even put herself to inconvenience;—

He walked out to a friend's, who was commencing.

In a small way, the haberdasher's business,

And who, for fear of its not recompensing,
Had stored his shop with various goods; and quizziness

Being his failing, he determined fencing,

With leathern production, from the dizziness

Of bankruptcy, the height of his prosperity,
And poked for some of Bob's wealth with celerity.

This—being truly a judicious youth—

He placed more value on than Bob's court influence,—

Asserted as it was, with seeming truth,

And wise or wagish sentiments in confluence;—

And went to work with little delicate ruth—

His patriotic feeling in it's non-fluence,—

Enquiring "whether he had seen the paper
Where the Queen said his zeal could not escape her?"

No, bless my stars!" says Bob, "where is it, Ned?

I thank the Queen for noticing me kindly!—

Where was the speech deliver'd when she said

Such things of me? whatever way the wind lie,

It shall not be forgot!—and may she wed

A husband who may know to treat her kindly!

But, come, no longer use in venting wishes,

Where's this precursor of the loaves and fishes?"

Ned look'd distress'd, and after some apology,

Hoping it was not lost, began to say

"That ere the matter's coming to his knowledge, he

Fear'd he had lost, or let it go astray;—

Being himself no adept in Philology,

He'd only learn'd the truth, by chance, that day;

He even had o'erlook'd the journal's title;"

Which made poor Bob exclaim and swear a little.

"Nevertheless," said Ned, with much compassion,

Depicted on his most deceitful phiz—

For villany's not confined to men of fashion,

Though the peculiar treatment of it is,

By which an injured man is proved a rash one,

While moral bravery is deem'd amiss;

"It may be, now that I recal myself,

Round some of those small parcels on the shelf!"

Bob bought the parcels, and desired them sent,

Which certainly there was much paper round,

And, though Ned charged him double, was content;

If the Queen's gracious notice could be found;

But this was more than cruel Edmond meant,—

And if they fought a duel or "a round"

In the end, I know not, but by this *démarche*

The one got money, and the other—starch.

The moral we would shew, if placed before a

Tale in plain English, is but a sad halo;

But I've got one in Latin which I swore a

Vow that I would conclude with—here's the fellow!—

'Dormi, Angelina, ah! pria che sorga l'ora

Che i semi come i miei ti serbi tl cielo;

Rimanti in Paradiso, oue tu sei.'

Which is, I think, as doubtless as the day!

NAOMIH.

BACHELORS AND MAIDS, (Says the author of Sir Charles Grandison), when long single, are looked upon as houses long empty, which nobody cares to take; as the house, in time, by long disuse, will be thought by the vulgar haunted by evil spirits, so will the others, by the many, be thought possessed by no good ones.

Oh! do I still complain?—If watch'd, oppress'd

Scorn'd by the miser—sneer'd at by the sot—

Driven into riot, when my soul love's rest—

Compelled to hate, for wrongs I had forgot;

Obliged to move, like pleasure's minions dress'd—

Constrain'd to envy those I envied not.—

Depress'd—sick—baw'd at—search'd into by hate—

Insulted by false friends, and foes ingrate.

Oh! specious knaves! I, bear all you inflict,

And yet inflict not! must I crouch and whine,

And start at power's pomp, and indierdict

The fruit of exultation unto mine

And me—or rather show you your own heart,

O man? 'Twere vengeful knowledge to impart!

NAOMIH.

TIME is the moth of Nature, and destroys all Beauty.

SHIRLEY.

CHARADE.

My first is what man seldom sees,
But prizes when he finds ;—
My second travels with the breeze,
And sportive dares the winds.
Connect them and my third appears,
The lonely bosom's dove ;
The hope of youth, the light of years,
And second but to love.

ZIMMERMAN AND THE KING.—Zimmerman, who was very eminent as a Physician, went from Hanover to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day the King, said to him, " You have, I presume, Sir, helped many a man into another world ?" This was rather a bitter pill for the Doctor ; but the dose he gave the King in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery : " *Not so many as your Majesty, nor with so much honour to myself.*"

HAPPINESS.—It would form, perhaps, one of the most amusing, if not the most instructive, chapter in poetic history, to compare the various opinions expressed by the inspired respecting happiness. He who dwells in a lowly valley believes happiness resides in the crowded city among company and books ; while he who sings amid the rattle of other men's chariot wheels, and the smoke of ten thousand chimneys, fixes the abode of happiness by the side of some purling brook—beside a green hill, where the wind is ever fragrant, and the voice of Nature alone is heard. The high-born bard, sick of the hollow courtesies of polished society, sighs for pastoral solitudes, where flowers never fade, and flocks never stray, and beauty is never out of blossom ; the shepherd bard, who has to wander over moors and mountains, half choked in winter with drifting snow, and half scorched in summer with burning suns—who has to smear and clip his flocks, as well as keep them from the fox, and save them, too, from smothering in a snow-wreath, envies the opulent, and longs to be a Lord.

There was some sense in the remark of a Scotchman, who, in reading the saying of Solomon, " Snow is beautiful in its season," exclaimed, " Aye, nae doubt it was beautiful to you, sitting with rich wines and the lasses o' Jerusalem aside you ; but had ye been a poor stane-mason, ye would hae said nae such thing."

COLERIDGE THE POET, METAPHYSICIAN, AND DRAGON.—The Rev. W. L. Bowles has communicated to the public the following interesting particulars respecting the Poet Coleridge when a common soldier. The Regiment was the 15th Elliot's Light Dragoons ; the officer was Nathaniel Ogle, eldest son of Dr. Newton Ogle, Dean of Winchester, and brother of the late Mrs. Sheridan ; he was a scholar, and leaving Merton College, he entered this regiment a Cornet. Some years afterwards, I believe he was then Captain of Coleridge's troop, going into the stables at Reading, he remarked written on the white wall, under one of the saddles, in large pencil characters, the following sentence in Latin :—" *Eheu ! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem !*" Being struck with the circumstance, and himself a scholar, Captain Ogle enquired of a soldier whether he knew to whom the saddle belonged ; " Please your honor, to Comberback," answered the dragoon. " Comberback !" said his Captain, " send him to me." Comberback presented himself with the inside of his hand in front of his cap. His officer mildly said, " Comberback, did you write the Latin

sentence which I have just read under your saddle ?" " Please your honour," answered the soldier, " I wrote it." " Then, my lad, you are not what you assume to be, I shall speak to the commanding officer, and you may depend on my speaking as a friend. The commanding officer, I think, was General Churchill. Comberback* was examined, and it was found out, that having left Jesus College, Cambridge, and being in London without resources, he had enlisted in this regiment. He was soon discharged—not from his democratical feelings, for whatever those feelings might be, as a soldier he was remarkably orderly and obedient, though he could not rub down his own horse. He was discharged from respect for his friends and his station. His friends had been informed of his situation, a chaise was soon at the door of the Bear Inn, Reading, and the officers of the 15th cordially shaking his hands, particularly the officer who had been the means of his discharge, he drove off, not without a tear in his eye, whilst his old companions of the tap-room† gave him three hearty cheers as the wheels rapidly rolled away along the Bath road to London and Cambridge.

A painter, whose talents were but indifferent, turned physician. As he was asked the reason of it : " In painting," answered he, " all the faults are exposed to the eye ; but in physic they are buried with the patient, and one gets more easily off."

MY LAST FOLLY.

Once on a time I fell in love
With Sarah's brightly-tinted face,
And sought her in a shady grove,
To tell my flame and sue for grace ;
I found her in a leafy nook,
Sitting below a hawthorn's shade,
And reading some fond poet's book,
With handkerchief beside her laid.
Woodbine and sweetbriar round us shed
Their mingled sweets, and near the spot
Grew mint, and thyme, and many a bed
Of leeks and onions for the pot.
She listened to my tale, and still
Smiled when I praised her rosy colour ;
Then answered, " Well, I blush and thrill,
And—must not let you wear the willor !
And yet—I'm—so afraid of—men !"
And then she sobbed, and from her eyes
Ran such a torrent, that, in vain
I tried to stop the dear supplies :
I kiss'd her cheek—once—twice—and thrice,
But ah ! I kissed away its blush !
And then I saw, to my surprise,
'Twas rouge supplied the roseate flush !
The kerchief in her white hand's grasp
She held, to wipe her tears, alas !
I seized it with too rough a clasp—
—An onion tumbled on the grass !
I tore away my clinging arms,
And cried, " Fair Sarah, since you owe
To onions and to *rouge* your charms,
I'll leave you to some other Beau !

R. C. C.

* When he enlisted he was asked his name : he hesitated, but saw the name *Comberback* over a shop-door near Westminster Bridge, and instantly said his name was Comberback.

† It should be mentioned, that by far the most correct, sublime, chaste, and beautiful of his Poems, " Religious Musings," was written, non inter sylvas academi, but in the tap-room at Reading.

LIFE.—Chequered are the scenes of life. Pleasure and pain, joy and grief, austerity and laughter-intermingling, weave a motley web. Our prejudices are our punishments; they cling about us, warp our actions, distort our manners, render us the food of satire, the mockery of fools, and torture us as wailing urchins are tormented to make sport for boys. Error and folly impede the progress of perfection. Truth alone can make men wise and happy.—*Holcroft.*

THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE;

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Gazing with looks of love and pride,
Pressing her hand between his own;
"Would that I were a king!" Charles cried,
"That I might offer thee a throne!
All I should covet in return
Would be thine heart, adored maid!"
When Mary coy her head did turn,
And to her ardent lover said—
"Alas! the price! Oh, pray forgive!"
(While her cheek own'd the deepest glow),
"I should not have a heart to give,
I gave it to thee long ago!"

CHARADE II.

BY LOUISA HUNTER.

Seek in a Monastery my first to find,
With error dire, and bigotry combined;
And for my second search once more the cell
Of holy Friars; there my next doth dwell;
Unite the two, and lo! a flower appears,
Which you may find in Flora's gay parterres.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.—(Bernesque.)

"O quis solutus beatius curis," &c.

How blest that man, relieved from eager cares,
From the rank hate that openly ne'er burts,
From the false love in which the heart ne'er shares,
And from the meddling foolery of courts;
Who to his father's castle straight repairs,
And to old social haunts again resorts
With friends who, scorning interest, love to please,
And with a heart to stay at home at ease!

GENUINE SENSIBILITY.—True feeling does not stay to calculate with weights and a balance the importance and magnitude of every object that excites it. It flows impetuously from the heart, without consulting the cooler responses of the understanding.—*Godwin.*

SONNET.

Trusting the worldling's faith, is it a crime,
When those whom we should love we cannot,
—when

There is not honour 'mongst familiar men
For the high power we worship, no sublime
And holy hope to conquer want and time,
To live immortal with the Gods of fame,—
Is it, 'neath such a fatal star, a crime

With words obsequious and with smiles to name
Those whom the world does wrongly honour, and
With whom deceit and pride go hand and hand?

Or should we, in the face of malice, rise
Superior to the slaves of those who hold

The thread of our promotion, and advise
With our own genius on the search for praise
and gold?

NAOIMH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.—Shame is a feeling of profanation. Friendship, Love, and Piety,

ought to be handled with a sort of mysterious secrecy; they ought to be spoken of only in the rare moments of perfect confidence—to be mutually understood in silence. Many things are too delicate to be thought—many more, to be spoken!

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

On Wednesday the 27th November, a three act piece, entitled *Woman's Trials*, was produced at this house; and poor Mrs. Stirling who did her utmost to support a most wretched part, must have realized the author's title in her own feelings. G. Bennett, and Compton did all they could to avert the fate which through every scene they saw must await the drama—but in vain: and when the curtain fell, it was not even attempted to be announced for repetition. The audience bore it patiently for nearly three hours, and only vented their disappointment in occasional involuntary bursts of laughter; which not even the most anxious friends of the drama could restrain, at the serio-comic arrangements of the scene. As a melodrama it may yet be remodeled with success, for one of the minor houses.

On Wednesday, December 4th, we saw Miss Emmeline Montague, (by the way a singular surname for the character) as the representative of *Juliet*. The lady is very young, and on that account we would make every allowance; but, however her friends in the house, might deceive her or the public by vociferous applause, we are bound in honesty to say, she is not the *Juliet* of the poet's dream. Her figure and face are good, so far she has the attributes for tragic acting; but the unmusical and "childish treble" of her voice, the moment she opens her mouth, dispels all the illusion of the scene, and makes us regard the interesting *Juliet* as a mere bread and butter school girl. The debutante did not seem to feel what she uttered, as in the leave-taking scene with *Romeo*, after the marriage, she seemed more like a child fearful of losing her doll, than the *woman* (for such *Juliet* was in heart) struggling between her love for *Romeo* and fears for his discovery. We think Miss Montague has mistaken her forte, and that in lighter characters, where no depth of feeling or grace of enunciation is required, she would succeed. We may be somewhat too fastidious critics, as regards *Juliet*, as the only representative of the fair Capulet who came up to our ideas of the character, was Miss O'Neil, and we shall not soon "look upon her like again!"

On the same evening a play in three acts, entitled *A night in the Bastille*, was produced, and with full success. The plot, which is of French origin, and savours somewhat too strongly of Foreign intrigue, for the English stage, was yet well managed; and the acting of Mrs. W. West, and Mrs. Stirling excellent, the last named lady in particular, who we must confess we like better in characters where deep feeling is required, than in those hoydens and romps in which we have hitherto been accustomed to see her. Elton and Vining seemed to vie which should do the most for the piece; indeed, every performer exerted them-

selves to the utmost, and were rewarded by its success. The scenery and dresses in the olden time of France were splendid; and we must congratulate Mr. Hammond on the first successful *original* piece he has produced.

By the way, it is not very becoming to see an actor belonging to another establishment, almost nightly in the upper boxes of Drury Lane, (especially when any novelty is produced), talking so loud to his friends of the press, and making such quizzical remarks on the scene before him, as to disturb persons who have the misfortune to sit in the adjoining boxes. We wonder if he would like *his wife* to be subjected to the same ordeal? We suspect not.

On Tuesday, December 10th, *Love in a Village* was revived at this house, and a great feature made in the bills of "the Costume of its time;" we think this no attraction, and like the modern dresses far better than the periwigs and court dresses of our grandfathers. Mrs. Alban Croft was the *Rosetta*, and a very pleasing representative of the supposed village maid, while the *Mudge* of Mrs. Waylett was excellent. Miss Betts introduced (as she does into every thing) "Lo! here the gentle Lark," and sung it finely. Mr. Frazer gave the songs allotted to *Young Meadows*, with much taste and sweetness; and the *Justice Woodcock* of Dowton was as disgustingly true to the life, as need be. Many of the songs and speeches ought to be omitted; in the present day indecency cannot be tolerated on the stage.

Monsieur Mallet has been playing at this house, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Hacket, as the representative of the veteran French soldier. He did it every justice. Miss Cooper as *Maria*, had little to do, but did that little gracefully.

On Saturday, December 14th, Weber's celebrated opera of *Der Freyschutz*, was produced, the music, (as per bills) partly with new versions from the original text, adapted for the stage by Mr. Rophino Lacy. With respect to the music, we must say we never heard it so well done on the English stage; but as regards the scenery and getting up of the opera, we never saw it worse done. This however to the lover of music, for music's self, is a very secondary consideration.

The singing of Miss Delcy was exquisite—we have seen many representatives of the gentle *Agatha*, but not to surpass, if they equaled her. Her execution of the scena in the second act, could not be surpassed. Mr. H. Phillips, as *Caspar*, is too well known in this music to need criticism, and with the *Rudolph* of Mr. Frazer, we were much pleased—he has wonderfully improved since he has been on the Drury Lane boards. The rest of the performers and vocalists have so little to do, that we have nothing to say of them. In concluding our notice, we advise the stage manager to put lights into the eyes of the owl—in the incantation scene—and to improve his aerial huntsmen—laughter and not horror was the effect this part of the opera produced. It must be reformed altogether.

Several novelties are in preparation at Drury Lane, to succeed the Christmas pieces. An opera by Mr. W. E. Staite, to embrace the whole vocal

strength of the company, will be produced immediately on Mrs. Waylett's return from her Dublin tour.

COVENT GARDEN.

Madame Vestris has revived the comedy of the *Rivals*, and cast the characters with great skill. She has great stage tact, and performed *Lydia Languish* excellently. She always looks, and dresses well, and met with high and deserved applause. Mr. Anderson was the *Captain Absolute*, and played the character as well as any actor we recollect in the same role. Harley as *Acres* was inimitably droll, and danced round the chairs like a teetotum set a spinning, eliciting shouts of laughter. Mrs. C. Jones, as the erudite Mrs. *Malaprop*, was excellent, and the *Fag* of Mr. Green was admirable. The trifling part of *Julia* was given to Mrs. Nisbett, who made every sentence tell, and was loudly applauded. She looked lovely, and elegant in the old costume: and in the scene where *Faulkland* acknowledges to have tried her affection by telling her an untruth, her parting speech was given with such genuine feeling, that it was followed by a universal burst of applause. Cooper is not fitted for *Faulkland*—a younger-looking person ought to play that character, which we always consider to be a disagreeable one. Mrs. Humby as *Lucy*, and *Meadows*, as *David*, were very good. We cannot praise Brougham's *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*; he sometimes forgets his nation. Farren, as *Sir Anthony*, was perfect, and Granby's *Cochman* was well acted. The play was excellently got up.

Artaxerxes continues its success. The scenery is most magnificent, representing portions of the ruins of Persepolis. It is the finest that we ever saw to illustrate this opera, and *Mandane*, since Miss Austin's retirement, found a representative in Miss Rainsforth, who was encored in the "soldier tired." Madame Vestris sings "in infancy our hopes and fears," as delightfully as ever. By the way, we wish the *encoring* part of the audience (would be more charitable towards the singers, whose lungs cannot stand the wear and tear of strong exertion without damage. We always set those noisy gentlemen down as vocal gourmands, for they would listen till they fell asleep from repletion, or the performer sunk from exhaustion. We hope the kind-hearted will raise their voices against this cruel system, and be content with one course of the bill of fare.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA;

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

Sweet Echo, sweet Echo, thy voice on the hill,
The hunter shall welcome at early morn still;
To the pipe of the shepherd thy musical tongue
Replies 'mid the rocks and the vallies among;
But we, whom the turmoil of London dethalls,
Must hear thee content 'neath the dome of St. Paul's.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

TO THE EDITRESS OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Rue du Faubourg, St. Honoré
à Paris, Dec. 24.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Permit me to wish you in advance a happy new year, and to congratulate you, which I do with all my heart, on the continued success of your charming work. It increases daily in favour here, thanks to the high tone of morality which you so happily blend with amusement, the most scrupulous *mere de famille* does not object to her daughter's perusal of it. Our season is expected to be a very gay one, but *les grandes Soirées* have not yet commenced; the preparations for them are, however, sufficiently forward to enable me to procure you the usual assortment of elegant models, as well as a *chronique des modes*, which I trust your fair readers will find useful in assisting their choice of dresses and millinery for the ensuing month.

The damp unpleasant weather we have lately had, has prevented the appearance of much novelty in promenade dress. If however, there is not great change, there is certainly considerable variety for mantles and shawls of the different forms that your fair readers are already in possession of continue to be adopted. Cloth pelisses are also coming into favour, or at least an attempt is making to bring them in; and I think it is very likely to be successful. They are composed of *drap zéphir*, a ladies cloth of an exquisitely light, and soft kind. Blue, dark green, and different shades of grey, are the only colours that have yet appeared for these pelisses. The *corsage* is made to fit the shape closely, and comes high, but not quite to the throat. The sleeves are demi large, ornamented on the shoulder with *brandebourgs* of a new form, a row of which also decorates the front of the dress from the top of the *corsage* to the extremity of the skirt. I have seen some that had the *corsage* decorated with these ornaments placed in the habit style, and continued *en tablier* down the front of the skirt. I must observe to you that a *chemisette* and *manchettes à la grand mère*, are indispensable with one of these pelisses. They are literally, as Mamma assures me, such as her mother wore some forty years ago. The *chemisette* is of fine clear cambric made to come quite high, and trimmed with a narrow cambric frill to which a Valenciennes edging is attached; it is small plaited, stands up round the throat, and descending down the front of the *chemisette* protrudes from the *corsage* of the dress in the same manner as a gentleman's frill does from his waistcoat. The ruffles plaited and edged to correspond, with the *Jabot* full over the hand.

There is no decided alteration either in the shape or size of bonnets; with one exception, however, it is a bonnet of a close shape, and a brim that is smaller than any that has yet appeared; the interior is ornamented with lace disposed in *dents de loup*, it extends nearly to the edge; the material, which I should observe may be either satin, velvet,

or rep velvet, is laid in folds on the exterior of the brim; and the low crown placed horizontally is partially covered by a drapery composed of three points edged with lace; the *brides* are cut in the lappet form, and edged with lace; a small knot formed of *coques* of ribbon placed on one side completes the trimming. I have seen lately several bonnets composed of an intermixture of satin and velvet, they are of contrasted but not glaring colours, as black and blue, they are trimmed with Argus plumes corresponding with the colours of the bonnet. Velvet bonnets, trimmed with velvet of a different colour, are also a good deal in request, and I have lately seen some *peluche* ones brought forward,—however, under another name, *velours mousse*. Dark hues begin to predominate for bonnets, though I cannot say that the majority is very great. The ornaments are principally feathers of the different kinds that I have already described to you, to which I may add party-coloured plumes. The curtains at the back are in general shallower, and I have seen a good many lightly looped under a knot of ribbon, which I think has a tasteful effect.

Materials continue the same for half-dress robes, but I observe that plain silks and satins of quiet colours are more in vogue than figured ones. Black and grey are very much in request, and the *redingote* form preserves its ascendancy. A good many are made with the *corsages* to cross to the left side, and trimmed with velvet lappels of the colour of the robe, or else black, the latter being fashionable with any colour; the lappels are either scalloped or cut in *dents*, and a band of velvet corresponding with them meets the lappel on the left side and descends to the bottom of the waist; it is extremely narrow at the top, but increases in breadth as it reaches the extremity of the skirt. A good many dresses of the *redingote* form have the front of the skirt, trimmed *en tablier* with a *volan* on each side; it is disposed in deep hollow plaits, and descends to the bottom of the skirt, the back of which is trimmed with a very deep flounce, leaving the centre free; both the flounces are headed by a narrow but richly wrought fancy silk trimming. Robes of the *redingote* form are scarcely ever pointed at the bottom of the waist. A considerable alteration in long sleeves is talked of, but as yet there is nothing absolutely decided. A sleeve that has recently appeared, and I think is likely to become fashionable, is called the *demi Châtelaine*, it is disposed from the shoulder rather more than half way to the elbow, in longitudinal folds; they are confined to the arm in two places by bands of the same material, the sleeve then expands into a very full *bouffant*, which reaches considerably below the elbow; the remainder of the sleeve to the wrist is divided into compartments to correspond with the top. An attempt has been recently made to bring tight sleeves trimmed below the shoulder with either *volans* or *bouillons* into fashion again; you may remember they were universally adopted two or three years ago. I do not think the mode is at all likely to succeed, it is not near so generally becoming as the demi large form at present in vogue.

The rich materials that I have already spoken of, continue their iogue in evening dress, India

muslin trimmed with flounces of the same, lightly embroidered round the edge with gold thread, has also been seen upon several *élégantes* of distinguished taste in dress, at the Theatre Italien; the only place where grand toilettes are to be seen at present. I have remarked also, some dresses of India book muslin worn over white satin; the *corsage* is made low, but moderately so, and trimmed round the top by a drapery composed of folds, and arranged very much in the form of a *fichu*; the folds are fastened down the centre of the *corsage* by half-blown roses; short sleeve, the top trimmed with folds, the lower part forms a full *bouffant* looped over the bend of the arm by a rose; the skirt is trimmed rather high, with folds disposed in a zig-zag direction, and looped irregularly by roses. Lace, both black and white, will continue in vogue for trimmings, but not exclusively, for there seems no doubt that ermine and sable furs will be a good deal adopted with velvet and satin dresses. Where flounces are composed of the material of the dress, fancy trimmings will be a good deal used to head them.

Black lace caps are very much in vogue for social *soirées*, they are now placed farther back than ever, and quite flat on the head, and are trimmed with roses always of a small kind, and of different colours. *Roses-églantine* composed of ponceau velvet are most in request; velvet topus made with *oreillettes* turned up, are also in favour; a *coiffure* of this kind is *distingué*, but certainly very far from becoming. Turbans also of velvet, on *velours épinglé* of a rich shade of a golden brown, called *couleur Jocko*, a name derived from the late favourite monkey of your beautiful young Queen, are a good deal worn, both for parties, and the *Theatre de la Renaissance*. I shall cite as the most elegant of the *coiffures* intended for grand costume, the *bonnet Syrien*, composed of ruby or ponceau velvet; the caul is low, the front rises rather high, and is disposed in the form of a demi-turban, descending very low on the cheeks; gold tassels, and an end of the velvet fringed with gold fall slow on one side. Another very elegant *coiffure* has a foundation of *tul grecque*, a blond lace lappet is thrown over it looped on side, and crossed on the summit of the head. A sprig of exotics mingled with ears of silver corn, droops on one side, and a bouquet of white marabouts lightly shaded with pink, is placed in a reverse direction on the other, and falls back upon the neck. The style of hair-dressing is nearly the same as last winter, except that I do not think the hair is dressed quite so low behind, but it still continues flat on the summit of the head. Flowers are expected to be in very great vogue for the decorations of head-dresses of hair. Some that have just appeared composed of *organdy*, are likely to supersede the velvet ones so long in vogue; I think they are much prettier, not quite so rich, but a great deal lighter. There is nothing new in colours this month, with the exception of *pensée*, which has come very much into vogue.

Adieu, ma très chère Amie,

Votre dévouée

ADRIENNE DE M——.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY PLATES.

FIRST PLATE.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Blue satin pelisse, the *corsage* high and tight to the shape, is trimmed with a *pelerine en cœur* composed of ermine. The sleeve, of the Turkish form, has cuffs of the same costly fur, and is trimmed at the upper part with a blue silk cord and tassels. The skirt is trimmed on each side with a band of ermine narrow at the waist, but increasing in breadth as it descends to the bottom of the skirt; a very rich blue silk *cordelière* passed twice round the waist completes the trimming. Bonnet composed of cinnamon coloured velvet, the brim is oval, and very long; the interior is ornamented with hollow plaits of *tulle* in which roses are placed at the sides, and a twisted *rondeau* of *tulle* over the forehead; the exterior is decorated with velvet ribbons to correspond, and a bird of Paradise.

EVENING DRESS.—White *pou de soie* robe, the *corsage* tight to the shape, pointed at bottom, square and very low at top, is trimmed with a stomacher of antique point lace, and the back and shoulders decorated with a mantilla of the same. The trimming is headed by a row of *Bouillonnée*, and finished by a breast knot of white satin ribbon. Short sleeve, the lower part finished in the *manchette* style, but with the material of the dress, and surmounted by a row of *coques* of ribbon. The front of the skirt is trimmed with two rows of lace reversed, and ornamented with knots of ribbon in the centre. Crimson cashmere turban descending in long full cords at each side, they are fringed with gold.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 3. BONNET FOR THE FRENCH OPERA.—It is composed of rose coloured *Velours épinglé*, a very open brim, and low crown; the exterior is decorated with a twisted band and knot of satin ribbon to correspond, and a bouquet of white ostrich feathers.

No. 4. DINNER DRESS.—Green levantine robe, *corsage à trois pièces*, the top is trimmed in the *demi cœur* style with a drapery disposed in small close folds. Short sleeve covered with three double *biais* set on with a little fullness, and surmounted by bands cut in *dents de scie*. The skirt is finished round the border by a double flounce headed by a band to correspond. The head dress is a *demi coiffure* composed of ribbon, antique point lace, and a small sprig of flowers.

No. 5. CARRIAGE BONNET.—Of blue velvet, trimmed with ribbon to correspond, ostrich feathers, and a *demi voile* of Brussels lace.

No. 6. EVENING CAP.—Composed of *tulle*, the caul is low, but rather full, and drawn in at the back of the head by bands and a knot of rose ribbon; a wreath of roses without leaves encircles the forehead, and descends upon the puffs of *tulle* which form the trimming of the sides; floating lappets of *tulle* edged with blond lace complete the trimming.

No. 7. DINNER CAP.—The caul is composed of white *Velours épinglé*, and trimmed with white

satin ribbon ; the front, formed of Brussels point lace, is rather voluminous ; it is decorated with pink and white shaded feathers, placed in contrary directions.

SECOND PLATE.

BRIDEL DRESS.—Rose-coloured satin robe, a low *corsage* cut in the corset form, but trimmed round the top with a drapery bordered with antique point lace, and ornamented with knots of ribbon. *Bouffant* sleeves trimmed with fancy silk cords and tassels, and point lace ruffles. Two flounces of point, headed by fancy silk cord, ornaments the skirt. The hair is decorated with the bridal veil of English lace, and a wreath of roses and orange blossoms.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Grey silk robe. Dark blue velvet *pulelot* lined with white satin, and trimmed with sable fur ; the sleeves are of a large size, and open from the bend of the arm ; they are bordered to correspond. *Muff en suite*. Grey satin bonnet, a wide open brim edged with a fall of white lace, and the interior trimmed with an intermixture of lace and pink flowers ; the exterior is decorated with ribbons, and a full bouquet of marabouts.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. PALETOT AND HAT FOR THE THEATRE DE LA RENNAISSANCE.—The hat is *velours mousse*, a small round brim, the interior trimmed with roses, and the exterior ornamented with shaded feathers. The *Paletot* is lavender bloom satin, made very open on the bosom, lined with white satin, and ornamented with fancy silk trimming.

No. 4. EVENING DRESS.—Robe of palestraw coloured *crape*, the *corsage* high behind, but very open on the bosom, is trimmed with lace disposed in the Medicis style round the back ; the front is disposed in folds in the heart style ; the sleeves are very short, arranged in longitudinal folds, and terminated by *manchettes à la Medicis*. The head-dress is a lace scarf disposed tastefully on the hair, and ornamented with a sprig of roses.

No. 5. MORNING DRESS.—Pink *mouseline de laine* robe. Lace *canesou* rounded behind, and terminating in short ends in front. Lace cap, it is a *bonnet Babet* trimmed with flowers and green ribbon.

ANSWER TO CHARADE ;

BY ELIZABETH R.

A Ship brought George of Denmark to our land,
To pay his Court to England's virgin queen,
Nor did he woo in vain the royal hand,
For Courtship ended in a marriage scene.

ISABEL.

ANSWER TO CHARADE ;

BY LOUISA HUNTER.

Just at this time how many folks there are,
Would be with their superiors on a Par,
And if once there, each discontented one
Would tyrannise, and finely act the Don ;
Such would I punish for their want of sense,
And yield no Pardon to their insolence.

ISABEL.

TO A LADY ;

ON THE PROSPECT OF HER LEAVING ENGLAND.

Can it be true that thou art going to leave us,
Who, like King George's toast, art "fat and
forty?"

What has induced thee thus to shun and grieve us?

Indeed thy male brigade all call thee naughty.

EGYPT hath had her plagues, yet now another

Is threaten'd that devoted land in thee ;

Why man and boy would fly PANDORA's mother,

E'en though they perish'd in the deep Red Sea.

Things long return'd from India, mark'd "unsold,"

May have been damaged by the rust of Time,

And ancient maidens will not sell for gold

'Neath EGYPT's sun, nor in this colder clime.

Shouldst thou take all thy learning on thy back

Thy baggage would be very light indeed,

And not weigh down thy sorry-looking hack,

E'en shouldst thou urge him to his utmost speed.

Can it be true that thou art going ? Where,

In Fortune's name, didst thou pick up the money ?

How wilt thou travel ? What wilt thou when there ?

Oh ! visit not that land of milk and honey ;

Go to the wild woods, where the Indian tracks

The frightened BEAVER, to obtain his skin ;

And, if a Squaw the red-hued chieftain lacks,

Try if his fond affection thou canst win.

Go ; and write down a story of thine own ;

But, if thou lov'st thyself, let other folks alone !

ROBERT LE DIABLE.

THE CONFESSION ;

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"I must have a lock of that beautiful hair!"

Cried George softly throwing the ringlets aside

"For they've tangled my heart in their exquisite
snare!"

To which the gay Laura with laughter replied,

"As much as you like, it is easy to match!"

Then wriggled her head like a merry young grig,

"Although I'm afraid you will think it no catch,

As your favourite curl's a periwig."

SIR GERVASE CLIFTON.—This gentleman, of Yorkshire, near Leeds, was "blessed with seven wives"—so the epilogue of his own writing says. The first three, who were maidens, he calls *honourable*. The second three, who were widows, he calls *worshipful* ; and the seventh, who was a servant-maid, born under his own roof, he calls his *well-beloved*. Each of the six agreed to the marriage of the next, before her death, and at that awful period were attended by their successors. Sir Gervase had several children by his last wife, some of whose descendants now enjoy the family estate. He lies buried at the head of his wives.

An Irish bookseller, previously to the trial of a cause in which he was defendant, was informed by his counsel, that if there were any of the jury to whom he had any particular objections, he might challenge them ; that is, oppose their being jurors. 'Faith an' so I will,' replied he, 'if they do not bring me off handsomely, I will challenge every man of them.'

An Attorney having died in low circumstances, one of his friends observed that he had left but few effects. 'That is not much to be wondered at,' said another, 'for he had but few causes.'

* "Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they be withered."—Wisdom, 2nd chap. 8 v.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. XVIII.

My friend D'Almaine has been for the last three years, one of the happiest husbands in the world : fondly attached to his lovely young wife, who seemed to return his affection with equal ardour, he had continued to be even more attentive and gallant as a husband, than he had been as a lover. He endeavours even to prevent her wishes, and no sooner does anything new appear, that can be either useful or ornamental to a lady, than Madame D'Almaine becomes possessed of it. D'Almaine drove from his house at Versailles, the other day to Paris, to purchase an inkstand that he had seen advertised, with which he meant to surprise her. Hastening to her chamber, where her maid assured him she was, he knocked long and loudly in vain.

"Your mistress is not within," said he at last to the servant.

"Oh, yes, Monsieur, Madame is in her chamber, but during the last month, she has always shut herself up from ten till twelve every morning, and never admits anybody, not even her Mamma."

D'Almaine turned abruptly from the loquacious *soubrette*, whose words however, had done more mischief than she probably intended.

"What can be the reason," said he to himself, "that she shuts herself up, what can she want such privacy for?" In spite of himself, a suspicion of her fidelity flashed across his mind, and it was in vain that he tried to repel it. When they met at dinner, he asked in a tone such as he had never used before, why she had not let him in, in the morning. She said she had been busy, and the embarrassment of her manner, almost confirmed his suspicions.

After some time spent in gloomy silence, Madame D'Almaine took up a newspaper, a name having drawn her attention, she read aloud a paragraph, the substance of which was as follows :—"A husband and wife, after a happy union of some years, had quarreled, and agreed to a separation of bed and board; but the husband still continued to inhabit his house near Versailles, and the wife, with her maid and a gardener, were lodged in a pavillion, separated from the dwelling-house by a high wall, which entirely surrounded a garden, in the centre of which the pavillion stood.

Mr. R— was still tenderly attached to his wife, yet as the separation originated with her, he became jealous, and determined to watch her, but to do it in such a manner as would not compromise her reputation in case she was innocent. There was a kind of out-house near the wall, which divided the garden and pavillion from the rest of his property, he took his station in it, and by means of a hole which he broke in the garden wall, he saw a gentleman in the bed-room of his wife. It was then about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the guilty pair were standing near the open window which looked into the garden, secure as they thought from every eye. The first feeling of the injured husband, was to rush upon them, but a little reflection determined him to take another course. He sent

his servant to Paris for the new invention, the Daguerrotype, and that night made a second hole in the garden wall. He took care that the Daguerrotype should be properly placed by the time his wife's window opened, and the parting embrace between her and her gallant, was perfectly rendered by it."

I cannot describe the impression, which this story made on the mind of poor D'Almaine; suffice it to say, that in the course of a few hours, his jealousy rose to such a height, that one idea alone, occupied his mind, that of discovering the guilt of his wife by a Daguerrotype. His first care was to explore the environs of her chamber, and he found that a hay-loft which was above a barn opposite to it, would afford him an opportunity of Daguerrotyping all that passed in her room.

The next morning carried him to Paris, but at the moment that he entered the shop to make his purchase, his heart failed him; it seemed as if to pronounce the word, would be to publish his dishonour. While he hesitated, a friend who was passing the shop, entered on seeing him.

"Ah! D'Almaine, I was just going to Versailles, to ask a dinner from you. You are going back, very well, we will go together. Madame is well I hope? What are you buying? some pretty toy for her, eh! Oh, by the way, have you seen the curious story of the Daguerrotype. Do buy one, I will come and spend a week with you, it will be excellent fun to peep into the houses of all your neighbours, why we shall have the private history of all Versailles.

One may imagine what D'Almaine felt while his friend was running on. He acted however, upon his suggestion; the box was bought, put on the top of a cabriolet, and the two friends set off with it for Versailles. They arrived about eleven; D'Almaine eager to ascertain where his wife was, hastened up the avenue before his friend, but what was his horror, on perceiving a young man glide furtively by the garden wall, up to the barn, which he precipitately entered. Not a doubt of his dishonour remained in the mind of D'Almaine, nevertheless, he possessed himself sufficiently to conceal his emotions, and to lock the barn, that the guilty pair might not be able to escape. At that moment he was joined by his friend, who asked where they were to put the box.

"Above there," replied he, pointing to the hay-loft over the barn.

"We must go up by a ladder," cried the friend, "it is a good idea, we will draw up the ladder after us, so we shan't be disturbed. But before we begin our operations, I ought to pay my respects to Madame. Is your lady at home?" said he, turning to a servant.

"Madame is in her chamber, but we are forbidden to disturb her at this hour," replied the man.

"The wretch," murmured D'Almaine:

"Come let us go to work," cried his friend. The distracted husband followed him mechanically up the ladder, he saw the preparations made with outward calmness, while his hand convulsively grasped the key of the barn, where he had no doubt his wife and her gallant at that moment were. Two minutes passed, the friend drew back the plaque,

"Superb!" cried he, "only look, D'Almaine, here is the whole of your wife's chamber; there is her work table, there she is herself, she holds a frame upon her knees, it is a table cover, on which she is embroidering your arms, your initials. Happy fellow! Oh, if I had such a wife."

D'Almaine thought he was in a dream. He looked alternately at the portrait of his wife on the *plaque*, and at the key of the barn in his hand.

"Who is he then?" cried he, and leaving his friend stupified at his exclamation, he sprung from the window, ran down the ladder ready to break his neck, opened the barn, and saw in one corner the supposed gallant, looking extremely disconsolate at finding himself locked in, with a parcel of coloured worsteds, and samples of carpet work, that Madame D'Almaine had begged of him to take away without letting her husband see them.

D'Almaine was more indiscreet in his joy than in his grief, he avowed his weakness to his friend, declaring that he could never forgive himself for it, and blessing the invention of the Daguerreotype.

"Without the proof it has afforded me," said he, "I never should have believed that my wife shut herself up in her chamber in order to occasion me an agreeable surprise by presenting me with a table cover of her own embroidery for a New Year's Gift."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GLAUCUS.—Is informed *he is known*. He had better take the hint in time. It is rather a dangerous thing to send such epistles *by hand*.

J. A. S., Eden Quay.—The tale sent by this gentleman only reached the Editress on the 10th December. It shall be attended to.

T. A.—"The Brothers," &c., have been received. We will do the best we can for the author, but must decline a poem of 470 lines.

W. H. P.—"The Snowdrop" shall appear shortly. The author is thanked.

ALICIA S.—We will look for the Poem she alludes to. We are not aware just now what it is.

X. Y. Z.—Received. He is too severe on the ladies.

A. M. G.—The apology and the song are both accepted.

C. W. Howell.—The tale is under consideration.

X. Y. Z., (not the above).—Where can we address this party?

S. J. T., Tooting—Shall hear from us, if he will send his address.

ON THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN, (no signature).—This paper will not suit our pages. It shall be left at the office for the writer.

C. G. L.—We regret we have no time for private letter-writing, or would answer this Correspondent as requested, more frequently.

DIKWN.—We regret want of space in our pages this month, will cause our countryman a disappointment. We *do* regret, but could not avoid it.

S. C. B.—Shall appear the moment we have room for her contribution.

LOUISA H.—Received with thanks.

J. M. R.—The Poems are pleasing, and shall appear; but surely the fair writer must be aware, that already there is a popular song, beginning, 'The last links are broken.'

J. M. L.—Is thanked and accepted.

L. C.—The Poem received through the hands of Mr. T. S. came too late for insertion this month. It shall appear in our next.

ELIZABETH R.—We will make enquiry for the tale this Correspondent asks about. Long absence during the Summer on the Continent has caused much disarrangement of our papers, but the article is *not lost*.

MARY O'NEIL.—The Poem sent by this lady is received, but too late for insertion in the present number.

DISTAFFINA.—We subjoin this lady's letter for the benefit of our readers and Correspondents.

TO THE EDITRESS OF THE BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Madam,—As a fillip to your poetical Correspondents, I venture to send you a set of "*Boûts rimés*," for them to fill up. I need not, I presume, say that this *jeu de société* consists in making verses, whose rhymes are supplied by the *boûts* furnished; that is, clothing my skeleton rhymes with appropriate flesh of words and thoughts. I have no doubt you will have many sent you ere next month, from which to select a few choice morceaux, if you give out the accompanying in your Notices to Correspondents,

Your obedient Servant,

DISTAFFINA.

Boûts rimés.

night
affright
groan
blown
robe
globe.

haze
blaze
wonder
thunder
bright'ning
lightning.

floor
gore
hurl'd
furl'd or world
broken
token.

All Communications, Reviews of New Books, &c., to be addressed to the EDITRESS, care of Mr. JENKINSON, No. 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where ALONE communications for this Work will in future be received, POST PAID.

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Portrait of Albert.

MEMOIR

OF

HIS SERENE HIGHNESS,

PRINCE ALBERT.

The fortunate bridegroom elect of her Majesty the Queen of England, is Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emanuel, second son of Ernest, reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who succeeded his father Francis in the small principality of Saxe-Saalfeld-Coburg, on the 9th of December, 1826; and by the death of Frederic IV., to whom the male line of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg became extinct, came into possession, in right of descent from the female branch, of a considerable portion of the Saxe inheritance, and took the title of Duke of Coburg and Gotha, on the 12th of December, 1826. The duke has been married—first to Dorothy Louisa Charlotte Frederica Augusta, daughter of Augustus, the last Duke but one of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg, from whom he separated on the 31st of March, 1826. On the 23rd of December, 1832, the Duke married Antoinette Frederica Augusta Maria Anne, Princess of Wirtemberg. By

his first marriage the late Duke Ernest Augustus, Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, born on the 21st of June, 1818, and Albert, the young bridegroom elect of Queen Victoria, born the 26th of August, 1819, and therefore not of the legal age of 21 until August, 1840. The Queen was born the 24th of May, 1819, and is, therefore, three months older than her intended husband.

The other members of the family of Coburg are:—

1. Sophia Frederica, &c., sister of the Duke, married to Count Emanuel, of Mendorf.

2. Juliana Henrietta Ulrica, re-christened, and now Anna, on her marriage with the late Constantine of Russia, from whom separated in 1820, through gross on his part, and other circumstances on own, not necessary to advert to.



James C. Abbott

MEMOIR

OF

HIS SERENE HIGHNESS,

PRINCE ALBERT.

The fortunate bridegroom elect of her Majesty the Queen of England, is Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emanuel, second son of Ernest, reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, who succeeded his father Francis, in the small principality of Saxe Saalfeld Coburg, on the 9th of December, 1806; and by the death of Frederic IV., with whom the male line of Saxe Gotha Altenburg became extinct, came into possession, in right of descent from the female branch, of a considerable portion of that inheritance, and took the title of Saxe Coburg and Gotha on the 12th of November, 1826. The duke has been twice married—first to Dorothy Louisa Paulina Charlotte Frederica Augusta, daughter of Augustus, the last Duke but one of Saxe Gotha Altenburg, from whom he separated on the 31st of March, 1826. On the 23rd of December, 1832, the Duke married Antoinette Frederica Augusta Maria Anne, Princess of Wirtemberg. By

the first marriage the issue was Ernest Augustus, Charles John Leopold Alexander Edward, Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, born on the 21st of June, 1818, and Albert, the young bridegroom elect of Queen Victoria, born the 26th of August, 1819, and therefore not of the legal age of 21 until August, 1840. The Queen was born the 24th of May, 1819, and is, therefore, three months older than her intended husband.

The other members of the family of Coburg are:—

1. Sophia Frederica, &c., sister of the Duke, married to Count Emanuel, of Mendorf.

2. Juliana Henrietta Ulrica, also sister, re-christened, and now Anna Feodorowna, on her marriage with the late Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, from whom she was separated in 1820, through gross cruelty on his part, and other circumstances on her own, not necessary to advert to. The

death of that prince in 1831 left her a widow. She resides, and since her separation and widowhood has resided, in Switzerland. She and two of her sisters were sent, previous to the marriage, to St. Petersburg, for choice of that barbarian Constantine.

3. Ferdinand George Augustus, brother of the Duke, married in 1816 to Maria Antoinette Gabriella, daughter and sole heiress of Prince Francis Joseph de Kohari, a Hungarian nobleman of ancient family and immense territorial property in Hungary. As a condition of this marriage Ferdinand was obliged to embrace the Roman Catholic religion, and to agree that all the children born of the marriage should be brought up in the same faith. The issue of this alliance is three sons and one daughter, of which the eldest son, Ferdinand Augustus Francis Antony, born in 1816, married Donna Maria da Gloria, Queen of Portugal, and, according to the law of Portugal, on the birth of a son and heir became King Consort.

4. Maria Louisa Victoria, (now her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent) married first to the Prince of Leinigen, on whose death she was afterwards married to the late Duke of Kent, who died in 1820.

5. Leopold George Christian Frederick, the youngest brother of the Duke, and uncle to Albert, married first to the late Princess Charlotte, heiress presumptive to the crown of Great Britain, who died in 1817; elected King of Belgium in June, 1831; and re-married at Compeigne, in August, 1832, to the Princess Louisa Maria of Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe, King of the French.

The singular fortunes of the family of Saxe Coburg are among the extraordinary incidents of this age. The domain of Coburg, the patrimonial estate of the present Duke, the eldest of the family, and brother

of Leopold, was a very small principality; the net revenue did not exceed 700*l.* per annum. Of course, upon such an income, the family pride was difficult to support, and the means of education for the younger branches extremely restricted. On account of the smallness of means, none of the family could venture an appearance at court, at Vienna, save the Duke, and he rarely. The portion of the inheritance of Gotha-Altenburg, which came to him, greatly improved his standing and extended his possessions, an inheritance which perhaps would not so readily have been conceded to him but from the powerful alliance and countenance of this country through Leopold. The territory of Coburg and Gotha may be estimated to contain together 160,000 souls. The revenue is stated at 100,000*l.* per annum, from which has to be deducted the interest of the debt or mortgage upon the property, amounting to 464,000*l.*, which, taking the rate at six per cent., not a high rate for Germany, will be an annual charge of 27,840*l.* The Duchy is rated to furnish a contingent of 800 men to the Germanic Confederation.

At the time of his selection by the Princess Charlotte, Leopold was a simple major in the Austrian service, and his whole means and prospective expectations centred in his profession. His rise led to, and was the prelude of that of the whole family. His sister became Duchess of Kent, adopted like himself, into the Royal Family of England, and in course, if not Queen-mother, mother of the Queen. Leopold himself is King of Belgium; one nephew, Ferdinand King Consort of Portugal; and a third about to become Prince Consort of the Sovereign Queen of Great Britain. Never before, perhaps, in so short a space of time, did a family attain fortunes so magnificent, without deeds of arms or special service of any public nature.

THE NEW

MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE:

FEBRUARY, 1840.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
CONSISTING OF TALES, ROMANCES, ANECDOTES,
AND POETRY.

THE LOCKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

"No telling how love thrives! to what it comes!"

"Forswear thy craft—and set even thine honesty on the cast of a die! Why thou art crazed Quentin! Thou, whose art could form keys that Saint Peter might make use of to open his gates, turn a dabbler in brushes and colours. I warrant me thou wilt spoil more canvass than ever one of the painters hath done before thee. And for what? A pair of bright eyes. I could laugh at thee and chide thee at the same moment. Poor lad! poor lad!"

This was spoken by an old man who was standing beside a forge in the shop of a locksmith, and who literally had let his iron cool upon the anvil, while he thus addressed a manly, pensive looking youth who stood leaning with his back against the door post, watching the retreating steps of a maiden who had now nearly got to the furthest end of the street.

"Well, well, Quentin," resumed the speaker, as the youth turned into the shop, after taking a last lingering look at the object of his affections, "if thou wilt be a fool thou must; yet it is not written upon thy countenance, and there is many a dame in Antwerp would not object to give thee a daughter as fair as she that calls Frank Flore father. And he hath scorned thee too; despised thee for thy craft. Out upon thee; if thy working doublet be not of silk, thy holiday garments are as brave as his: thy cap sits well upon thy head, and thou hast as bold a gait as he, though nobles have not spoiled thee with their praises. Forget her, Quentin, forget her."

"Rather say win her at any price," replied Quentin. "To gain even a smile from her I have toiled by day and by night; to obtain her I must become a painter; and, by the Saints, that I will do ere long, or let the name of Quentin Metsys become a bye word for a disappointed lover."

The artisan laughed aloud as he hammered the heated iron into its destined form.

"Do you know what the old song says Quentin?" he continued. "It was written by my

grandfather on just such another fool as yourself," and he began to sing with the discordant accompaniment of the hammer—

"In Antwerp there was once a gallant young blade,
Who chose to take Love as a partner in trade;
Against all persuasion he would have his will,
And, as Love had no money, accepted his bill."

"The bill was never paid though, Quentin, as you'll hear in the sequel—"

"He, stupid young lad, such another as you,
Wooed the beautiful daughter of Peter Van' Loo,
And six little disciples of Love made him own
That the hammer was music, compared to their tone."

"Better remain a bachelor like me, Quentin. Put your love under lock and key, lad."

"His wife was a beauty—the tulip of love—
A vixen at home, and in public a dove—
All day she annoyed with reproaches and tears,
And at night rang a right noisy peal in his ears."

"Many a man's case, besides his, Quentin. There's my neighbour, Nicholas Jordaens, for instance, says he never gets more than one night's rest out of seven; so sleep is of course in debt to him, and his wife's tongue is in debt to sleep; and who the deuce is to pay the bill?"

"At a Carnival fête, a Saint's day, or a fair,
She left him to work while she sported it there,
Beaux came at her bidding, while, poor devil! he
Had to look to the children—a lesson for thee."

"Marry, Quentin, I should laugh to see thee carrying a matrimonial load, moving onward with a cargo of young Metsys' under a spread of canvass. Why thou'lt be as happy as Martyn Alsloot who begs wool of his friends to stop his ears against the delicate tones of his helpmate's voice."

"I can bear your raillery without wincing," said Quentin, "and I'll wager thee a painting from my easel, against a score of your best locks, that I win her yet, and take her with Frank Flore's consent into the bargain."

"But you have not let me finish my song?"

"I have heard quite enough of thy pleasant ditty, Corny Klump, and I would pray thee to sing it to thyself the next time thou followest the steps of the fair widow Verbruggen, to whom thou hast of late been so attentive. Why I saw thee the other day carry home her purchases from the market, and—"

"Whew!" exclaimed Klump, "can't a man be civil once in a way to a woman without being

suspected of making himself a fool. She was the wife of my old friend, Quentin; and you are a sad dog to think that I would ever run the risk of catching the rheumatism in cold weather by having the blankets whisked off my shoulders by a restless bedfellow. You are a sad dog, Quentin Metsys!"

"As I am not afraid of the rheumatism, Klump I shall follow my own plans, and by the time another year has cast its shadow upon the dial of time, you shall own that Quentin Metsys is a happy married man. And, Corny,—if the widow Verbruggen *should* be kind, purchase an extra blanket to save thy poor arms from the rheumatism."

"Out, saucy knave!" cried Klump, "must fools go in pairs, as the animals did into the ark?" and he hammered away with a hearty good will, as if he was desirous of drowning the sounds of Quentin's voice.

Quentin Metsys was not an every day sort of a lover. Antwerp, even to the present day, possesses a proof of the affection of the youth, who, with only a hammer, executed the iron work of a well, which is in the little square adjoining the entrance to the cathedral, and bears his name. Yet his love was rejected—despised. Frank Flore had sworn to unite his child to none other than a painter.

Quentin was one of those spirits that no difficulties can subdue, when a prize was to be obtained by exertion. Not an hour—not even a minute, was misapplied; and long before the twelvemonth had expired he was no despicable artist.

The daughter of Frank Flore was not insensible to his devoted attentions, but the custom of the times prevented her from publicly evincing a predilection in his favour. Unknown to any person they met, and in those stolen moments, perhaps they passed some of the happiest moments of their lives. It was not a romantic feeling that influenced either party; it was love—real, unaffected love:

Corny Klump still pursued his craft, unshackled by a partner, when he was suddenly called upon by his former pupil to accompany him to the studio of the painter.

"What the—(I beg your pardon, Quentin Metsys,) can I do in this affair? If you choose to spoil canvass, that might do to make sails, you might be kind enough not to make me a party concerned. Live in quiet, Quentin, while you can, for when my hammer marries with the anvil, they are terrible brawlers."

"But you must come with me, Klump," said Quentin, "and I'll show thee better sport than a brawl, a braver sight than even a foaming wine-flaggon. Hast though made thy locks, Corny, let them be cunningly fashioned, or thou wilt be said to be a worse workman than I am a painter."

"There was but one to whom I would have yielded the palm at my craft," replied Klump, and he was a sad dog, a very sad dog, Mynheer Quentin,

"A stupid young lad, such another as you."

But what do you want with me, lad? I should be a sorry looking bridesman with my frieze

doublet and leathern apron—I am fitter to shoe the priest's palfrey than to hold a candle at a bridal."

"I spoke not of a bridal, Corny, I have not yet conceived the posy of a ring. I would have thee view the master-piece of my skill, and I'll bet thee a ruff for the neck of the fair widow Verbruggen, when thou marriest her, thou shalt not know whether I or nature is the best workman. Away with thee, I'll tell thee more as we wend towards Frank Flore's study."

In the apartment of the painter stood a fair and delicate creature, who seemed to have been fashioned by Nature to be a model of female loveliness. She was standing before her father's celebrated picture of the Fall of the Rebel Angels, which wanted but a few finishing touches to become the pride of his pencil. A smile of gladness beamed from her eye, and she gazed and gazed as if she never wished to withdraw her eyes from the canvass. There was a pride too in her look as she viewed the picture, and she only turned from it when the sound of a well known footstep was heard within the room. It was that of Quentin Metsys, who with his old master, Klump, had entered the studio.

"Make the best use of thine eyes, Corny," said Quentin, "for I caught a glimpse of Frank Flore as we turned the corner of the street. Look here, I will show thee what I have done towards this picture," and he pointed to a tiny portion of the canvass which bore the impress of his skill.

Corny Klump rubbed his eyes, looked again at the spot which had been indicated to him, and then bursting into a loud fit of laughter, asked him if he thought Frank Flore could be made a fool of so easily.

"And who is it would try to fool Frank Flore?" said the artist, who entered at the moment. "Not you young knave, who will come wooing here with as many hopes of success as the angels in yon picture have of salvation. When you can paint more than a plain surface, Master Metsys, I will hear what you have to say, but not till then, Master Quentin."

"I have your promise, then Sir," replied Quentin, "when I can do something to deserve your praise, to possess that for which I have toiled."

"Aye lad, thou hast; but when thou art able to claim the performance of it, my daughter will be among those who carry whitened hairs to the bridal."

The artist sat down before the easel; his eyes wandered over the almost finished picture, and he was evidently well satisfied with the produce of his own industry and skill. The pencil was dipped in colour and he was about to begin touching up the limbs of one of the angels, when he suddenly relinquished the design, and taking the cap from his head waved it hastily before the spot to which Quentin had previously directed the attention of Corny Klump.

"I wish you would not open the window in my absence maiden," he said addressing his daughter, "insects will settle upon the undried colours, and I like not to use the scraper, come thou and brush it off while I arrange my pencils."

"It is a wasp, father. Let it rest there on the

angel's thigh. It will not wing away; look at it through this glass, dear—dear father."

Frank Flore did look at it, and then at his daughter, and then strove again to brush it away with his cap: but the wasp obstinately kept its place, not a wing was ruffled, and it evinced no symptoms of fright. Again did Frank Flore minutely examine it, while his daughter stood watching each change of his countenance with a mingled expression of hope and anxiety. Quentin Metsys stood a little apart, with his arm resting on the shoulder of Corny Klump; a smile played over his face as he viewed the surprise of the artist, and he waited anxiously for the inquiry of who has done this. It was not however asked. Frank Flore rose from his easel, and imprinted a fond kiss on the cheek of his fair daughter; then calling Quentin to him he said, "thou hast indeed fooled an old man!"

"Surprised would be the fairer term to use," replied Quentin. "In fooling thee I should have fooled myself; turned the wasp's sting unto my heart, and been the locksmith still. I have to claim thy promise now, and I do claim it. Say that I have deserved it!"

"I do," said Frank Flore as he placed his daughter's hand in that of Quentin Metsys, "and I will tell thee more than perhaps thou hast taught thyself to expect; *thy* wasp shall remain on *my* painting to tell thy descendants the wonder-working powers of love."

Corny Klump was in one of those amazements that hang like a fog over the brain; and as he never took courage to wed the widow Verbruggen, he gave the locks he had betted without ever claiming the ruff.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

(A LYRICAL DUET.)

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

FRIENDSHIP.

By Love's sweet pain!
I charge thee Maiden tell me,
All thy fond bosom's
Trembling hopes and fears!
By Love's sweet pain!
I bid thee not repel me;
Since FRIENDSHIP comes
To dry Love's soul-felt tears!

LOVE.

By Friendship's smile!
Oh! Maiden! false and fleeting
As rainbow-tints
That deck an April sky;
Reveal not thou
The varied feelings meeting
In that fond heart,
By word, by glance, or sigh!

FRIENDSHIP.

Love is a tyrant
Wooing to deceive thee,
With flowery chains
Where sharpest thorns thou'lt find!

LOVE.

Friendship's a traitor
Who will lure and leave thee,
As meteor lights
Beguile the wand'ring Hind!

FRIENDSHIP.

Follow not Love.

LOVE.

Trust not to Friendship ever!

FRIENDSHIP.

Love's a blind guide
Who always leads astray;

LOVE.

'Neath Fortune's frowns
The links of Friendship sever;

FRIENDSHIP.

'Neath Time's chill touch,
Love's roses fade away!

BOTH.

Trust neither Maiden!
We would both deceive thee;
Smiling, beguiling,
But to lure thee on
Through life's rude path,
To dazzle and then leave thee
To deeper darkness,
When our rays are gone.
Trust neither Maiden!
Shun each fatal snare.
FRIENDSHIP and LOVE
Thou'lt find a dang'rous pair!

THE SNOWDROP.

BY W. H. PRIDEAUX.

O, come to my garden, a flower is there,
I have gazed on the beauty, surpassingly fair!
'Mid an island of green with a life-giving spell,
It humbly embosses its ivory bell.
'Tis the emblem of hope in its tremulous form,
In loneliness smiling at tempest and storm;
'Tis the herald of Spring, and its presence inspires
In the bosom of mortal, ambitious desires;
For the tyrant, dread Winter, has long held his
sway,
With his rigorous aspect of lifeless dismay;
The print of his footstep is yet on the hill,
And nature looks desolate, cheerless, and chill!

Hail, symbol of Hope to the wearisome earth;
Thy coming betokens renewal of mirth;
The robin hath waited thy presence for long,
And lovingly stored thee his solace of song;
He sings to thee now from his favourite tree,
And his eye, and his heart are intent upon thee!
Instinctively glad is the generous bird,
Each note of his lay is an eloquent word.
Thy favours are grateful,—now mutely he sits;
For his song is a passion that bursteth by fits!

Awhile—and the crocus in liveried garb,
Will pierce the brown clod with its resolute barb;
And the clustering mezeron, coyly shine
Through the fringe of its leaves, like the fruit of the
pine;

And in woodland and hedge-row, the primrose will
soon

Awaken, and borrow the beams of the moon:
But thou art the fairest and first of them all,
Reclining like Hope o'er the gloom of a pall.
Thy language is love to the infantine year,
Imparting the promise of sunshine and cheer;
And to thee, lovely Snowdrop! these verses belong,
Thou joy of my bosom, and source of my song.

Faversham.

A NOVELLETTA OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY MISS DE PONTIGNY.

Ortensio and Ippolito were the two most accomplished cavaliers of Naples. Both were rich, handsome, and of noble family, and though to the rest of the world they might have appeared formed by nature for rivals, they were nevertheless united in the strictest bonds of friendship. Still there were strong shades of difference in their characters. Ortensio was gay, lively, and somewhat headlong in his impulses, but winning all hearts by his open and pleasing manners; while Ippolito was impassioned, enthusiastic, more serious than his friend, and warmer in his affections, although much less popular with the many, from the very qualities perhaps that made him more estimable. Notwithstanding these discrepancies in their dispositions, it was pleasing to see how each accommodated himself in a great measure to the humour of his friend, Ippolito never censuring the levity of Ortensio, nor the latter ever complaining of Ippolito's gravity; indeed it would rather appear that the mutual pleasure they derived from each other's society, was enhanced instead of deteriorated by the mixed ingredients that formed their characters. In no one thing perhaps was their different turn of mind more apparent than in their views of the master passion that rules the destiny of man. Thus while Ortensio was a gay flutterer amongst the celebrated beauties of the day, never entirely losing his heart, yet never retaining it for a fortnight together completely in his possession, Ippolito had surrendered his to a fair young lady named Lorenza, who belonged to an ancient but poor family, and was living in strict retirement under the sole guardianship of her uncle. Although surpassing all her youthful rivals in the charms of her face and person, Lorenza had appeared so little in society, or even in any of the public promenades, that the fame of her beauty had scarcely spread beyond her own street. Thus Ortensio had never seen her, and even long after Ippolito had been received as a suitor, Don Louis, the uncle, pertinaciously refused his repeated solicitations to be allowed to introduce his friend as a guest. Ortensio's curiosity, meanwhile, had been but little excited by Ippolito's description of the paragon of beauty that he was enamoured with. He ascribed the whole account to the earnest language of a man deeply in love, and even told him with a smile that if she were only half as beautiful as he considered her to be, she would long ago have set all Naples in a flame, not excluding himself. Thus although he always listened with a willing ear to Ippolito's confidences, he cared not otherwise about Don Louis's prohibition than as far as interest in the future wife of his friend might lead him to be desirous of her acquaintance. It chanced that a few weeks before his marriage was to take place, Ippolito, whose family was of Spanish origin, was suddenly summoned to Seville to take possession of a large property that had been bequeathed to him at the sudden death of one of his relations. The will being disputed by one of the testator's nephews, the affair was put into the hands of the law, and it was necessary that Ippolito should appear in person to make good his claims. Ippolito would have preferred, in his

heart, to leave the matter as it was, rest contented with his present fortune and abandon the new possessions to the rapacious nephew; but Don Louis talked to him so gravely on the subject, and represented to him so forcibly the real injustice he was committing towards his future heirs, in yielding to the laziness of the moment, or the reluctance at parting with his beloved, that Ippolito abashed and persuaded, was unable any longer to withstand his reasons. No sooner did he make known to Ortensio both the necessity for the journey, and his resolution of undertaking it, together with the melancholy forebodings that assailed him at the very idea of bidding adieu to Lorenza, than Ortensio immediately proposed to accompany him in hopes of rallying his spirits, and being useful to him in those worldly matters, of which his friend, he well knew, was rather too careless. This proposal having been accepted with joy, Ippolito proceeded to make the necessary arrangements, and shortly after the two friends set sail from Naples with a favourable wind, and arrived at Seville after a prosperous voyage of less than ten days. Ippolito's first care, after taking up his quarters in one of the best hotels of that city, was to call on one of his relations, who had no interest in thwarting his claims to Don Pablo's succession, and enquire for the name of the best lawyer who could be procured for gold, into whose hands he immediately put his cause, entering at the same time into all the particulars with a zeal that made him appear a much more interested party than he really was, so great was his impatience to get through the whole affair, and his wish to impress the same feeling on all those concerned in it. Meanwhile Ortensio was very differently engaged in presenting all the various letters of introduction that they had brought with them, and soon found himself launched in the best society that Seville afforded. Nothing however could induce Ippolito to join in any amusement—his whole thoughts, his whole time were devoted to the one object of his journey, which he pursued with such relentless perseverance, that his health began gradually to give way. It was in vain that Ortensio remonstrated and even attempted forcibly to drag him from his retirement, Ippolito replied that he had no heart for any diversion; that the image of Lorenza was enough for him, and that he should consider every moment wasted that was not employed in diminishing the time of his exile from the woman he so passionately adored. The delays of the law however, so little sympathizing with a lover's impatience, seemed protracted in this case even beyond the usual limits. The remains of the summer, and the whole of the winter had now passed away, still litigations went on without any hope of their being brought to a satisfactory close. Twenty times would Ippolito have yielded the contested point and embarked by the first ship that sailed for Naples, had not the fear of provoking Don Louis constantly kept him nailed to his uninviting task. To complete his painful state of mind, the news he received from his beloved was neither frequent nor satisfactory. Don Louis's strictness of principle would not allow him to consent to his niece's corresponding even with her future husband; his only means of hearing from Lorenza, therefore, con-

sisted of occasional letters from Don Louis. These were stiff and formal, and chiefly turning upon business; and after his protracted absence it seemed as if Don Louis grew tired of performing his promise, as his letters grew scarcer and shorter, and at last ceased altogether. The unhappy lover wearied in body and mind, harassed by the dry details of a business in which he took little or no interest, and deprived of the consolation of hearing of his mistress's kind wishes for his welfare, grew daily more and more fretful and melancholy. At length he one day said to Ortensio—

"My dear friend, do not think me capricious or unreasonable if I ask a favour of you that may at first sight appear even an unkindness to yourself. When you generously proposed to accompany me to Seville, believe me I felt all the gratitude due to so kind an office; but now, valuable as your society is to me, you could not confer a greater benefit than by returning immediately to Naples and presenting yourself at Don Louis's, and ascertaining whether Lorenza still loves me, and writing me back word whether or no anything fatal has befallen her."

Ortensio replied that as he had been ready to embark with him to come to Seville in the hopes of serving him, so now was he equally willing to return to Naples if he could be of real use to him, though he strongly urged his objection to leaving him alone in a foreign land in the present dejected state of his spirits. Ippolito interrupted him with assurances that he would be infinitely less miserable if he had the certainty that his interests at home were taken care of by his friend, and he could do him much more good by giving him regular news of Lorenza, than any personal consolations he had in his power to offer. "In short my dear Ortensio," continued he, "unless you grant my request I feel that I must die here by inches. It is no longer in my power to exist without Lorenza—but the moment I have the certainty that my friend is near her, I shall cease to feel myself so entirely separated from her—and if you have the least value for my existence, you will not hesitate a moment in complying with my earnest wishes."

Ortensio could not comprehend such an intensity of passion, but he good naturedly considered that there was perhaps no better means of quieting his friend's disturbed spirit, and seeing that he was in no humour to bear the least opposition, he did not attempt to argue with him, but assured him of his perfect readiness to carry into effect any plan that he might devise for ameliorating his condition. A languid smile played over Ippolito's face as he received these assurances, and he said,

"Your friendship will save me from worse than bodily death—it will rescue me from the species of mental death that one endures when parted from the object who alone can confer upon us inexpressible joy or everlasting misery."

At these words which seemed very exaggerated to Ortensio, he began almost to doubt whether his friend's mind was not alienated by grief, and he seriously wondered what Lorenza could be like to have inspired him with so frantic a passion. Without more ado however, or showing any surprise, he made ready for the voyage, and having

bid adieu to the fair dames of Seville, to some half dozen or so of whom he had sworn everlasting love within the last six months, he set sail without any regret but that of leaving the love sick Ippolito a prey to his own unhappy fancies. The moment he arrived in Naples, Ortensio lost no time in repairing to Don Louis's house, and requesting an interview. The old man received him cordially, and enquired after his intended nephew. Ortensio felt ashamed to lay bare the whole of his friend's weaknesses before one whom he suspected would but little understand them, he therefore suppressed the fact of his own return having been solely occasioned by Ippolito's restless uneasiness, and merely told him how truly unhappy he felt at being separated from Lorenza, and how earnestly Ippolito wished that he (Ortensio) could be allowed to see the young lady from time to time, and supply him with occasional news of her well being and continuance of regard. Ortensio backed his request by dilating in such strong terms on the melancholy that was preying upon his friend's very existence; there seemed so much propriety and reason in all he said, and withal such modesty in his manner of proffering his claims to be regarded as something more than a mere stranger, that Don Louis won over by a few minutes conversation, and unwilling besides to offend his niece's rich suitor by refusing so trifling a matter, not only consented to allow him to see Lorenza, but even fixed with him on a particular day in each week when he should come and take his dinner with the family. The first time that he appeared at Don Louis's table, Ortensio bestowed some care on his toilet, not wishing as he repeated to himself that Ippolito's friend should appear to a disadvantage in the eyes of his mistress, especially as he had involuntarily acquired a very high opinion of her ever since he had been convinced of the unchanging passion she had kindled in the bosom of her lover. He was seated by the side of D. Louis, and listening to his conversation with some impatience, when at last Lorenza made her appearance. Ortensio thought he had never before seen any woman who united such perfect beauty with so much grace and modesty. He found it impossible to withdraw his eyes from her, and equally impossible to address to her any of those compliments that he would naturally have paid on a similar occasion, and losing at once all his self-possession he became as embarrassed and as timid as if he had never before moved in the society of ladies. During the whole repast Ortensio found it impossible to return into his natural channel of easy conversation, but the very restraint which he felt angry with himself for not being able to subdue, turned to his advantage in the eyes of Don Louis, who was rejoiced to find a very modest and even bashful young man, in place of the lively spark of fashion that he had been taught to consider him. The time passed away very pleasantly—Lorenza did not say much, not being accustomed to see strangers, but she looked more than she spoke, and all she did say was full of grace and meaning, as Ortensio was nearly struck dumb since she had entered the room, Don Louis had almost all the conversation to himself, yet none of the party were tired. The tender hearted Lorenza listened with glowing cheeks whenever her uncle asked any

question relative to Ippolito, and her eyes were directed towards Ortensio with an expression of fondness that made him envy the happiness of his absent friend who, even at such a distance, had the power of animating those beautiful eyes, and several times he concluded his answers about Ippolito by saying—"How can he be otherwise than unhappy when parted from you Madam?"

Ortensio was of course not left alone for a moment with Lorenza; he was therefore unable to deliver a letter that Ippolito had charged him to give her privately, nor was it indeed likely that an opportunity would occur so soon. Nevertheless he had secured it about his person to be in readiness for the favourable moment, but now on leaving Don Louis's, he experienced a singular sensation of satisfaction at the idea that no such opportunity had presented itself. He tried in vain to account for so unworthy a feeling. That he sincerely wished well to Ippolito there could not be a doubt, and he felt equally certain of his good intentions towards Lorenza, who had given him so gracious and even so cordial a reception, as the friend of her lover. Was he capable of envy? He spurned such idea—and to get rid of his troublesome imaginings, that same evening he penned a letter to Ippolito to inform him that he had seen his beloved Lorenza; that all seemed right so far, and his apprehensions quite groundless, and that although he had not been allowed any private conversation with her, it was quite sufficient to observe the expression of her countenance, whenever his name was mentioned, to be assured that he had not lost his place in her heart.

When the day again came round for Ortensio's visit, he dressed himself with even more care than before, and not forgetting Ippolito's letter which he hoped this time to be fortunate enough to slip into Lorenza's hand, he set off on the wings of friendship, as he thought, though in reality with something very near akin to the impatience of a lover going to meet his mistress. Lorenza did not appear less beautiful than on the first occasion that he had seen her, on the contrary he thought he discovered fresh charms that had before escaped him, now that he was enabled to contemplate her more at leisure, the first surprise having subsided. But though he had recovered some of his self-possession, he was careful not to forfeit Don Louis's good graces by any indiscreet display of gallantry towards his niece, and with a tact of which he was himself scarcely conscious, he contrived to lull his vigilance, and confirm him in the idea that he was the most discreet of men as well as the most faithful of friends. It was no doubt in the full conviction of this fact that Don Louis who had made an effort the first time to combat the influence of the drowsy God, now fell asleep according to his daily custom shortly after the dinner was concluded. This was a golden opportunity for Ortensio to have delivered Ippolito's letter—but he was so taken up with delight at finding himself as it were alone with Lorenza, and so intent on rendering himself agreeable, that he completely forgot the duty he had to fulfil. Lorenza was too timid to be the first to speak of Ippolito, and though she plainly showed that she expected her guest to come to her assistance in this respect, the

precious moments were all wasted in talking on indifferent trifles till her uncle awoke from his slumbers. Ortensio then perceived his fatal omission, and sincerely reproached himself for having been capable of forgetting his friend in the pursuit of his own amusement; he was even so struck with shame and remorse that he shortly afterwards took leave of Don Louis and his charming niece, and walked home with a feeling of sadness that he had never before experienced. It would have been better for Ortensio if he had cherished these first compunctious visitings sufficiently to have come to the determination of flying from all further danger by discontinuing his visits to the fascinating Lorenza. Instead of this he only encouraged himself to dare further temptation by reasoning thus: "It would be deceiving my friend if I did not fulfil my promise of frequenting Don Louis's house. And if it was Lorenza's beauty that disturbed my intellectual faculties to the degree of making me forget the letter, then am I doing Ippolito good service by seeing her so frequently as to grow callous to her charms. I cannot too soon accustom myself to view Lorenza in the light of Ippolito's wife."

With this specious argument Ortensio rested satisfied, and for several weeks after he continued to visit Lorenza with increased delight to himself, though to the eminent danger of his own or his friend's future happiness and peace. For instead of repairing his neglect during the subsequent siestas of Don Louis, he continued keeping back Ippolito's letter, and even avoiding the mention of his name whenever he found himself alone with Lorenza. It seems strange that a man who had been so frequently in love as Ortensio, should be no better aware of the approaches of passion than to suffer himself to be involved with open eyes in such an inextricable labyrinth of perplexities and misery. That he was greatly to blame, even from the first, there can be no doubt. Nothing but a secret jealousy of his friend's happiness, could suffice to account even to himself for his suppression of Ippolito's letter; yet would he have been startled if any one could have whispered into his ear that it was his design to blast that happiness for ever—and it was only at length when an irrepressible passion for Lorenza had completely mastered all his better resolutions, that his good principles and integrity entirely deserted him:

One day that Don Louis seemed more soundly asleep than usual, Lorenza, who had always wondered why Ortensio never spoke to her of his friend, at length took courage to say to him,

"How is it that you tell me nothing of Ippolito? Did he give you no message for me? Or do I cease to live in his thoughts?"

Lorenza's voice almost faltered as she said these words, and thinking she had been too forward, she cast down her eyes and blushed to her very temples. Never had she appeared more beautiful or more touching—but this simple question which ought to have recalled Ortensio to his duty, only occasioned a feeling of bitterness that he could not conquer, and suggested the idea of the most cruel deception that was ever devised. He therefore replied after a pause,

"Alas, Madam, would that I could reply satis-

factorily to that question—unfortunately it is out of my power so to do.”

“What do you mean?” exclaimed Lorenza turning suddenly very pale, “am I to understand that Ippolito is unfaithful?”

Ortensio dared not say the word—and perhaps he would, even thus far have willingly retraced his steps, could he have found means to account for what he had so imprudently said. His eyes quailed beneath Lorenza’s searching glance; but his silence, his confusion, and his last struggling feelings of remorse, were laid to a very different account to what they deserved to be, and while they appeared to her the confirmation of all she most dreaded, she felt grateful for his seeming reluctance to give her pain or to accuse his friend. Her pride gave way at this unexpected blow, and the anguish of her mind vented itself in a copious flood of tears. Seeing the despair he had occasioned, Ortensio was almost fit to throw himself at her feet, and implore pardon for his base treachery, but the love he felt for Lorenza was not generous enough to turn the scale in favour of repentance, and before he could think of what he had best say to console her, Don Louis suddenly woke. Finding his niece in tears, and Ortensio much moved, he enquired, with a look of surprise what had happened, when Lorenza, in whom grief had, for the time being, conquered all reserve, proceeded to inform her uncle of the supposed faithlessness of Ippolito. Don Louis listened coolly to what she said, and though disappointed at heart, took a pride in concealing what he felt before Ortensio, to whom he merely observed—

“I thought what would come of his long absence. No doubt he might have made good his claims much sooner, had he been so inclined, and if Seville had been a less agreeable place. But, Signor, why did you not inform me sooner of this? If I remember right you first entered this house at the especial request of Ippolito, to supply my place in giving him occasional news of his future bride?”

“At the time I left him in Seville,” replied Ortensio, quickly framing fresh lies to support the former one, “I still believed in his sincerity—although even then it was bruited about that a proposal had been made to end the lawsuit amicably, by his marrying Donna Olivia, niece of the defunct, and cousin to himself. Since then I have received fatal confirmation of the truth by a letter in his own hand-writing.”

At these words, which precluded the possibility of any further doubt, the unhappy Lorenza fainted in her uncle’s arms, and Don Louis, more moved than he had yet been, muttered something between his teeth about vengeance on the man who dared to put such an affront upon his family. After Lorenza had been removed from the room, with the assistance of the servants, Don Louis turned to Ortensio and said—

“Of course I cannot expect you to incriminate your friend more than his own deeds have already done for him; but I should take it as an especial favour, if you will consign into my hands the letter in which Ippolito has acquainted you with his perfidious intentions; I shall make no other use of it but what as a man of honour I am sure you must approve.”

Ortensio had not been prepared for so deliberate and straightforward a mode of proceeding; nevertheless, finding at every step the necessity of coining more falsehoods than he had dreamed of in the beginning, he replied that he regretted it was not in his power to oblige Don Louis, seeing that he had destroyed the letter; but as to calling Ippolito any longer his *friend*, he begged Don Louis would henceforward erase such a word from his vocabulary, in conjunction with so dishonoured a name; nay, he could wish that the very recollection of their past friendship could be washed out from the minds of men. Don Louis thanked him for the warm interest he took in his family concerns, and they parted on the most amicable terms. When Ortensio had retired to the solitude of his chamber, he certainly looked with horror at the deep chasm of guilt into which he had plunged so recklessly and so heartlessly; but his passion for Lorenza, and the irrecoverable disgrace that would attend him if he now retracted all he had said, were so many arguments that proved irresistible, and to his disordered imagination there appeared no alternative but to carry through his treacherous designs, and turn all his endeavours towards preventing the possibility of a discovery. Having thus hardened himself against all remorse, he wrote to his unsuspecting friend, and told him that however loth he felt to wound him in so tender a point, nevertheless he considered it his duty to leave him no longer in error with regard to Lorenza’s conduct. He declared that it wrung his heart to be compelled to inform him that not only had Lorenza completely forgotten him, but she had even privately contracted a marriage with a young man of neither good birth nor fortune; and yet so artfully had she contrived to deceive her uncle that, till very lately, he had firmly believed that Ippolito possessed her undivided affections. In thus representing, or rather distorting the facts, Ortensio had a twofold object in view: first, to deter the unhappy lover from seeking any satisfaction from Don Louis, by at once removing all blame from off his shoulders; and, secondly, to sting his pride by representing Lorenza as capable of having so soon thrown away her heart and hand on one of mean condition, judging that the degradation of the object of his love was the most effectual cure for his passion. Having completed his letter to his own satisfaction, the treacherous Ortensio dared to place his signature beneath the vile compound of falsehoods, and dispatched it at the very earliest opportunity.

Meanwhile Don Louis had not been idle. He had written to a nephew of his who resided half a day’s journey from Naples, saying that he earnestly requested his presence on some urgent business. Valerio, who was a young man of good understanding, and still greater courage, and above all a very expert swordsman, guessing from the tenor of his uncle’s letter, that he was smarting under some recent affront, lost no time in obeying his orders, and appeared before Don Louis in a frame of mind armed cap-a-pie, as it were, ready for revenge. After Don Louis had unburdened his mind by relating the story of Ippolito’s supposed perfidy, he continued thus:—

“Now, as you love me, Nephew, and still more

as you value the honour of our family, I charge you to take no rest till you have challenged Ippolito to mortal combat. You must set off for Seville at latest a few days hence; and there I would have you conceal yourself carefully till the day of his marriage with Donna Olivia. You must then appear before him, and tell him publicly that you demand satisfaction in the name of your injured relation; and mind, Valerio, let the miserable man intercede ever so much for mercy, for no doubt he is cowardly as well as treacherous, the honour of our family can only be appeased by blood."

Having received these instructions, Valerio promised to fulfil his uncle's intentions; and having made all fitting dispositions in case of his own death, he set off for Seville in less than a fortnight after this interview. While these cruel plots were forming against Ippolito's happiness, and even life, he was looking forward with impatience to Ortensio's next communication, hoping to hear an agreeable account of Lorenza's pleasure at receiving the letter he had addressed to her, and which he felt certain his friend was adroit enough to have conveyed to her long before the time present. He fondly fancied that Ortensio only delayed writing in order to be able to convey some answer, given with equal caution into his safe keeping. How cruelly were such day-dreams dispelled, when that dreadful letter came at last that was to deprive him of all his cherished hopes, of all his schemes for future happiness! He read it two or three times over before he was able to understand or believe its fearful contents. He saw by the unsteady hand in which it was written, how violently Ortensio had been agitated during his task, and while he wept passionately over the destruction of his earthly felicity, there was yet a feeling of gratitude to Providence that one friend at least was left him to sympathize with his sufferings, and that fate had not quite deprived him of everything. A deep gloom settled on Ippolito's mind from that hour, and blackened everything around him. And though in his answer to Ortensio he endeavoured to temper the expressions of his anguish so as to distress as little as possible the supposed feelings of his reader, there was an under current of hopeless despair to be traced in every sentence, that ought to have carried the bitterest remorse into the very heart's core of his perfidious friend. As Ortensio had indeed hoped and expected, Ippolito declared to him that, after what had happened, he should never return to Naples, and that it was his intention so soon as the pending suit was decided, one way or another, to settle his worldly matters and retire to some monastery where he would try and forget the name of Lorenza, or only recollect her as the lovely and innocent being he once had known. There was no outbreak of rage against the object of his passion, by whom he thought himself so cruelly injured, no endeavour to underrate her manifold perfections, no burst of mortified pride, no imprecations against his rival. Lorenza was lost to him—he admitted the loss to be irreparable, and his grief was too deep to vent itself in any superfluous words. Ortensio feeling relieved from all apprehension of his friend's return, began to breathe more freely, and

considering the enemy now completely beaten out of the field, turned all his thoughts upon capturing that last strong hold in his adversary's possession—Lorenza's heart. It is true that this seemed the most difficult victory of the two, nevertheless, Ortensio felt certain of achieving it in the end. He was far too clever a strategist not to be aware that discretion is the better part of valour; and, according to this rule, instead of presenting himself at Don Louis's house on the usual day, he had the tact to refrain from intruding, and wrote to say that charmed as he had been by the hospitality of so kind a family, he could but feel that as the friend of Ippolito he would henceforth prove an unwelcome guest, and that while he bid adieu to the delights of their society, he could scarcely find terms to express his gratitude for the favours they had heaped upon him. Don Louis of course could do no less than send him word that so far from implicating him in the slightest degree in Ippolito's guilt, he should be happy to continue seeing him on the same footing as before. Nor was Don Louis insincere in what he said. He had been pleased with Ortensio's courteous behaviour on all occasions; and he considered that as his niece had lost one rich suitor it would not be amiss to encourage the visits of a young man who was at least equal to him in point of family and fortune; and, at any rate, if Lorenza's present state of depression forbid the hope of her suffering Ippolito to be replaced in her affections, he was glad of the assistance of anybody to soothe or amuse her. Ortensio therefore found himself very cordially received by Don Louis, who told him, while they were yet alone, that his mind was now easy, and that he had taken measures to efface the affront that had been put upon his family. Ortensio turned pale at these words, and had he given tongue to his thoughts, he would have exclaimed: "Then I shall be a murderer!" But Don Louis, perceiving his emotion, quickly said—

"I understand your feelings towards your unworthy friend, and I esteem you all the better for your generous pity; we will speak no more of the faithless Ippolito."

Just at this moment Lorenza entered with downcast eyes, and the profoundest grief depicted on her countenance. Ortensio could scarcely dare to look at the victim of his cruel artifice; but when at length he did venture to raise his eyes towards her's, she seemed so infinitely more beautiful than she had ever before appeared that, although he repented of the deep affliction he had occasioned her, at the same time he felt ready to forfeit Heaven so that he could but win her love. After dinner, although Don Louis was too much occupied with his thoughts to feel sleepy, yet he pretended to take his siesta as usual, to leave Ortensio more free to converse with Lorenza. The result was, that he was so well satisfied with the young cavalier's respectful mode of seeking to divert his niece's grief, that he determined the next time to sleep in good earnest if he felt so inclined. The tender-hearted Lorenza found an inexpressible relief in pouring out her sorrows to one of her own age, who listened so untiringly, and seemed to pity her so sincerely; and by degrees she looked forward to his visits as her sole consolation, he

being the only person she knew who was acquainted with Ippolito—so great was still her delight to talk about her supposed faithless lover. Don Louis saw with pleasure that Ortensio was daily growing more and more indispensable to her. He observed that her eyes were less frequently red from weeping, and he began to hope that offended dignity would finish by driving from her bosom those last remains of love so difficult to be eradicated. Perhaps something of this feeling crept imperceptibly into Lorenza's heart. By degrees she talked less of Ippolito, and more of her new friend. She was touched at the unremitting attentions of the gay and accomplished Ortensio, who left all society for her's, and contrary to his disposition, his habits, or his usual inclinations, had identified himself with her sorrows, and seemed bent on atoning for the faults of another—and, strange as it may seem, she at last fell into the snare that had been prepared for her, and yielding to her uncle's persuasions, and Ortensio's passionate entreaties, she finished by consenting to become his wife. No sooner was this consent given than Ortensio caused all the preparations to be speedily made, and requesting Lorenza's uncle to suffer their marriage to be quite private, on the plea of getting rid of all those pomps and festivities that would prevent their quiet enjoyment of each other's society, but in reality for fear the news should reach Ippolito's ears, he contrived by his importunities to hasten the day that Don Louis would willingly have seen ushered in with a little more ceremony and regard for the antiquity of his family name. No sooner were they united than Ortensio proposed to his bride to leave Naples for a time, and visit a beautiful estate that he possessed about thirty leagues off; and finding Lorenza quite willing to enter into his plans, they shortly after bid adieu to Don Louis and started for the country. Lorenza, who was naturally little inclined to gaiety, and had never entirely recovered her spirits since the supposed desertion of Ippolito, preferred a secluded life to a more dissipated one; and though Ortensio was fitted for anything rather than solitude, the cloud that hung over his spirits, even now that he had secured his prize, had diminished his fondness for society, and consequently their two characters assimilated better than might have been expected. For a time all went vastly well. Ortensio was unremitting in his attentions to his beautiful wife, and Lorenza, grateful for the love she had inspired had given him all the affection that could be furnished by a heart that had been occupied by a more enthusiastic passion. She was not only universally considered a most happy wife, but she felt herself to be so, and whenever any recollections of Ippolito intruded upon her mind, she would chide them as unworthy, and even doubt whether, had her first choice turned out better, she could have found the same happiness as with her present husband. They had been married about six months when one day that Ortensio was absent hunting (the only amusement that ever drew him away from her side) one of his tenants, who had been in arrears, at length called to pay his rent. Some of the old receipts being wanted to settle a disputed point, the steward applied to Lorenza in his master's absence, and

requested her to look for them among Ortensio's papers, indicating the particular drawer in the bureau in which he believed she would find them. Lorenza, who recollected that her husband had left his key upon a table in his room, hastened to fetch it, and going into a little study where his books and papers were kept, she opened the bureau expecting to put her hand upon the receipts immediately. Not finding them, however, where the steward had told her, she began to search amidst the confused mass of papers that were heaped up in one corner, when on turning them over she discovered, to her surprise, a letter addressed to herself, in Ippolito's hand. A strange thrill went through her frame at this sight—for she had never in her life received a letter from Ippolito. How it came here, and why it had been hidden from her, were questions that startled her as they suggested themselves to her mind. Frightened, she scarcely knew why, she opened the letter with trembling hands, examined the date, and then rapidly perused its contents. Those expressions of devoted love and of passionate endearment, so different in their intensity to Ortensio's lighter and less enthusiastic temperament, struck her with a painful contrast that she had never remarked on before—and no wonder, for Ippolito had never been allowed to see her with half the liberty that Don Louis had granted to Ortensio—but here his whole soul poured itself unreservedly, and while she drank up each word with eager fondness, she felt an irresistible return of that love which neither time nor another attachment had been able to extinguish. Resolved on sifting this mystery to the bottom, and almost hoping to discover Ippolito's innocence, she recommenced her search amongst the papers, when she lighted on a letter in the same well known hand, directed to her husband. Lorenza was too much agitated at the time to make very nice distinctions about the indiscretion of her proceeding, and feeling that if she had been deceived, she had a right to make use of any weapons that chance threw in her way, she never hesitated a moment, but read the letter through. It was the last one that Ippolito had ever written to his friend, (which, together with the other, Ortensio had imprudently forgotten to destroy), and here she found the whole story of iniquity written in legible and indubitable characters. She saw at a glance all that she had lost—and how she had lost it—and Ortensio became a monster in her eyes, from whom she recoiled with horror. Her resolution was taken at once. She locked up the bureau, and replaced the key on the table where she had found it, and then gathering up her purse and her jewels, she fled from the house, and took refuge in a neighbouring convent. On returning from the chace, Ortensio enquired for his wife, and being told by the servants that she had been closeted for some hours in his study, where they had not ventured to interrupt her, he went, with a degree of alarm, to see if anything was the matter. Not finding her there, he repaired to her room, when he saw a strip of paper lying on the table beneath the key of his bureau. He opened it with a sort of misgiving, and read as follows:—

"Ortensio,—Your treachery has been discovered,

and you are become abhorrent to me. By the time you read these lines, I shall have reached a retreat from which no human power can compel me to return to a perjured friend and deceitful husband. You will never see me again. Adieu—while I go to weep for ever over my easy credulity, learn, if possible, to weep in penitence over the blighted hopes of the unfortunate

LORENZA."

These words fell like a clap of thunder upon the guilty Ortensio. Not even the grief of the heart-stricken Lorenza at the discovery of her husband's perfidy could equal the frenzy of despair that took possession of his soul at so unexpected a catastrophe. As soon, however, as his first paroxysm had somewhat subsided, he flew to give orders to his servants and huntsmen to disperse themselves in all directions in search of their mistress, entreating them to lose not a moment as they valued his life. And then, fatigued as he was by the day's chase, he mounted a fresh horse and started off at a desperate speed, while his honest dependants, alarmed by his pale and haggard looks, evinced their attachment for Lorenza by their prompt obedience to their distracted master's orders, raising the whole neighbourhood as they went along, and calling on them to join in the search of their beloved mistress.

We must now return to Valerio. On arriving at Seville to fulfil his uncle's instructions, he found that Ippolito had left that city, and after wandering through a part of Spain, had sailed for Algiers with some of the Fathers of the Redemption, in a vessel freighted by himself, in the benevolent purpose of aiding these pious monks to redeem Christian captives. Some said it was to propitiate Heaven and insure the favourable issue of his law-suit—others accused him of ostentation—none knew of the secret grief that was preying on his heart, that compelled him to seek consolation in vast designs for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. He was however, expected back at Seville, therefore Valerio resolved to await his return. Many months passed away in this manner, during which, Valerio, notwithstanding the most diligent research, was unable to gain any information about the supposed marriage of Donna Olivia with Ippolito. Concluding therefore that the match had been broken off, he resolved nevertheless to take his revenge on him as soon as he appeared, without losing any further time in waiting for the day of his nuptials. He was confirmed in this resolution on hearing that the lawsuit was decided in Ippolito's favour, and that the latter was daily expected. At length the wished-for moment came, and no sooner did Valerio hear of Ippolito's arrival in port, than he flew to meet him, and while several of his friends were crowding round him with congratulations on his safe return, he came forward to demand satisfaction in his uncle's name. Ippolito, who did not know Valerio's person, hesitated at first, as if he thought the stranger had mistaken him for some one else, when Valerio quickly added—

"It is Don Louis who sends me."

Startled by a name which he could never hear without a painful reference to past events, he involuntarily replied—

"How can Don Louis ask satisfaction of me?"

Is it not *his* family who have done me the cruellest injury!"

"That you must settle in your own conscience as best suits yourself," replied Valerio, "but as I am of a different opinion, I must request you to decide the matter, not by a vain dispute of words but at the point of the sword."

Ippolito replied calmly that he was ready to give him any such satisfaction that he might require, and after requesting the rest of that day to settle his affairs, they agreed to meet on the following morning. Ippolito immediately proceeded to make his will. Half of Don Pablo's property he bequeathed to the nephew who had sued against him; the other half to the Convent of the Holy Trinity, whither he had thoughts of retiring should he survive. His whole personal property, and his estates in Italy, he left to Ortensio in memory of their friendship. Having thus arranged his worldly matters, he confessed to one of the Fathers who had accompanied him to Algiers, the only sin of his life, which was the one he was about to commit, in seeking to take his adversary's life. It was in vain the good monk remonstrated and tried to dissuade him, on the plea that as he half belonged to them, he ought no longer to subject himself to temporal laws, and much less yield to the dictates of folly and passion. Ippolito replied that he had not sought to quarrel with any one, but that till he had retired definitively from the world, he could not school his feelings into overlooking so public an insult. Then seeing that the Father shook his head sorrowfully, he added that if it pleased Heaven that he should escape with his life, he would devote his remaining days to the acquisition of those milder and more forbearing virtues which he hoped to learn of the holy fraternity.

"My son," said the old man, "it were better to learn it now at once, than trust to a future that may never come," and a few tears stole down his aged cheeks as he blessed the young cavalier, who with all his reverence for him, was too weak to run counter to the prejudices of society, and saw him depart with a painful presentiment of coming evil.

Valerio and Ippolito met at the appointed spot. The former was violent and hasty, and being irritated by a supposed affront which he had so long waited to revenge, fought with a kind of desperate determination that one of them should fall. All his thrusts told, while Ippolito who was sick of life, whose arm was perhaps enervated by the monk's denunciations against duellists, all of whom he branded as murderers, and who besides felt no animosity towards Valerio, kept mostly on the defensive; and though his own wounds were bleeding profusely, his sword was scarcely tinged with blood. Valerio, naturally generous, no sooner perceived that his adversary, from some cause or another, was fighting at a disadvantage, than he threw down his sword, saying:—

"Recover yourself, Signor, before we proceed, I would not be your assassin."

Ippolito, too weak to answer, staggered to the nearest tree, and would have fallen had not Valerio run to his assistance, and with a quick transition from hostility to a feeling of sincere pity, tendered all the services in his power.

"Tell Don Louis that I forgive him," said Ip-

polito, when he had recovered breath enough to speak, "for I die in peace with all mankind."

Valerio, who thought it was Don Louis who had to forgive Ippolito, instead of the other way, nevertheless replied gently :—

"Rather forgive me, Signor, who without any personal enmity, have yet been forced to become the instrument of Don Louis's just resentment; not for his own wrongs, but those of his niece Lorenza."

The dying Ippolito opened his eyes again at this name, and said :—

"Did Lorenza wish for my death? then indeed death were more bitter than I could have supposed possible!"

"No," replied Valerio, "Lorenza I am certain, would forgive you at this moment, even your broken faith. Neither she nor her husband Ortensio had the least hand in——"

"Ortensio the husband of Lorenza!" exclaimed Ippolito, with sudden energy, "by what prodigy can so strange a union have been effected?"

Valerio explained all he knew from his uncle's letters, since he had been at Seville, as hastily as possible, for he saw no time was to be lost, and that there was evidently a something that Ippolito wanted to clear up before he died. When he had finished speaking, Ippolito once more raised his eyes towards Heaven with a sad and appealing look, and said :—

"Then we have both been basely deceived! Tell Don Louis on the word of a dying man, that I never was unfaithful to his niece, and tell her, oh tell her——"

Here his intellects, which were rapidly darkening, seemed to grow more and more indistinct.

"I will fulfil all your wishes," said the remorse-stricken Valerio, pressing his hand.

"Tell her that I believed Ortensio," continued Ippolito, "and may she never have cause to repent of trusting him, as I have done."

So saying, he expired in the arms of his adversary, now suddenly transformed into a compassionate friend, who longed to revenge the death he had himself inflicted. No sooner had Valerio seen Ippolito's remains given over to the Fathers of the Redemption, in whose convent he had requested they might be interred, than he fled from Seville, leaving a letter to be delivered to one of Ippolito's relations, in which he informed him of the fatal error under which he had challenged him and taken away his life. On reaching Naples, he found Don Louis already in possession of the facts, and learned also Lorenza's flight from her husband's house, and then eager to show to the world how innocently he had participated in Ippolito's death, he lost no time in sending a challenge to the treacherous Ortensio. This duel, in which neither were killed, (and Valerio indeed only slightly wounded) made a great sensation in the town, and soon the whole story circulated amongst its inhabitants. Valerio became the hero of the day, while the wretched Ortensio deprived at once of his wife, his honour, and his place in society, was obliged to leave Naples, and seek some distant town, where he hoped to screen himself awhile from the disgrace that pursued him. But he was not suffered to rest long. Scarcely had he somewhat

recovered from his wounds, when Don Pablo's nephew, touched by the noble donation of one whose claims he had formerly questioned, and resolved to revenge his memory, sought out the guilty Ortensio and insulted him in the open streets. A meeting ensued on the following day, but as if fate had determined to prolong the martyrdom of the wretched Ortensio, he was yet doomed, though heavily wounded, to drag on his miserable existence for some years longer, during which he had to answer so many challenges on the part of Ippolito's relations, that when he received the final blow in the last of these encounters, his body was found to be covered with scars and ill-closed wounds. Thus perished the once gay and brilliant Ortensio, leaving his ample fortune and his tarnished name to his young wife, in whose eyes the one offered sorry compensation for the other. Ippolito's property he never touched, but bequeathed it, in hopes of atoning for his flagrant transgressions, to various charitable institutions, a portion amongst the rest to the Fathers of the Redemption in Spain, with a humble request that he might be suffered to lay his ashes beside those of the betrayed Ippolito. The request was granted, and the perjured friend sleeps beside of the injured one, as though death that levels all things, had cancelled the memory of all but their former friendship.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

1ST FAIRY.

Where holdest thou thy course this day,
To the lands of the morning far away,
Where the rising billows softly swell,
And the Nautilus rides in his paper shell;
And the flying fish may draw thy Car,
To catch the first gleam of the bright day star?

2ND FAIRY.

I go not away to the Eastern Sea,
Tho' the wave may be rolling pleasantly;
But I bid me afar to Golconda's mines,
Where the diamond and the ruby shines;
And I'll deck my head with brighter gems
Than glow upon regal diadems,
And quaff the wave of the deep clear spring,
From its emerald sources wandering;
And revel the night in those sparkling domes,
Known but to us and the elish Gnomes.

3RD FAIRY.

And I will away to the mountains fair,
And join the dance with the fairies there;
And sip the dew from the violet's bell,
And sail on the lake in the pearly shell.

X. P. I.

CHARADE.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

"Come here, little boy," cried a portly old dame,
Whose eyes were as dim as gas-lights in a fog :—
"Come here, little boy, and pray tell me your name."
The lad whipp'd off his castor, and said "Johnny Hogg."
"Can you read, little boy?"—The lad simper'd out
"yes :—
"Then tell me what's written just over my door,
For I've been for an hour in the greatest distress
To discover."—"Why, Ma'am, it is this, and no more,—
A circle, pounds, pence ;—sorrow ; what I shall be ?
What you are ;—only look in a mirror and see!"

THE EIGHTEEN GIRLS OF MIDWALDEN.

A LEGEND OF 1798.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

"Yet is the tale, brief though it be as strange,
As full methinks of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire;
As any sang of old in hall or bower
To minstrel's harps at midnight's witching hour!"

ROGERS.

The MS. from which the following narrative is subjoined was originally in the possession of a pupil of the philanthropic Pestalozzi, and supposed to have been written by the boy's mother, who was herself an eye witness of the dreadful scenes described in it. Scenes which shall render back to France and to her Generals an immortality of hatred whenever a free spirit or a gentle heart pauses to contemplate them.

"It was evening," so commences the Legend of the eighteen Girls of Midwalden. "An evening such as we only find in Switzerland during its brief Summer. Around us waved the golden corn fields and green pastures, while far above the white dazzling peaks of the distant glaciers smiled down upon us in their cold and solemn beauty like presiding spirits.

It was customary at that time for the girls of Midwalden to meet together at intervals, when the glad recollections of our early days, when we used to sport with each other upon the mountains or gather flowers in the lower valleys, were renewed with an almost childish eagerness and delight. On the evening in question there were eighteen of us reckoning myself,—eighteen happy and joyous girls just budding into womanhood, with all those vague hopes, and delightful dreams so peculiar to that period of life fresh in our hearts. Some stood knitting in picturesque groups, their busy fingers moving almost as nimbly as their tongues. While others sat upon the ground weaving garlands of the blue gentiana which they twined with untutored grace amidst their flowing tresses or hung carelessly upon the boughs of the trees above their heads, while a few of the younger ones danced merrily on the green turf to minstrelsy of their own sweet voices.

Amidst the darkness of after years how vividly does the memory of that hour flash back upon my mind—how fondly I seek to linger over the one bright spot in my night of gloom! Sweet friends and companions of my happy childhood! I see you once more as you were then, ere the withering blight of care had fallen upon your hearts. I listen to the loud glad music of your mingled laughter—and my spirit bounds within me at the recollection!

Among that merry group there were five sisters, all beautiful and somewhat proud of the admiration which their appearance together never failed to excite, but with such perfect love existing between them that each one scarcely ever thought of herself separate from the rest. Aileen, the youngest, was the favourite, not only of her sisters but the whole Canton. She had all those qualities which

we find to be the usual characteristics of the beings most loved in this world—gentleness, affection, and a light and joyous spirit. It seemed impossible that Aileen should ever give offence to any one, so caressing were her manners, and so winning even in their very waywardness. There was another too whom we all loved, an orphan, one of those passionate and imaginative beings for whose future happiness we involuntarily tremble, dreading the moment when the slumbering energies of their souls shall be unchained from their deep repose to bless or destroy, according to the object around which they cling. But why particularize any more? after all the early history of most girls is pretty much alike, and the same thoughts and feelings however carefully concealed will generally be found to actuate their conduct.

As the evening closed in, those who had wandered farther away among the mountains, and the merry dancers upon the plain, wearied by their exertions, and infected with that sobered train of feeling which is apt to steal over us in the hour of a summer twilight, joined their graver companions, and we twined our arms around each other's waists with holier feelings of affections, and began to fancy as girls are apt to do, the many circumstances that might happen to divide us before another summer. There are three things which the young have to dread at such times as these,—marriage with its host of new ties and sympathies, which generally succeed in weaning us so effectually from all the old companions and associations of our girlhood. Death, and change, but of the last we knew, and thought nothing. Many a fair cheek glowed at the possibility of the first, and when we spoke of the second, I observed that one fair girl whose sisters had all died of consumption stole away and wept, praying for forgiveness as she did so—she was very young to die! Poor Louise! you were not destined to perish thus.

Those who had no lovers veiled their girlish envy by laughing at their more fortunate companions; and those who had felt too happy to heed the playful mirth that was directed against them. One young girl, with a saucy toss of her beautiful head, amid the dark tresses of which the fading blossoms of the Gentiana peeped dimly out like stars in a dark night, laughingly assured us that Midwalden contained not one whom she could ever love. And yet six months afterwards we followed her to the village church, and saw her the happy bride of a young farmer, whose cottage joined her father's; showing how little faith is to be placed in the proud boastings of an unengaged heart. Aileen sat upon the ground at the feet of her second sister, with her arch and mischievous eyes uplifted with provoking mirth, as she sang the old Swiss ballad, of a—

"Youth who came from fair Piedmont to woo an Alpine maiden."

And the low sweet tones of her voice, the beautiful picture which she presented, her joyous face seen in contrast with the downcast eyes and blushing consciousness of her sister had rivetted all our attention, when it was suddenly diverted by the appearance of one of those wild Bohemian women, whose periodical visits to our Cantons are looked forward to with such trembling eagerness by the

younger portion of the inhabitants. She wore a crimson petticoat reaching a little above the ankle, and over that a still shorter garment of pale blue cloth, surmounted by a velvet jacket, which was profusely covered with small gilt buttons. A crimson handkerchief twisted about her head, and but ill concealing a profusion of grey matted hair, gave a picturesque wildness to her whole attire, and contrasted finely with the dark, weather-stained hue of her complexion. Her eyes were singularly bright and keen, and we shrank back with a momentary feeling of awe as they glanced rapidly over us.

Aileen ceased her song and was the first to come forward and approach the wanderer, entreating that she would make trial of her skill, and tell her how long it would be before she found some one that she could love better than her sisters?

The Bohemian did not reply, but a shade of sorrow passed over her face.

"How old are you my child?" she asked, as Aileen somewhat impatiently repeated her request, holding up as she did so a small silver cross as a reward.

"I shall be fifteen in a few days," was the quick reply.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said the gipsy turning away her head. "So young—so early doomed! keep thy cross child, for in that blessed emblem you must place your whole trust!"

"I know it," said Aileen, kissing it devoutly. "And had I given you this, I have still another left, the last gift of my sainted mother. But if you will not be bribed to tell my fortune," she added with that winning smile, which so few could withstand, "do it for love!"

"Maiden if I refuse thee, it is in pity," said the Bohemian:

Aileen looked disappointed, for she was not used to have her wishes disputed, but it was evident that the angry feeling was not of long continuance, for I watched her a few moments afterwards steal round to the bank on which the wanderer had flung her empty wallet, and place in it the bread and fruit which had been prepared for her own supper, together with the only coin she possessed, which small as it was would be sufficient in a hospitable country, such as Switzerland, then was for the most part, to last out for many days.

To all who addressed her, the old woman was equally reserved, refusing to make trial of her skill though richly tempted by the lavish offerings of the impatient group whose eagerness to pierce into the unknown future was increased by the opposition which they had so unexpectedly met with. At length the keen eyes of the Bohemian rested on the spot where I stood, and she beckoned me towards her, withdrawing a little apart as she did so, and I followed her trembling with curiosity and impatience. She took my hand in her withered ones and appeared carefully to examine it, while from time to time she looked up in my face with a dark and troubled expression.

"You love and are beloved!" said the Gipsy at length.

I remained silent, too timid to confess, and too conscious to deny the truth of the assertion, and she continued.

"It is well, the object is worthy of you, and you will attain it. In the short space of two years, you will be a wife, a mother, and a widow!"

There was a long pause, during which my better reason struggled with the superstitious fears that overwhelmed me.

"But why," said I at length, "have I alone been singled out to listen to your dark revealings? No fate which you might prophecy for my companions could be worse than that marked out for me."

"Hear me," said the Bohemian with impressive solemnity, "two years hence, not one of those seventeen beautiful and happy girls shall be left alive upon the earth! The doom is upon every one of them, and you are destined to see it worked out!"

I started and uttered an irrepressible scream of horror, but she bade me be calm, and hide carefully within my own breast, the desolating secret which I had wrung from her's.

A little way off, stood the merry group curiously regarding us, and fearing they might read in the pale horror-stricken expression of my face their own fearful destiny, I turned away from the gipsy with a wild laugh and rejoined them immediately.

"Well," said Aileen, passing her arm gently around me, and looking archly into my eyes. "Any news of Priest John?" and then seeing that I looked unhappy, she kindly added. "After all my dear friend, this is but nonsense, and the God of the Future only knows what is in store for us."

"Poor Aileen! for thy sake I prayed that it might be so."

With delicate consideration no other questions were put to me, my gentle companions judging from my sadness, that I had nothing pleasant to relate. All through the remainder of that memorable evening I felt as a mortal may be supposed to do, moving amidst a band of happy spirits—henceforth I was alone—they must all die but I should survive!

Another summer came, and we met again. Many that had had lovers were now wives, and a change had passed over all. Of the five fair girls two were married, but the youngest and most beautiful of them all, still loved no one better than her sisters. The orphan too had fulfilled her doom—the doom of a too sensitive spirit, a blighted and broken heart! But the pride of her woman's nature struggled powerfully with its weakness, and no laugh was louder in the joyous circle than that of the pale and heart-stricken Clemence. Louise had passed the fatal age, on the attainment of which, her fair sisters had dropt one by one into their untimely graves, and catching the wild hopes of her parents and friends, that she was not destined to fall a victim to that fearful disease which had swept away so many, she gave herself up to those fairy hopes and anticipations with which the young love to look forward into the future. For myself, I could only rejoice as I gazed upon them that the prophesy was as yet unfulfilled; only one year remained of the time mentioned by the Bohemian, and it seemed to me impossible that they should all die in that short space,—but nothing is impossible to God! One part of the prediction which related to myself, had however come to pass

and I was the happy wife of one of the best of men.

My son for whose eyes this narrative is written, has only to consult the various histories of the times, in order to form some idea of the vigorous manner in which the French republic worked out their avowed purpose of subjugating Switzerland. A free people, as they styled themselves, fighting against a nation that had from time immemorial, preferred liberty to life itself. I shall confine myself, therefore, to what passed in my own immediate neighbourhood.

In the month of July 1798, General Schauenburg and the French commissioners, sent orders for all the people to assemble in every Canton, and take an oath at once repugnant to their feelings, and dangerous to their long cherished independence. But they, at once refused to comply with the demand, entreating to be left to the peaceable enjoyment of that liberty, which they had so dearly purchased; and offering to make a solemn promise, never to take up arms against France, or join the ranks of its enemies. But this was not deemed sufficient, and Schauenburg repaired to Luzern with fifteen thousand men, ready to invade the forest Cantons. Had they remained firm and united, all might yet have been well, but Schwitz first, and then Uri, began to waver in their resolution, until the small Canton of Unterwalden was left alone in the struggle. The Obwalden was surprised by the entrance of a French column, and forced to make a passive resistance; and the beautiful Nidwalden only remained to resist the combined forces of France. And if it fell at last, the victim of a power a thousand times exceeding its own, the glory is still with those brave men, and undying shame upon the conqueror!

The little valley of Martyrs, as it has since been called, felt that determination of purpose which is produced by a feeling of right and justice; and a hope that even though they perished, the memory of their struggle, and the desire to avenge their deaths, might have a beneficial effect in awakening the mind of their countrymen from the slavish lethargy which was fast stealing over them, and that a flame might be kindled from the ashes of the brave, by the help of which, not Nidwalden only, but the whole of Switzerland should be purified and freed.

Sustained as I was by the unshrinking constancy of my noble husband, I shuddered at the fearful prospect before me, and instead of rejoicing over the birth of my fair and beautiful boy, wept to think that another of the Bohemian's prophecies had been accomplished.

Early on the morning of the memorable 9th of September, my husband entered my chamber where I sat, pale and sorrowful, and commanded me to pack up as quickly as possible, such little valuables as I might desire to preserve, and join a party of my countrywomen, who terrified at the increasing horrors of the times, which spared neither sex or age, were about to take refuge at Sarnen.

"And you John," said I, clinging fondly to him, and looking into his pale beautiful face with streaming eyes. "What will become of you?"

"I am going now to perform mass, and the

God whom I serve, will protect me," was his reply, as he bent down and kissed my forehead for the last time, and kneeling at his feet, I submissively received his blessing and departed to join my child, who was already in safety at Sarnen. A strange sort of resolution sustained me in that fearful hour, and I felt that it was in vain to struggle against fate.

The pale group without, only waited my coming, and with trembling steps and by a circuitous path, we passed hastily out of the devoted city. There were above thirty of us, including old women and children; but of those capable of doing anything in their own defence, but eighteen—the same eighteen who two years ago on that very day, had met together thoughtless and happy girls, in the peaceful valleys of Nidwalden—and every one of them doomed!

About half way between Stanz and the place of our destination, stands the chapel of St. Jacob, the white walls of which were already in sight, when a troop of French soldiers, maddened with conquest and thirsting for blood, suddenly emerged from the cover of a neighbouring wood. In that dreadful moment, the pale and broken-hearted Clemence was the first to think on what was best to be done, and hurrying the feeble portion of our little band into the chapel, we placed ourselves resolutely with our backs against the wall, resolved to die in their defence. We were all armed with scythes, which we had found left by the frightened inhabitants, and I noticed that the foremost soldiers involuntarily shrank back at the first sight of our formidable weapons. We knew that it was in vain to appeal to their mercy, but nevertheless Aileen made the effort. Poor girl! she had been taught to believe that no one could refuse her anything, but they drove her back with threats and curses, like a frightened bird.

Clemence, who from being the least happy, became the more courageous, and fearless of death, spoke a few brief words of hope and encouragement, reminding us that the lives of our aged parents and helpless children depended upon our beating back our enemies, and concluded with the last sentence of the memorable declaration of Bern, which was then on every one's lips, "We may cease to exist, but our honour must be preserved to the last."

You may wonder my son, how I could remember all this, but I will venture to say, that not one word uttered by that pale and fragile girl, as she stood proudly in the midst of us, with her eyes flashing and her cheeks glowing, will ever pass away from those who heard them. And when reason shall have resumed her sway in the hearts of her murderers, when peace shall restore them to their homes and children in fair France, I can wish them no deeper curse than that the recollection of this scene, and the tones of Clemence's clear silvery voice may be undying!

At the first sweep of our glittering weapons the French drew back in disorder, and then turning with rage and shame, renewed the attack with an impetuosity that left us no hope but death. Clemence was the first to fall, and gradually of the four sisters, who kept so careful a watch around the beautiful Aileen, but one was left, and she pale

and wounded, could only ward off the blows of the fierce soldiers with her feeble arm. When I looked again they had both disappeared, and of the eighteen but seven remained! For myself, I had no fears, but I knew that *they must all die!* Gradually however, my strength failed me—I grew sick with the sight of blood; and the screams of the frightened children within the chapel—the groans of my dying companions—and the wild shouts and curses of the soldiers grew less and less distinct, as I sank fainting on the ground.

The day was far advanced before I again unclosed my eyes, to find that of the eighteen I alone was left alive! The soldiers thinking us all destroyed, and somewhat ashamed perhaps of the victory they had achieved, departed without farther outrage; and finding all quiet, the little band of childless mothers, and weeping orphans had gone to carry the fearful tidings of their bereavement into Sarnen.

With a sudden hope that all might not be quite dead, I moved over the slippery ground and began to examine the altered faces of my companions, and to place my hand upon hearts that had a short time since bounded so joyously, but which were now cold and pulseless. The five sisters laid together where they had fallen with their arms flung over each other; and a smile seemed to hover on the parted lip of the youngest, as if she felt it happiness to be with them even in death. Louise fearfully mangled, laid at a little distance off. Poor Louise! the fate of thy many sisters perishing one by one upon their peaceful beds, surrounded by kind friends and loving voices, was to be envied—not feared. One young girl stood up rigidly against the white walls of St. Jacob's Chapel, which were sprinkled with her blood, but she was quite dead, and on my touching her, fell heavily to the ground; and sick with horror, I went a little way apart, and finding myself upon my knees, prayed that God would have mercy both on them and me—the dead and the living!

It was thus that the little band of brave spirits, who had come to ascertain the truth of the horrible tragedy related to them, found me and conveyed me to Sarnen, where my worst fears were confirmed and the last shock given to my breaking heart—thy blessed father died as he had lived, at God's altar!

Thus somewhat abruptly ends the legend of the eighteen girls of Nidwalden. And on referring to the different histories of the times, we find that on the day to which the closing scene alludes, fifteen hundred are supposed to have fallen victims to the brutal ferocity of the soldiers. And that a Priest while in the act of saying mass, was struck dead by a shot, the mark of which in the altar by which he stood, is still shown to the traveller. In the Churchyard of Stanz, a chapel has been built consecrated to the memory of four hundred and fourteen inhabitants of the town, including women and children, and once a year, mass is said in the old chapel of St. Jacob, for the repose of the souls of the seventeen girls of Nidwalden!

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, where there is no love.

BACON.

SONG.

In life's joyous moments
Why think of the morrow,
With its vision of sadness,
Its phantom of sorrow;
Why seek to embitter
Each present delight,
By dreams of a future,
O'ershaded by night?
We'll pluck the gay blossoms
Which ope in the Spring,
And garland our brows
With the freshness they bring;
And ere they be wither'd,
We'll fling them aside
To gather fresh flowers
In the flush of their pride.

And let us not search
On the red rose's stem,
For the thorns which lie hidden,
Oh! seek ye not them;
We'll forget while we sport
In that glad joyous hour,
Aught evil is lurking,
Beneath the fair flower.

For why should we sadden
Life's Summer career,
By our cares for the future,
Our search for the tear?
Too soon that glad Summer
Of pleasure is past,
Too soon comes the Winter
With cold chilling blast.

Then while the flower blossoms
Its scent let us borrow,
For with Eve comes the blight
And 'tis wither'd to-morrow.
Believe me life's crosses
Are grievous to bear,
Then fling from the present
Each shadow of care.

J. M. R.

THE HUNTSMAN'S PANIC.

(A FRAGMENT.)

Written for the *Boûts Rimés* in "The Belle Assemblée" for January.

It came on the wings of the desolate night,
And the Hunter's bold staghound bayed with
affright,

It came with a wild and a piteous groan,
Whilst the sere leaves of Autumn in eddies were
blown;

It came in a cloud-vest, a dark, dense robe,
And burst in its might o'er the startled globe!

Up started the Hunter! as quick as the haze
Of the morning flies at the sun's bright blaze,
His slumbers vanished; he listens in wonder
To the howling blast, and the rattling thunder;
And, starting, he sees his cavern-home brightning
With the blue-forked flash of the tempest light'ning.

His hound crouched near on the cold stone floor,
Purpled with stains of the stag's heart gore;
He ventured to look—but a tree came, (hurled
By the storm's giant hand) with its red leaves
furled,—

And the front of his cave was shatter'd and broken
Where the roses were twined, as a first love token!

GEORGE.

CLARA.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

(Concluded from page 41.)

As the term of his stay drew near a close, Charles bent his thoughts towards the accomplishment of a scheme which wild and senseless, as it would have been deemed by one less impetuous, was become to him the very ailment of life. Clara was still a minor, and could take no step without the sanction of her uncle, so long as she submitted to his controul he urged she must expect but a tyrannic exertion of power, which might end in his compelling her to become the wife of another, to avoid this he proposed that they should become privately united and leave their country together. Clara gave a firm and haughty denial to the passionate entreaties of her lover; in vain she appealed to his feelings of rectitude—"could she leave the kind guardian of her infancy, the motherless girl that needed female guidance, and above all her infirm uncle who had cherished her from infancy, and had placed all his reliance on her love to smooth his last years. But the infatuated youth was not to be persuaded from the settled purpose of his soul, when he found she remained firm in her resolution, a storm of reproach fell from his lips, and he dared to utter doubts of the sincerity of her attachment, and he called upon her to prove it, by yielding to his entreaties. Miss Howard listened with an enduring attention; when he paused for her reply, she stood before him proudly erect, her countenance glowed and darkened with resentment, and a flash of scorn beamed in her eyes which she averted in disdain from the impassioned and kneeling figure before her.

"Charles," she said, in a tone that startled him by its firmness, "I forgive your presumption in supposing me so blinded by passion, as to renounce all ties of kindred and principle for its gratification, your deviation from reason and respect shall be forgotten—even the cruel doubts you have just now breathed, all but my duty I will forget; then urge me no more, but pursue the means which can alone obtain my uncle's consent to our union, until then never will I become your wife."

The abashed and mortified Charles muttered a few words of repentance and grief and rushed from her presence. A few days after their last conversation, the ship in which he was to embark was under sailing orders, and Charles Irwine was compelled to join her; his spirits rose at the thoughts of the perilous and noble cares he was about to commence; a short time spent with companions no less ardent restored him to his usual flow of spirits and to all appearance he was as careless as the breeze that bore him from his native land.

Time passed not so happily with Clara after his departure, she missed the animated being who in despite of all his faults, was the idol of the family; Clara filled the blank caused in the little circle, by a greater effort of cheerfulness, and she was rewarded by the return of smiles and the subsiding of anxious expressions of dread that had often in the fulness of their grief escaped the Rector and his daughter. Before the year had passed away, the inmates of the Rectory had dropped into

their usual calm, and to many it might seem monotonous existence.

Major Howard was not inactive during this period, he had by means of his Indian correspondents, obtained a clearer insight into Irwine's principles than years of intimacy could have afforded him. He always repeated to his niece any trait which was favourable to her absent lover, it needed no great penetration to perceive that the Major was gradually losing all his former repugnance towards Charles, in approbation of his merits as a soldier. A daring, therefore brilliant action, which it was Charles' good fortune to perform, did more to reinstate him in the Major's good opinion, than all Clara's intercession could accomplish.

In the storming of an Indian town, he had happily, and at the risk of his own life, preserved from massacre an English officer who had been for some months in the power of the Indians. The victory with all the circumstances attending it was matter of high honour to the youthful officer, and he was immediately promoted to a more distinguished post in the army.

Clara listened to the encomiums which the Major lavished upon this action, with a faint smile, but a sinking heart; many months had elapsed since that event, and in all that time she had not received any direct communication from Charles. He had written to her once, shortly after his arrival in India, but this letter contained more the lofty aspirings of a heated imagination than those gentler feelings that suited her homeborn taste. Her lover preserved a silence both to her and his father, as inexplicable as it was at variance with his usual candour, while the Rector, grieved and astonished, was at a loss for a reason to assign for the mysterious and unfeeling indifference shown to him by his son. Major Howard grew more reserved, and was evidently labouring to bring his mind to the task of relating some unpleasant intelligence respecting Charles. All the sickening fears that Clara had so long stifled returned in greater force, reason and knowledge of her lover's principles alike told her she had placed her all of happiness on a frail bark. At length her uncle thought it necessary to undeceive her with regard to Irwine's real character. He confirmed her worst fears by informing her that an intimate friendship was established between the officer he had so materially served and himself; he had been long the most frequent and welcome visitor at his house; the lady who presided over it was a young and graceful being, fascinating, lovely and the only child of the officer, and an Indian by birth; nature had bestowed all the allurements of Eastern beauty on the maiden. When she thanked her father's preserver in honied accents, and expressed for him the tenderest interest in his welfare, and all in so artless a manner as if she scarce deemed it necessary to conceal her own unfortunate yet innocent prepossession in his favour, it was difficult for one so inconstant as Charles to resist the spell of fascination; yet long he did so, he thought of the companion of his childhood, the gentle admonitress of his youth; then as a new and engrossing passion gradually replaced that lovely absent one, he strove to drown it by remembrance of his plighted faith, remorse and fruitless regret succeeded, and then he

would seek for relief from his mental tortures in the presence of the beautiful Indian. This state of indecision could not last long; and too soon he pledged his honour past recall, and very shortly his marriage was to take place.

Clara learnt the "plain unvarnished truth" from her indignant uncle; in his detail there was no palliation, no redeeming circumstance to soften the suddenness of the blow; all was forced upon her conviction, the fickleness, the deceit, and utter worthlessness of the being on whom she had lavished all her best and most holy affections.

A letter from Charles shortly before his marriage, confirmed the truth of her uncle's statement; the contents of that epistle, she never revealed; it was one of humiliation and in reality in it, he had appealed to her generosity, her mercy and affection—and not in vain, she wrote to him, not in the language of an injured and heart-broken woman, she scorned to breathe a word of complaint or reproach to one who had so rudely broken the tie of every honourable feeling; she released him from his engagement to her, in terms that would have touched a heart that was not debased by its own waywardness.

Miss Howard was doomed to prove in her own case, that misfortune is generally followed in succession; before the close of that year, her kind uncle was lying on his death-bed, a palsy deprived him of speech many hours before breath left him; but so long as sight was granted to him, it was directed towards his orphan niece. Clara would allow no hireling nurse to perform for him those attentions which come so sweet from those we love. And she it was who smoothed the pangs of death.

When the last will of Major Howard was read, it was seen he had left her heiress to a considerable fortune; but what were riches to one, who had long lost the freshened hopes, the delusive imaginings that could alone impart value to the possessor? all was cold in her bosom, except the pious trust on a refuge in another and better world; ere the last months of mourning had expired, she bore in her person all the fatal symptoms of consumption.

The silent grief which had fastened on her heart, destroyed a frame and constitution always delicate. Never did Clara once allude to the disappointment that had crushed her; she felt too high a sense of feminine delicacy to compromise it by vain re-peating, a shade of deeper melancholy was alone perceptible over her demeanour, more touching than any passionate expression of grief; but her heart was breaking, and the lamp of life was burning coldly and silently away.

The invalid was roused from her sad reverie by the entrance of Miss Jones.

"I feared you would feel dull, dear Clara," said she, "so I played truant from church, to pass the morning with you, say is it agreeable; or will you chide me for my omission of duty?"

"You are always welcome, dear Miss Jones, and perhaps you were never more so than at this present moment, for sickness has taught me how dependent we are upon health and fortuitous circumstances for our hours of careless ease."

"Yet I never find solitude irksome," said her

friend, "to me it is a relief after my school business is over, or in bustling through trifling pursuits, chattering for instance with that best tempered, yet most provoking of all little women Mrs. Aimwell."

Miss Howard smiled at this sportive sally, then again reverting to her first idea, she said, after a moment's pause, "there was a time when solitude appeared as welcome to me, but now my mind grows wearied with the sad images that rise before it, by far too gloomy to be chased away by aught that memory can bring of brighter recollections; it is then that I pray to be released from suffering; but death approaches so slowly, that were it not for this wasting frame, and the mortal languor that besets me, I might yet suppose a long term of existence awaited me."

Miss Jones, struck with the sorrowful energy with which the invalid spoke, rallied her own spirits, as she replied in a cheerful voice.

"This is unusual language my dear Clara, to hear from you; I can only attribute this melancholy to a too close confinement to the house—I lean on my arm, and we will take a walk in the garden, where you shall see your own flower bed, and gather roses whose fragrance and beauty shall bring as bright a bloom in your cheeks for very envy."

The friends passed out of a bay-window that looked upon the lawn, and striking into the shrubbery, they walked slowly on. A mild air was abroad, and not a threatening cloud darkened the wide blue smiling sky above their heads, a range of swelling hills masked the horizon, while nearer broken ground and rising knolls, and hedgerows that bounded the yellow corn fields, from others that looked by distance so many patches of rainbow tints as if a caprice of nature, yet the whole blending in perfect harmony. The church spire rose from amid a venerable avenue of elms, the dark grey timeworn edifice was distinctly seen from an opening in the road; near its quiet burial ground, stood the school, a plain neat modern building, snug cottages were clustered round it, and farms and villas of more pretending architecture were scattered far and near; the Rectory-house, formed a pleasing feature in the landscape; it had undergone repairs and various alterations under the reign of its different occupants, but time had blended every hue in one dull red, fostering the clematis and ivy that crept up the walls, and drooped in masses over the casements and door-post. A long low wall divided the kitchen-garden and meadow, from the ornamental portion of ground before the house; here in different groups where trees whose falling leaves, and glowing tints proclaimed the autumn; the flowers were blooming in their gayest colours, and the unseen birds sent up to Heaven their rich, full, and melodious carol on the morning breeze.

The invalid stood leaning over the garden gate, which looked out upon the high-road, wrapped closely in her cashmere, her head resting on her hand, and her attention absorbed in contemplation of a scene she had known from infancy, and yet now came over her fancy with the freshness of a novel charm.

There is something in the nature of an English

scene on the Sabbath day, peculiarly expressive of the holy rest it is intended to commemorate; in the country the religious peasant regards that day as one set apart from all toil, one that is allotted for the communings of man with his Creator; all the hardships of his blameless and laborious life, is forgotten in thankfulness for the blessings which are his portion, in the pure enjoyment of domestic love; and as he sees around him his sportive healthy children, and their industrious pious mother, the labourer feels gratefully that the seventh day is to him a day truly of rest.

The morning service was over, and the congregation were dispersing; among a group who approached, the ladies saw Lucy leaning on her father's arm, and Mrs. Aimwell walking quickly before them, she soon joined her young friends.

"Well my dears, I suppose you are admiring this pastoral scene; confess you are two idlers who prefer by far a stroll in the meadows listening to murmuring rivulets, or the moaning of the wind through the leafless branches of the trees (as they say in romances) to the godly sermon our minister gave us this morning?"

"You found it very much like a composing draught I suspect my dear Mrs. Aimwell," said Lucy archly, "first it produced stupor, then drowsiness, which ended in profound slumber."

"Excuse me Miss Irwine, napping I disclaim, had I been so inclined the ridiculous appearance of Mrs. Drugg, the Apothecary's wife would have frightened away slumber; there she sat in the pew opposite to mine, dressed in the height of finery and bad taste, accompanied by Miss Simkins, who, every one is aware—"

"Oh! never mind that now," cried her alarmed hearers.

"Let us, my dear Mrs. Aimwell," said the Rector, "converse upon a more agreeable subject; indeed if we can say but little in favour of our neighbours, surely their frailties should not be made the occasion for idle jesting, but rather for deep compassion and humble self-examination."

The Rector was suddenly interrupted by the approach of a hired carriage towards the Rectory.

"Look, my dear sir," exclaimed Mrs. Aimwell, "the driver has turned the horses' heads this way, now how very strange if it should prove—"

"Some traveller," said Miss Jones quickly, "dear Clara shall we return to the house?"

"There goes the most thoughtful creature in the world, uniting the best intentions with a bluntness that is pitiable."

Mrs. Aimwell's observation was unheard by the Rector and his daughter, they had rushed past her, and both were now embracing the traveller; Mrs. Aimwell just remained long enough to convince herself that it must in truth be Charles Irwine, and the young child who stood beside him his son; then she resolved to be the first to announce their return to the ladies, and she walked briskly on for that purpose.

The meeting of the father and son was deeply affecting to them both. Solemn is the welcome of age to youth after a long separation; the blessing breathed from withered lips, becomes even more impressive by the consciousness that ere long they will be for ever closed.

The ladies were anxiously expecting Charles, who soon after entered, followed by his father and sister; no introduction was necessary to make him known to either Mrs. Aimwell or Miss Jones, he returned their friendly greeting with one as graceful and cordial as their own. While this scene was passing round her, Miss Howard's attention was long inquiring and riveted on the person of her former lover; to her it was a contemplation fraught with sadness, the wasted form, the fallow cheek, and sunken eyes, which met her view, was a fearful contrast to the dashing and handsome youth who had won and broken her heart. A sigh of mingled disappointment and regret escaped her, then surprise and mortified feelings succeeded, for she saw him turn upon her a bewildered look of inquiry, but without recognition. Whether it was to relieve the embarrassment of her situation, or in bitterness of spirit, her fingers swept the chords of her harp, the attitude, the dying strain which accompanied it, could not be mistaken for another's, Irwine was in an instant by her side.

"Miss Howard forgive my seeming forgetfulness, I was ignorant of your illness, if you could read my heart you would see it torn with anguish to find you thus changed—you whom I left blooming in health, I was not prepared for this last cruel blow; Clara I have suffered much since we last parted, and have known such anguish as even you whom I have so wronged, might pity."

During his rapid address, the pale face of Miss Howard rivalled the crimson hue of the curtain, against which she leant; but that emotion subsided, and the pale spectral girl glided out of the room, without daring to trust her voice with a reply.

Captain Irwine shrunk abashed before the significant glance of Mrs. Aimwell, to relieve his embarrassment; his father drew the lady's attention to the child who had remained hitherto unnoticed. Climbing on his father's knee, the boy hid his head in his bosom, and cast a shy furtive glance around him. The rector uttered a few encouraging words prefatory to a closer acquaintance, the child looked up into his father's face as if to imbibe confidence from its expression. The trial was successful, he withdrew from the arms that encircled him, and went softly to his grandfather; the old man lifted the glossy black ringlets from the olive brow of the boy, and eyes met his soft and brilliant as stars, with rosy lips that returned with interest the kiss that was fondly imprinted on them. He was then transferred to the ladies, Mrs. Aimwell who was really fond of children, was not sparing of caresses, promises of sweet cakes, and Bella for a play-mate. The free laugh of the little Indian, told he wanted nothing of the sportiveness natural to his age.

Mrs. Aimwell was very inquisitive to know the nature of the misfortune he so slightly mentioned in his letter, and also his mode of living when in India. Captain Irwine answered as one to whom that subject must ever be familiar to his thoughts, and he spoke long and feelingly of that calamity which had laid him on a bed of sickness.

"Smile not at the recollection of my weakness," my dear sir, "when I remind you of the letter in which I described the happiness that resulted from a marriage with the best of women; then alas! I

presumptuously believed it placed me beyond the reach of fortune; but you see me now what I am, and well may you imagine the rest—my wife, gentle devoted Zada, how will memory revere and cherish the remembrance of all her love, as long as life is left to him whom she loved too well; ah! would that she had not, for then I should not have become the wretch my conscience tells me I now am. I will not attempt to palliate my fulseness to one who deserved it not, by dwelling long upon the sudden passion which I felt for my Indian, I know not what first rendered me her captive, beauty I think it could not be, although in that respect she might have vied with any in my own land; she was not accomplished in the learning of other climes, her feet had not wandered, nor her mind sought for higher attainments than were to be found in her Indian-home, yet I never grieved at her deficiency in acquirements that add so much to the lustre of woman, so well did natural grace atone for the absence of acquired knowledge; when I heard her voice sweetly ringing through my bower, in my foud fancy art could not have added melody to her voice, or science improve its wildly touching strains—my child looking up into his mother's face with one, the miniature likeness of her own—let me not dwell too long on this scene or I shall lose the resignation which I have so long and earnestly prayed to obtain; we had foreseen that Edward must be sent to England for the advantages of education; this was a grievous trial to Zada, she could not bear the idea of parting from her child, and when the time came which must render his longer stay injurious to his health, the mother's affection overcame every obstacle; for him she would leave the sunny-clime, in which she had been reared, the friends of her youth, and her beloved parent, all were as nothing when weighed in the balance of maternal duty. During our long voyage to England, we experienced no lack of amusement, our fellow voyagers were pleasing companions, numerous though they were, one common interest appeared to unite all; the prospect of return to their native country, infused happiness into every heart, and the long hoarded regrets and fears of years, vanished in the contemplation of again beholding friends and relatives. Gladly we hailed the prospect of a speedy termination to our tedious voyage when the first glimpse of the English shores met our view, though the night had closed in stormy, it failed to inspire us with dread, we retired to rest; but none slept, the tempest increased and mingling with the blast, the sounds of fearful activity convinced us all that the danger was imminent; our suspense was soon terribly terminated by learning that during the deuse darkness the ship had struck upon a sand-bank, and all human efforts to extricate her were unavailing. Never will the remembrance of that night be effaced from my memory; I heard cries of despair mingling in the prayers of supplication—and I beheld by the lightning flash the ghastly countenances of the seamen, and I read in its expression that there was no hope, then my attention turned on my Zada—she was kneeling in the midst of many hapless females, breathing her last earthly prayer, all trace of mortal agony and terror had passed away from her countenance, which

now expressed only holy resignation—my sight stiffened and a fierce pang shook my soul, we were about to part for ever—all the holiest ties were to be suddenly wrenched away with life, in an instant to be dissolved—broken—lost in eternity. I who had faced death in many a field, now trembled and my blood froze with horror as the frantic agony of my fellow sufferers announced my doom. Suddenly every cry ceased, and all paused to listen to the sound that reverberated and pealed above the voice of the tempest; it was the firing of artillery answering our signals of distress, boats were seen struggling with the storm, and bearing down towards us, our own boats were lowered to make for the friendly vessel that we could faintly perceive in the distance. Alas, one common instinctive effort for preservation animated all, maddened by fear the passengers and crew crowded into them; they were soon filled, and still the ship's sides were crowded with people. The last boat was lowered, and my eyes eagerly followed its direction, for in it they had placed Zada, there was not room for another, and they told her so; in vain she besought them not to separate her from her husband and her child, but they heeded her not—with intense emotion I watched the boat, sometimes it was just visible, riding on the top of a mountain billow, then again it was swallowed up in the waves, a wild wailing cry arose, it ceased, then the victims were seen struggling for an instant, in the next they were gone, and all was still, the elements seemed hushed and the waves rolled over calmly as if in mockery of the deep sepulchre they had made. Desperation impelled me to plunge into the sea—I have no clear perception what was my intention—I had no hope—nothing to lose—reckless of life, misery had deafened my ears to the cries of the poor child that clung shivering to my bosom. I felt the numbness of death steal over my frame, and knew that the gurgling waters were closing around me, then I lost all recollection. When sense was restored to my brain, the first object which I beheld was my Edward, he was saved—I asked not how, but pressing him in my arms, fervently thanked God that He had spared to me one blessing. In the course of my recovery I learnt that the remainder of the passengers who were saved, owed their lives to the exertions of the crew belonging to the vessel we were now in. I parted with sincere regret from the captain and officers of the —, and hastened to London, and too impatient to wait the answer to my letter, I immediately obtained a conveyance which has brought me in safety to the arms of the best of parents."

Mrs. Aimwell expressed her sympathy for his misfortunes, and tears dimmed Lucy's sparkling eyes at the untimely fate of her brother's Indian-bride. Miss Jones soon after bade her friends farewell, she was accompanied by Mrs. Aimwell, and the long divided relatives were left together.

It was not for many days that Clara could join the family circle; a rapid change had taken place in her health, her malady assumed its most decided and worst aspect; soon she was compelled to remain wholly in her room. The dying orphan alone occupied all attention, and her devoted friends performed all which affection could devise

to soothe her last days. The constant presence of her loved friends was to Clara a source of much consolation and grateful thanks. They were ever before her, even in the delirium of fever, she recognized the gentle Lucy, who murmured words of consolation, or held the cooling liquid to her parched lips, and many times had stooped down to kiss her burning brow, and wept over her when the pain was beyond her power to relieve.

Many hours had Clara lain unconscious of what was passing around her, death was stealing over her frame like the insensibility of sleep, and an awful stillness reigned in her chamber. The sun set, and deeper shadows were falling upon all things, and the last glimmering light fell on the figures of the mourners. There knelt by the bedside the old man who had reared her from infancy, and was now offering up to his Maker a prayer for the dying orphan. Another form was near, which appeared to writhe in anguish, and a low gasping sob came from the depths of a torn and repentant bosom; the mourner was Charles Irwine.

At the head of the bed sat the two affectionate maidens, Lucy and Miss Jones, watching the last moments of one they had so truly and so long loved. Clara's breath came more faintly, and a chillness and whiteness spread over her face which was impressed visibly with the death agony—her eye-lids unclosed and a gleam of intelligence brightened them; for an instant she rallied her remaining strength to raise herself upright on the pillows.

She looked all around her as she softly uttered, "Charles!"

A slight movement was heard, and immediately he was kneeling before her.

"Clara I am here, speak to me, pronounce my forgiveness, let my penitence—misery—and tears plead for me in your heart."

The orphan's eyes were raised to Heaven, and her lips moved in prayer, she laid her emaciated hands upon the head of the kneeling Charles, and her voice clear and strong as in the days of health, answered to his appeal.

"Charles I have long forgiven you—may God in His mercy bless you, farewell, forget me."

Her head fell back upon the pillow, her eyes and lips closed, no moan, no sigh escaped her, Charles bent over her cold silent form, in unfeigned anguish—he placed his hand on her heart, it was still. The sorrows of the orphan were past.

MATILDA BROWN.

ANSWER TO THE CHARADE, (By LOUISA HUNTER,) LAST NUMBER, PAGE 50.

"What ho!" cried the Abbot of St. Eustache,
As he heard the matin bell
"What ho! why bring ye such squeamish trash,
With its sour and spiritless smell?
Quick! fly to the bin, No. 9—Number Nine,
'Tis there you will find the richest wine!"

Ah me! the Abbot bath broken his nose
Against the skull on his table!
And all the Monks, that day as they rose,
(Though some were scarcely able,
Forgot, till in the chapel they stood,
They never a one had on his hood!

CALDER CAMPBELL..

THE BETRAYED.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

If Love should woo thee once again,
And promise nought but bliss,
Ah wouldst thou not recal the pain
That thou hast known in this?
Beware the traitor's perfidies,
Nor own another flame,
Tho' proffer'd in more sweet disguise,
The poison's still the same!
Yes, on the earth he was but sent,
'To be thy bane—thy care—
Thy grief—thy sorrow—punishment—
Thy agony—despair!
Array'd in smiles, too soon ye trust,
And cautions idle deem,
'Till changed to tears by Falsehood curst,
And Truth mocks Fancy's dream;
Such, such is love, the pictur'd joy,
The gem of woman's heart,
A serpent lurking in the rose,
'To bid its bloom depart;
Its name of pleasure's but a fraud,
With bitt'rest anguish fraught,
Malignant fate could e'er afford
'To curse—where blessing's sought;
Thou canst not plead, as late thou did,
"Thou knew of nought to fear,"
Experience, falsehood would forbid,
Purchased with thy sad tear;
Oh, never more the tutor'd heart,
(Now school'd in its rude task),
Unheedful of its direful smart,
In hope's bright sun may bask;
They are the summer-days of love,
But winter hurries on,
With frosts below, and storms above,
To tell its warmth is gone;
Like that far distant glowing shore,
Where the sun brightest gleams,
The gloom, the darkness is the more,
When he withdraws his beams.

MY HEART IS LONELY NOW!

It is my last, last song, no more
False strains shall veil my heart;
My bright, my fevered, dream is o'er,
Why should I not depart?
There are gay hearts around me,
Bright gems adorn my brow,
But a deeper spell has bound me,
My heart is lonely now.

Oh! why should memory turn
To joys that long have fled!
Why should the cold heart yearn
For feelings that are dead!
Sweet smiles, that once brought gladness,
Fond tears, that will not flow;
I have no home but sadness,
My heart is lonely now.

My childhood's early feelings
Return to me again;
But the spring of their revealings
I seek for but in vain:
The worldly ice that hides
The once warm stream below
Has chilled its glowing tides,
My heart is lonely now.

E. K. S.

LUCY, "AN OWER TRUE TALE."

(A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.)

BY LOUISA HUNTER.

"Perdue le bonheur par sa faute, est la peine la plus amère pour les personnes qui ont de l'imagination!"
La Bruyère.

It was on a beautiful day in the midst of summer, that I decided on a little excursion I had long meditated, whenever a favourable opportunity should present itself. Hitherto, the kind, and hospitable friends, with whom I was staying, would not hear of my being left alone, and my excellent host, and his lady, would have imagined, that I was unmindful of their kindness, had I ventured to request permission to enjoy a walk without their society. These worthy persons devoted a considerable portion of each day to shew their visitor some of the "*Lions*" in the neighbourhood, and it was impossible to resist their considerate attention; particularly as many little "pleasure parties," were formed by these benevolent people, for the express purpose of rendering my stay with them more cheerful, and, as *they* thought, more agreeable. Each morning some new excursion was proposed, and each day it was equally impossible for me to refuse to accompany my benevolent companions.

On the day in question, however, an opportunity was presented, of which I determined to take advantage; my friends being compelled to accept an invitation, which had, on my account, been long deferred; I was, to their regret, left alone for the remainder of the day, and consequently many leisure hours were entirely at my own disposal. Shortly after their departure therefore, I hastened to equip myself for the long walk I had so long planned, and from which I anticipated no small gratification. I was soon ready for my expedition, and all seemed propitious for its full enjoyment; the afternoon was delightful—the sky was serene and cloudless, and the pleasant breeze of summer seemed laden with the sweet perfume of a thousand flowers, whose beauty and luxuriance adorned the parterres of my friend's garden. Ere I quitted this pleasant spot, I paused here and there, now to pluck a rose, now to inhale the fragrance of some other favourite flower, and then, bidding adieu for a time, to the lawn and its shrubberies, I hastened to pursue my promenade. Crossing the road, at some distance from the plantations of my host, I entered a retired lane, on either side of which trees of majestic beauty spread their noble branches, and interlacing with each other, formed a sort of verdant arcade, beneath which I proceeded, sometimes listening to the glad music of the birds, as they warbled forth their cheerful songs:—sometimes glancing upwards at the leafy boughs, which as they waved gracefully to and fro, displayed the calm blue sky, and sometimes admiring the gay butterflies, as they swiftly flew past me, forming no unapt emblem of man, and his brief existence; truly, thought I,

"Their life's a summer, his, no more,
 Though 'tis lengthened to three-score;
 For three-score summers when they're done,
 Will appear as short as one!"

Emerging from the shaded lane, I entered the fields through which my path lay, and hastened onwards to my destination. Many years had elapsed since I last visited this part of the country, and the changed feelings with which I now looked on every thing around me, proved that the interval of my absence had changed me from childhood to womanhood—that mighty change! When I last rambled over this spot, I *chased* the butterflies instead of *moralising* on their brief existence, and played off all the antics of a happy thoughtless child; ignorant of the world and its temptations—as heedless of its cares and sorrows. Each of these pleasant meadows, along which my more sober steps now passed, had been the scene of some childish prank, of frolicsome glee, and every object I now gazed upon, reminded me of "by-gone days," and the friends that were not! How often had I bent my steps to the very habitation I was now hastening to, and how often had a walk to Westdale Farm, been for me the promised reward of good behaviour, the recompense of some childish achievement! As frequently did the young and lovely daughter of the honest proprietor of that flourishing farm, anticipate the visits of "the dear young lady," as, bounding forth to meet me, she welcomed my approach with pleasure, and her innocent smile, and blushing cheek, testified the happiness and delight with which she modestly replied to the kind questions of the friends who accompanied me.

The enjoyments of childhood are simple, but heart-felt; a bird, a flower, a walk, all at that joyous period are sources of extreme pleasure, and few of our subsequent gratifications cause the same happiness—because error, sorrow, and disappointment, are so mingled in the cup of life, that we seldom can *enjoy*, without a taste of suffering; we seldom can inhale the fragrance of the rose, but the thorn wounds and pierces us; ah! why is this? Simple enjoyments are insufficient, we seek others less innocent, and self-reproach is the sting that vexes and chafes us.

"Happy, happy days of childhood!" I exclaimed with a smile, but I sighed as I recollected that the time was past, when a walk to Westdale Farm, seemed to me the greatest possible enjoyment.

It was to this very Westdale Farm, that I now bent my steps, and after continuing my walk across these pleasant fields for some time longer, I at length perceived the humble edifice, with its white walls peeping modestly forth between the trees in which it lay snugly ensconced. I amused myself in picturing the delight of the fair Lucy, at my unexpected visit, and many were the pleasant fancies with which I indulged myself, as I endeavoured to pourtray to my imagination, the alterations that a few years must have caused in the appearance of my favourite; she too, had changed from a child to a woman, and I felt no slight degree of curiosity to observe whether the promising little girl had expanded into the beauty and loveliness I expected to find. I glanced at the basket I carried in my hand, filled as it was with many little presents selected for my humble friend; consisting of some purchases I thought suitable to her station, together with a few trifles, the work of my own

hands. I fancied the delighted surprise with which Lucy would look at each little gift, thus prepared for her, and more than all I knew her sufficiently to be convinced, that the most simple offering, if given by "the dear young lady," would be to her affectionate and grateful nature, worth its weight in gold. It was true that Lucy was only a farmer's daughter, but it was equally true, that she was a creature that no indulgence could spoil, and affability from her superiors, never caused her, or her good father, to forget the relative differences of station. Thus pleasing myself with the anticipated gratification, I was to give this innocent young creature, with whose remembrance many associations of childhood's happiest hours were mingled, I quickly reached the farm, and peeped through the railing, which parted the pretty flower garden from the adjoining fields; but not seeing any person there, I hastened to a small gate at the further side, and, as its fastenings yielded to my touch, I entered, closing the "humble wicket" behind me. I started as I looked around me, for the aspect of affairs were changed indeed, and greatly for the worse! Confusion had now usurped the place of regularity and precision, and disorder seemed to reign where neatness and beauty used to be so conspicuous. The flower borders, which had for so long a time been Lucy's pride and pleasure to cultivate, were now nearly overgrown with rank weeds, and tall nettles waved as thickly as the gay flowers that once adorned the ground; the rose trees and jessamines, that were wont to be trained with such scrupulous care, against the house, by Lucy's skilful hands, were now bent to the earth in tangled masses, and the long grass, and poisonous plants mingled with the sweet williams—wall-flowers and pinks in one picture of desolation and sadness. The grassy borders too, which used to rival the smoothest green velvet, had now grown out of all shape and form, so that instead of appearing like narrow boundaries to the parterres of plants and flowers as heretofore, they now reached across the paths, which were choked up with weeds; the honeysuckles drooped from the railings, and seemed to mourn o'er "the days that were gone." How changed was all around me—not a soul was to be seen, not one of those many cheerful sounds which are sure to be heard in the precincts of a flourishing farm:—no Lucy came bounding forth to meet me, no smiling countenance welcomed my arrival—no honest farmer raised his hat at my approach—the very animals seemed changed, no dogs came frisking out as before:—the garden was a wilderness, and all was still, silent, and sad! Wondering at this melancholy, and changed alteration, which I in vain endeavoured to account for, with any degree of satisfaction, I at length persuaded myself that "Lucy must be married, and far away from the spot, whose guardian spirit she used to be; her father perhaps might be absent also, and, and—" in short I was fairly bewildered, so I hurried on, to the porch, beneath whose shade I had so often rested, and which was once the most inviting entrance—that ever farm-house possessed. It was a huge old-fashioned entrance, on either side of which roses and jessamines clustered in beautiful luxuriance; even now their sweet flowers hung in rich profusion, and perfumed the air with their fragrance.

"Well," thought I, "this at least is unchanged, I am glad to find these sweet blossoms as fair as when I last beheld them;" but scarcely had I made this observation, than a scene met my view, which I never can forget!

The situation of this rustic porch was due west, so that the evening rays of the departing sun, streamed into the entrance before which I now stood; within it was placed the large bench, on which I remembered to have sat when a child. On this very bench reclined the attenuated and faded form of an invalid; her head supported with pillows, and her whole aspect was that of one who had suffered long and severely! At a little distance from this emaciated figure, sat an aged man, her only earthly relative—his face was buried in his hands, and he neither looked up nor moved at my approaching footsteps, and as he did not notice me, I stood in the porch ere he seemed even aware of my presence. At length he raised his head, and seeing me, placed his finger on his lips, as if to entreat my silence; he then arose, and advancing gently towards me, said in a low whisper,

"Hush lady, she is asleep!"

The old man evidently did not recognize me, and the change in my appearance sufficiently accounted for this. In a low voice I communicated my name, and for an instant a ray of satisfaction lighted up his care-worn countenance; but it vanished instantly, and looking earnestly at me with an expression I shall never forget, he mournfully shook his head, and pointed to the bench on which the sufferer lay extended. In an instant I stood by the side of the motionless figure; then, and not till then, did I ascertain that in this feeble and pallid form, I beheld the once lovely, sprightly and beautiful Lucy Grey! Yes, changed as that poor girl now was, faded as was that once fresh and innocent countenance, I still knew my young favourite. But fearful was the contrast! Sorrow and anguish had affixed their seal on that youthful brow; pain and sickness had sharpened those beautiful features—I sighed as I marked the melancholy change. She was reduced to a mere shadow of her former self—the hand which lay beside her was thin, and of the same marble whiteness as her forehead, throat, and face, save on either cheek, where the bright hectic spot dwelt, as if in mockery of the sufferer's agony. Alas! this brilliant flush told too plainly the fatal ravages of the fearful, yet flattering disease which caulked the root of this poor flower.

The sufferer slept, but the quick and difficult breathings, proved to me how fragile was the thread by which this young creature was now bound to existence. Her eyes were closed, and tears stood on the long silky fringes, that rested on those delicate cheeks. I feared to move, lest I should awaken her. At length with a deep sigh she opened her eyes, and fixing them on me she feebly exclaimed,

"Who are you lady? Why come you here? Father, dearest father!"

The old man approached his child, and as he kissed her said,

"Lucy dear, you have slept long, and here is a kind friend waiting to speak to you."

She endeavoured to raise herself, and gazed

earnestly on my countenance for a few moments in silence; then with a deep sigh she sank back on her pillow, and mournfully shook her head saying,

"No, no—no friend of *mine*."

"But I am a friend of yours Lucy," exclaimed I, "and you, I feel sure, must remember your old play-fellow. I have been staying in this neighbourhood, and have walked over on purpose to see you."

Finding she did not reply, I continued,

"Will you not say you are glad to see me Lucy?"

"Who are you lady?" she faintly asked, "who are you that names gladness to *me*?"

"Do you not recollect me then?" said I, "do you not remember how we used to hunt butterflies, and scamper over the fields together in our childish days? Surely you cannot have forgotten Miss —?"

The sufferer sighed heavily, as she answered, "yes, yes, I remember *all, all*—I never can forget what I *was*, and what I *am*!"—She stopped abruptly, and a deep crimson flush suffused her countenance, neck and brow; and as I attempted to take her thin white hand in mine, she withdrew it saying in accents which touched my very soul, "oh no, no, no, I am not what I *was*! Indeed, indeed I cannot bear it," then pressing her fingers to her throbbing temples, the poor girl feebly murmured, "no, no, I *am not what I was*!"

Attributing these mournful expressions to the severe illness from which she suffered, I said,

"You are changed Lucy, you are very ill; but your illness cannot alter my regard for you; will you not shake hands with your old playmate, who has come so far to see you again?"

Lucy replied, "And is it possible dearest lady that you have thought of *me—me*? You are indeed kind! but alas!"

Tears dimmed her eyes, and sobs choked her utterance, and again the unhappy creature paused. Hoping to encourage her, and thinking to soothe this depression of spirit (for such alone I deemed it)—I said:

"To prove that I have not only come on purpose to see you, but that I have also thought of you in absence—look at these little presents I bring you; see dear Lucy," I continued, displaying the contents of my basket. "See, here are many things that will be useful to you—and several others, which are the work of my own hands; I know you will value *them*, for that very reason." I placed the basket by her side, and took her hand within my own as I did so; for a minute, a bright gleam of grateful emotion—I had almost said of pleasure—illuminated her faded cheek, and her eyes sparkled with something of their former lustre, not at the gifts themselves, but at the kindness which prompted the offering. It is so gratifying to find that we have been remembered in absence, that all my readers can understand the feelings which bestowed a ray of satisfaction, even over the mind of our poor invalid. The emotion of pleasure however, appeared but for a moment, and, like a beam of sunshine o'er a wintry sky, the smile faded; her cheeks became pale as death, and snatching away her hand from the clasp of mine, she hid her face on the pillow which supported her, and wept

so bitterly that I was shocked and amazed—as I could not possibly imagine the cause of such agitation. I felt ashamed of my folly in even producing my humble gifts, because I fancied that somehow or other I had renewed the excitement I would so willingly have soothed; so, replacing my poor offerings into the shelter of their basket, I silently waited until the storm of agitation should abate. As the violence of the poor sufferer's emotions subsided, I endeavoured by every kind word I could think of, to soothe and tranquilize her, but vain were all my attempts, each sentence seeming but to increase the anguish of this "stricken-deer;" and totally at a loss to account for this unlooked-for change in my youthful favourite, I turned to her father, saying—

"The evening air grows cool, Farmer Grey; had not our poor girl better enter the house?"

"She always likes the old porch of afternoons—she always fancies to bask in the sun here—but you are right Madam; we are all changed *now*—and perhaps it is too cool for her *now*."

So saying, he summoned an old servant to assist him in removing the feeble sufferer, for I discovered with sorrow, that poor Lucy was too weak, to walk even that short distance. The old servant raised her slight burden, and carried her like a helpless infant, into the snug little parlour, in which, (when yet a child) I had so often rested, when tired from a long walk, and to which Lucy was so pleased to welcome the friends who used to accompany me! I paused a moment at the entrance of this apartment, for the purpose of speaking a few words to her father; but I paused in vain, for he did not accompany us into the room, and as I saw him pass the window, I concluded that he had doubtless departed on some of his "out-door" avocations. Meantime the invalid had been laid on a sofa, that occupied a portion of the chamber, and as the servant withdrew, I closed the door, and placed a chair by the side of the fragile being in whom I felt so lively an interest. She lay still, and motionless, her countenance was deadly pale, her eyes were closed, and she appeared suffering the extreme of exhaustion. As I gazed on that fair young creature, I could not but feel the sad alteration, which a few years had wrought in her condition.

"Alas!" thought I, "how keen, and how severe must have been the disease, which could thus conquer the strength and cheerfulness of that once joyous, and blooming being. How fearful must be the sufferings which could thus reduce her to this pitiable condition; and it is even so—in the midst of life there is death!"

I sighed involuntarily, and my musings were suddenly interrupted, as the invalid unclosing her eyes, fixed them on me, with an expression of such touching melancholy, that I shall remember it silent eloquence, as long as I live.

"You are very ill Lucy," said I, "but others have been as ill, and yet have recovered."

"I never, never, *can* recover," she replied.

"Oh! do not say that Lucy," returned I, mistaking her meaning, as I imagined she alluded to her loss of health. "Do not say you never *can* be well again,—you are very young, and by God's blessing, you will again be well."

"Lady, you are very good—you are very kind, but you know not what *I am*; I never *can* recover—what I have lost."

She again wept bitterly, and I replied :

"I know what you *were*, dear Lucy,—I see you are very ill, but surely it is wrong to—"

"Oh! I am a vile! wicked! sinful! miserable wretch!" exclaimed the poor sufferer, interrupting me with such a burst of violent excitement that I started. She continued—

"You don't know—you cannot guess—the agony of—of—shame, and—guilt, such as mine has been."

I was now more than ever amazed, and totally unprepared to hear such an unlooked for avowal, I hesitated for a reply, and poor Lucy wept and sobbed with such fearful increase of agitation, that I felt alarmed and shocked beyond measure. This emotion, instead of subsiding, only seemed to increase; each word I afterwards uttered only seemed to add fresh fuel to the fire of her sorrow, and I dreaded the consequences of such emotion to one in her enfeebled state.

I at length called to the old servant, requesting her to bring some restorative, hoping to relieve the anguish of my poor tortured favourite; the old woman soon returned, and after some time had elapsed the unhappy Lucy was persuaded to swallow a portion of it; and for a few moments she appeared somewhat more calm. But no sooner did I address the hapless creature in the words of kindness, (and who could speak otherwise to one who suffered as she did?) than her agitation returned with even more violence than before.

"Go—go—go Lady," murmured she, "go lady, I cannot bear such kindness—I am unworthy—oh you know not how unworthy I am—your kindness is agony—I can't bear it. It will kill me—for I don't deserve it."

Then hiding her now flushed face with both her slender hands, she again wept bitterly.

"This, will never do," thought I, "my presence only seems to produce the pain and sorrow, I would so willingly relieve."

I accordingly remained until the poor sufferer was somewhat calmer, and then resolved to depart, since I could not do good, for I saw the wound was far beyond my skill to assuage. "Who can minister to a mind diseased," save that Great Being who created its mysterious essence?

"Is she often thus?" said I at length, to the old woman who still stood with the glass containing the remainder of the restorative, that Lucy had tasted.

"Is she often thus? Lauk no Marm," was the whispered reply. "Lauk no Marm, she har'nt been so flustered-like, since—" Here the old dame stopped short, leaving the blank to be filled up as I chose.

"Since she was first taken ill I suppose you mean," added I. The woman nodded assent, and as my unfortunate young favourite seemed rather more tranquil, I determined to leave her, ere some fresh burst of passionate sorrow should disturb her shattered spirit. Extending my hand I bade her a kind farewell, saying, "God bless you my poor girl, may He soothe and comfort, and support you; His care I commit you, for He can, and will

strengthen you—farewell!" She did not speak, but she fixed her tearful eyes upon me, and taking my hand she bathed it with tears, and fervently pressed it to her parched lips, and then to her throbbing heart. This mute language was as intelligible as if volumes of words had expressed her meaning; it spoke of gratitude—of affection; but the look that accompanied this adieu seemed to say, "my heart is broken—I am dying—we part to meet no more in this world!"

I walked homewards saddened and disappointed of the pleasure I had so long anticipated. Melancholy reflections usurped the glad feelings with which I was animated, when I walked to Westdale Farm; but how changed were my reflections as I returned from it! How often the pleasures we have long expected, fail to gratify us when we fondly hoped to enjoy them; each day proves what poor short-sighted creatures we are, since our very "wishes give us not our wish," and "we know not what a day may bring forth."

When returned to my friend's house, I related my melancholy walk, and many were the questions asked and answered, until the whole of poor Lucy's history was unfolded. This narrative I now offer to such of my readers who do not disdain to peruse the simple facts of

"An ower true tale!"

The pretty and prosperous property called Westdale Farm, was owned by John Grey, whose forefathers had never been, either more or less, than honest English farmers. Such contented and truly estimable characters, are not often to be met with now; because in these modern days of ours, all classes of persons seem in such a perpetual hurry to *improve* (?) and to "better themselves," that they all despise the very situation of life in which it pleased Providence to place them. All mankind are in a restless agitation to *appear* what they *are not*; and to reach this *enviable* distinction, some gallop across the high-roads, and bye-roads, of the world; whilst others rattle along by steam and railways. The "March of Intellect" is often talked of, but the March of Discontent might be mentioned with equal truth, I think, since how many ruin themselves by this fatal error, which pervades all ranks; servants ape their masters; the tradesman tries to play the gentleman; the poor man tries to be thought rich; and the rich man endeavours to vie with those who are still more affluent; the farmer "keeps his hunters," and sends his daughters to boarding schools, and his sons to college; the girls learn to talk bad French, and strum on the piano; the sons are taught to be ashamed of their humble origin, and both come home to be dissatisfied with every thing. The *true old English farmer*, is now seldom seen in these times of would-be improvement; but no character is more truly estimable when we do meet it, and such an individual was John Grey; he was comfortable and independent, industrious and honest hearted, his people honoured him, and his property flourished, because he had the good sense to remember that the eye of master insures the carefulness of the servant. His wife died a few

years after their marriage, leaving one fair daughter to supply her place in his affection; this was Lucy, the pride, the pleasure of his soul, and the comfort of his heart. She was early trained by the worthy farmer, to a life of usefulness and activity, and as she grew in stature, she excelled in all the duties required of her; she was always contented and happy. Hers was no idle existence; she arose with the lark, as blithe, and as cheerful as that sweet "harbinger of morning;" and although she was not accustomed to positive labour, yet Lucy was as industrious in her humble sphere of action, as the busiest of the "busy bees," which she tended under the sunny wall of her own garden. As a child she was her father's pretty plaything—his pet; the being who ever welcomed him with a joyous smile, when he returned home, fatigued with the employments of the day's avocations. Many of the most respectable families in the neighbourhood, used to notice the honest farmer and his lovely daughter; and many were the kind words bestowed on this fair flower; for the frankness and gentleness of her temper, the beauty of her personal appearance, and her retiring modesty rendered her generally admired as well as liked. As she became older, so she grew in favour with all who knew her, and as for John Grey, he literally idolized his child; each little wish was gratified, as soon as named; and it was not a difficult matter to grant her petitions, since she never desired more than was easily accomplished; some favourite flower roots, some new *pet*, some trifling reward for old Martha, the servant; or occasionally a new ribbon for herself; these were the utmost pinnacles of her ambition. Alas! that it should ever have been otherwise. Alas! that so fair a picture of rural happiness and prosperity, should ever have been darkened! But a circumstance occurred which blighted the morning of her youth, and changed the fair scene to sorrow and—shame!

Westdale Farm was situated at the distance of about eight miles from the University of—. The house was larger than John Grey required, and for many years past, it had been his custom to set apart two rooms, better furnished than the rest, for the purpose of receiving any student, who might wish to continue his routine of readings during what is termed, "the long vacation." This practice is by no means unusual, as any of my readers must know, who have chanced to reside for any length of time near —, and many farmers, and other persons, inhabiting the neighbouring villages, prepare apartments for the express purpose of receiving any young man, (whose friends reside at a great distance,) and who may desire to pursue an uninterrupted course of study.

Well reader,—this had long been the habit of Farmer Grey; and his comfortable house, and hospitable disposition, caused him to be at no loss for an occupant. Several gentlemen, had, at various times been his lodgers; and as Lucy was particularly active, and clever in all household arrangements, she used to feel considerable pleasure in shewing "the apartments," to any student who was likely to require them; and as she drew up the blinds of the best parlour, (at her father's bidding) and arranged the simple furniture, her feelings of gratification might have been envied, by

the mistresses of far more magnificent establishments.

It was early one fine summer morning, that John Grey rode forth on the trusty old horse, which (fat, and sleek, as the master it had borne for so many years) paced down the lane leading from the farm with that steady, plodding pace, so peculiar to the plump round steeds of plump jolly farmers. The good man had been absent many hours, and Lucy had been, as usual, fully employed until the afternoon. The day was now advanced, and the lengthening shadows proved that evening was approaching. All the active duties of Lucy's busy day were completed, and having, according to custom, arrayed herself in her neatest attire, she took her seat in the old porch, before alluded to, and plied her needle with quick and skilful industry. It was a pretty picture that—of rural innocence and happiness. The weather was serene and beautiful; the farm around her, with its various sounds, denoting cheerfulness and prosperity; and she, the fair mistress of all, beneath the pretty picturesque porch, adorned as it was, with the luxuriant masses of roses, honeysuckles, and jessamines, which her own taste had trained across this rustic bower, under which she sat, busily employed with her work; ever and anon she sang as sweetly and as blithely as any of the birds in the neighbouring thickets. Sometimes she paused, and listened for the sound of her father's return; then, as she resumed her occupation, the song was again heard, until she once more paused to wonder "what could have kept father so long away?" At length the sound of a horse's feet were heard clattering up the lane; it was doubtless her father: she arose, listened again, and ran out to welcome his return, exclaiming—

"Oh! Father, I am so glad —"

She stopped short, and blushed deeply, for a glance sufficed to shew that it was *not* John Grey, and a deeper crimson overspread her countenance on perceiving that the intruder was a stranger, young, handsome, and evidently a gentleman. He dismounted when he observed her, and enquired if this were Farmer Grey's house, and whether he could see him? To the first question, Lucy of course replied in the affirmative, and to the latter she said her father was from home, but that she expected his return immediately. In a few words the visitor explained the cause of this most unexpected visit; he wished to occupy "the rooms" during the long vacation, as his home was far, far away, and he had often heard the comfort and hospitality of Westdale Farm much commended. Lucy summoned the old servant, the apartments were shewn and approved; and after partaking of some of Lucy's very best gooseberry wine the stranger departed, promising to ride over next day to conclude the agreement with John Grey; after which he remounted his horse and rode away.

The honest farmer at length returned, and as he imprinted a kiss on the fair brow of his darling child, she commenced a recital of her interview with "the gentleman," to which he replied—

"Get supper ready, child, for I'm hungry, and then we'll hear all about it."

This order was quickly obeyed, for the evening's simple repast had long been in readiness, and was

as acceptable as a good appetite and a good temper (no unnecessary ingredient, Reader), could make it. After this was discussed, to the good farmer's satisfaction, he again requested his daughter to "tell him all about it," and as all appeared very promising he agreed that the expected guest should be received on the morrow, with all willingness to admit him as a lodger. The morning came, and the stranger arrived at the appointed hour; the interview must have been satisfactory, since the following evening Mr. Frederic Harrington, of ——— College, came to take possession of his new abode.

John Grey and his fair daughter were present at the arrival of their new guest, and the welcome he received from each was sufficiently indicative of their different characters.

The farmer greeted "the gentleman" with that blunt, frank kindness which was the distinguishing trait of his honest heart; whilst Lucy, after having made every possible arrangement for the comfort of the expected stranger, received him with a modest reserve, so mingled with anxiety to please her father's guest, that Mr. Harrington could not fail to congratulate himself at the prospect of his comfortable sojourn.

Lucy had always assisted the old servant in her attendance on the lodgers of her father; and never could a more "neat hand Phillis" minister to the wants of mortal man. Mr. Harrington retired to his apartment, and as Lucy laid her head on her pillow her dreams were as gay and joyous as her own innocent heart. Alas! that it should ever have been otherwise!

A few days elapsed and Lucy had frequently been noticed by "the gentleman" as he returned from his walk, or ride; during his absence she used to cull the fairest flowers in her garden, to decorate the apartment assigned to his use. One morning, whilst thus busied, she heard the steps of some person approaching the spot where she was occupied in arranging some of her most favourite flowers, and looking up she perceived Mr. Harrington, who exclaimed—

"Then it is to your kindness I am indebted for the beautiful flowers which so tastefully decorate my room? How very considerate and kind of you!"

Lucy acknowledged the "kindness" and, as she endeavoured to pluck a beautiful cluster of roses, which grew beyond her reach, Frederic *very politely* assisted her in the attempt. This was a most simple incident, and would not deserve notice, but that it serves to shew "the importance of trifles!" From that moment the plans of Frederic were decided; he knew she was innocent, he saw she was beautiful; the ice of reserve, on his part, was broken; and from that hour Lucy, somehow or other, thought more of Frederic than she had ever thought of any human being, excepting her father!

Insensibly, and by slow degrees, the poor girl mingled the image of Frederic with every thought and every action—even the most trifling. Insensibly, and by slow degrees, she asked herself, "What would Mr. Harrington say?" or "What would Mr. Harrington think?" or, "I hope Mr. Harrington *will* come to my father this evening;"

or, "I hope Mr. Harrington will *not* come to my father this morning." Then she contrasted him with all former lodgers, and it is enough for our purpose to say, that Frederic gained immeasurably by this comparison. We need not pursue the poor girl's delusions further, but requesting the reader's imagination to assist the pen of the author, we content ourselves with saying that Time passed on, and Mr. Harrington had now been many weeks under the roof of Farmer Grey; but he was not a person to pore over his books, when such a fair study as Lucy was near to contemplate. He was idle, selfish, and what is called "a gay young man!" *Gay?* alas! alas! Why he ever thought of taking up his abode with the Greys at all was best known to himself. He soon discovered that Lucy was beautiful, innocent, and artless, but artlessness and innocence will not preserve their possessor from error unless *firm principle*, anchored on Religion, assist us in our path of life, and enable us to withstand its temptations. Poor Lucy was dazzled by the attentions of one so much her superior in worldly rank, she was flattered, and because she judged of him by her own truth and inexperience, she imagined that he also was sincere and honourable in his intentions; all was "couleur de rose," all was delusion; and her judgment thus bewildered caused her to view everything through its dazzling hue. Her father, who was constantly occupied with his farm, was scarcely ever at home, and neither dreamed nor suspected that his beloved child stood at that very moment on the brink of a fearful precipice, and that one false step would hurl her down to destruction.

"And was the fair and promising Lucy so soon, so fatally misled?" Reader, she was very young, wholly inexperienced, and ignorant alike of the world and its deceptions. She was at length addressed in the accents of love; she started and trembled! Again were the honied words repeated, and she hearkened to "the voice of the charmer!" Again was the fatal poison instilled into her ear; again she listened, and as she listened—hesitated! Alas!

"She who hesitates is lost!"

Never had she been so addressed before, and she drank from the charmed cup, spiced as it was with deception and sin, until her soul was intoxicated; "Château qui parle—et femme qui écoute, tout deux vont se rendent." The friendly warnings of conscience were disregarded, and Lucy's fate was sealed!

It was at a late hour, the evening before Mr. Harrington's departure from Westdale Farm, that Lucy might have been observed to quit the house, with shawl and bonnet, and a small basket in her hand, as if going to the shop, at the nearest village. She walked hastily onwards, dreading each sound she heard, starting at each shadow, and fearing even the sound of her own light footsteps; she not only seemed to hear "a voice in every wind," but as she crossed a stile she perceived the very person, who of all others, she least wished to encounter. It was her father, who was apparently engaged in earnest conversation with one of his

labourers, To avoid them was impossible, and any such hope was instantly dissipated, since her appearance was observed, and John Grey exclaimed—

"Come here, Lucy, I want to speak to you."

The words were simple, and but a few weeks ago Lucy would have answered the call with delighted alacrity; but now she dreaded to approach her *best friend*, and no longer met him with joy, but trembled as that well-known voice repeated, "Come hither, child, I want you." Her heart beat violently, and her breath came short, and with difficulty, as she advanced to the presence of her honest father, and it was an unspeakable relief when he said—

"The crops look well, the cattle are healthy, and you shall have *two* new gowns instead of the *one* I promised you, when our lodger goes! But where are you going now in such a hurry?"

"I am going to the village to buy something I require," was the reply, and Lucy blushed deeply as she said this, for she knew she was not going to the village; and her heightened colour and evident agitation, might well have aroused the suspicions of one less confiding, or less fond, than the worthy farmer; he only said—

"Well go your ways, child, go your ways; don't stay out too late; and may God bless you."

How the heart of the unhappy girl swelled within her bosom, as these kind words met her ear. The bitterest reproaches, the most angry threats, would have been sweet music, compared to these affectionate expressions of her doting father; for she *felt* that she was deceiving him, she *knew* that she had told him an untruth; but keen as her self-reproaches were, she paused (it was only for one instant) and as she thought of Frederic she silenced the voice of conscience, and she did *not* go to the village! Proceeding for some distance in that direction, she stopped a few minutes, and looked around her, as if to be assured that no one observed her; then turning from the straight and narrow path, and pursued her anxious route towards a wood, which had, for many weeks been the spot appointed for her stolen meetings with Mr. Harrington! How emblematic was this very action of her fault; when once the erring steps of mortals turn aside from the direct path of duty, how seldom are their footsteps permitted to return to it, since who can tell the temptations they may encounter? The path of Virtue once forsaken—all the rest of the descent is easy—

"Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte!"

And it is equally true that—

"En ce qu'on appelle *fantasie, amour, passion*—on sait d'on l'on part—mais on ignore toujours ou l'on arrivera!"

Lucy continued her course to the wood, and when she entered its sequestered shade she proceeded more slowly, looking anxiously around, until she reached a secluded spot, where a bright pure spring bubbled forth its clear waters into a stone basin, whence soon overflowing this tiny reservoir, it trickled down, and "glided like Happiness away." Here Lucy stopped and listened; the sound of footsteps met her ear; her heart beat violently, as she heard a rustling of the

branches and bushes; a low whistle was the signal—and Frederic stood before her. In an instant the cloud of sorrow vanished from Lucy's fair brow; her eyes sparkled, and the rapture of meeting the object of her affection banished every other remembrance.

This interview was long and agitating to one, at least, of those two youthful beings; it is not, however, our intention, or wish, to detail the particulars of their conversation; enough is done when we state, that "*he* spoke, and *she* believed," the old story of "promise of marriage," "love and Lucy," "eternal constancy," "earthly felicity." Every vow was sworn, every oath believed, and the infatuated girl was undone!

The next day the deceiver departed from Westdale Farm, and for ever!

Time rolled away, and Lucy was an altered being, she was pale, sad, and thoughtful; her step was languid, her cheeks pallid, and her form was feeble and wasted. Her father's eye detected the melancholy change, but he dreamed not of its cause. They were one evening seated in their snug parlour, and John Grey was reading the newspaper, when he suddenly said—

"Here, Lucy, listen to this!" and the honest man, wholly unconscious of the agony he was about to inflict, read aloud the following paragraph:—

"Married, at St. George's Hanover-square, by The Right Reverend The Lord Bishop of —, Frederic Harrington, Esq., of Harrington Hall, Suffolk, to Isabella, the beautiful and wealthy heiress of Robert Barker, Esq., of Portland-place."

Lucy uttered a piercing shriek, and fell senseless to the ground, whilst her father, shocked and terrified at her fainting fit, (which he attributed to sudden indisposition *alone*), called loudly for the old servant, and the sufferer was conveyed to her apartment. A brain fever ensued, and for many days her danger was imminent in the extreme; she raved fearfully of the past, and during these incoherent expressions of delirium, her father learned, for the first time, the fatal ruin of his child's honour and happiness.

At length the violence of the fever subsided, and the sufferer slept! Yes, the Indian at the stake is known to sleep, even though he knows the interval is employed by his fierce enemies in preparing still more dreadful tortures: the wretched felon, the night before his execution, sleeps, though the morning's light is to be shaded for ever from his gaze! Human nature is exhausted; it can endure the most acute agonies, but to a certain extent, and the very extremity of suffering brings at length the temporary respite of oblivion. Lucy slept, and her repose was so calm and so profound, that her father (who had never quitted her bed-side) more than once bent down his ear, to listen if she breathed at all. At length the sufferer sighed deeply, and unclosed her languid eyes, which were now lighted with returning consciousness; Reason had resumed her sway, and as the unhappy girl perceived and recognized her parent, she extended her hand to him, exclaiming in the affecting language of Scripture—

"Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee—I am no more worthy."

"I know all, my child, all—all; and, though all should forsake thee, yet will not I. *Thy* sorrow shall be *my* sorrow, *thy* wrongs *my* wrongs; *my* home shall be *thy* home, and oh! may God in his mercy strengthen and sustain us both to bear this heavy blow!

After the lapse of many weeks Lucy was allowed to be carried down stairs, for her strength was gone, and she was fearfully altered! A change had come o'er her young life; her earthly prospects were for ever blighted; her spirit was contrite and penitent, but her heart was broken! Her bodily sufferings too, were great; she was reduced to the shadow of her former self, and the short hard cough, and difficult breathing, together with the bright spot which flushed her thin cheek, proved the fearful work of decay within.

Thus she continued, and thus she was at the period of my melancholy interview; the remainder of her sad tale is quickly told; and within one short week after my visit she was laid in her early grave! Peace be with her.

Think not, Reader, I have arrayed guilt and error in too pleasing a garb; oh no! I have but painted the misery which must ever follow the departure from the strict path of rectitude, and the fearful condition of one who, with every pleasing and amiable attribute, did not possess firm principle. The purest intentions, the most amiable dispositions, nay, even the best resolutions are useless, unless our feeble natures are strengthened from *that source*, from which alone firm principle is derived, and which alone can enable us to resist the temptations of life.

Firm principle can save us, since armed with it, the weakest are strong; without it the strongest are but weak. Thus fortified we may hope to withstand the danger of our own bad passions, and thus strengthened we may "go forth and conquer," not the world, but a far more formidable foe—ourselves!

SUPERSTITIONS OF GERMANY.

NO. II.

There is a track in Silesia (the German Switzerland) presenting the natural phenomena of a forest of rocks, bearing every fantastic shape the wildest imagination can dream. This forest is several German miles in extent; it is believed in that country to be one of the entrances to the infernal regions, and the authoress was an eye-witness of the effect produced, by the mention of its name, on a gay party of officers, which she has endeavoured to describe in the following lines:—

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

The song is still, the laugh is hush'd,
Around that gay and festive board,
Where late wild mirth in torrents gush'd,
'Midst joyous folly's lightsome word.

A tongue has dared to name a spot,
The entrance, all believe, of hell;
And which once seen is ne'er forgot,
As many there could sadly tell.

And grim and stern each warrior's face,
The Holy Cross they trembling sign,
While looks of fear their pleasure chase,
Untasted is the golden wine.

A forest 'tis, but not of trees,
Of ivy, oak, or sycamore,
But naked rocks the senses freeze,
And reign the dreary landscape o'er.

And every form of fancy wild,
Those awful, stately rocks pourtray,
And mass on mass in rude heaps piled,
Extinguish e'en the sun's bright ray.

Some, tower-like, appear to fall,
And yet for centuries have stood;
It is a fearful mystery all,
By mortal ken not understood.

The air is chill, the sky is dark,
A death-like stillness reigns around,
For mile on mile no sound you mark,
It seems in truth some Demon's ground.

And revels too he holds, they say,
While legions of his spirits wild
Within that rock-shaped chapel play,
Where dead men's bones in heaps are piled.

There sat a lady and a knight
Amongst the gay and festive band,
And piteous was that lady's plight,
A stranger from a distant land.

Though fair her brow, though bright her eye,
And scarcely twenty summers old,
That bitter, deep, and heavy sigh
A history sad doth now unfold.

It tells, a woman's tale of love,
Of confidence abused and lost;
It tells, all gone save faith above,
It tells a fate by tempest toss'd.

That hall for one it was not meet,
Of gentle birth and high degree,
That she should have a place and seat,
With warriors and their revelry.

The knight he seized the flagon high,
The brimming cup is mantling o'er,
A fiendish look lurk'd in his eye,
It beam'd with malice dark and sore.

And as he spoke, his glance it fell
Upon the lady at his side,
She read therein her fun'ral knell,
She knew it would her fate decide.

"Beshrew me, lady, I've no fear,
I care not for my guilty soul;
Thus much I know, that many a year
Will pass ere I shall reach my goal!"

"For I have much to do below,
A long career of vice and crime,
Much bitter grief to cause and woe,
Ere is fulfill'd this fate of mine."

That lady's eye will ne'er again,
Behold bright morning's streak so red,
Her couch of blood doth bear no stain,
And yet that lady fair is dead.

JUSTINA HASENCLEVER.

SULTAN ABDUL MEDJID, has an intelligent countenance, but is delicate in appearance; his eyes are very bright and piercing, and when he gave audience to the Prince de Joinville, he wore the same costume, as the gentlemen of his court, the only distinction of rank being his wearing an aigrette, clasps, and decorations set with brilliants.

JACK OF THE FEATHER.

AN INDIAN TALE OF VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER I.—THE COUNCIL.

Nature, all beauteous nature! who in thy own wild dress, sittest on the mountain tops, wreathed in an endless variety of charms :—or, in the valley, braided the babbling brook with flowers, and clothest the vast forests with their spring-blossoms and their autumn tints—their summer fruits, and winter livery ; thou wert never so lovely as in the olden time, ere the print of the white man's foot was found upon thy yellow sands, or on the verdure of thy luxuriant plains—ere thou hadst felt the axe of the woodman thinning thy ample forests, or found the children of thy soil disturbed in their sylvan retreats—thy hunters dislodged from their grounds, or thy dark-eyed maidens scattered from their summer shades.

It is not within our purpose to treat of the first European who, bold in daring, leaped upon the Virginian shores, and, planting his standard on the nearest eminence, claimed sovereignty of the vast continent for the crown he served ; it does not fall within our views to record those acts of daring adventure by which Virginia became colonized, but rather to record the Indian's struggles for his native land, his hunting-grounds, and his forest home, against invaders, merciless, sanguinary, and faithless.

The English colony, about the year 1620, had considerably extended itself on both banks of the Potomac, founding towns and erecting forts, protective of a vast area of ceded land, which they had gained by forced treaties from the red hunter, who found, too late, his ruin consummating in his misplaced confidence. In open violation of those treaties, the invaders, as they gained numerical strength, warred with the tribes with whom they professed to be in friendship and alliance, and became so constant in aggression, so unremitting in outrage—seizing upon the land of the red man without pretence, and slaughtering him as the beast of the forest, wholly unallied to human nature—that nothing was left for the Indian but union among the tribes, and the sound of the war-whoop from the Alleghanies to the settlement of the invaders at Jamestown.

The Mannahoacks, the Monicans and the Powhatans, sensible of their danger, made common cause against the white stranger, and prepared to drive him from their shores ; but, equally sensible of their own inferiority in battle, and that they could not, in the field, resist the terrible guns and long knives, as they called the swords of the colonists—they felt that dissimulation was their best defence, and treachery their only hope: The white man, guarded by his terrible engine of death, each in himself a host, could only be taken by surprise, or be approached in ambush at nightfall, when darkness reigned in the forest, and the watch-dogs slept.

In the thickest part of the great and almost interminable forest which extended itself in the rear of the Indian village of Pamunky, to the foot of the Alleghanies, and from the banks of the Potomac to the distant Rappahannoc, the chiefs of

the united tribes held their war-council in the month of January, 1621, to consider on the means of freeing their country of the white stranger, at the same time invoking the Great Spirit to govern their councils.

No human foot save that of the red Indian had ever penetrated that part of the forest. Here the proud oak, the growth of centuries, spread its ample branches over the turf, dividing tenancy with the humbler maple, the wild peach, and smooth-barked cherry. No sounds had ever passed along its wide range, save the voice of the hunter—the sylvan song of the woodland chorister, or the wild cry of the fox—the howling of the wolf, and other beasts of prey and of the chase, who here had found an almost undisputed home. It was here, far removed from the piercing eye of the white stranger, that the great Sachem Opechancanough assembled his warrior chiefs.

The council hall, roofed with the branches of trees curiously interwoven, and outwardly lined with huge masses of green bark, was flanked by their trunks on either side, and extended upwards of two hundred feet in length. Between each tree, a frame-work was interwoven of branches, similar to the roof, so as to complete the sides, and render them impervious to the weather ; and these again were lined along the interior, including the whole roof, with the skins of the buffalo, the deer, the fox, the bear, and other beasts of the chase. Without the hall, the watch-fires were kindled at convenient distances.

The floor of the council hall was strewn with mats made of the reeds growing on the margin of the river. Some of these were covered, by way of distinction, with the skins of the panther and the white fox.

One seat was still more distinguished by its coverings and its position. It was placed in the centre ; was elevated above the rest, and over it was thrown a huge mantle, composed of a variety of the most splendid furs curiously assorted and sown together. This was the seat of the great Sachem Opechancanough himself.

The morning dawned, resplendent with the white frost which dotted the trees with chrystals, when the Indian warriors, who had been summoned to the war-fires, tracked their cautious way through the forest, to attend the Powhatan Sachem in his council, and seal that bond of union on which their very existence was to depend. They came in small parties, armed with the bow or spear, and never-erring tomahawk. Opechancanough, with about fifty of his most celebrated warriors, was the first who entered the hall. He was speedily followed by the sachems and the chief of the Chickahominies, the Monicans, and the Nausamons, with their several priests, prophets, and conjurors ; and the hall was filled. After the usual rites and ceremonies, Opechancanough opened the business of the confederacy. He stood erect upon his mat, his fine form enveloped in a mantle made of the beaver skin, and girted with his wampum belt—his hatchet suspended at his girdle—his quiver at his back, and leaning on his bow. His dark eye beamed with intelligence, and was radiant with martial fire, gleaming savage anger, and glowing with the darker passion of revenge. All was

silence when he spoke; every head inclined towards him, and every eye, beaming with the same expression of inextinguishable revenge, was bent on his.

"Children of the Great Spirit," began the orator; his wild eye glancing on all around him, while he in himself seemed all inspired by the great cause for which they had been assembled, "children of the Great Spirit, to whom your mighty Father gave these lands—these woods—the mountains and the waters for your inheritance!—who clothed the forest tree with fruits for your subsistence, who taught you to track the deer to his covert, and armed you for the chase; who gave you the beasts of the mountain and the glen for your food, and their skins for your raiment, and to line your mossy couch—who filled the lakes and the rivers with fish for you, and gave the varying seasons for all things—for ripening the fruits—for hunting—for planting the patch, and for fishing—He blessed the red man with these his gifts, and in his stern command, demanded that you should preserve them for your children, as he had given them unto you; defending them with your lives. Now what have we done? We have angered the Great Spirit, and trouble is come upon us. We have suffered the pale-faces, whom the sea has cast up among us, to plant themselves upon our coast, and, forgetful of our duty, have received them with favour and protection. We knew them not, and we trusted in them—we trusted in the enemy of the Great Spirit, and we have been betrayed. We have divided with them the inheritance which is the inheritance of our children. We have given to them the gifts of the Great Spirit, and he is angered and turns away from us!

"The white man came among us, and we received him as a brother, bleached by the snows of other climes. He hath deceived—betrayed us. We showed him our land, and gave him of its fruits, and we gave him of the land itself, on which he might build him a dwelling. Now what does the white man, he who defies the power of the Great Spirit? He lets loose the lightnings from his long guns, and slays our people, while his thunders roll through our forests! He fires our homes, seizes upon our towns and our corn-patches, destroys our children, and drives us back into our forests to perish with hunger. These are the red man's wrongs—wrongs which demand revenge—revenge only to be satisfied by the white man's blood, and the extinction of his race! Up, then, up, and to arms, sachems and warriors—up, and to arms! Swear by the Great Spirit to drive these pale-faces into the great waters from which they have sprung, and be our shores sprinkled with their blood! Hold no faith with them! They have proved their treachery, and you have learned by experience, that your only hope is in the scalping-knife? Avenge you them on the white man, and propitiate the favour of the Great Spirit by their destruction!"

Opechancanough ceased to speak, while every eye gleamed a warrior's ardor, and every hand clutched the avenging tomahawk. The war-cry resounded through the woods—the distant echoes waited back the shout, which died away in murmurs, sullen, low, and moaning, in the hollows and adjacent glens.

The war-dance, accompanied by the most discordant yells, succeeded this address, and the sachems and warriors smoked the calumet of Peace among the tribes, and bound themselves to pursue to the death, the white men on their shores. The prophets invoked the Great Spirit, muttering prayers, with mystic incantations, and performing the sacred offices of heathen faith; while the conjurors, in the exercise of their art, prepared a charm, resembling the amulet of the eastern Pagan, which should defend the warrior from the white man's guns. The warriors, one and all, received with devout faith this charm, rendering them invulnerable in the battle's heat to the white man's fearful lightnings. The rites being ended, and the cooked meats which had been prepared for the occasion, served, a rushing noise from without gave token of the approach of some one in whom a more than ordinary interest was excited.

"Memattanon, Memattanon," cried more than a hundred voices; "Memattanon, Memattanon," was shouted within the hall.

Opechancanough resumed his state, while the expected Memattanon hurried across the hall almost breathless, and in the highest state of excitement. In his right hand he brandished the fatal tomahawk, and in his left, a white man's scalp, but newly torn from the wretched victim of his revengeful passions. In stature, a giant—his strong and muscular form, fully proportioned and flexible, gave evidence of a power which, in union with a strongly-marked and speaking countenance, indicating a mind more than ordinarily gifted, rendered him a hero among his warriors, and an object of terror to his foes.

Memattanon could throw the spear with unerring hand, at a point beyond the reach of any other warrior—and from his bow, drawing the arrow to the head, could discharge it like a shot from the cannon's mouth, and with a truth from which there was no escape.

Memattanon seemed born to command. Inflexible in his hatred of the white man—he pursued him like a tiger with a never-yielding courage, and a constitution and a strength which no fatigue was ever known to subdue. He was a hero in the field of battle—while in the covert he was stealthy—in treachery, a masterpiece—the cold, calculating, lynx-eyed assassin; bold, where boldness was of necessity—but subtle, patient and enduring in his watchfulness of the moment to spring on the object he had marked out for his victim. Years might pass away, but not so the resentment of Memattanon. Obdurate of purpose, time but sharpened his appetite for human blood. Strongly imbued with all the worst notions of his race—he was a savage even among his own people. Possessed of more than the ordinary properties of mind as found among uncivilized men, those properties were directed to one end—the gratification of his passions—passions, fierce and uncontrollable as the lava bursting from the bosom of a burning mountain, and, like the lava, consuming all things in their course.

Such was the powerful warrior who entered the war-council of the confederated sachems, with the newly-gained trophy of his courage or his treachery, still quivering, and dripping the fresh-shed

blood. Throwing down the scalp before the seat of Opechancanough, with an air of triumph, and saluted by the discordant yells of the assembled warriors,—“Behold!” he exclaimed, “chief of the Powhatans—sachem of the Pamunkies, behold the blood of the white man! I met him in the woods—he pointed his long gun—he levelled his thunder at my head, and his lightning played around me; but the Great Spirit drove back the thunder-bolt ere it fell to crush me, and the pale-face lies dead in the forest!”

Again the heart-appalling yells of the infuriated chiefs rung through the woods and dells, and was echoed back by every chasm where echo dwells. But when this sudden burst of exultation had subsided, and the mind resolved itself into reflection on the event which had called forth the savage demonstration of applause—the tongue quivered, and the cheek paled at the question which each asked of each other—of the cause which led the pale strangers to the thicket of the wood.

“Treason—treason,” cried Opechancanough; we are betrayed! The long knives are at hand—they have possessed them of our conference, and are acquainted with our plot. Warriors, scour the forest far and near—let not one of the pale-faces escape! In the thick covert of the wood, our strength is trebled while they are weakened. Let each sachem lead on his warriors by different routes. Come, my Pamunkies! Where the fight is thickest, there will you be found.”

The recumbent warriors started to their feet, receiving the exhortation of the sachem as a signal of attack.

The council broke up—the tribes departed by companies, and the forest was scoured in vain for the enemy, in all those routes which they were supposed to have taken. Foiled in this effort, it was resolved that the following midnight should consummate their design, by a simultaneous attack on all the English settlements and forts on the Potomac.

CHAPTER II.—THE HUT.

Standing in solitary beauty, like a thing of fancy in the deep bosom of a paradisaical glen, shut out from observation—as it were without the world, and yet, a little world entire in itself—arose the hut of a sweet Indian maid. There are spots on which Nature seems to have delighted to scatter with a profuse hand all her beauties, and this was one of them. The hill, the vale, the waterfall, the air breathing the perfume of a thousand flowers—the streamlet dropping from a chrysal fountain, and bounded by a natural fence in the sloping, rising undulations of the ravine which shut it out from all communion with the world—made it the sylvan fairy’s home. The boundary summits of this delightful spot were crowned with trees, so closely knit together as to defy the sight to penetrate them, while they defended the narrow space they bordered, from the intense heat of the summer’s sun. The branches waved gently to the melody of the wild-bird upon the spray, undulating to the soft airs that played about the glen, and fanned the opening wild-flower peeping through the underwood. The hut, which had been erected upon a slight rising of the ground, was constructed of young saplings which had been planted in rows,

forming a long square, their branches inter-twined with each other, and trained, so as to form a roof to the little dwelling; these trees were again inter-twined from their roots by the wild grape, the honeysuckle and other creeping plants, which had trailed their course from the ground, and wound their tendrils round the trunks on which they climbed. The entrance to the hut opened on a lawn divided into patches, interspersed with flowers. This little verdant lawn gradually declined to the clear and pellucid stream, which, with many sinuous windings, nearly surrounded the little fairy land. The hut was roofed and lined along the whole interior, with a dried grass, resembling a finer sort of matting, and stained of various hues by vegetable dyes. True taste was visible everywhere around; for it must not be presumed that savage life is without its varieties, and does not possess an equal share of the links which form the chain of cultivated society; and that taste will not equally find its way into the wigwam as in the drawing-room. The law of taste is an emanation of the mind, moulded to the manners and customs with which it has become familiar; and it matters not whether in the wilds of Kamschatka—the soft clime of Virginia, or in the polished courts of Europe; taste will have its empire and its votaries.

The whole of the interior of this singular structure was divided off into apartments, opening from one to another, and partitioned by curtains made of the richest furs, fastened to the roof—the furniture, characteristic of the times, and of the people, was constructed more for use than ornament, but still was not deficient in that taste which had exhibited itself in the ornamental decorations of the dwelling. There were tables—matted seats and couches, covered with the skins of wild beasts; drinking-cups, handsomely carved from the horn of the elk and the moose, were to be seen ranged upon shelves constructed for their reception, and a species of plates and dishes, carved out of the wood of the maple and the hickory, were also to be seen, and were as carefully disposed of. Such was the Indian hut or forest home of Noðnomia, the desolate of heart—wife and widow—the maiden of all time—the wife of an hour, and the widow of three years!

The morning had scarcely dawned upon the glen, resting its grey and sombre tints upon the branches of the forest trees, when Noðnomia, whom the night had not refreshed with slumbers—who had watched out the hours while hanging over her sick father’s pillow, mingling, with many a sigh, prayers for the recovery of him who was past hope—prayers to the Great Spirit, which might, peradventure, pass to his account in the hereafter state, but could not weigh the substance of a hair in this—had just witnessed the calmness of sleep coming over him, and in the serenity of his countenance, gleaned the consolation, that pain had left him.

A distant foot, pressing the crisp grass, caught her ear at this moment, and she listened in eagerness; it approached. “It is he, it is he,” she exclaimed, “my deliverer—my saviour; he comes to share my toils and sooth my anguish.”

A tall figure passed along slowly, without a word—with merely a nod of recognition—it open-

ed the folds of the heavy curtain which gave entrance to the chambers, and closing them again, with mute and rapt attention, advanced a few paces with silent, solemn step, as if fearful to catch the echo of his own footfall.

"He sleeps," whispered Noñnomia, scarcely breathing her words—"he sleeps."

"May the blessed Spirit guard him," was the reply, "for thy sake, and for his own."

"So be it, so be it," ejaculated Noñnomia. "Last of his race, may his days endure to re-erect the house which else must fall like the scattered oak of the forest, blighted and unmourned."

"Blighted, but not unmourned or unavenged, while Memattanon lives," was the reply.

"Hush, hush, he moves," returned Noñnomia, hastily, and bent down over the couch of her aged sire, who breathed heavily, and as one convulsed. At length he spoke in a low, shivering tone—"I have no sons—no warriors. The long knives have robbed me of all these; who, then, shall be thy comforter when I am gone; my child, my child! I have no people! I have no warriors; they have fallen, they have fallen, and thou wilt have none beside thee!"

"When hath Pawpawtomée needed the warrior while Memattanon hath lived and breathed?" replied the young and giant Indian to his words. "Was it when the long guns on the Potomac's banks hurled their thunders among your tribe, and, exhausted with their courage, rested on their fearful engines of death—was it not then I overtook the remnant of your flying people, and led them back to victory? The scalps of that day's battle tell of the battle won. Again, on that fearful day, when the village of your people was encompassed by the white marauder, and the fires of his many guns strewed the patches with their slaughter, 'twas then I rescued Noñnomia from shame and ruin! I bore her here—here to this spot, and returning quickly, found you alone, and almost expiring, amid the flames of your own hut. I bore you away on my shoulder, defying the white man's guns, and flying their pursuit. Will Noñnomia then be desolate, and without a defender?"

"Memattanon, I was not mindful of thee," exclaimed Pawpawtomée. "Sayst thou my child will never want a defender while Memattanon lives?"

"My father," returned Noñnomia, passionately folding him to her bosom, "Memattanon is the favoured of the Great Spirit, and the white man's foe."

Pawpawtomée felt that the world was swimming away from him, and his anxiety—his only thought, was on his child. He held out his cold and clammy hand to Memattanon, which was cordially accepted and embraced, while the death-dews were upon it, and it feebly returned the pressure.

"Memattanon, wilt thou be my son?" inquired the aged chief, with an eagerness struggling with the grasp of death, and for a moment imparting vigor to his speech.

"When have I ceased to be your son?" returned Memattanon, "since that fatal period when I was left by the long knife, desolate and alone, with not even a mother's smile to bless me?"

His voice faltered as the last words fell from him, and Memattanon, the cold of heart—the

blighted and the obdurate, showed that the feelings of his early nature still retained their edge and tenderness.

"Noñnomia—Noñnomia! She will be fatherless," exclaimed the chief. "Like the creeping ivy, which, by nature, clings to the proud oak of the forest for succor and support, she will fall—fall and die."

"She shall be my sister!" returned Memattanon, greatly moved.

"Thy bride!" hastily replied Pawpawtomée.

"My bride!" responded Memattanon, his whole soul beaming in the animation of his countenance; "my sister and my bride! My guardian spirit in the battle's heat—my solace in the hours of woe—my joy in triumph—soul of my soul!"

Noñnomia felt herself enfolded in his arms, and was as quickly on her bended knee, with him who had betrothed her, waiting the benediction of her father. Pawpawtomée, re-animated in the assurance of his child's protection, his dark eye sparkling with a father's joy in the realization of his fondest hope, raised himself from his couch, and invoked the smile of the Great Spirit upon them.

In the midst of his words, his voice dropped, his lip quivered, his hand shook, and was withdrawn, his head sunk back, and Memattanon and Noñnomia, starting to their feet, sustained him, but his eye was fixed—the pulsation of his heart was stopped, his breath was gone. Pawpawtomée was no more.

There is no pang more deeply felt than that which shows not in tears, nor vents itself in sighs, but mute as the death-pall which overhangs the bier—is eloquent in its silence. It was such a pang that choked the heart of Noñnomia. Her bosom heaved not, her lip moved not, her voice uttered no sound, her eye beamed no expression! Memattanon bore her, unresisting, to a couch, and claiming help, two maidens, from an inner room, rushed to their mistress, and resorted, successfully, to the usual means of restoring animation; while he, the warrior and the hero, who could look on blood unmoved—he who could press through the thickest of the fight, and cheer the failing heart to deeds of daring—he who sternly resolute, was never staid by mercy, stood like a coward—disarmed in fear, and all dissolved in tenderness.

Her eyes began to move, her breast to heave, and she spoke. "Woe is come upon the red man," she said, "and his pillow is the grave; lay me down—lay me down upon the couch where my father lies; for I feel a wearisome of life, and fain would yield it up to his."

"Noñnomia," gently whispered Memattanon, "the dead can never be recalled—no grief can waken them; and the Great Spirit hath demanded of his children—the duty of submission. But the day is spending which must take me from thee."

"Stay—stay!" hastily exclaimed Noñnomia. "Go not to desperate daring; 'tis doomed, 'tis doomed of fate, that the pale-face shall prevail. Go not, Memattanon, for thou canst ill be spared."

"Farewell," returned the warrior, heedless of her entreaties, "you shall see me, Noñnomia, with the dawn."

It was a sad and melancholy parting, but the pledged word of the Indian—the greatness of the

cause, and thirst of vengeance on the colonist—were, in themselves, assurance of a greater sacrifice than that now rendered. On that night, the confederated sachems had resolved on a stealthy and simultaneous attack upon the several settlements of the colonists. The plans had been laid with as much precision and prudence as usually characterized the proceedings of an Indian war-council, and hope beat high in every breast. Memattanon, recalled to his duties of the day, became, himself, inexorable to entreaty—whom tears could not subdue. Giving some hasty instructions to the attendants, as to the disposal of Pawpawtomoe during his absence, and imprinting a kiss upon the forehead of his betrothed bride, he quitted the Indian hut.

CHAPTER III.—THE ATTACK.

Launched safely into the thickest of the forest, Memattanon, like the wolf prowling in scent of blood, lynx-eyed and cautious in his track, proceeded to Pamunky, to join his tribe, under the direction of the Sachem Opechancanough. Listening, with ear to the ground, to catch the distant sound of stranger feet, with bow and quiver ready for the attack—he was no longer the Memattanon of the hut, in the glen, but the Indian warrior, greedy for human blood; the cold, the calculating, and the obdurate. No sound smote his ear, and he arrived at the village of the Sachem without the expenditure of an arrow upon the white stranger, who had been too frequently found in the woods, in pursuit of game. Experience had taught a lesson of prudence to the colonist, and these instances of reckless daring were becoming rare.

Despair, in its madness, furnishes the food on which it feeds, and in its recklessness, its own consuming fires, and its fatal end. Opechancanough, the successor of Powhatan, the Sachem of the Powhatans, and Pamunkies, had but little considered the nature of the enterprise he had set upon, and of which he was the great mover; and had little calculated the probability of a failure. Success—complete success was the only calculation he had made. He had entered into treaties with several of the tribes who had long waged wars with the Powhatans, and whose feuds were hereditary. He had engaged with them in common cause, and sought to reconcile them to himself by every means. He had succeeded as far as was practicable with prejudices of long standing; but the cause was not warmly felt by these auxiliaries, and hence its being warmly sustained could hardly be hoped for.

The fated night was drawing on; the evening had set in with a moon scarce four and twenty hours old. It was calm and serene—no wind swept through the forest, no cloud obscured the twinkling light of the stars which led the straggling parties on their different tracks, to points which had been determined on for the simultaneous onslaught. The points of assembling had been judiciously arranged, so as to give equal distance to every object of attack. Memattanon, and the Pamunkies, led on by Opechancanough himself, were destined for Jamestown, but the operations against that settlement were not to be made until a signal from an opposite quarter should be given of an attack in another direction, which should lead off a part of the troops quartered in that town: thus leaving it less defensive to assault.

The hour was fast approaching, and the dim lights burning in the several forts and settlements, gave assurance of that deep state of repose into which the inhabitants had sunk, inspiring confidence in the success of their operations. The Indians had carried with them torches for the purpose of firing the forts and buildings and at length the time arrived when some few of the warriors of each party, having crawled upon their hands and knees as near to the forts as possible, avoiding the sentries—lighting their torches, hurled them in the air upon the wooden buildings, and the attack began. This was the signal for general assault. The loud war-whoop rung far and near. It was borne upon the still air, and sprung from a thousand mingled voices in terrible discordance and appalling effect, even to the stoutest heart. Mingled with these accompaniments of savage warfare, was the wild cry, the heart-rending scream of women and children in the settlements, and the howl of the watch-dogs, while the air, impregnated with the smoke of burning timbers, glaring with the red flame, and still bearing the lighted torches of the Indian to their terrible destination, gleamed also with the continued flashes from the musketry of the colonists, and bore, too, upon its bosom, the terrible shriek of death.

The assault upon Jamestown was conducted with an impetuosity which seemed to defy resistance. The torches, as in the other instances, were hurled upon the ramparts of the defended town, but the inhabitants were prepared—the ramparts were lined with musketeers, and buckets had been amply supplied to reduce the flames in the event of fire, in every quarter. The yell of the Indians was heard within the town, and was as instantly answered by the loud roll of the drum, mustering to arms. It was a night of horror. The burning brands, as they fell upon the ramparts and in the town, were thrown back upon the assailants and falling at their feet, marked them out as victims to the murderous discharge of fire-arms from within. Many a stout heart was cloven by the Indian arrow, but for each of the slain among the colonists, a torrent of Indian blood flowed, and heaps of the dead attested the unequal contest.

Memattanon performed prodigies of valour apportioned to his unequalled strength and constancy of purpose, leading on his warriors under the ramparts and where they were the least assailable to the musketry, he cheered them by his example to the perilous effort of forcing the walls; but they refused to yield to the miserable battering implements of which the Indians were possessed, and as a last effort to obtain an entrance to the town, they resolved on burning the gates, and thus resolutely exposing themselves to the destructive fire of the defenders. Memattanon led on the enterprise. It was a forlorn hope, and beneath a heavy discharge of musketry, the brands were piled on the gates, and smoke and flame ascending, cheered the assailants, and damped the energy of the defendants. The volumes of smoke rolling upward from the expiring brands, and the crackling timbers of the gates, themselves, jutting out flame, fast spreading, and rapidly consuming, soon deprived the soldier of his defence. The ramparts were deserted; and it was determined, as the only means of preserving

the town, to make a desperate sortie from another quarter, and assault the Indians in the rear.

To think was to act; to command to be obeyed. Time allowed of no respite between the order and the execution. Already, notwithstanding every precaution which had been adopted, the town was on fire in several places, and the burning gates were yielding fast to the ravages of the destructive element, while the Pamunkies, relieved from the galling fire of the colonists, yelled a triumph over the flames, and were gaining ardour in success, which not even the contemplation of their piles of slain could subdue or even abate. At length the musketeers, who had effected their sortie by another gate, came up and opened a most destructive fire upon the besiegers, while at the same moment, the burning gates fell with a crash, and Memattanon, with Opechancanough, followed by the survivors of their warriors, leaped through the flames, and entered the town, amid the most deafening and hideous yells, that ever struck panic to the white man's heart.

The carnage now became awful; between two fires in front and rear, there was no escape—no shelter or defence, but that which was to be found in desperate courage, and the sternness of unyielding resolution. Memattanon as ever, led the way, and the Pamunkies, emulating the example of their leader, fought their way forward, axe in hand, dealing death around. In the mêlée, the colonist, restrained from the use of his gun and bayonet, found them an incumbrance rather than protection against the short axe or tomahawk of the Indian.

Foot to foot, and hand to hand, it was the contest of muscular powers, and the advantage was on the side of the red man. The soldiers gave way—the flames were spreading, the paths were filled with shrieking women and children, flying from death, still meeting it in every form. To turn back would be to rush into the flames, to go forward, to press upon the uplifted axe of the savages. The Indians, having gained the centre of the town, in the madness of their exultation, saw not how severely their numbers had been thinned; flushed with victory, in which they felt themselves secured, and greedy of destruction, they struck down all that came within their path, without regard to sex or age. Here, in ample space, illumined by the flames of burning houses, the marksman took his aim with unerring certainty. Memattanon was the first to perceive the falling off of his warriors, and the great mistake which had been made of rushing to the open spot, where the Indian sacrifice became certain, and the pale-face's life secure. He saw his danger, and in an instant, beheld Opechancanough fall. With a terrific yell, the few warriors of the fatal fray surrounded the bleeding body of the sachem, and Memattanon, raising him from the earth on which he lay extended, bore him through the flames. All was lost! The Indian cause was lost for ever. It was the last struggle for their homes. That one fearful night had made sad havoc with the brave and young. The Indians had been beaten back in every one of their assaults, and but few escaped the dreadful slaughter. The result of the disastrous effort was a treaty of peace and amity—a vast

concession of Indian territory to the colonists—further humiliation and restrictions on the power of the Sachem himself—and the final extinguishment of every hope of freeing the country of the pale-faces.

CHAPTER IV.—THE CEDED LAND.

The dew of spring rested on the bosom of the valley, the last icicle had dissolved, and the soft and refreshing airs, attendant on a vernal moon, had called forth the young bud upon the shrub, and opened the bosom of the bulbous-flower—the lawns were richly liveried, and the gaily-plumed birds twittered their matin lays within the glen that gave sweet shelter to Noñnomia. The lovely little stream that wound around the lawn, no longer bound up in the icy grasp of winter, flowed smoothly on with a gentle ripple, its banks margined with the pale primrose, and the lily, modestly peeping through the soil.

Two moons had passed since that fearful, fatal night, when the Indian cause was lost, and the sun of its days went down in blood. Two moons had passed since Noñnomia had become the affianced bride of Memattanon, and her father's eyes had closed upon the world and all its cares, and she had lived in loneliness. Memattanon, since that fatal night, had seldom strayed to the bosom of the glen—his voice but rarely dropped upon her ear—'twas but by fits and starts he sought the wigwam, and then his manly bosom heaved a torrent of sighs—despondence was on his brow, curses on his lip. His was no mood to soothe the troubled soul, beguile it of its cares, or silence apprehension of a still severer fate.

"Noñnomia," said he, suddenly, at one of these interviews, in agony, and pressing her to his bosom, "thou art now standing upon the pale-face's land; these fields which thou hast tended—the stream which flows around them—all, all have become the property of the pale-face!"

"All! all!" interrupted Noñnomia.

"All—far as the river winds above the forest—the hunting-grounds and all, even to Pamunky."

Noñnomia sunk upon the turf, burying her face in her hands—her eyes swimming with tears.

"You weep, Noñnomia," cried Memattanon, tenderly.

"Give them way awhile," she replied. "But must we leave this pleasant spot—must we—must we go far away!"

"In three days—such is the cruel order which drives us beyond the mountains."

"In three days! Cruel, cruel!" exclaimed Noñnomia. "Will they not let me look upon my father's grave!"

"The white man wars equally with the wigwam and the grave," returned Memattanon bitterly.

"Oh, how shall I leave the spot where my dear father's spirit lingers, and his bones decay," cried the sad maiden. "I cannot—no—no, I cannot!—and yet, it is the voice of destiny, that threatening, commands. I go, Memattanon—I go; lead me where you will—I am prepared."

"Good Noñnomia," replied the chief, "I have promised to join the remnant of our people, at Pamunky, on the second sun."

"Farewell," she gasped, while Memattanon bounded from her sight, and was lost in the thicket.

CHAPTER V.—THE DEATH.

Since the night of the attack upon the colonial settlements, so fatal to the Indian cause, Memattan had kept up a most destructive warfare on the colonists, attacking them in ambush—waylaying stragglers with a craft and art which had defied detection. Ambushed in the neighbourhood of frequented places, he would lay in wait for the traveller, with his quiver well lined, and his bow strung, with a vigilance untiring, until some object appeared in sight, whom he could mark out as his victim. Mercy was in as little accordance with the spirit of Memattan, as it was with the colonists, who, unhappily, held it to be a meritorious act to kill an Indian. Any treaty, therefore, entered into with this unfortunate people, was but a mere measure of policy, not intended to be observed longer than might suit convenience, and by the Indian no longer than he could collect new forces. It was a war of extermination; with this difference in the object of the parties, that it was waged on the one side for the purposes of robbery and plunder, and on the other, for the preservation of home.

Memattan, on leaving the beautiful little Indian hut in the glen, and Noönomia, hastened to meet some of his tribe, and enlist them in his departure on the morrow. Night was advancing, and the moon was sinking below the mountain tops, silvering the summits in her decline, when, faint and weary with a night of toil in which the mind had laboured to exhaustion with the body, he threw himself on the narrow shelving of a rock which overhung a wide extent of forest on the plains, and bordered the cleared lands of the colonists, and pressed his burning temples to the cold moss which clung to the stone, his pillow. He lay until the dawn had overspread the hills, and the sun, slowly rising from the ocean, cast his upborn rays upon the heavens. The morn had broke with all the splendor of the spring, attended by those gentle airs which shed a genial glow upon nature. They played in the dark locks of Memattan—wafted the moisture which hung upon his brow to sunny skies, and called back the freshness on his lips and cheek; but still he moved not, so deep was the death-like sleep by which he was overpowered. At length a shot, whizzing through the air—the loud report roaring through the forest, echoed by every cliff, awoke him from his stupor—started him as from the grave. Crouching like the panther ere he springs upon his prey, he looked around with searching eye, and beheld two colonists in the plain, their guns still reeking with the steam of their own fires, while they laughed at the dying agonies of a poor Indian whom they had shot, and who was expiring at their feet. Rising upon his feet—his hand was on his bow—his soul was in his arm—and plucking the barbed arrow from his quiver, he drew it to the head. It flew, whistling through the air, and with that truth and strength which seldom failed, pierced through the body of one of them, who dropped, mingling his blood and his agonies with those of his victim. Swift as the passing thought, another arrow from the same bow, stretched the second colonist by his companion.

"The Indians! the Indians are upon us!" cried numerous voices in the plain, flying in every

direction, and the hardy woodsmen fled from their labours in the forest, terrified with the report, while the bell of one of the settlements tolled out the alarm. All was horror and consternation. Memattan fled, but not before he had been discovered by some of the colonists, and a vigorous pursuit commenced. Breaking through the entanglements of the brush which covered the upland ground, and fearing to track his course to the glen, the retreat of Noönomia, the lovely spot wholly unknown to the white man—he shaped his way in a direction by which he could, in ambush, guard that sacred spot, dearer to him than his own life. Turning the angle of a sharp and rocky precipice, he applied his ear to the ground, and found his pursuers were gaining on him, and bending their course in the direction in which he now stood. He had little time for deliberation; and creeping into a hollow in the cliff, the entrance to which was concealed by the furze and high grass which shot up rankly from the fissures, he determined to await the coming of his enemy, and in concealment, watch their motions. Presently, three men appeared, creeping through the brush, and coming in the very direction he had taken. Two were in the garb of colonial militia, armed with muskets, the third had a cutlass, and was the guide. As they approached, cautious in every step they took, and relying upon the trees, in front of them, for protection against any sudden assault, they appeared to hesitate in the course they should pursue, and held a conference, close to, and in the hearing of Memattan.

"I tell you we are in his track," cried the guide.

"We have him fast, and a rich booty, too, for yesterday I tracked him to his lair, not far from the spot on which we now are standing. I followed him. When he stopped, I stopped, so that he might not lay ear to the ground, and turn upon me, for he is the very devil incarnate when aroused, and somewhere hereabouts there is a glen with a hut, in which he resides, with a rich booty to boot."

"Somewhere hereabouts—is that your only clue?" answered the soldiers surlily.

"Why, what do you take me for?" cried the guide, disdainfully. "No; when I saw my Master Savage safely housed, I put my mark upon the trees in the shape of a cross, notched in the wood; ceasing to continue my marks any further than this spot, but whether the road lay on this side or the other, for the life of me, I cannot tell; so you must even search—do you two pass on to the other side, and leave this to me."

"But suppose the savage should come out upon us unawares."

"No fear of that," replied the guide, laughing. "He is safely housed by this time, and you may shoot him down on his own ground. He has nothing but women about him."

They parted, each on his search; and Memattan watched from his covert until the two soldiers had disappeared, and then silently dropping down the cliff, stopped suddenly before the guide.

"Help! help! Murder! help!" shouted the wretch. "Help!"

Memattan dashed him to the ground, disdaining to use his hatchet. He was stunned by

the fall, and the blood gushed from his mouth. Memattanon lifted him from the earth, while he was partially recovering from his stupor, and flung him from the shelving precipice which overhung a deep pool, in which he sunk to rise no more.

His screams brought back the soldiers. Memattanon, with desperate resolution, awaited them. His thoughts were on Noñomia and her safety. He had no alternative. To fly was to expose her to certain peril, since the clue to her wigwam was known to his pursuers. He drew his arrow to the head. The soldiers fired; but Memattanon's shaft had drawn the life-blood from the heart of one; the other precipitately fled.

Swiftly descending from the rock on which he stood, in the eagerness of pursuit, insensible to danger, reckless of every hazard, he found his steps tottering and his head dizzy. He was wounded, and the gushing blood, flowing in a crimson stream down his side, witnessed how fatally.

"The cursed fire-irons have done their work," he exclaimed, "and yet, Noñomia! she must be saved. Why do I linger with the life-blood flowing! Quick—quick!" And fear and alarm for her, quickening his speed, he rushed with the energy of despair towards the glen, which he gained, his blood tracking the path he took.

Noñomia was preparing her departure, assisted by two Indians who had obeyed the summons of Memattanon.

"Noñomia, Noñomia," cried a faltering—weak, but well known voice! It was that of Memattanon, who, tottering into her presence, with convulsive energy, the last effort of exhausted nature, stood by her side, pale and bleeding. "They are at hand—fly, fly," he added. "The pale faces are near! The Great Spirit guard you, for Memattanon's arm is withered! Fly, ere it be too late!"

Pale with fear and horror, the maiden sunk on her knees beside him—for he had fallen to the ground, and, unable to articulate, clasped his bleeding form. Memattanon seemed convulsed with agony for her. Lifting himself upon his arm, he motioned to the attendant Indians, and gasped out, "Bear her away! Save her!"

They seized Noñomia on either side and hurried her from the hut, but were met by the shout of a party of colonists, who had entirely surrounded it. With a fierce yell, now that escape was impossible, they retired within, and depositing the insensible maiden beside the corpse of the departed chief, directed arrow after arrow at their enemies. But their despairing efforts were vain. In fiendish exultation, torches were hurled at the devoted hut—the fire caught its inflammable material—and the home she had loved was the funeral pyre of Noñomia!

A LOYAL TRIBUTE TO ENGLAND'S QUEEN!

Oh! the Queen of merry England! I saw her midst the band,
Of the magnates of the nation, at the solemn altar-stand;
And her cheek was very pale, but proud and high her mien,
As they placed the crown upon her head, and hail'd her England's queen.

And warriors bold, and statesmen old, and barons of high degree,
With mitred prelates, crowded round, and humbly bent the knee,
And high-born dames, of lofty state, and beauty proudly rare,
Were mingled with the throng, to pay a willing homage there.

Oh! the Queen of merry England! The lovely and the young,
I saw her in the halls, where loud the strains of gladness rung;
When the mirthful dance tripp'd laughingly, and sweet was the minstrel's lay,
While the syren pleasure reign'd around, and each heart and lip seem'd gay.
But the fitful bloom on her changing cheek, her pure brow's pensive shade
Bore tales of a fair girl's dream of youth, in its freshness undecay'd,
And well I traced in the wand'ring glance of her soft and speaking eye,
The woman's heart, though veil'd beneath the pomp of Majesty.

Oh! the Queen of merry England! I saw her yet again,
With her nobles, and her court around, in the revel's laughing train;
And the queenly pride had left her brow, the wandering glance was gone,
She stood midst the glad festivity, apart, but not alone:
For a youthful form was by her side, and his earnest gaze was bent
On those downcast eyes, that blushing cheek, where love grew eloquent;
And the gay dance passed unheeded by, the minstrel's lay unheard,
For to them there was sweeter melody in each fondly whisper'd word.

Oh! the Queen of merry England! our lovely virgin queen,
She stands in quiet dignity amid the royal scene,
But the queenly brow is chasten'd now with the woman's trusting pride,
As she looks on her loved affianced one, who standeth by her side;
For a brighter world before her spreads, with a loving heart to share
The lonely joys of royalty, its deep corroding care;
For soon would the regal state, its pride, and grandeur, weary prove,
While the spirit yearneth for a home, in the heart of one we love.

Oh! the Queen of merry England! Ye children of the isle,
Long, long by freedom hallow'd, and cheer'd by woman's smile,
Ye sons and daughters of the land, arise to bless the tie,
That links our Sov'reign's heart with our's in kindred sympathy.
Arise to bless the lovely One, our glory, hope, and pride,
The mother of her people, and Britain's chosen bride,
For aye hath woman's holy love, our guardian safety been,
Oh! a blessing on VICTORIA, a blessing on our QUEEN.

EDWARD KENNEDY SILVESTER.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"Sur la fin du bal, nos nouveau mariés s'échappèrent pour gagner un appartement où ils s'enfermèrent.

Aussitôt qu'elle se vit en particulier avec mon maître, elle lui adressa ces paroles: Don Manrique, voici votre appartement, le mien est dans un autre endroit de cette maison: nous passerons la nuit dans des chambres séparées, et le jour nous vivrons ensemble comme une mère et son fils.

Je ne vous ai point épousé pour vous faire acheter les avantages que je vous fais par notre contrat de mariage, ce sont des dons purs de mon cœur, et je n'exige de votre reconnaissance que des sentiments d'amitié."

GIL BLAS.

At the age of sixteen, I was commanded by a cold-hearted, arbitrary father, (who had gambled away a large fortune, and broken my mother's heart, by his other irregularities,) to unite myself to a man between sixty and seventy, "or if I did not choose to do that, I must do what I could to provide for myself, as he could no longer afford to keep me at home in idleness."

I knew nothing of the world, and less how to obtain the means of existence, even for a day, possessing only in a very imperfect degree, the superficial accomplishments of a third-rate provincial boarding-school, which comprise a very, very limited knowledge of music—a great deal of dancing, and as much geography as teaches that Durham is famous for mustard, and Newcastle for coals. I had also defaced the countenances of many very respectable-looking cats and dogs, in a vain endeavour to hand them down to posterity on canvas, and painted such flowers as would puzzle the most scientific horticulturist to class, but I was sent home "finished!" So there was no alternative, save accepting the obliging offer of my antiquated admirer.

There could be no possible objection urged against Mr. Mason, (the bridegroom elect) except his very advanced age, and there was nothing absolutely repulsive in that. He was a mild, benevolent, gentlemanly-looking old man, dressing with peculiar taste and neatness, extremely cheerful, and pleasing in his conversation, having a mind stored with the choicest fruits of a long life devoted to literature, and possessing such a vivid recollection of his youth, that he made the most ample allowance for the exuberant sallies of that heedless and happy period in others.

In fact, as a father I should have adored him, and that indeed appeared to be the species of affection he was anxious to inspire in my bosom, conscious he was passed the age of awakening the love of a young woman, yet feeling it no presumption to expect esteem and gratitude from her, for his amiable qualities and generosity. He was one of those of whom it might be truly said,

"Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks;
He wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well try'd, and wise experience."

I had known him from childhood, and was indebted to his kindness and liberality for every little

luxury I then enjoyed, besides receiving the best advice from him, and witnessing many secret acts of generosity, to make the close of my wretched mother more comfortable, (gladly hastening to the grave.) So that I felt the most unbounded gratitude to him, as soon as I understood the feeling.

I was always led to believe that he was attached to my mother previous to her fatal marriage, and that like many other inexperienced girls, she had over-looked merit for a dashing exterior, and lived long enough to discover her unhappy error, but this no one of her own expressions ever confirmed, and I learnt to consider it the idle gossip of the place.

Nothing could exceed the liberality of his marriage settlement, nor the care he took to secure to me an independence for life, free from the slightest quibble of the law, or any vexatious mistakes, likely to produce future annoyances. If satins, lace, and jewels, could make a girl happy, I ought to have felt supremely so, as box after box was unpacked, by my admiring new French maid, who was in an ecstasy of delight in surveying them.

And where is the girl of sixteen, conscious of possessing a beautiful face and figure, and who had hitherto been mistress of a very scanty wardrobe, who would not have been intoxicated with such fascinating baubles!

I felt it no sacrifice to become Mrs. Mason, but was rather rejoiced to escape from the moroseness of a father to whom I was evidently quite indifferent, to the calm and comfort now offered me.

After the ceremony, I was conducted by my husband, over (as I thought) every part of the splendid mansion, of which he had made me the really happy mistress—nothing seemed to be wanting, it was superb, magnificent. But in the evening, taking me by the hand, he led me to quite a different part altogether, consisting of three rooms, a small conservatory, filled with rare exotics in full bloom, (I idolize flowers) a boudoir fitted up with exquisite taste and elegance, containing a harp, piano-forte, drawing materials, books, pictures, and every thing money could purchase, or luxury imagine, through which we passed to another room, a bed room, elegantly furnished with blue and white silk drapery, where, seating me on a sofa, he addressed me to the following effect, in a tone of the deepest and tenderest emotion:—

"These, my dear Fanny, are your own private apartments, sacred from all intrusion. I loved your mother, oh! dearer, far, far dearer than words can express! and when I assure you, that you are quite as beautiful, and almost as good as she was, you will feel no surprise at the strength and endurance of that passion which has survived fifty years of anguish and regret, and kept me unmarried until now for her sake. After losing your mother it was impossible to lose, to even endure another.

"You are her child! you are young, lovely, and inexperienced, your father is a gamester, and a libertine, unfit, unable to protect you, and therefore I thought I could not show my veneration to your mother's memory more strongly, than by offering her orphan isolated child a home, becoming a father to you, and endeavouring as much

as possible to supply the place of that angelic being death has deprived you of. Oh! most irreparable loss for a female, young and artless like you, to sustain. Yes, my sainted Fanny," he continued, raising his eyes to Heaven, "the hope of one day befriending your hapless child, enabled me to endure existence after you were gone, made me yet wish to live, and saved this wretched heart from breaking!

"All I shall require in return from you, my dear child, is the affection of a daughter, and the certainty that you are really happy. You will be young enough still, when it pleases the Almighty to take me from you, to form a union more congenial to your years, and that you may not be tempted to sacrifice your feelings to necessity, I have secured you an ample fortune, to enable you to choose merit alone. In the meantime, it shall be my study to prepare your uncultivated mind, by the best and most careful instruction, to render you fit to become hereafter a good wife, a good mother, and a good Christian, for without that last, all is vain and useless, it is the foundation of earthly happiness, and purchases for us immortal glory."

"God bless you, my sweet child," he continued, kissing my forehead affectionately, "I shall rest more tranquil to-night than I have done once since your mother's marriage. Do not forget my name in your prayers, Fanny, it is always good to have the prayers of the young and innocent." He rang for my maid, and left the room.

My first impulse was to fling myself on my knees, and pour out my heart in a prayer of grateful thanksgiving, to the Almighty, for having mercifully raised me up such a friend, to invoke the spirit of my mother to witness the felicity of her child, and to obey the last injunction of the amiable God-like old man, by praying for every blessing on his head, and resolved to devote every hour of my future life to show my gratitude, and merit his continued affection.

Soon after my auspicious marriage, my father having obtained five thousand pounds, from my generous husband, emigrated to Swan River, to repair, as he professed, his shattered fortune; where, soon after marrying again, he seemed to entirely forget he left a child in England, for I never heard from him afterwards.

The great aim of Mr. Mason's life was charity—charity in its most extended sense, never did he breathe a word of censure against a fellow-creature, or suffer one to be uttered in his presence. His heart not more readily conceived the palliatives for the errors of others, than his lips were eager to pronounce them. For, as he observed, "Who, save the Almighty, can judge of the greatest sinner? How often does the secret breast of assumed virtue, conceal a greater weight of turpitude, than any avowed crimes we shudder at in these more candid reprobates! Oh! hypocrisy is the heaviest of all offences in the eyes of a just God, and yet, alas! the most common! Shun it, my dear child, for it is the most specious self-deluder, that can be encouraged, deceiving none so thoroughly as one's self, for all at last detect the flimsy disguise, save the insatuated heart, its false security is lulling to its own perdition."

He made it a paramount duty to search into and alleviate every want of his poorer neighbours; assisting the young and inexperienced, with his advice, encouraging their efforts in a laudable industry with his purse, and rendering the aged and feeble comfortable and happy, by providing those necessaries their own hands could no longer procure for them—admitting of no distinction between them, but considering every worthy, honest man his friend: But there was that tacit distinction felt, and observed by all, towards him—the distinction of superior virtue and excellence! Never was there a more beautiful example of active, yet unobtrusive benevolence, than every hour of his life presented. How must he have felt the truth of Job's affecting description of himself, when it was his delight only to do good to the poor and sorrowing.

"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me:

"Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

"The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Six years glided away in the most uninterrupted and tranquil happiness, a portion of each day being devoted to the cultivation of every elegant accomplishment, and those more important studies which improve the understanding and better the heart, when, without any apparent indisposition, my beloved friend sank into the grave

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellow'd long,
Even wonder'd at because he dropt no sooner."

Deeply and sincerely did I mourn the bereavement of this valued, this affectionate friend, father, guide and protector. But there is a peculiar facility in youth to surmount the gloom and heaviness of sorrow. Wisely intended no doubt, by that benevolent Being, "who temper's the wind to the shorn lamb." For how many of those shocks must the young necessarily endure, ere they themselves are gathered to that last peaceful resting-place of frail mortality—"where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest!"

When, therefore, the world again appeared in bold relief, against the receding shadows of regret, and I began to think and act as formerly, it is impossible to describe the perplexity of my feelings at finding myself thus thrown on my own protection entirely.

My first idea was, that every person would imagine I should be eager to repair the loss of time, and compensate for the disgust and chagrin I must have suffered from living so long with a man so much my senior, by (as soon as decorum would admit) selecting a young handsome husband. For the world, guided only by external circumstances, divined not the kind friend, the agreeable companion, the warm and sincere adviser I had found in that venerable man. No, he was old, and therefore must be obnoxious to a young female.

To destroy what I considered so ungrateful and illiberal an impression, I resolved on every occasion to declaim against second marriages—ransacking every book for proofs to support my hypothe-

sis, and strengthening it, by dressing in the deepest and most unbecoming weeds.

Then I was tormented with the thought, that every one being aware how well I was left by my generous husband, would naturally endeavour to persuade me to change my resolution of perpetual widowhood. So I resolved to be very guarded in my conduct, and watch the artful designs of all my male acquaintances very narrowly.

The first person I fancied I perceived a slight change of manner in, was in Thomas the footman, a fine, intelligent young man, and one Mr. Mason had had the highest opinion of; however, there is no knowing whom to trust. Yet, good Heavens! he never would have the presumption to raise his thoughts to his mistress? the idea is too preposterous! too, too humiliating. Still he certainly did look at me often with an earnestness, and almost compassion, I could neither understand nor endure. So taking an early opportunity, I said, with assumed composure,

"Thomas, I think of reducing my establishment, and therefore shall not require your services after the expiration of the present quarter. But I will give you an excellent character mind, for your master thought very highly of you."

"Thank you, ma'am, but I do not intend taking another place."

"Indeed! then what do you think of doing, Thomas?"

"Why ma'am," and he blushed crimson, "I thought of getting married soon."

"Married! and to whom pray?"

"To Martha Smithson, ma'am, we have been sweethearts for a long time, and we think of taking a public-house, with the legacy master generously left me, ma'am, but I should never have had the heart of leaving you so lonely and forlorn-like, if you had not yourself given me warning."

What a mistake I had made! The poor grateful fellow only looked with pity on the widow of a kind, generous master, to whom he was sincerely attached.

However I felt positive that that could not be the case with Mr. Wentworth, our surgeon, a remarkably agreeable accomplished man. For he squeezed my hand always most significantly, and spoke with such a degree of warmth and tenderness "of my peculiarly melancholy and lonely situation, and the danger I was exposed to from the artful and designing," that I considered it tantamount to an offer of becoming my protector against such formidable evils, and therefore desired the servant to say I was particularly engaged, when he called again, and fortunately having a slight cold soon after, I called in his rival, to crush any spark of latent hope yet lingering in his bosom.

I understood he was very much astonished, and highly indignant, at what he termed "my ingratitude and caprice, considering how devotedly he had attended on my late husband, night and day, when necessary."

Some short time after this, I was surprised to hear the church bells ringing a merry peal.

"What can those bells be ringing so for?" said I peevishly to my maid.

"Why ma'am, hav'nt you heard? la ma'am, young Mr. Wentworth was married last week, and

has brought his lady home—quite a beauty, they say, and with a large fortune too!"

"How odd! then his warmth of manner too, was only sympathy for the forlorn young widow, of an old and valued friend?"

I immediately despatched a note of sincere congratulations, and a promise of an early call, which restored us to our former agreeable terms of intimacy.

There was now but one person who gave me the slightest matrimonial uneasiness, and that was Mr. Grantley, the rector—young, handsome, and a bachelor. He had, since the death of Mr. Mason, been an almost daily visitor to me; kind, but so diffident and respectful in his manner, that I knew not what to think.

"Did he love me? and if not, why come so constantly? What pleasure could he derive from visiting a person who was indifferent to him?"

Things remained in this unsatisfactory and uncertain state for some time longer, when he left home, and on going to church on the following Sunday, seeing a stranger in the pulpit, I whispered to a neighbour,

"So Mr. Grantley has not returned yet?"

"No, he's not expected at present I fancy—I rather think, from certain preparations at the rectory, that he is going to bring home a Mrs. Grantley, for he has been, I know, attached to a young lady for years, whose mother was too ill to spare her before, being an only child, but she is quite well now."

"Bless me!" thought I, "when shall I be able to judge rightly of people? What ridiculous mistakes I keep making, as if it were likely every man should be in love with me? what absurd vanity!"

Then I thought, with a feeling of inexpressible disappointment and mortification, that every creature I knew, was in a hurry to get married, as if to escape me. This was equally extravagant, for after all, there were only three, and all long-standing attachments.

I had long since been weary of my romantic resolution of living single, in honour of my husband's memory, besides, I kept continually recalling to mind the express reason why he left me such an ample fortune, "that I might consult my heart alone, in my next union."

"My next indeed! why there is not a man left in the neighbourhood now, with whom I could possibly be happy! I think it was very dishonourable for Mr. Grantley to come so constantly, knowing he was engaged already!"—for he was the one I secretly regretted in my heart.

In consequence of my father's notoriously dissipated habits, I had few opportunities, whilst young, of forming friendships, (children invariably being great sufferers in that respect, from domestic discord). Wives, feared to allow their husbands to associate with him, lest they should become equally indifferent to their homes and them—husbands trembled to expose their wives (particularly if young and handsome) to the blandishments of his undisguised libertinism, and parents dared not bring their children within the scope of his baneful example, dreading its tainting their young minds, and rendering them future scourges to society. For

it is incredible how quickly the contagion of vice, communicates itself to the inexperienced, when clothed in the alluring garb of reckless gaiety, such as distinguished my reprobate father's.

So there was a sort of ban upon our house, which caused it to be shunned by all the most respectable and virtuous of our neighbours. My prosperous marriage afterwards, created so much envy in all classes, that I found it utterly impossible, with all my efforts, to widen the narrow circle of my acquaintance. In fact, I had but one really sincere, affectionate female friend in the world, and that was the widow of our late rector—she was my mother's early friend too, and dearly loved and esteemed by her. On the death of Mr. Fitzmaurice, her husband, she found herself, like many other clergymen's wives, alas I suddenly plunged from the height of affluence, to the chilling depths of comparative poverty, (and that, with the most elegant and refined ideas) living upon a small stipend allowed her, by her only son, a Captain in a foot regiment, stationed in India—and trifling as it was, he must still have suffered incredible privations to allow her even that.

As children, we were constant friends and playmates,—often when my own home was intolerably dull, and I was too young alas to think that my presence might perhaps have cheered the gloom of a mother's sick bed, and given her a momentary pleasure.

The only species of ignorance really to be deplored in childhood, for it is astonishing how a mother's heart leaps with joy, at any little spontaneous testimony of affection in infancy. It looks so much more like genuine love, than when reason and reflection have taught us hereafter, that it is our duty to love and respect the authors of our being. Oh none can conceive the jealousy of a mother's heart for her child's unbiassed fondness! I used to steal up to the happy cheerful rectory, and the instant Augustus caught sight of me, he used to bound in at the window, exclaiming delightedly, "Mamma, here's our Fanny coming!" to which his mother always replied, imprinting a kiss on his glowing lips, "Well my darling, now you'll be quite happy!"

I remember him perfectly; he was a beautiful boy, remarkably fair, with large, expressive, blue eyes, sparkling with vivacity and good-nature, and a cheek on which a full-blown damask rose had lain itself to sleep, it was so bright, and yet so soft a hue.

Soon after those blissful days, I was sent to a distant school, and he, after being educated at a public military academy, was ordered abroad, where he had been for years.

His constant and affectionate letters to his mother, were a true cordial to her widowed and desolate heart, clinging still to life for his dear sake alone, they were so fond, so tender, so boy-like, written with such a freshness of memory of home,—he knew the exact moment when his native hedge-rows were rich with clustering dog roses, when the hazle-nuts were ripe, and when the wood-pigeon brought forth her young, to feast upon the bright scarlet berries of the mountain-ash, but he never mentioned the precious Rectory, or his beloved father's name, he durst not trust himself to

allude to those subjects, "they had made his mother a widow and a beggar." Nor was I forgotten in those dear letters, every one teeming with expressions of rapturous gratitude, to "our Fanny," for her kindness and affection, to his idolized mother, and mine too, as I considered her, always having experienced the tenderness of one from her. She it was, who most strenuously advised my union with Mr. Mason,—her hand dried the tears his loss caused me to shed,—her voice spoke of resignation, and her example taught it.

All she would except as a bridal present, was a miniature of myself, and this she begged with such unceasing importunity, that Mr. Mason, who really greatly esteemed her, resolved to have it executed in the best possible manner, sending to London express, for a celebrated artist, who succeeded in making it a most faithful resemblance, to the delight of my admiring friend, who never allowed it to see daylight after it was once in her possession, "so choice was she of her treasure."

The first use I made of my newly-acquired wealth, was to re-purchase the home in which I was born, (sold by my father for a mere trifle, before he went abroad,) fitting it up exactly as I remember it in childhood, even my little garden, (opposite my mother's window, with the creepers round it, from whence her sweet pale face used to appear watching me, at my innocent labours,) bloomed again in all its pristine beauty. All, all was there, save the angelic face, but I hoped she was gazing from a happier sphere on her child's pious restorations, the tender reminiscences of the beloved, and lamented dead. So perfectly the same was everything now, that I could not bring myself to credit the lapse of years that had intervened, since I had last so often wept, and smiled under that roof,—oh! for one smile then, myriad of tears.

"I can remember, with unsteady feet
Tottering from room to room, and finding pleasure
In flowers, and toys, and sweet-meats, things which
long
Have lost their power to please; which when I see
them,
Raise only now a melancholy wish,
I were the little trifler once again
Who could be pleas'd so lightly."

I put in my old footman Thomas, and his pretty wife, as butler and housekeeper, they having long since discovered that they were too steady and respectable for village Inn-keepers. Then, under pretence of having an additional motive for spending most of my time there, I persuaded Mrs. Fitzmaurice, to remove from her poor miserable lodging, over the green-grocer's, and take up her abode in it too. But in truth, it was only a "pious fraud" to provide her with a home more suitable to her rank and feelings. I now actually lived there, seldom ever only sleeping at the magnificent mansion left me by Mr. Mason, it was so lonely. At length a letter came, announcing the return of Augustus, in which he observed, "Oh, my Mother! I shall feel the next three months, far, far more tedious and insupportable, than all the years of lingering misery, which have kept us a-part, so impatient am I to embrace you! Oh, my very soul faints within me, when I picture

such felicity; once more resting my head on my mother's bosom, after such a long dreary exile! Shall we not both expire with joy? Oh, my mother, will our happiness be shared by that precious one, who has divided my heart with you?"

"Then Augustus is engaged? well, no matter!"

To us the time appeared equally long, our whole conversation consisting in conjectures as to where he might now possibly be; every hour thanking the Almighty, in those fervent but disjointed exclamations, direct from the deep mine of affection, that there had been no storms since he had sailed, with that unwearying repetition, none but those whose every pulse is stretched with that mighty tension, which almost cracks the seat of reason, with sickening impatience, for the long loved, long absent one's promised return, can understand. Oh! let none say, there is nought worth living for—all have parted with a friend, all have hoped his return—that *hope realized*, is bliss enough, should every other event be fraught only with pain and sorrow!

What an inexhaustable source of pleasure it was to us both, imagining what he was like—if we should know him again, and the mutual assurances, that we should in an instant.

"He was so fair," I said, "and his eyes were so blue!"

"I fear, my dear Fanny, the envious sun of an Eastern clime, will have stolen the Northern lily from his complexion, but what does that signify? it has not changed his heart! Oh! no, no, my boy is still the same there. Besides," she added anxiously, "surely you would not think the less kindly of my Augustus, should he not be so fair as he was?"

"Oh no! only I should have nothing to remember him by."

"His eyes, you recollect his eyes, Fanny? they will be the same, I'm sure they will."

"Recollect them! oh, indeed I do! I *feel* as if they were gazing on me now, for there was a something beyond the mere consciousness of seeing, in his look, it went so directly to the heart. Oh, it was felt there indeed!"

"And so it will again, depend upon it. The eyes, those mirrors of the soul, never change, my dearest child."

One afternoon, after reading his last letter over again for the hundredth time, although we both knew every word it contained, and counting the time, from the day he was to start for home, a post-chaise stopped at the gate of the cottage, from which alighted a tall, handsome, *dark* man, who bounding into the house, was clasped in an instant, to Mrs. Fitzmaurice's bosom, with—"my boy! my Augustus! my darling, darling son."

Yes, it was he, whom, with a mother's intuitive knowledge, she recognized directly.

After their first transports were over, he turned to me, and gazing with unqualified admiration, "our Fanny, too, dearest Mother!" he exclaimed in voice of thrilling tenderness, to which she replied archly. "Yes my darling, and now you'll be quite happy!"

"Oh, quite! quite!" he answered, then seizing both my hands, he continued energetically. "What do I not owe you, my sweet Fanny, my early

friend, for taking such care of my dear, precious, venerable mother. Oh! but for you, she must have sank into the cold unregarded grave of poverty, long ere this, and I should have returned to England with none to bless and welcome me. Now," he added, the tears springing into the same beautiful, speaking blue eyes, "she is here, and you are here, and I am so happy!—I have brought you a magnificent shawl, fit for an Indian Princess, as a token of gratitude, and had I been rich, I would have brought you the choicest jewels of a Sultan's diadem, Fanny."

"Dear Augustus," said I, weeping with grateful pleasure, "you have brought me what I prize infinitely more, the thanks of a generous heart, and the *undying memories of our childhood*. But how could you possibly recollect me so easily, I must be changed, and I am sure you are? I did not know you at all, at first, I assure you."

"Mother," said he, with a look of inexpressible fondness, and timidity, "may I reveal our precious mystery?"

The old lady, in an ecstasy of delight, nodded assent; her heart was too oppressed with sweet hopes and wishes, for words, when to my unbounded astonishment, and I must confess, joy, he drew from his bosom the identical bridal miniature! "There Fanny," he exclaimed, "behold the talisman that kept every thought for home, and every pulse of this heart, true to its almost infant love! Yes dearest, with the religion of a saint, and the fortitude of a martyr, have I cherished your early remembrance, as the most precious dream of life! Am I now to awake to misery and regret, or to love and joy? Speak! oh speak! for on you depend more than life or death!"

I placed my hand silently in his, then burying my burning face, on Mrs. Fitzmaurice's bosom, I whispered, "speak for me, my Mother, your child is too happy, to dare to trust herself to answer."

"My sweet Fanny! my dear child!" she exclaimed, folding me tenderly in her arms, while tears of unmixt felicity coursed each other down her calm placid face, "now you know my secret—now you know, why I so anxiously urged your union with a man so fearfully your senior. I was aware of his delicate and generous intentions towards you. I knew, young, lovely, and miserable as you were, you would be driven to accept the first offer of a home, your charms would easily have procured for you, had you refused him; I knew then you would be for ever lost to me, and to my idolizing boy; I knew, (oh pardon!) Augustus, would always be too poor to offer you a home, such as his heart would wish, unaided by Mr. Mason's fortune. But had I not known also, that he would make your existence most blessed should you one day become his, I take the Almighty to witness, I would have banished the idea of your union from my heart for ever, sooner than sacrifice you, who are quite as dear, to aggrandize even so beloved a Son! But I know the worth of his heart, I know it to be ardent, grateful, affectionate, religious, and unmercenary; I know he has from boyhood, cherished the memory of 'our Fanny,' in its inmost core, and will to the grave! Oh! often my adored ones, when you were both babes, and I used, as the greatest possible gratification,

accompany you to the nursery, to see you both bury your sweet innocent faces in the snowy counterpane, and *whisper* your sinless prayers to Heaven, how did my heart pour out its silent, and secret prayer too, to that beneficent Being, that I might only *live* to behold you both ripened in beauty, virtue, and goodness, kneel once more together, to thank Him, for his protecting love, through the storms and temptations of youth, and to ask a blessing from my aged lips, to crown your pure and hallowed haven of rest and affection !”

“Oh, bless us ! bless us !” we both exclaimed, bursting into tears, and sinking on our knees before her. “Behold the wish of your heart accomplished—behold your Fanny, in the arms of her husband—behold your Augustus, her friend, her protector, her guide, to the tomb !”

“My Mother ! hear our Fanny,” said Augustus imploringly, “and bless us both !”

“I do ! I do ! and thou Gracious God, bless them too ! for lo ! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone ; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.”

Such was indeed the case, on the sweet June morning, when arrayed again as a bride, I was conducted from my elegant home, by my idolizing Augustus, to the altar. Oh ! how I congratulated myself, as, with a palpitating heart I beheld him prepared to perform the awful ceremony, that Mr. Grantley was engaged, previous to paying me those long daily visits ; involuntarily I drew closer to my beloved husband, and pressed his arm to my throbbing heart, as the thought of what I considered a most providential escape, flashed across my brain, and a thanksgiving arose to my lips, for having been reserved for such felicity.

Immediately after the ceremony, I stole away to the privacy of my own room, when prostrating myself on my knees, I implored the shade of my still venerated friend, to re-visit me for an instant, to see if I had not found the merit he intended me to bestow his wealth upon.

“Oh ! look from thy Heaven, beloved, revered friend, upon thy Fanny. Oh, behold thou art indeed obeyed ;” recalling his last words to mind pathetically, and hallowing them with the tears of gratitude. “You will be young enough still, when it pleases the Almighty to take me from you, to form a union more congenial to your years, and that you may not be tempted to sacrifice your feelings to necessity, I have secured to you an ample fortune, to enable you to *choose merit alone*.”

ANSWER TO THE CHARADE IN LAST NUMBER, PAGE 49.

Who finds thy *first*, a happy wight
May well himself declare,
And I, though humble, boast the bright
And blissful prize to share :
A FRIEND I have, but ah ! for me !
Thy *second* now doth bear
His form beloved away, to be
In sultry regions, where
May Heaven for him its wreath divine
Thy *third*—true FRIENDSHIP kindly twine !

C. C

THE SORCERESS.

Written to the Boûts Rimés, supplied in last number by “ Distaffina.”

The Sorceress rushed thro’ the stormy night,
But her bold heart felt no throb of affright ;
Tho’ the wail of a spirit, the oath-filled groan
Of a Demon accurst on her ears was blown,
And the blood of the innocent spotted her robe,
As she shook her wand o’er the slumbering globe !
On rushes the Sorceress ! Thro’ the haze
She sees ‘midst the trees a sudden blaze,
And a sound that fills her heart with wonder,
Sweet as the Zephyr, yet deep as the thunder,—
Startles her soul—whilst round her, (brightning,
The Cavern’s mouth) darts the deadly lightning !
The thunderbolt strikes her ! She falls on the floor
Of that forest cavern, encrusted with gore ;
A bolt of destruction hath o’er her been hurled,
That hath shaken with earthquake the quivering
world ;

And that wicked heart at length is broken,—
And the earth, of the Sorceress keeps not a token !

Rondeletia Cottage.

LYDIA CAMPBELL.

A SERIO-COMIC EMBODYING

Of Distaffina’s Boûts-rimés, published in our last number, by H. W.

Young Bibo, muddled, reached his home one night,
Reel’d into bed, snored, started with affright,
As o’er his senses stole a hollow groan
So dismal and unearthly, it seemed blown
From some unhappy spirit, and in robe
Of colour known as “gray” upon this globe,
Stood a tall figure, in an ambient haze
Beshrouded ; next a red half smother’d blaze
Fill’d the whole air, and, much to Bibo’s wonder,
A voice he heard, calling to him in thunder,
“Bibo, awake !” at which his senses bright’ning,
He tried to rise, but then a flash like lightning
Dazzled his eyes, when leaping on the floor,
He saw, (no dreadful object bathed in gore)
The warehouseman, at whom in wrath he hurl’d
His nightcap, swearing, “wond’ring what the world
He wanted ?” “why so soon his rest was broken ?”
“Tis six o’clock, sir, hark ! St. Paul’s be token.”

VALENTINE IN INDIA.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

All hail, all hail to St. Valentine’s eve !
When the Lover, his lay of love should weave,
When far o’er the seas, in our own dear land,
He seeks the aid of the minstrel’s wand,
To shed o’er the path where his mistress strays
The meed of his heart, the light of his praise !
St. Valentine’s eve, and an Indian scene !
But British hearts are here, I ween,
And though an Indian moon beams fair
O’er the spot where our revels are,—
And though dark forms around us stand,
Unlike the forms of our native land,—
Though servile Pagans round us bend,
And Moslems on our steps attend,
Oh ! there is ONE that glides by me
Amidst the heartless pagantry,
With a laugh on her lip and a smile in her eye,
That speak her born in those isles of joy,
Where colder climes give warmer hearts
Than the fire of an Eastern sun imparts !
Hail to thee, Maid of the brow of light—
Hail to thee, Nymph of the ringlets bright,—
Were wishings mine and grantings thine,
O ! I should be thy VALENTINE !

Madras, 1837.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL AND SCENERY
—THE PYRENEES.

In this age of steam levelling and locomotion, when every one seems so unsettled; when mind and matter united, seem determined to push us on by new processes, and a new progress; and when our country by its rail-roads, manufactures, and crowded marts, seems to have lost its old character, and be too small to contain us; how fortunate it is that the old and storied Continent lies so near that we can there indulge in those dreams and that love of scenery which our new race-ground of strife and competition have so much tended to stifle; and that there is such ample room for the extension and expansion of all those new tastes and feelings which the mere "March of Intellect" has created, and which the union and mixture of nations now so contributes to.

We have ever been a nation of travellers, and the theory of our travelling propensities is obvious; our island is small: we are out amidst the winds and waves, and like those animals living on the confines of opposite regions, we seem to have extra organs and functions in adaptation to both; not that we are either winged, web-footed, or amphibious, but that we are restless and imaginative and must soar into the regions beyond us: on great and level plains we tread quietly; the woods, the streams, the valleys are there, and we feel at home, because we know they are like the elements of our composition; but when the path of our pilgrimage looks to the great waters or lone hills, we mingle in the associations they convey and the mysteries and depths they reveal; in fact, Imagination alone makes us rambles; our very position of insularity seems to engender a something within our minds, that cannot be kept down, and when such is the case it is easy to contrive means for the body to follow.

So far therefore, we have been always travellers more or less; so far has Nature in the first instance given us such a spirit; but when to these the commercial spirit has been added; when we have gone so far and so fast in stirring up the whole riches of the globe and bringing them into our home, it is very natural to suppose, that we had neither time or taste or inclination to reap those lessons which travel alone unfolds, or even to avail ourselves of those minor charms which its mere variety develops.

At present, however, we seem growing wiser; we seem to think that our feelings should be graduated in smaller circles; that our first visits ought to be to our neighbours, and that seeking distant shores is sometimes beginning at the wrong end; in short we now begin to find that travel to be profitable should be progressive, that like truth it must obey the same law, and that time, truth, and travel, are all labouring at the same task. This however, depends on ourselves; it depends on the spirit which we bring along with it, how far it is likely to benefit us or not, and even still, if we judge from the age we live in, we cannot say how far this spirit has operated; in fact with regard to the general question of travel, we have not as yet balanced the account; its best we all know, its worst we lose sight of—and being generally an affair between head and heart, we generally leave it open to avoid offence to either. In getting rid

of home we get rid 'tis true of many rough things in our way; but in losing the principle of what renders us irritable, we lose the interest of what makes us intense; look at the man of the world, he runs along it like the billiard ball on its table—polished in proportion to his hardness, and rapid in proportion to his polish. Where are his ties? he touches humanity but at a point, he whirls on in a tearless philosophy. Not so the man of home; he has thrown the roots of his affections in a sacred soil; he has watered it with sacred springs, and its image comes brightly and freshly before him. Thus he has a positive identity to cling to, a comparative standard to go by; and unless determined to be in the superlative, the mere nature of his feelings is sure to compensate him: let us then travel, but let us not lose our love of home, unless exclusive—if exclusive let us keep it to ourselves, for pets like prejudices can never offend if private, and if we dismiss all there is nothing to cling to but *self*—*self* is love's last shift—we should keep it off as long as we can; we should try and warm ourselves in the wider mantle of philanthropy, at least of patriotism, by bringing around those kindred feelings which belong to our nature, for if we do not find out some little superiority in our country (no matter how small), we deprive ourselves of a charm always cheap; and if we reject the dreams of our childhood, lest we become children once more, we are warring with the laws of our being and find we must turn to them at last.

But the beauty of Foreign travel is the store of varied feelings it creates, the stock of bright imagery it unfolds; it seems a binding up of all our impressions; a crowded tablet of all our thoughts—for in going over space in a shorter time, we condense time in a shorter space; in fact it is a new life to us whilst engaged in it, a new chapter in our old volume, mixing up its strange leaves to mingle with the others, but still tempting us to turn over what are even still so bright. Which of us that cannot dwell with pleasure on scenes and recollections even of our native land? and try to call up such in memory when hope seems dead; which of us that cannot look back to those rushes and gushes of feeling that came across us, when we first went abroad amidst the great walks of nature, or when we paused on those ancient works of man which threw such an interest around them? Scenery affects us like society—sympathy is the great law of both—a tree, a flower, or a stream comes home to us, because there is a stirring and vital principle within them that associates with our own; and because it shows us we are never alone if we carry those feelings about us which such associations must convey; these are the lessons of travel; these are our safest companions; it is not in the ball-room, the theatre or the street, that they cheer us; it is not in the busy hum of men that they come upon our hearts; but it is when we commune with ourselves; it is when we hear those thousands of chords beating within that bind us to this beautiful world; it is when the mountains, and forests, and streams tell us to go forth as if to listen to their inspiration.

England abounds with beautiful scenery, but it is on a small scale, she has all the elements of landscape, all the interest of story and tradition,

all those associations which call us back to ancestry; but still we want those loftier features of nature, or those deeper furrows of man, which are necessary to create the higher order of the picturesque, and which create in us such deeper or loftier feelings. Picturesqueness is a moral as well as a material sentiment, it consists they say, in *roughness* as beauty consists in smoothness, and therefore painters tell us that a jackass is more picturesque than a horse; if such be true we may perhaps be satisfied, and we may look at our trim fields, and hedges, and cottages, with that feeling of order and repose, which the moral sentiment of beauty seems chiefly to lean on as implying a more settled condition of man; but still we find all this inadequate to fill up that higher class of aspirations which so often enter into our being; 'tis true we may occasionally indulge in such aspirations in our own Isle; 'tis true we may find them in our lofty Highlands, and their storied scenes where the rock, the torrent, and the storm, seem contributing as much to excite us as the page of man, and where still the spirit of mists and mysteries goes forth as if embodying each other; but these are rare spots, it is hard to get at them; we go there to relieve ourselves as it were from that monotony of materialism which the very opposite spirit of our country engenders, or perhaps of that plethora of pecuniary anxiety hanging over us that we can scarcely shake off; still our visits there are a proof that we seek those higher aspirations; they are a proof that as the picturesque is declining with us, we are getting fonder of pictures, fonder of scenery, fonder of those rough sketches and stories, which tradition still hallows; they are a proof that the ideal still pants in our breast though the real rests on our brow; and that notwithstanding all those comforts and smoothings, and luxuries of life which we in England enjoy, notwithstanding all that levelling which our great lights, and liberties, and laws have created, we still must turn now and then to those loftier or deeper excitements which make up such a part of our existence, and which, whether it be in nature or human nature, whether it be in mere scenery or story, must ever affect us from the mere associations they convey.

The Continent opens an immense field for such associations; it is every where furrowed over with story; as to its scenery, it is of course various, often flat, tame, and without our English elements of landscape, and therefore not coming around us in that gentler bond of affection which our little home creates; but if it is wanting in such, it abounds in other interest; if it has not been trimmed and pared, and tamed by a higher hand of civilization it tells its tales in other ways, and points to other times: here we can rest and pause and look about us; here we are called less to the present than the past; here as in the clear atmosphere that surrounds us we see as it were the clear light of other days, streaming along with its storied and romantic remembrances, pointing out to us those dark and bright spots which have so rapidly alternated on man's page, telling us of his glories at one time, his misfortunes at another; telling us of the different ages and stages of society as it moved onwards, and thus shewing as it were one great

map of humanity, one great chart of history, where those who run may read, and those who read must learn. This is the great charm of Foreign travel; this is the great benefit to be derived; if we have beautiful scenery and climate added, the charm is of course increased, for the very lights and shades and varieties under which we see these beautiful spots seem throwing out all their stories into relief and we listen and we gaze as we pass by till we believe both in their truth and their mysteries. Such is the great claim of Italy and Greece,—scenery, story, climate, are all combined; here we have a struggle of admiration, as it were, between the works of nature and art, and yet a union of both to make such admiration complete; here we see the very elements of all combining as if to set off such beauties; here the monuments of man's fame as well as man's frailty, seem shining in a new light, and we can worship, and we can weep at those very shrines which we once thought of but as fiction; these shrines, these monuments, look fresh—they look eternal; they speak to us in a new language. Who can gaze on them without feeling such? Who can pass them by without thinking that Time, which in its flight seems both our mockery and our monitor, suspends there its desolation as if to create in us fresh aspirations for glory. Who does not read on their crested brow, where the storms of ages have swept by, "Man thou wert born for Eternity?"

France, though without such pretensions, is still picturesque; she has not the same scenery, the same stories, or the same climate, but she is more nearly related to us; we must not judge of her by her Northern provinces, we must not run o'er those tame and monotonous plains which they unfold in search of that to which we have alluded; but yet even here there is a certain charm, even here the light of other days seems streaming in upon us like her own clear atmosphere, and the old castle, the abbey, and the war-worn tower fling their ruins over our path to tell us what man once did; these are pictures easily obtained, our own country scarcely affords them; we have to draw upon our memory when we wish to be awakened to their inspiration, we have to open out that portfolio of sketches as it were, which these scenes may have once created in our mind, and which we treasure up as we do those few bright hours with which our existence has been decorated; and here but to get the reality we must cross the Straits, a few hours suffice, for even in the quaint aspect of Calais we read of things that we never knew.

To arrive however at the Romance of France, we must descend to her middle and Southern provinces, particularly the latter. Travellers, in their anxiety to get to her capital, think there is nothing further worth visiting; they think they read in her the whole country, that she is not only the Alpha and Omega but the whole Alphabet; not only the index and appendix, but the whole volume itself, and thus they come back and tell us there is nothing else in the entire work worth reading out of; to those who have never advanced further such may certainly appear to be true, for Paris is such a complete contrast to the other towns, such a complete concentration of all that lays hold of our senses, that we seem unfitted to enter into the

circle of that higher order of sensibility conveyed by mere scenery, and though she opens out her thousands of lights, and shades, and sketches, and stories to tell of all her romance, yet we are too much hurried and oppressed by these contrasts; too much oppressed by the dark and the dazzling to be able to repose on them, and we sigh once more for the calm works of nature, as well as those calmer stories and traditions, which being further removed from our own time and country, we can dwell upon with calmer interest.

The middle provinces afford these in abundance; they seem out of the common track of those revolutionary phrenzies and desolation which are associated in our remembrance, we can wander by their sunny vales and mountain streams and repose alone on their beauty; we can gaze on the castled rock and hoary pile, and ask who were its proud chiefs and dwellers; we can contemplate those Feudal ages now so dim to us and look back with fresh colours on man's gloom and yet his glory;—but this is not all, this is not the sole picturesqueness of these provinces, as we approach them we perceive it every way, we perceive we are getting to those rough, hoary, and volcanic lands where nature seems sporting in every way, where the tempest and torrents without, and the bursting fires within, tell us of those mighty changes going on in this earth on whose old brow time seems to have worn as many furrows as on that of man's story.

But the true beauty of France is in the South, we must get to those provinces where scenery, story, and climate, all combined form a new zone as it were, and where her entire drapery and dresses offer us such new aspects; Gascony, Lanquedoe and Provence are these, they seem quite distinct from the other parts of the country, and once we come within sight of the Pyrenees we are compensated for all our labour.

Mountains seem the Cathedrals of nature, the great temples of the earth where we may worship. In raising ourselves to these higher lands, we seem raising ourselves above the morbid miasma of society, a new atmosphere is felt, all looks pure, streams gush around that cool our fevered brow, fresh airs blow across us, and we think of brighter skies, truth looks a divinity we are called on to adore, and there is nothing to find fault with, because there is nothing of man; on level plains we are never reminded of what is beyond us, no line drawn to say "so far shalt thou go, but no further," earth and sky seem mingling together, and all is lost in the obscurity of space; but in gazing on these beautiful hills, we feel a defined something, a kind of longing to explore them, as we feel a longing for immortality; too near and naked to mock us with their mysteries, and yet too distant not to tell us of what is deceiving, they seem like our reveries between sleeping and waking, to hold converse and communion between distant worlds; we then gaze on, we speculate on their broken and rugged forms, sometimes frowning, sometimes faint as the sun or the shadows that play o'er them, we think there is something of our nature around them, something within our reach to discover, and it is with eyes that ache with lingering that we follow them as they roll.

Such are the feelings which these beautiful mountains must create in the beholder, and such were mine. I had been long in distant sight of them, I had long resided in these Southern provinces, their scenery, their stories, their skies were engraved on my memory; they could not, they cannot be erased, they come on me like the bright dreams of other times; they come like those green spots in life's desert where gushing fountains are still felt, and they are pictured on the mind like those lines of Rembrandt, where truth lies so deep and whose impressions can never pass away.

But where the Pyrenees first struck me with their true majesty was at St. Elis near Toulouse; we had passed the winter in that city, the summer heats were now commencing, and this contributed not a little to our desire to explore them; to attempt this with anything like effect, or rather to explore the most interesting portion, it was necessary to select some central village from whence we could diverge and examine all around, and more particularly that loftier part which borders on Spain; this was easily done, the season of baths and watering places with which these mountains abound had now commenced and we soon decided on the little village of Bagnères de Luchon; this lies in the very centre as it were of the whole chain, it is resorted to by strangers from the most distant provinces, on account of its baths, and we understood it afforded every accommodation which may be expected from such spots.

Taking our departure from Toulouse, we made St. Elis our first night's destination, for be it remembered by our admirers of rapid locomotion highflyers and railroads that in such a country as this they are all unknown, and if the traveller can only advance thirty miles a day, it is the utmost he can expect; the man of business may regret this, the lover of nature may rejoice at it; and to those who seek these simple scenes where truth seems dwelling, it can never be an object of indifference to be able to turn aside from the bustling high road of life in order to indulge in them; such at least were our feelings; we had been recommended by an old faithful servant (a native of this village) to sleep at St. Elis. She assured us in the warmest strains of the excellence of its inn, and that of the people; that the Toulousans were all vice and corruption, that happiness only dwelt in the country, and that she longed to introduce us to some of those with whom she had passed her early days; this was an invitation not to be refused; poor Babet's simplicity and affection we had long had proofs of, and we anticipated some of those fresh feelings which like certain flowers only grow on lonely paths, and as if aware of being trodden down on, seem retiring to where their humility can shelter them. We were not disappointed, a fine old couple, bleached by the snows and yet bronzed by the pure air were sitting in their garden surrounded by children and grand-children; the sun had gone behind the hills, the labours of the field were over, but still those lighter labours were going on which make labour look like pleasure; the young men were pruning their trees, the females were at their spindle, the children listened to their stories. Babet had not seen her old friends for years, for in this country a

journey of thirty miles is a serious event ; she now made herself known, all seemed to start by one impulse, greetings, questions, and kisses, were showered down by old and young ; they had all heard of her, mutual friends were eagerly sought after, but amidst all, the grace of our welcome was never lost sight of, and the name of stranger alone seemed a charm ; flowers then were offered, fruits handed round—we felt as it we were in one of those patriarchal scenes of other times, when family affection was so strong, and when the mere name of kindred was that of friendship ; these are scenes to be remembered ; they are not the idle tales which fiction has invented ; they are scenes for the misanthrope, the weary, and the worn—let them seek such and their tears will tell what lies within us.

Few spots can exceed in beauty, and few moments be more freshly remembered than our first morning at this village. It was now the month of May, the sun even at five o'clock burst out in strength, the dews lay spangling on the ground, and fragrance was every where. In such scenes, and such hours, we feel thankful for simple existence,—it is a dream, a delirium, a clear draught we cling to, whose dregs are not seen ; and we forget all its toils and its sorrows in a kind of vista which seems to promise a bright futurity ; but the Pyrenees were the great charm ; we could scarcely take our eyes off them, other objects might occasionally have attracted us, and in the winding of the flocks to their pastures, the voice of the shepherd or the song of the birds, we might have been reminded as it were of those hymns to the Creator which such scenes seem to embody ; but when we looked at those towering mountains now shooting up in their huge frame before us, when we observed those mighty masses which had hitherto appeared so indistinct now starting up in the sky, they seemed to us almost like the capital letters of Gods volume written on the great frontispiece of his works, and we could read, mark, and learn what was therein revealed. S.

THE ENGLISH GIRL'S REQUEST.

Oh ! bear me home to die !

Not here unblest,

'Mid strangers let me lie

In Earth's cold breast !

But where the twilight breeze

'Mid my ancestral trees,

Sigheth soft melodies

There let me rest !

Oh ! bear me home to die !

In mine own land ;

Let my dim closing eye

Rest on spots scan'd

When life and hope were new, —

Ere to my startled view

Fate its dark veil undrew

With with'ring hand !

Sweetly, oh ! sweetly, now

In Fancy plays

Upon my pallid brow

Home's cheering rays ;

The murmur of the stream,

The twilight's soften'd beam

Speak to my home-sick dream

Of happier days.

Oh ! let me calmly rest

Beneath the sod,

Upon whose verdant breast

My steps once trod ;

And 'neath the willow tree

That droopeth mournfully,

There let my ashes be

When I'm with God !

And when at close of day

In Summer's pride,

The village children play

My grave beside ;

Watching with guardian care

Around that spot so fair,

My happy Spirit there

Unseen shall glide !

Then take me home to die !

Nor here unblest

'Mid strangers let me lie,

In Earth's cold breast !

But, where the Sabbath bell

Sounds sweet o'er vale and dell,

Shedding its holy spell,

There let me rest !

FLORENCE WILSON.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL STATUE OF ST. ROCH.

IN L'EGLISE DE ST. GERMAIN, RENNES.*

Thou beauteous work of art in that calm face,

What heav'nly resignation do we trace,

And tho' expressive anguish there is read

Devotion's blissful halo's round thee spread.

For thou art smitten with the Plague's dread blot,

Thine hand is pointing to the fatal spot ;

Sublime despair is written on thy brow,

No hope of life is left thee now.

Lo ! thy fond dog companion to the last,

The faithful sharer of thy wand'rings past,

To thee with touching earnest look does turn,

As still he would thy sufferings discern.

Alas for man ! if earth were all his trust,

Well might his spirit lower to the dust ;

But thine is placed above this earthly sphere,

Thy gaze is upward, and thy trust is there.

Oh ! Beauteous Work of Art, 'tis thine to teach

With more of eloquence, than human speech,

For man, proud man, has but to look on thee

And learn submission to his God's decree.

CLARA PAYNE.

GODWIN wrote a volume of sermons which were printed, and are now very scarce. Sermons and the religious principles of Godwin would seem to be very much at variance. So little are they known that Mrs. Shelley knew not of this publication of her father until the volume was lent to her by Sir C. A.

* This fine statue, represents, " St. Roch," when smitten with the Plague, a heavenly resignation is pictured on his countenance, while with one hand he is pointing to the dreaded spot, by his side is a faithful dog who is gazing inquiringly on his master. This statue is a beautiful lesson of humility, and was placed in the Church of St. Germain, in 1833, when the Cholera was committing its frightful ravages in that part of France.

OUR BOUDOIR TABLE, OR GLANCES AT NEW PUBLICATIONS.

“—Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.”
SHAKESPEARE.

THE SONG OF AZRAEL, THE ANGEL OF DEATH, &c., by Mrs. Turnbull.*—This little volume is sent forth to the world in that spirit of mock-modesty, which hides excessive arrogance! The authoress tells us in her preface, “that had there been any ‘giants of the land’ she should not have ventured to walk in the road leading to Parnassus, but as ‘Byron, Shelley, Keats, Scott, Hemans, and Lander,’ have been called away,” out of compassion to the public, and lest the race of poets should be quite extinct, Mrs. Turnbull steps forth into the arena of poetical literature! Kind soul! in this dearth of lyrical talent, how much ought the reading world to feel indebted for her exertions to supply the deficiency; and how particularly flattered must the versifiers of the present day (mere glow-worms as they are) be, by the high opinion thus inferred of their value by the preface to “the Song of Azrael!” Of the Poems we are bound to say that they are pleasing trifles, many of them elegantly written, and had they been put forth without this “drum and trumpet” flourish, would have earned a fairer laurel than they now are likely to obtain for their author.

SPIRIT OF THE BRITANNIA CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.—A pamphlet under this title has been sent to us, we presume for the purpose of reviewing. All we can say of the paper in question is, that its literary critiques are the most ill-natured and worst-written we ever read; and that its editor deserves the same treatment he is so ready to bestow, unjustly, on others.

A LEGEND OF CLOTH FAIR AND OTHER TALES.† —The legendary lore appertaining unto the region of West Smithfield hath been most elaborately cultivated by the historians of Wat Tyler and Richard II., of Queen Mary and the Martyrs, in the song of the “Humours of Barthelmy Fair,” and by divers other erudite histories and historians. The resources of that hallowed spot—sacred to butchers and horse-chaunters, piemen and pig-drivers, have long been dried up in a literary point of view; but Cloth Fair, its immediate neighbour, offers a wide field for investigation, which the author of these tales has most industriously cultivated. The legend possesses much interest, and is worked up with considerable effect. Take an example from the mystery and well painted ludicrous fright painted of the following scene:—

“It wanted but a few days of Christmas,—Margaret had gone to spend the holidays with a relation, a few miles out of town; it was Saturday night, her father was at his club, and the girl had gone out on some domestic errand, leaving master Humphrey to mind the house. The shop was shut, and the luxurious journeyman sat basking in the blaze of a glorious fire in the old-fashioned kitchen, which, as

in many houses in the city, was on the first floor; he had not, it is true, of late much relished his own company; the shock his nerves had experienced by the bye-gone catastrophe, had tended greatly to intimidate a spirit, at the best not over valiant. In fact, had it not been for the imputation such a measure would have cast upon his manhood, he would, at his own cost, have found other lodgings than in his master's house; for at night, when the wind rattled the windows of Williamson's room, adjoining the one in which he slept, or the rats scampered across the floor, he would cover his head with the bed-clothes, expecting the apparition of the executed highwayman to stalk in upon him.

On the evening in question, however, friend Humphrey's cogitations were of a more agreeable nature; he was thinking of the coming festivities of the season, and Christmas-boxes expectant called his calculating powers into action, when his musings were interrupted by hearing the street-door closed with some violence. “Why, surely,” thought he, “Bridget did not leave the door open when she went out?” Steps were heard ascending the stairs, evidently those of a man; perhaps it was his master—but no, it was too early for him. These ideas rapidly flitted through Humphrey's brain; but what was his horror, when, as the footsteps approached nearer, he recognized them as those of one he dared not name. The door was thrown open, and a figure muffled in a horseman's cloak entered, the candle burned dimly, but the outline, though indistinct, was too easily recognised by the terror-stricken shopman.

“It did not need the confirmation which was quickly given to his fears; as the object, moving towards the table, raised his head as he partly threw aside his cloak, and disclosed the pale features of Williamson. To the eyes of a spectator, Humphrey must have presented a singular spectacle, his feet apparently rooted to the floor, though his knees tottered and smote each other violently, one hand grasping the back of the chair from which he had arisen, whilst with distended eyes and fallen jaws, he glared on the dreaded visitor.

“‘Where is your master?’ at length demanded the object of his terror, in a voice, that to the ears of the paralysed Humphrey, seemed to sound particularly hollow and unearthly, at the same time gazing sternly upon him. Receiving no answer, for, though his lips moved, the poor fellow could not articulate, the question was repeated still more awfully, ‘Where is your master? tell him I have come home again!’

“Bewildered with fear as he was, Humphrey perceived there was an opening for escape, and still keeping a wary eye upon his expected annihilator, with one bound gained the door, and, rolling down stairs in his hurry and affright, rushed forth, as though pursued by furies, in search of his master.

“That personage was smoking his pipe, in the corner he usually occupied of the comfortable parlour of the principal ale-house (public-houses were not in those days called taverns,) of the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, which was patronised as well by the churchwardens of the said parish as by many other wealthy and dignified inhabitants thereof, when the gravity and decorum of the staid company, then and there assembled, was violently interrupted by the intruding of Mr. Bond's man; who, striding up to the astonished citizen, gasped forth, ‘He's come home again, sir, and wants you.’

“‘He's come home again, and wants me? who wants me? who's come home? what do you mean? speak, man, speak, and tell me what's amiss.’

* 1 Vol. J. W. Southgate, Strand.
† Southgate, 164, Strand.

"But the shopman seemed unable to give any explanation; he could only repeat, 'He's come home again, and wants you.'"

"The fellow's mad, to a certainty," observed the cloth-dealer, rising and putting on his coat and hat, "I must go and see for myself, I suppose, what all this is about."

"He proceeded home accordingly, followed by his strange messenger, whom he forbore again to question, seeing it was labour in vain, till arriving at his own door, and about to seek admission, his arm was arrested by the latter, whose fear seemed, if anything, augmented, though his recollection appeared to have in some measure returned, for he besought his master not to go in alone."

"Why, who is there, in the name of all that's good, that should prevent my entering my own house; are there thieves inside, or what?"

"Oh! I wish there was, master; I wish there was, or anything but what there is," then with a shuddering whisper, "he's come home, he's there, sir," and he clung to the wall for support.

"Who, fool, who? you'll drive me as mad as yourself," and seizing the knocker, he thundered at the door—it was opened by his strange lodger. The old man started back, the sudden surprise almost overpowered him—the unexpected appearance of one whom he believed numbered with the dead was certainly sufficient to shake the strongest nerves; but he never for an instant took his old friend for a ghost."

This scene is admirably illustrated by *Phiz*, the *Pickwick* illustrator, who contributes eight excellent etchings to the volume.

Of the humorous sketches in this little work "Mr. John Broad" is our favourite. The "Demon Professor," somewhat in the style of the *contes fantastiques* of De Balzac, exhibits much ability in that style of story-telling. Altogether the author of a "Legend of Cloth Fair" displays varied and superior capabilities of variety in style and powers of description.

AN APOLOGY FOR A THIEF, by a British Israelite, is a clever and spirited little Oxford pamphlet. The author shews that throughout the whole of the animal creation thievery is inherent, and birds, beasts, and fishes, as well as man are born thieves.

THE ECONOMIST'S NEW BRUSSELS GUIDE, by Mrs. Wemyss Dalrymple, is one of the most concise and useful works we have met with. It is at present only published at Brussels, but it ought to be printed in England, and no traveller should be without it. Mrs. Dalrymple is a clever and observing woman; she has tact, taste, and judgment.

HENRY OF GUISE, by G. P. R. James, is one of the best works of this author. The subject is historical, and he adheres more closely to facts than most novelists are wont to do. There is, of course, a little invention to fill up the outline, but the coinage of the brain accords well with the subject and Henry of Guise will be a popular work for more than a season.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND, DURING THE REIGNS OF THE STUARTS, INCLUDING THE PROTECTORATE.—This is a pleasant light-reading work. Mr. Jesse has been an arduous collector of anecdotes and facts, which he has strung well

together, and done the reading portion of the world some service. The good old times, however, are shorn of half their interest by the proofs given of the then degeneracy of morals that prevailed at Court. The Queen of James the First seems not to have been an immaculate personage, and the young and lovely Countess of Salisbury, having on one occasion to present a golden salver of fruit to her Majesty on the throne, is said to have been so completely intoxicated that she fell down in the attempt, and moreover discharged into her Majesty's lap a gift that completely spoiled the costly gown that had been presented to her by the loyal citizens of London. Of James himself it is almost a degradation to speak; he was unworthy of his station, a disgrace to manhood and chivalry. Such works as this of Mr. Jesse are likely to be productive of much good, and he comes before us evidently devoid of illiberal prejudices and party spirit.

A new edition of Williams' NARRATIVE OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISES IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS has just appeared, and abounds with instructive and useful information. We agree with the Bishop of Chester that the work is one of the most valuable of its class, and we can say that it is worthy of general perusal.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S DIARY IN AMERICA.—The second part of this work, consisting of three volumes, has just issued from the press, and in a chapter devoted to a reply to the *critique* in the Edinburgh Review there is much to amuse. Captain Marryat is rather severe upon the modern Athenian periodical, and inquires what it "has been frothing, fizzing, hissing, and bubbling about, like a tea-kettle in a passion, for the last twenty years?" Of Miss Martineau the Captain says—

"When I was at Boston, in company with some of the young ladies, the conversation turned upon Miss Martineau, with whom they stated they had been intimate. Naturally anxious to know more of so celebrated a personage, I asked many questions; I was told much to interest me, and among other little anecdotes, they said Miss Martineau used to sit down, surrounded by the young ladies, and amuse them with the histories of her former loves!! She would detail to them 'how Jack sighed and squeezed her hand; and how Tom went down on his knees; how Dick swore, and Sam vowed; and how—she was still Miss Martineau.' And thus would she narrate, and they listen, until the sun went down, and the firefly danced, whilst the frogs lifted up their voices in full concert."

And well the frogs might sing a laudation on the subject of Miss Martineau's loves! Poor old lady! when Love was introduced to her he took to his wings, and flew terrified away, half a century ago. Then the Captain was shewn a letter written by this ancient Miss after her return to England, in which she hoaxes her American friend by assuring her—

"that her (Miss Martineau's) door was so besieged with the carriages of the nobility, that it was quite uncomfortable, and that she hardly knew what to do."

This is surely the *ne plus ultra* of blue-stocking impudence! Lord Brougham does sometimes honour the forlorn maiden with a call, and we suppose he brings a copy of the Peerage in his

pocket, for we cannot suppose Miss Martineau would *write* an untruth. These volumes are quite as amusing as the preceding ones, though we question if they contain a better anecdote than this:—

"An old Dutchman, who kept an inn at Hobsken, had long resisted the attacks of the temperance societies, until one night he happened to get so very drunk that he actually signed the paper and took the oath. The next morning he was made acquainted with what he had unconsciously done, and, much to the surprise of his friends, he replied—'Well, if I have signed and have sworn, as you tell me I have, I must keep my word;' and from that time the old fellow abstained altogether from his favourite schnapps. But leaving off a habit which had become necessary had the usual result. The old man took to his bed, and became seriously ill. A medical man was called in, and when he was informed of what had occurred perceived the necessity of some stimulus, and ordered that his patient should take one ounce of French brandy every day. 'An ounce,' said the old man, looking at the prescription; 'well, dat is goot. But how much is an ounce?' Nobody who was present could inform him. 'I know what a quart, a pint, a gill of brandy is, but I never heard a customer call for an ounce. Well, my son, go to the schoolmaster—he is a learned man—and tell him I wish to know how much is one ounce.' The message was carried; the schoolmaster turned over his *Bonnycastle*, and, arriving at the table of *avoirdupois* weight, replied—'Tell your father sixteen drams make an ounce.' The boy took back the message correctly, and when the old Dutchman heard it his countenance brightened up. 'A goot physician, a clever man, I have only drink twelve drams a-day, and he tells me to take sixteen. I have taken an oath when I was drunk, and I keep it; now that I am sober I make anoder, which is, that I will be very sick for the remainder of my days, and never throw my physician out of the window.'

RECORDS OF REAL LIFE;* by Miss Harriott Pigott. Revised by the late John Galt.—The revising this work was among the last of Mr. Galt's literary labours. It abounds with incident and information, and recalls to our mind many places we have visited. Neither Miss Pigott nor her reviser have thrown any light upon the cause why this work has remained so long in MS., for we should have conceived many publishers would have been anxious to have possessed themselves of it. Miss Pigott gives an admirable description of some of the *nouveau riche*, who are so full of airs and graces that whenever we meet with them we think minutes lengthen to hours. At Aix-la-Chapelle Miss Pigott met with a family of this description, and was placed next them at dinner.

"Mr. K. (says Miss Pigott) "was on my right hand, he unbent a little * * *. A footman appeared behind his lady's chair; she had unpacked his new livery suit—the colours were intended to dazzle and over-awe; they were sky-blue, decorated with broad gold lace; a crest was emblazoned on the buttons, which were of unusual size, with scarlet cuffs and collar, that were not more brilliant than the red locks of the wearer. Mr. K.—and his nameless *compagnon du voyage* have travelled much, appearing to be of the law profession, and are clever. Ere the dinner was over they became loquacious to each other, argumentative and decisive in sustaining their

opinions. Not so Mr. Johnston, a comely gentlemanly personage, with a determined squint; but apparently which ever way he turned his right eye, he was a keen observer with it, and capable of making shrewd and diverting remarks on the different characters of the convives, but they were confined to his own bosom, for he persevered during four days in pertinacious silence."

The following description of Dutch thriftiness is excellent. Miss Pigott drinks tea at the house of the then Minister of War, the Baron de Nagel.

"Madame de Nagel is an amiable old lady; during her long residence with the old Stadtholder in Hampton Court Palace, she was cherished and esteemed by all who had the advantage of approaching her. It is the custom with the Dutch ladies to sit the first hours of the evening with the tea equipage before them, pouring out the tea to each successive visitor, in very diminutive cups of the finest foreign porcelain. Late in the evening the lady concludes this duty by washing the tea-service, in the presence of her remaining guests, wiping them dry with a fine red napkin, resembling a pocket-handkerchief, that is placed by her for the purpose. Her long residence on our shores had not obliterated her early household practices, and observing me to smile she said, "Ah! Miss, I never dared do this in England; but servants are careless creatures, and often break a cup." "You are right, Madam," I replied, casting a look of admiration at the exquisite beauty of the old Dresden cup she was wiping with infinite caution.

Miss Pigott's work will be a pleasant companion for the long winter evenings; we have been ourselves more than usually amused in the perusal of it, and strongly recommend it to the attention of our readers.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN BANNISTER, COMEDIAN, by John Adolphus, Esq.—No person could have been selected to write the Memoirs of Bannister who could have brought forward so much real knowledge of the Comedian as Mr. Adolphus. He paints the man as he was when living, fairly, truly, and generously. But we will let Mr. Adolphus speak for himself, we could not be half so interesting ourselves. Of Mr. Bannister he says—

"From his father he might derive a love of theatrical life, a taste for pleasure, a desire to shine in society, and a firm confidence in his own talents and resources; but principle and pride, a self-consideration, and a horror of a mean and dependent state, made him avoid the degradations attendant on embarrassed circumstances; and keeping his faculties free from the depression which too often results from pecuniary difficulty, left him always at full liberty to employ his talents to the best advantage, and assured to him the respectful consideration of those who might otherwise have exhibited the lofty airs of patronage, or the supercilious affectation of unmerited condescension. Early in life he was taught, by a severe lesson, the value of pecuniary independence, and the slights which result from its absence. While at school, the master, being in poor circumstances, did not supply the pupils with the best provisions; the boys became indignant, and Bannister, one of the most high-spirited, was appointed to head a deputation, and represent their grievances. The master received them mildly; and while he expressed his regret, observed, in a very pointed manner, to the spokesman of the party, that 'if the fathers of some of his scholars would pay

their bills more regularly, he could afford them better provisions.' This rebuke was well understood, and sank deep into the heart of the abashed leader, who would rather have starved than uttered another complaint. To a late period of his life Bannister mentioned this anecdote, and while relating it seemed to be sensible of the pain which it had occasioned him."

"Bannister and Edwin were friends, and admirers of each other's merits. When on the scene together, the play became additionally animated from their amiable rivalry; not a contest to throw each other into the back-ground, but an earnest, artist-like effort to draw out and exhibit in all their strength their respective powers of pleasing, by each carrying to its utmost height the abilities which were possessed by the other performer. On the death of this eccentric comedian, Bannister said, 'Alas poor Edwin, I knew him intimately; he was a choice actor, and a pleasant club-companion. His career was short and brilliant. He was a fire-work, a sort of squib; bright, dazzling, sputtering, and off with a pop.'"

Mr. Adolphus gives the following delightful account of Bannister's autumn of life. We hope the example may be copied by the profession:—

"From the intoxicating excitement of popularity and public admiration, the failure of his health drove him, at a comparatively early period, into retirement; but his excellent spirits, his unflinching good humour, his benevolence and his amenity, never failed. In the possession of a happy independence, he never affected an ostentatious display of affluence; but his charity, his goodness, and his endearing manners were extensively known and justly appreciated. He passed the evening of his days amidst a circle of affectionate friends, and in the bosom of a numerous family, who were all cheered by the rays of his kindness, and fostered by the warmth of his benevolence."

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD TRAVELLER THROUGHOUT DIFFERENT PARTS OF EUROPE, by Thomas Brown, Esq.*—The reminiscences of an old man are always pleasing, but when the reminiscient has travelled they become doubly interesting, especially should he be gifted with an observing eye and a describing hand; be able to see foreign manners divested of English prejudice, and make his notes without filling them with the names of titled acquaintances. All these advantages will be found in the unpretending volume before us; one specimen of its contents will, however, prove our case; it is the portrait of a German grand Duke—might well startle a proud English *puiss* peer:—

"Once, when I was at Darmstadt, I witnessed a spectacle perfectly unique in its kind. The reigning Great Duke was quite an enthusiast for music, and spent almost the whole of his income in maintaining, at a great expense, singers and performers of both sexes. The evening I was there, he happened to be superintending a private rehearsal of one of his favourite operas at the public theatre, to which by particular favour I got admission;—there were not altogether twenty spectators; but the orchestra was full and complete, and the stage filled with vocal performers of both sexes. At six o'clock the curtain was drawn up, and they were discovered all ready for the prince's arrival; in a few minutes he

came hobbling in from behind the scenes, going up very gallantly to the ladies, kissing their hands, and making an obeisance to the gentlemen. He appeared at least seventy years of age, was dressed in full military uniform, with the ribbon and star; a music-book on a stand was placed before him in front of the orchestra; he took up a small baton, put on his spectacles, and gave the signal, when the performance began. He followed every part of the overture with the most scrupulous attention, and all the fastidiousness of a first-rate amateur; and when any passage did not meet with his gracious approbation, he immediately stopped the whole proceeding, and caused it to be performed over and over again, till he had reached the acmé of perfection. It was most amusing to witness his gestures and flights of fancy and passion: he stood entranced in his feelings, and well represented in his own person *il fanatico per la musica*.

The performance lasted about three hours; and when the whole was finished, he addressed all the performers from the stage, testifying his approbation, and hoping to meet them again the following evening in the same way and at the same hour.

THE ART OF DRESS, OR LADY'S GUIDE TO THE TOILETTE.--Verily we must enter our protest against works of this description, which we must say tend to depreciate female intellect. What have *cosmetics* to do with the attractions of the young female? We consider such recipes to be of very hurtful tendency, and therefore cannot give our sanction to this work.

FINE ARTS.

Mr. H. Hall as Jonathan Wild, and Mr. R. Honner as Jack Sheppard; Mrs. R. Honner as Jack Sheppard, drawn on stone by J. W. Gear, Rathbone Place.

Three admirable portraits in Mr. Gear's happiest style.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Our theatrical notices for January are generally of necessity very brief, as during the run of the Pantomimes, little novelty is produced. As to the Pantomimes they are ephemeral trifles, not worth recording, and those of the present season are much on a par with their predecessors, which have been consigned to the "tomb of all the Capulets"—having the usual number of kicks, cuffs, broad grins and transformations. So we dismiss them with this general description.

COVENT GARDEN

Has produced no novelty during the month, but is nightly crowded with brilliant audiences, to witness such revivals as *The Beggar's Opera*, &c., the attractions of which seem to supersede the necessity of bringing out new pieces at present.

DRURY LANE.

The fortunes of this house are now on the rise, and its walls are crowded to witness the acting of Macready—a proof that talent, when exercised in the legitimate drama, will triumph over the vitiated taste of the age. On the 20th January the tragedy of *Macbeth* was produced for the purpose of introducing Macready to a Drury Lane audience: long before the curtain drew up every seat

* Edinburgh: John Anderson, Jun. Third Edition, greatly enlarged.

was taken; such an audience has not been seen within the walls of Old Drury this season. The tragedy was got up in the best manner, with all the musical accessories of which it is capable—II. Phillips taking the part of *Hecate*, and the wizard choruses being given by all the vocal strength of the company. The *Macbeth* of Macready, and the *Lady Macbeth* of Mrs. Warner, are too well known and appreciated to need any description here. Mr. Phelps, as *Macduff*, did more for the character than we expected from him. On the whole the revival of this tragedy does great credit to the management, and those who have been instrumental in putting it on the stage of Drury Lane.

A new tragedy entitled *Mary Stuart*, was produced here on Wednesday, the 22nd January; it is from the pen of Mr. James Haynes. The title is a misnomer; it should be the *The Death of Rizzio*, the whole aim and purpose of the drama—from the scene to the catastrophe, in which the secretary and minstrel is dragged from the shrieking *Mary* to be butchered—being the destruction of the unhappy favourite.

The author has attempted but little character in the play. *Ruthven* has no great distinguishing mark to individualise him, and *Mary* herself is sketched, and that but slightly, as the mere woman, conscious of her fascinations. *Catherine Ruthven* is a sweet, gentle girl, whose sudden death shocks and dissatisfies us. She is sent to the court in the full flush of health; a short time elapses—and, with no preparation on the part of the author, no explanation of the abruptness of the event, she is brought in, dying, to receive the blessing of her father. How has she met her fate? Has she pined, and so suddenly, to death; smitten with a sense of the degrading office forced upon her by her parent? The poet is bound to give sufficient reason for the death of this young and guileless creature, or we resent it as the infliction of unnecessary misery.

The language of the play, with one or two strong exceptions, is chiefly distinguished by extreme simplicity. It contains, however, some high poetic thoughts, tersely and finely expressed. The speech of *Ruthven*, in which he pictures his own desolation, and his consequent recklessness of heart, is very excellent, and introduced at the happiest moment for its full effect. The vindication of the old Italian character, by *Rizzio*, his avowal of the lasting debt of the world to the humanising influences of intellectual light shed by his despised country on the benighted family of man, is of the best school of dramatic eloquence.

Mr. Macready's *Ruthven* was passionate and energetic, and in the scene with his dying child, deeply touching. Mr. Elton's *Rizzio* was marked by good taste; and in the scene in which he indignantly repels the taunts of *Douglas*, fraught with strong feeling. Mr. Phelps performed the difficult, disagreeable character of *Darnley* with good judgment; though in the energy of his action we could wish, for the sake of kingly dignity, that he would refrain from so constant a twitching of his arms. *Mary Stuart* is scarcely adapted to the tragic passion of Mrs. Warner, who is rather the *Mary* at Fotheringay than in the revelry of Holy-

rood. Her last scene was, however, very strongly marked. Miss E. Montague had little to do, but did that little in a gentle and touching manner, and made us almost regret we had ever seen her *Juliet*, a part at present beyond her physical powers to delineate.

The play of *Mary Stuart* has been produced with the most praiseworthy attention to all scenic details. Nothing can be more real than the effects produced by the artist; and the dresses are at once highly picturesque and correct.

A storm of applause followed the fall of the curtain—Macready and Mrs. Warner were called for—and the tragedy (which we have no doubt will have a successful career) given out for repetition.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA, LEICESTER SQUARE: VERSAILLES.

The most splendid palace in Europe is here represented with minute fidelity by Mr. Burford's never-tiring pencil. The time at which this unrivalled palace with its picturesque gardens is represented, is during the *fête* of St. Louis, on the 25th August, 1839, and when *les grandes eaux* are in full play. The whole picture is managed with indescribable skill, the mass of straight lines which the building itself presents, are judiciously broken up by the intervention of the jets from the fountains and groups of figures. These groups contribute very materially to the charm of the picture, for besides being carefully put in, (not always a characteristic of Mr. Burford's panoramas,) they express with the most striking fidelity the French character. The dresses, the attitudes, the employments of the different groups, the faces, are all French. This is not only a panorama of a French palace, but a panorama of French manners. The Parisian character in all its various grades, from the exquisite of the *Chausée d'Antin*, to the lemonadier of the *barrier St. Denis*, from the *belle* to the *grisette*, are portrayed with the delicate hand of a nice observer, and the touch of a master. Indeed without these figures, the picture would be comparatively nothing. With a building all right angles, formal terraces, mathematical grass-plots and *bosques*, trimmed into squares, to match with nothing but tie-wigs and hooped petticoats, the *tout ensemble* of the mere scene itself, is rather offensive than otherwise, to the lover of Nature. Besides it presents hardly subject enough for Burford's canvass, on which we are accustomed to see miles and miles of scenery, skilfully-deceitfully spread out. But the figures, they are exquisite, must not, because they cannot be described, but like Mrs. Salmon's wax works, "must be seen to be appreciated."

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

This splendid exhibition and promenade, continues its unrivalled success; a new group has lately been added to the collection, consisting of the great characters of the fifteenth century—John Knox, Calvin, Luther, Mary Queen of Scots, Elizabeth, and Henry the Eighth; the likenesses are admirable, and the dresses entirely of British manufacture.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

TO THE EDITRESS OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Rue du Faubourg, St. Honoré
à Paris, Jan. 24.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

The English of rank in Paris are determined to do honour to the approaching nuptials of your lovely young queen by a succession of brilliant entertainments. Our balls and *soirées* have already commenced, and those of the Court will soon begin; thus my intelligence of this month will be chiefly of evening dress, and grand costume, for the damp cold weather that we have hitherto had, has prevented any material changes from taking place in promenade costume; nevertheless when the sun does occasionally peep out, a few of our most hardy *élégantes* may be seen in the Tuileries gardens wrapped in the mantles or shawls that I have already described to you, with boa tippets, and very small muffs, both of sable fur. I may also cite, among *chapeaux*, those composed of velvet, which is the material most in request; the majority are trimmed with velvet in which the colour of the bonnet is mingled with some other hue, violet, purple, deep blue are very much in request; different shades of red are adopted in the trimmings, so also is that beautiful shade of blue, styled in compliment to your Queen, *bleu Victoria*; velvet flowers of the hues employed for the *chapeaux* are used to decorate them, but shaded feathers are more in request. Several have the interior of the brim ornamented with *nauds* of lace; others, and these last are extremely pretty, have the lace disposed in hollow plaits, two or three on each side, and a flower placed in each. Although satin and *velours épingle* *chapeaux* are not so generally adopted for the promenade, they are nevertheless fashionable. Some of the former are of lemon colour, trimmed with *torsades* of the same, surmounted by a full wreath of violets; the interior of the brim is decorated with English point lace looped in the shape of cock's combs, by *coques* of violet velvet.

White *peluche capotes* of a very small size, trimmed with a band of white satin ribbon crossing on the brim, and a bouquet of short white ostrich feathers placed rather high at the side, and drooping over the brim, are coming much into vogue in half-dress; they are trimmed on the inside with very small roses of the most delicate hue. Pale pink *velours épingle* *chapeaux* are also in request: the exterior of the brim is ornamented with a narrow *torsade* of white and rose coloured velvet, in which a bouquet of white feathers with the ends of the *barbes* tinged with rose colour is placed, it mounts rather higher than usual at the side. A fall of Brussels or English point lace placed at the back of the crown supplies the place of a curtain, it turns up at each side in the interior of the brim, but much narrower, and as it approaches the temples slopes away to a point, which is concealed on each side under a small rose with buds and foliage; the colour of the flower, as well as that of the trimming of the exterior, is much deeper than the hue of the *chapeau*.

Velvet and satin pelisses trimmed with rouleaux or bands of sable are a good deal in vogue for morning visits, exhibitions, &c., but they are not in a majority, though they may be said to divide the vogue with fancy silk trimmings. Cashmere peignoirs of vivid hues and rather large patterns, are greatly in vogue in morning home dress. They are always lined satin of a light colour, the falling collar descends a little below the top of the

corsage of the cambric or muslin dress worn underneath, and the long loose sleeve is looped by a cord and tassels, similar to that which encircles the waist, but much smaller.

The *redingote* and *robe redingote* form are those most in vogue in half-dress. I send you some of the newest models of both. Velvet and satin are as much adopted in half as in full dress, poplins are also becoming very fashionable, particularly those of dark hues, as brown, lavender, or deep blue, shot with cherry colour. *Pekins chiné* of sober tints, quadrilled silks, and figured levantines. Black lace and fancy silk trimmings are the most in request in half-dress. There is a good deal of variety in the latter, I have also seen lately some very pretty trimmings composed of a kind of trellis work of very small velvet piping, but I cannot yet say whether they are or not likely to be fashionable.

Caps are positively more in favour than ever. Some that have appeared for half-dress, have small velvet cauls placed far back upon the head; the front is formed of a lace lappet disposed in plain folds over the forehead, and forming full *coques* very low at the sides, the ends float on the neck; there are two *coques* on one side, and three on the other, they are ornamented with flowers, which droop very low. A more simple but very pretty style of cap, is composed of black *tulle* embroidered with straw, and having the borders edged with a plait of straw as fine as a silk thread; a bouquet of *epie* is placed on one side, and a tuft of very small corn-flowers on the other, but much lower down.

All the English of distinction here, and particularly the Ambassador, will give superb entertainments to celebrate the marriage of your charming Queen. This of course provokes a friendly rivalry on our part, (may it be the only rivalry that will ever exist between the two nations!) so that late as it is in the season, several splendid materials have again appeared for full dress. I have just been making a tour of our most celebrated *magasins*, but I can only cite a few of the splendid things I saw, the majority of which are, I must observe, of the *renaissance* kind, that is in the style of Louis XIV. and XV. time. Such are the *levantines gothiques*, *satins Josephine*, *moires antiques*, velvets and satins figured in gold and silver, and *satins guipures*. Those of a modern kind are *pelours broches*, *écossais velours*, *levantines-cachemires* and *velours épingle broché*. The forms of full dress robes date as far back as the majority of materials, all have the *corsages* made excessively long, and deeply peaked in front; *ceintures* are consequently laid aside, but a *corde terre* frequently supplies the place of one. If the dress is intended to be worn with a *berthe*, or a lace tucked a l'enfant, the upper part of the *corsage* is plain, but otherwise it is draped; a new style of drapery has just been introduced, and I think a very pretty one, instead of the regular folds usually employed, the material is laid on full, and the fulness confined by jewelled clasps, a gold cord, a loop of ribbon or of flowers, according as the dress is for a ball or a *soirée*. These draperies are placed very low, and seldom employed to trim the back, a lace mantilla being used instead. The draperies laid on in folds of gauze or *tulle*, frequently go all round. Sleeves are small, they are usually formed of *bouillons* or *biais* of a very small size, and terminated either by lace *manchettes*, or pagodas.

Lace in all its varieties will maintain its vogue for trimmings. Thread lace, the patterns wrought in gold, or else *guipure*, Meehlin, Brussels, or,

though last, I assure you not least, *point d'Angleterre*. There is no doubt that sable and ermine fur will be worn by a few, but very few *élegantes*, so also will velvet trimmings intermixed with gold. Indian *organdy*, tulle, gauze, and crape, are employed both for grand costumes and balls; but principally for the latter. I have seen some *organdy* robes with the ground strewed with small gold spots, not larger than the head of a pin, the front of the skirt is ornamented with two *torsades* of gold net, and marabouts intermixed, they descend *en tablier* raising the robe a little below the knee, where the *torsade* was terminated by gold acorns, a full tuft of the beards of the marabouts issue from the acorns, and droop over the under-dress. Some robes have the borders trimmed with satin rouleaux round which lace is turned in a spiral direction, others flounced either with lace or tulle have the flounces headed by *dents de loup* of the same, in each of which is a flower. Speaking of flowers, I must observe that they will be very much in vogue, both for robes and *coiffure* in ball dress, particularly rare foreign flowers, of which we have this season a great variety; and flowers with the heart formed of a diamond, a pearl, or a coloured gem. The hair continues to be dressed low; ringlets predominate, but bands, both plain and plaited, are adopted by many *élegantes*. Full dress *coiffures en chœur* are extremely splendid, flowers with jewelled hearts, wreaths, and epis of diamonds, or coloured gems, and jewelled pins of various forms; coral ornaments also, which have during a long period been laid aside, are coming into favour. If the hair is displayed, turbans predominate. Some are of gold tissue, or of rich gauze, embroidered in coloured silks; others of antique or English point lace, ornamented with coloured gems, to which, in some instances, flowers or feathers are added. I must not forget the *toquets* composed of velvet, or *relours épinglés*, particularly those encircled with a scarf of *dentille d'or* in the turban style; it descends in long fringed ends on one side. Turbans, I should observe, seem to be assuming more of the Turkish form. A lighter, but extremely elegant *coiffure* is a net of small pearls sitting close to the head, and ornamented with little sprigs of blue velvet flowers placed low on each side, and drooping nearly to the shoulders. The colours in vogue, are violet, deep blue, orange grey, and green of different shades, and some full shades of red; light hues are however, still adopted in evening dress, particularly azure blue, a colour that has a long list of aliases. In the time of the empire it was *bleu Josephine*, then *bleu Marie Louise*; the restoration transformed it into *bleu de Berry*, after the glorious days it became *bleu d'Orléans*, on the marriage of the duke, it paraded about as *bleu Hélène*, its popularity on the latter occasion was very short-lived, but the English have brought it again into fashion among us, under the title of Victoria blue, being, they say, a favourite colour with young sovereigns.

Adieu, ma chère et bonne Amie,

Votre dévouée

ADRIENNE DE M.—.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY PLATES.

FIRST PLATE.

EVENING DRESS.—Robe of white satin broché, the *corsage* cut low and *en gerbe*, it is rounded at the bottom. Short, tight sleeve, surmounted by a cleft *mancheron*, the border is trimmed with a single fall of chenille fringe. Tulle cap, it is a small bonnet à

barbes, placed very far back upon the head; it is ornamented with roses, which loop the lappets back, they are surmounted on the right side by a *caud* of white ribbon. The *cordelière* is Roman pearls.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Emerald green levantine robe, half-high *corsage*, and sleeves demi-large. The border is trimmed with a single flounce. Fawn coloured satin *bournois*, lined with *groseille* satia quilted in lozenges; the hood is formed in such a manner as to present at once a hood and a lappel; it is trimmed with fawn coloured fringe, surmounted by tied bands of *groseille* velvet placed at some distance from each other; and looped over the arms by silk cords and tassels. White rep velvet bonnet, a round shape descending very low at the sides, the interior of the brim is trimmed with *coques* of white and *groseille* shaded ribbon; the crown is decorated with feathers shaded *en suite*, and white ribbon.

HAIR-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. BRIDAL DRESS.—White satin robe, the *corsage* is pointed at bottom, square and moderately high at top, it is trimmed horizontally with a rouleau of swansdown which encircles it just above the sleeve; the latter of the demi large form, is trimmed at the top with three rouleaus of the same fur; five decorate the border of the skirt. The hair dressed in ringlets at the sides, and a soft full bow behind is decorated with the bridal veil of English point lace, attached to the knot of hair behind by a bouquet of orange flowers; a full blown rose with a tuft of foliage is placed on the ringlets at the other side.

No. 4. EVENING DRESS.—Oiseau *relours épinglé* robe, the *corsage* low and plain, is ornamented *en fichu* with a tulle drapery bordered with blond lace. Short sleeve formed of a single *bonfant* cut bias, and of very moderate size; it is looped, as is the drapery of the bosom, with a sapphire brooch. The skirt is trimmed with a fullness of tulle disposed *en tablier* on each side. Head dress of hair à la *Seigneur* ornamented with a wreath of velvet flowers, and shaded marabouts.

No. 5. BALL DRESS.—Tulle robe, a low *corsage* trimmed *en cœur* with two rows of tulle disposed in hollow plaits, the trimming is continued *en tablier* on the skirt. Short, tight sleeve, ornamented with bands and bows of rose ribbon. The hair is dressed in soft loops at the sides, and a net formed of soft loops behind; the latter is intermingled with *coques* and ends of rose ribbon, the side hair is ornamented with gold slides.

SECOND PLATE.

DINNER DRESS FOR A GRAND PARTY.—Lavender bloom velvet robe, the *corsage* low and square at top, and deeply pointed at bottom, is trimmed with a *berthe* of guipure and a *cordelière* with very rich tassels. *Bonfant* sleeve, the *bonfants* divided by cords and tassels; guipure *manchette*. Three rows of fancy silk trimmings of a new and very elegant pattern decorate the border *coiffure moyen âge*, it is composed of white *relours épinglé* disposed in soft low folds on the summit of the head, and branching out in full longitudinal folds, lightly embroidered with silver at the sides; bands of dead gold filigree placed in the interior, and encircling the summit of the head complete the trimming.

SOCIAL PARTY DINNER DRESS.—Satin robe, the colour is a new shade of brown, the *corsage* opening *en cœur* is decorated in the lappel style with three rows of black lace, a trimming *en suite* ornaments the front of the skirt. Victoria sleeve trimmed with lace, *chapeau capote* of white Terry velvet, a round brim meeting under the chin, the interior trimmed with roses, and the exterior with white ribbons, and a pink and white shaded feather.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 3. EVENING HAT.—It is a *petit bord* composed of green velvet, the interior trimmed with lace and roses, and the exterior decorated with a lace drapery, a long white ostrich feather, and green ribbons.

No. 4. MORNING VISITING DRESS.—Grey lilac levantine robe, a half-high *corsage* trimmed round the top, and in the stomacher style, with black lace of an antique pattern; two rows of lace are continued in the form of a broken cone down the front of the skirt. Demi-large sleeve. The head-dress is a back view of the one of number three.

No. 5. CARRIAGE BONNET.—Of orange and brown shot velvet, a round and rather small shape, trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and dahlias.

No. 6. DINNER CAP.—Of English point lace, the lace is turned back so as to leave the front free, but descends low and full at the sides, and round the back of the caul, which is ornamented behind with a knot of blue ribbon; sprigs of blue flowers are placed at the sides, ends of ribbon descending from them on the left, complete the trimming.

No. 6. EVENING CAP.—Composed of white *filet de Soie* in an antique pattern, it is a round shape, open behind, so as to suffer the hair to protrude. The trimming consists of lappets of the same material, looped back at the sides by roses.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. P. I.—The articles are accepted, but did not reach our hands till recently, on account of the wrong address of the packet. Surely X. P. I. cannot have seen our Magazine for years.

TYRO is thanked, but we must decline the very worst Charade we ever had the misfortune to unravel.

H. W., Epping, is thanked; he will see we have availed ourselves of his favour.

R. M. B. is a quiz; but we will let him speak for himself.

E. K. S. will probably have received a private communication from us ere he sees this notice of the receipt of his articles.

X. Y. Z.—We wish in future this correspondent would send us shorter articles; such very long poems fill up more space than our pages will allow us to afford. We will insert that now received as quickly as we can find room for its admission.

Z. O. B.—We will peruse the MS. tale, and either insert it next month, or comply with the request of the writer before that time. We cannot give answers respecting articles, requiring a careful perusal, immediately.

ELIA.—The very charming poem sent by this correspondent shall certainly appear.

G. M. C. is thanked and accepted.

E. N. B.—One of his poems shall appear; the other we must beg to decline.

SOPHIA D. is informed there is no WEEKLY Belle Assemblée in existence that we are aware of.

GEORGE M. G. will see his contribution has reached us.

M. N. shall receive an answer in our next; we must peruse the article sent, and it will require more time than we can give it ere this number is put to press.

M. M., Birmingham.—We have received this lady's letter, but not the articles she alludes to. "Perseverance" shall appear at our earliest convenience.

BOUTS RIMES.—We have received at least a dozen answers to this article, but can only find room for those now inserted.

NAOMIL.—Where can we address a letter to reach this correspondent?

LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.—We beg to apologize in the name of the compositor to this lady, for the many inaccuracies she has pointed out in her tale of "Love and Duty," inserted in our January number. Christmas has much to answer for!

ROSA L.—Without looking back, which we have not time to do, to past numbers, we cannot answer the question put by this correspondent. The article now received shall have our best attention.

M. P.—We have received so many answers to the Charade on Friendship, that we must decline the one by this correspondent.

BERTOR HEWYAM.—We must decline the contribution by this correspondent, merely because we are overwhelmed with "fillings up" to the Bouts Rimes. Distaffina little dreamed of the trouble she was involving us in when she proposed them to our readers.

ELIZA L.—The lines on Love are very originally conceived, but the execution is unworthy of the idea. We decline them, however, with reluctance. The writer can do better if she takes a little more thought.

FLORENCE F.—We regret to answer in the negative to the question of this lady.

J. W., Shrewsbury.—The lines by our townsman (so we deem him), are on our accepted list.

JULIO.—All the reply we can give, is, not at present.

MUNGO.—We request this gentleman will not make a donkey of himself; if he does we must find some one who will give him the whip!

F. S. P., (West Ham.)—We regret we are obliged to decline all the communications on this subject received after the 10th instant.

J. P. G.—The tale shall be perused, and an answer or insertion given ere long.

DR. S. is thanked.

HANNAB, Wakefield.—We will peruse and give an answer respecting this lady's article in our next, it was received too late in the month for attention and a definite answer.

FREDERICK HARRIS.—We will look for the article this correspondent inquires after; one of those now sent wilt be used.

CLARA FITZ.—The poem came too late for an answer this month.

S. G., Dudley, shall be attended to and appear.

EMILIA, Woodford.—We regret want of space obliges us to decline the article received from this lady. The theme too is exhausted.

HENRY RAYMOND.—This correspondent's communication shall appear.

CLARA P. can do better, she must try again.

E. K. S. is sincerely thanked, let him go on and prosper.

Several other correspondents have been received so late in the month, that it is impossible to give them our attention till next number.

All Communications, Reviews of New Books, &c., to be addressed to the EDITRESS, care of Mr. JENKINSON, No. 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where ALONE communications for this Work will in future be received, POST PAID.

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Fashions for March, 1840.





FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

FIRST FIGURE—EVENING DRESS.—Robe of emerald green *velours épinglé*, a low *corsage* deeply pointed, and trimmed down the centre of the front with gold filagree ornaments. Short tight sleeve, with a full *mancheron* open in front. The *Berthe* and ruffles are composed of antique point lace. The skirt is encircled by a deep *volan* of lace to correspond, this is surmounted by a second one which turns up in the front in the *tablier* style, and is looped by gold filagree *agraffes* placed up the front at regular distances. The hair disposed in ringlets at the sides, and a low full knot behind, is ornamented with a wreath of exotics disposed in *gerbes* at the sides.

SECOND FIGURE—BALL DRESS.—White crape over white satin; a low *corsage*, deeply pointed at the bottom, and descending a little in the centre of the bosom; the front is ornamented *en cœur* with crape folds placed horizontally; they are bordered by a *râche*, and the top is trimmed with *dentille de Soie*, standing up. Tight sleeve, terminated by a *râche*, and full *mancheron* looped by a bouquet of moss roses. The skirt is trimmed with three *râches*, they each loop the robe a little on one side, and are surmounted by bouquets of moss roses. The head-dress presents a front view of that of the first figure.



FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

CONCERT DRESSES—FIRST FIGURE.—Pale straw-coloured satin robe, a low and tight *corsage*, partially covered by a *pelerine en cœur* of the same material; it is trimmed all round with a single *volant*, and bordered at top with a row of lace standing up. The sleeve is a *manche moyenne* tight at the top and bottom, but trimmed with flounces in the centre. The skirt is decorated in the tunic style with two *volans* headed by a *raîche*; the trimming rounds off at the fronts, and encircles the back of the skirt. *Grosseille* velvet hat of rather a small size, with a round open brim, the interior trimmed with lace and flowers; the exterior is decorated

with ribbon to correspond, and the plumage of a foreign bird.

SECOND FIGURE.—Grey velvet robe, the *corsage* is cut very low, and trimmed with three falls of Brussels lace disposed on it in the round *pelerine* style. Victoria sleeve, the folds at top and bottom confined by fancy silk trimming with a gold button in the centre of each band. The skirt and the front of the *corange* is also decorated with fancy silk trimming disposed on the *corange* in the stomacher style, and forming a broken cone upon the skirt, a gold button ornaments each point. The hat presents a side view of that of the other figure.

THE NEW

MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE:

MARCH, 1840.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
CONSISTING OF TALES, ROMANCES, ANECDOTES,
AND POETRY.

THE ELECTION;

BY ELIZABETH YOUAÏT.

" — in happier hours,
When idle fancy wove luxuriant flowers,
One in thy mirth thou bidst me write on thee,
And now I write, what thou shalt never see."

ROGERS.

" Only one doom for the poet is recorded."

L. E. L.

So sang the gifted and the lost, the memory of whose lays will haunt many a young heart, long after that of the minstrel is broken and at peace. The too prophetic voice in which the poetess so often alluded to her own doom has been fulfilled, but her's was no isolated, no peculiar destiny, it is that of thousands! and all who value the tranquil peace of their children more than a brilliant doom, will join in the prayer of a late popular author, " May my sons be talented, but my daughters happy." And yet these are glorious gifts, genius, intellect, imagination, and the triumphant intoxication of the moment may well blind us to their fatal results. " Those who are formed to win general admiration, are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness," writes the Countess of Blessington, and the idea, although not strictly true, is a beautiful one, for after all, real happiness is a home-feeling, and consists in the concentration of the affections, rather than the development of the passions. But to the " o'wer true tale," with which I would seek to illustrate these thoughts to feelings.

It was night, and the soft moonlight fell tranquilly over the silent and deserted streets, while occasionally the solitary wanderer would pause in his way home to catch the light burst of music and laughter that came echoing from the brilliantly illuminated mansion of the Countess of D—. I should have liked to have introduced a certain foreigner of some celebrity, who shall however be nameless, into that merry ball-room, and have seen whether he dared maintain the truth of his assertion, " that our English aristocracy are strangely deficient both in beauty and animation." Now when the barriers of hereditary pride, which cast perhaps, a

shade over their manners in public, were removed by the consciousness that here all were on an equality—the *élite* of the fashionable and literary world. There were *blues* with their hair arranged in classic bands, and their Juno-like figures moving to and fro with studied elegance. Hebes laughing out from beneath a cloud of sunny curls, and gliding around in their flowing draperies like so many spirits; and matrons whose faded beauty told a bright tale of the past every time you looked on them.

The men too, quiet, reserved, and gentlemanly; with a proud consciousness of superiority when they addressed you, which you would not have exchanged for all the insinuating compliments that were ever whispered into maiden's ear by a moustachoe'd lip and in a foreign accent.

On a couch in a recess of one of the deep windows, sat a young girl, attired in the height of fashion, and surrounded by an eager and attentive group, with whom she was laughing and talking with singular grace and archness. She was what is generally termed a fine showy looking girl, with bright sparkling eyes, a clear open brow, and a small and dimpled mouth, from which her white teeth glanced brilliantly every time she smiled, which was not seldom. There were many in the room more high-born and beautiful, but not one who excited such universal homage as Wilhelmine Clifford. Suddenly in the midst of her mirth, the glance of the young girl fell upon the clouded and thoughtful countenance of one who leant a few paces off, with folded arms, and eyes fixed earnestly and even wonderingly upon her's. He was considerably above the middle height, and with the nervousness of people who fancy themselves very tall, had contracted a habit of stooping. His complexion was fair enough for a woman's, but very pale, and his large grey eyes shaded by long dark lashes were cast habitually on the ground, rarely meeting the full glance of another. A high forehead and hair black as the raven's wing, effectually preserved him from the charge of effeminacy, and gave a singular beauty to his whole countenance; but it was rather the beauty of feature than that of intellect.

For a moment, Wilhelmine paused in the midst of what she was saying, and half held out her hand towards him, but he made no movement on his part, as if he designed to take it, or meant to venture within the charmed circle of which she formed the centre; and a sick feeling of disappointment, a dim and

undefined fear stole over her young heart. But she still laughed and talked on, her spirits becoming more wild as they were less natural, and the consciousness of who formed one of her auditory, giving additional grace and eloquence to her conversation.

The grey dawn of morning began to appear before the party separated, and as Wilhelmine, leaning on her father's arm, passed the retired spot in which her lover stood watching the numerous groups as they quitted the ball-room, and exchanging greetings with such as he knew, she raised her eyes timidly to his—those eyes that had not shrank before the gaze of half the room, now softened, and almost tearful in their mild reproach.

Clinton Bathurst started forward, inadvertently placing his foot as he did so, on the lace robe of a lady who was passing at the time. She looked back on hearing his apologies, and laughed to see the delicate fragments in his hand. Wilhelmine laughed too—he drew suddenly back, and she and her father passed on to their carriage.

“What a pity that Clinton Bathurst is so nervous,” said Mr. Clifford.

His daughter did not reply, but she leant back and wept with vexation, it might be that a deeper feeling mingled with her emotion. What could induce persons so totally dissimilar, to love each other as they did, must ever remain one of those mysteries of the affections, that defy human comprehension:

They had met first at the house of Mr. Clifford, and in a season of family affliction. Wilhelmine, yet in deep mourning for an only brother lost at sea, was employed in soothing the last moments of a sick and dying mother. And it was the low tones of her voice, the subdued quietness of her manners, that had first won the attention of Clinton Bathurst. In spite of the habitual nervousness of his disposition, he could not help feeling that he was to her a valued friend, she talked to him of all her troubles and all her hopes, and had a smile ever ready to welcome his approach; things were in this state when they parted, and Clinton Bathurst went abroad. Mrs. Clifford did not long survive, and is it to be wondered at, that the young and gifted heiress should insensibly begin to recover her naturally wild spirits when she found herself the sole idol of her father, and the presiding genius of the bright circle in which she moved? And yet the wayward heart of Wilhelmine could not help recurring, in the midst of its triumphs, to the memory of that pale and silent being who had soothed her less happy hours by his kindness and his love. They met at last, and Clinton, for he too had been dreaming of the past, recognized with a feeling of disappointed wonderment, his gentle and retiring Wilhelmine, in the star of that brilliant festival.

The following morning Wilhelmine drew her work table closer than usual to the window; and caught herself eagerly watching the inmates of every cabriolet that dashed along the street, but there was not one that seemed to her, quiet and gentlemanly enough for Bathurst's, whose horror of peculiarity and display she so well remembered. It is true he had not said that he would call, he had not even addressed her; but Wilhelmine

judged of him by her own woman's heart, by her own untold and long cherished love, and felt sure that she should see him. Nor was the hope, or the feeling which had prompted her to retain her simple morning dress, doomed to be disappointed.

He came forward to greet her slowly at first, but the smile and blush with which she welcomed him, re-assured him, and ere they separated, the long hoarded secret of both was disclosed, and the happy Wilhelmine referred him to her father, not for an answer, but a confirmation of her own half-whispered assent.

From that hour, a change passed over the whole life of Wilhelmine, she now shrank from applause as eagerly as she had before courted it, and even dressed in a style unbecoming to her tall showy figure, that it might look less distinguished and excite less attention. She had been previously accused of being the authoress of some talented productions bearing her signature, but her laugh-acquiescence was now changed into earnest and positive denial. Clinton Bathurst hated literary women,—that is, he feared them, and his will be found to be no rare character. Instead of driving her beautiful grey ponies in the park, surrounded by a crowd of admirers, Wilhelmine might now have been found attired with studied neatness, and enveloped in a deep veil, taking a solitary walk with her exacting lover, as far as possible from any of the public promenades where they were likely to be recognized; and yet no one who looked into her poke straw bonnet, and saw the happy face that beamed from beneath it, no one who watched the proud fondness with which Clinton Bathurst regarded her, could have helped envying her.

To love, is generally the commencement of a new epoch in our lives, the forerunner of new thoughts and feelings that take their hue and complexion from those to whom our affections are given; and it is astonishing to see the ease with which the mind forsakes all old associations and clings to the new hopes and impressions that have been made upon it.

Although Wilhelmine went out but seldom it was impossible wholly to refuse all invitations, and Clinton did not wish that she should, but there was always something occurring, which made her regret the quiet happiness of home. Either the admiration she excited, gave offence to her lover, or his perpetual nervousness, betrayed him into some awkwardness. The invitation of Lady D—, was one however, which she felt eager to accept, as she was always sure of meeting agreeable and delightful people at her house. The party was not large, but it was select and brilliant. Wilhelmine sat at a distant table turning over the leaves of one of those most valuable of all additions to a drawing-room—an album, and Clinton Bathurst stood leaning against the chimney-piece talking to some friends, when the conversation chanced to turn on clever men and women, and the reason why so few of them are happily married.

“The thing is,” said the young Countess of A—, “that in comparison with their own pure and beautiful ideal, the actual realities of the world appear to them to be utterly cold and worthless.”

"Men" replied Lord L—, "like to feel their own superiority, and perhaps after all, those are the most loved, the timid helplessness of whose natures, makes them inclined to take things upon trust rather than argue on them; but if a clever woman marries one beneath her in intellectual acquirements, the chances are, that she ends by despising him."

Wilhelmine's glance fell at that instant upon the flushed and angry countenance of Clinton Bathurst, and she trembled with a sick foreboding of coming evil. She would have given worlds to have been able to speak, to smile, to avert in any way the humiliating feelings which were at war in a mind as painfully conscious of its own weakness; but she dared not, and in the hope that they would pass away if unnoticed, she bent still closer over her book, on the pages of which her burning tears fell thick and fast. Poor Wilhelmine! less gifted, thou mightest have been more happy.

That night she had a hard struggle to resist being drawn into those discussions and arguments in which she had once taken so brilliant a part, and Clinton Bathurst had the consolation, if it was one, of seeing her look as sad and isolated as himself. When they arose to go down to supper, Wilhelmine quietly placed her arm within his, he started and almost frowned, but her tearful and deprecating glance, somewhat appeased him.

"You are not well Wilhelmine?" he said.

"Not happy my Clinton," replied the girl in a whisper.

"What should make you otherwise?" asked her lover almost coldly.

"Do you ask Clinton? when you have not once approached me all this long evening."

"But you had others, and those more capable of—of *appreciating your talents*, than I can ever be."

"But they were not like you, I did not love them," said Wilhelmine almost weeping.

They sat together at supper, and the homage which she had hitherto so carefully avoided on that memorable evening, would have been painful had it not given her an opportunity of referring with a graceful submission to Bathurst on every subject upon which they spoke, until, imperceptibly, the deep reverence of her manner, communicated itself to her companions, who began to imagine that the reserved silence of Clinton proceeded rather from pride, than from any inability to cope with the brilliant and talented group that surrounded him.

The borough of —, having become vacant by death, it was the earnest wish of Mr. Clifford, that his intended son-in-law should stand for it, the interest he possessed leaving him no doubt of a successful result. But Clinton shrank from the exertion and notoriety that such a proceeding would involve. The old man had however set his heart upon it, and a large party was invited down to his country house to participate in the festivities which were to attend the canvassing of the new member. For a time, everything went on prosperously, Clinton had secretly studied elocution, and had all the advantages of a fine figure and prepossessing appearance; but when he actually found himself upon the hustings surrounded by his constituents, and with the eager gaze of the multitude fixed

solely upon him, he found it impossible to do more than remove his hat from off his hot brow and bowing repeatedly, retreat behind his friends amidst mingled groans and laughter.

His opponent made a long harangue, very little to the purpose, but quite as good as those generally heard on such occasions, and the consequence was, that at the end of that day's polling he was twenty in advance of Clinton Bathurst.

Mr. Clifford scarcely cared to conceal his mortification, and insisted on his writing out what he meant to say the next day, and pinning it inside the crown of his hat, a method oftener adopted by inexperienced speakers than is imagined by those who admire the graceful manner in which that useful article is held on such occasions.

"I might contrive to learn a speech, but never to make one," said Clinton despairingly.

"But can you find no one to help you?" asked Mr. Clifford.

"No one whose assistance I would either solicit or accept," replied the young man bitterly, "But where is Wilhelmine?"

She had that instant stolen quietly out of the room, where she did not return until late in the evening.

Clinton Bathurst had left the merry circle below and was sitting moodily before the study fire, with his feet on the fender and his head buried in his hands,—Wilhelmine's light step failed to arouse him, and he only became conscious of her presence by feeling her arm laid caressingly on his neck.

"Wilhelmine!" said he, half starting up.

"Sit down again, my dear Clinton," she replied in a gentle voice, "I have a request to make, but you must not look at me or I shall not have courage to speak."

Bathurst sighed.

"If you cannot speak before one who is sure to admire you whatever you may say, how could I be expected to do so this morning with so many hundreds of eyes fixed upon me?"

"You are a man," thought Wilhelmine, but she did not express it.

"Well say on," said her lover, resuming his seat, and turning his back towards her while he drew the hand that rested on his shoulder towards him and pressed it passionately to his lips, "whatever your request is I promise you to grant it."

But Wilhelmine still hesitated.

"I have ventured," she said at length, "to spare you the trouble of writing a speech for tomorrow, and if you will accept of this rough sketch, it wants nothing but your own additions and corrections to do very well for the purpose."

Bathurst made no movement to receive the paper, but a crimson flush passed over his pale face, and Wilhelmine trembled for what she had done, as she watched its dark and changed expression.

"Clinton," said she in a whisper, while her burning tears fell upon his forehead, "speak to me, forgive me!"

"I am not worthy of you," replied the young man in a voice hoarse with emotion, "leave me!"

"Not in anger," said Wilhelmine meekly.

He drew her towards him and gazed with mingled feelings upon her fair and beautiful face, and then gently kissing her, took the paper from her trem-

bling hand. It was at once eloquent and practical, containing the usual number of unkept pledges—appeals to patriotism and liberality, and covert sarcasms against the opposing party, but worded with such force and clearness as to make its failure in effect impossible, even pronounced by a less elegant looking man than the aristocratic Clinton Bathurst.

"I had no idea it was so well written," said Wilhelmine as he finished reading it, "your beautiful gift of elocution has taught me to be proud of my own performance. Now confess, Clinton, that it is just what you would have written had your numerous avocations given you leisure to do so. And that I have not had the privilege of reading your every thought and feeling so long for nothing."

"It is if I had had but talent enough."

"No, time—it was time only that you wanted," said Wilhelmine, leaning her head upon his shoulder and clinging to him with a devoted fondness that left no room for the intrusion of a single bitter or unpleasant feeling in the heart of either.

Clinton Bathurst felt it to be a duty which he owed alike to her love and his own pride to learn the speech correctly, and its effect was even more brilliant than he had dared to anticipate. That night it was generally known that his opponent had preferred making an honourable retreat to the certainty of being defeated, and the young member was elected without opposition.

No one's congratulations were more earnest and respectful than Wilhelmine's, yet there were strange and varied feelings in the heart of Clinton Bathurst as he listened to the praises which his brilliant harangue drew forth from those who sought by their present adulation, to make amends for their former want of faith in his powers; and his glance wandered restlessly in search of some lurking expression of conscious triumph on the placid brow of his betrothed, and it was long before her gentle and affectionate caresses brought peace to his proud spirit.

The day fixed for the election ball now approached, but Wilhelmine excused herself from attending it on the plea of indisposition; the truth was, she was too happy to care to risk it by a renewal of her lover's angry feelings, when he should see her the centre of attraction, as would necessarily be the case at a ball given in her father's house. And in spite of the entreaties of Clinton and her father she insisted on nursing herself, as she called it, leaving the task of amusing the motley crowd to her lively cousin, Flora Lascelles, who had come down to stay with her, and anticipated much pleasure from being the mistress of the festival. Having seen therefore that nothing was wanting she retired into her own room, and summoning her maid was soon surrounded by a heap of wedding preparations, and deep in the happy thoughts to which her occupation gave rise.

That morning Clinton Bathurst having occasion to pass through the town, was struck by the strange behaviour of those whom he met, and the covert smile that lurked on their countenances as they addressed him, or passed on with a shrug, and before he reached the termination of his walk his nervousness had increased to such a painful degree that he was forced to take shelter from their in-

quisitive glances in the house of a friend, from whence he despatched a servant for his cabriolet.

Mr. Clifford, to whom he related what had passed, only smiled at the narrative, it seemed to him to be no more than natural for the good people of— to stare at their new member, and the sneer and shrug he set down to the account of his intended son-in-law's known timidity. He was too much engaged with the duty of receiving his guests to notice how few of those who had lately flocked around the young orator, came forward to renew an acquaintance so auspiciously begun. And to Clinton Bathurst himself, who shunned instead of courting society, the change was rather pleasing than otherwise. As soon as he could find an opportunity he stole away from the crowd, and sought the lonely boudoir of his betrothed. Wilhelmine blushed a little as she came forward from her feminine employment, and pushing aside some of the costly blond with which she was surrounded, made room for him on the couch by her side.

Poor Wilhelmine! could she have foreseen that this was to be the last interview she would ever have with the idol of her young heart, she would have been less anxious for him to leave her and return to his guests. But Clinton Bathurst lingered on in spite of her entreaties as if he foreboded what was to happen.

"I shall be with you again early to-morrow morning," said he as they parted.

"Not very early," laughed Wilhelmine, "as host you will have to drink more wine than you are accustomed to, so if you should have a headache, and be a little dull to-morrow, I suppose I must excuse it."

Clinton Bathurst returned to his guests, her joyous laugh ringing in his ears like music; years afterwards its memory haunted him as if in mockery of the past.

The following morning glided away without his having kept his promise, and Wilhelmine began to get a little uneasy at his absence. She quitted the study in which she usually received him, as he had a dislike to encountering morning visitors, and entered the drawing-room, where a large circle were assembled, apparently engaged in earnest discourse, the tones of Flora Lascelles' voice raised far above the rest, as if in anger.

"I am sure," said the young lady reproachfully to her intimate friend, Miss Lomax, "that I only whispered it to you in confidence."

"And so it is," laughed Captain Norton, "that scandal gets abroad, the whisper passes on from one to another until the secret is divulged to the whole world, in confidence, of course."

Wilhelmine came forward, and they suddenly ceased speaking.

"What were you talking about!" she asked, flinging herself listlessly upon a sofa.

"Scandal, of course," replied the Captain, "where there are so many ladies present no other topic would be endurable."

"Has anything fresh occurred then?" said Wilhelmine, appealing to her cousin, who coloured violently, but did not reply. "Nay, do tell me, Flora dear?"

"I do not know," said Miss Lomax, "why you should not hear the report as well from us as

otherwise, for it is now pretty generally set about, and perhaps it would be a kindness to give you this opportunity of contradicting it if untrue."

"What report? For Heaven's sake do not keep me in suspense!" said Wilhelmine, grasping the arm of her cousin, who turned almost as white as herself.

"Well, do not agitate yourself so my dear girl," replied Miss Lomax, "and I will tell you. It is said that the brilliant speech which created such excitement, and won Mr. Bathurst his election, was the composition of a talented lady now present."

"It is false!" said Wilhelmine vehemently, while she felt a chilling conviction that her future happiness depended entirely on her being able to keep this from reaching the ears of her two sensitive lover.

"You should know best whether you are the authoress or not," observed a lady sarcastically.

"I should, and I deny it positively and altogether!"

"Wilhelmine!" said a voice that sent the blood to her heart, "Do not let your *pity* for me betray you into a falsehood. If I had not talent enough to write that speech I have at least sufficient honour and manly feeling to avow the truth!"

The eyes of all fell before his flashing glance as he passed them, and at the very moment of losing him for ever, Wilhelmine felt most proud of her noble lover.

That night she received a hasty scrawl, blotted with the burning tears of the writer, and containing the resolution to which his wounded and outraged feelings had come. The substance of the whole was contained in the first words she read:—

"Farewell!" Before this reaches you I shall be far on my way from my native land—an alien and an outcast; with the memory of a tarnished name haunting me perpetually. My heart presaged this from the first night that I saw you on my return from the Continent, and it was confirmed by the never-to-be-forgotten sentence of Lord L.—, 'when a woman marries one beneath her in intellectual acquirements the chances are that she will end by despising him.' In defiance of all this I loved on, but the *curse of your bright genius* has fallen upon me at length! blighting my until now untarnished name—heaping scorn and derision upon my memory—and condemning me to a life of shame and exile! May the ideal pleasure which it is said to bring to its votaries be some consolation to your misery when you shall think of all this. Farewell, once again—my first and only love—farewell for ever!"

Wilhelmine laid down the letter in silence, not a tear escaped her, and those who knew her least thought her cold and passionless; but her heart had broken, and a few months afterwards they shuddered and wept over the early death of the beautiful and the gifted!

It is most probable that Clinton Bathurst died abroad, under a feigned name, for his friends were never able to gain any certain intelligence of him, although he is generally identified with a young Englishman who was wont, about that time, to haunt the classic shores of Italy, his noble figure bowed to the ground, and his restless glance studiously avoiding the gaze of the passer by.

To this day a literary lady is a being unknown

in the little borough town of —, where all indications of talent above the common order are as carefully concealed as if genius were a crime instead of a gift; and the memory of Clinton Bathurst and his beautiful betrothed—his election—self-banishment—and unknown fate, together with the early death of Wilhelmine, has passed into a tale to tell at night around the quiet hearth, as a warning to all young men who may in future be daring enough to love a gentle and affectionate girl in spite of her being a—blue-stocking.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO SAID "HOPE WAS THE CURSE OF LIFE."

What! *Hope* a *curse*? No, rather say,
A blessing kindly sent,
To cheer poor pilgrims on their way,
And banish discontent.

How could the many ills of life,
By mortals ere be borne,
If *Hope* came not to still the strife,
Of hearts with anguish torn?

Go watch the actions of the young,
Go mark the words of age,
Ah! 'tis to *Hope* they all have clung,
The child, the youth, the sage.

The child when forced to leave its play,
Will weep with throbbing breast,
What pow'r then bids those tears to stay,
And lulls him to his rest?

When youth's gay prospects all depart,
And friends turn foes and hate,
What stays the disappointed heart,
To struggle with its fate?

When bending o'er some loved one's grave,
Our hearts with anguish rent,
What from despair the heart could save,
Were *Hope* not kindly sent?

When worn with age, and rack'd with pain,
On the bed of Death we lay,
What could the parting soul sustain,
Save *Hope's* immortal ray?

'Twas hope that wiped the tears away,
From childhood's weeping eyes,
'Twas hope that cheered youth's cloudy day,
And bade new dreams arise!

Oh 'tis a star of holy birth,
A light that God hath given,
To cheer our gloom while here on earth,
And point the road to Heaven.

L— C—.

A SINGLE AND DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

Formerly, *post-paid* letters came quite free,
Without the smallest jot of care or trouble;
But now, alas! when any come to me,
For *single, post paid* letters, they charge *double*!!

J. M. L.

THE ROYAL BELL-RINGER.

Bell-ringing's vulgar thought, and yet, I ween,
I could on great examples lay my finger;
For instance, when PRINCE ALBERT weds our QUEEN,
He will become, though royal, a *Bell-ringer*!

J. M. L.

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF PIPKIN POPJOY, ESQ.;

(Containing a full and particular account of his Theatrical career.)

BY HENRY ROSS.

CHAPTER I.

TREATS AFFECTIONATELY OF PIPKIN POPJOY AND PAPA.

There once lived a Mr. Benjamin Popjoy, a small, smooth pated man, whose time was entirely employed in bowing ladies in, and bowing ladies out, of two gigantic glass folding-doors with small brass railings, the restless fixtures of No. 9, Thriveall Street, which was the house of business of Messrs. Popejean, Popjoy, and Doemmorl, linen drapers, at that time of day. This Mr. B. Popjoy chanced to have a little boy; and, to cut all rigmarole, that little boy was Pipkin.

Years rolled on, and Pipkin was fifteen years old, at which age his bachelor Pa thought it was high time to get him something to do, and there being a vacancy in No. 9, Thriveall Street, he thought that that would be as good an opportunity of getting his son introduced into the profession, and initiated into the mysteries—dark and deep as they are—of linen-drapery as might present itself. He had destined Pipkin for a “mercantile menial.” Of course Master Popjoy had a wonderful dislike for all mercantile occupations, and contempt for mercantile people,—that’s a matter of course, because its quite natural for the matter so to stand. “Father’s hopes,” as they say, “always are thwarted.” But Pipkin’s Pa was, like the generality of Pa’s, laudably determined in his views, and Pipkin was no less obstinate in his. Pipkin’s Pa came to the natural conclusion that his child must have some secret views of his own, and in truth so Pipkin had.

“But I don’t care,” cried Mr. Popjoy, senior, striking the table one morning, “I don’t care, he shall be mercantile!” laying great stress of lungs on the last word but two. The determination of “carrying his point” being put into a strong bottle, he corked it down tight, added sealing wax thereunto, in order to preclude the possibility of its escape, put it in his pocket, and with the intention of informing his son that “he should be mercantile,” he went lightly up stairs to his bed-room to seek him. The room door was a little open, and, we do not know how it happened, Mr. Popjoy’s eye found its way through the crack. A sudden but noiseless start showed that he was rather astonished at something which fell on his demonstrating organ.

In the bed-room stood a tall thin figure; a yard of Scotch looking stuff, which was put round his waist and reached his naked knees, was a substitute for a kilt; and another piece of the same was put over his right shoulder, like a soldier’s belt, and descended to his left thigh, where it was arranged in a bow with depending hangings and drapery, thereby showing that the figure was meant for a Scotchman. The upper lip, the chin, and the whisker plantations of the figure, were made exactly as black as it was possible for burnt char-

coal to make them; whilst the cheeks and lips were painted equally as white as chalk could make them. The head was encased in a wig, five sizes too big, of short, black, curly hair, and the eyes rolled about strangely. It amused itself by jumping forward, at the risk of a flat proboscis, and throwing out its lean naked arms to their greatest longitude, at the same time clutching the air, apparently with a view to grasp some invisible object, and slobbering out the following words in a jerked and deadly-lively sort of manner:—

“Is that a dagger which I see before me, the ‘andle towards my ‘and? Come let me clutch thee. I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.”

The old gentleman could hear no more, he broke into the room and pushed the figure flat down at one blow, after which he said,

“So, you young vagabond, this is the reason why you won’t be made a respectable man is it. This is the reason is it? but your wishes shall not be regarded, you shall be put to business to-morrow—there, get up, get up or else I’ll knock you down, get up you young scoundrel dy’e hear?”

Pipkin got up thereupon. We are exceedingly glad the window was not open, if it had been, you may depend upon it we should have to stop our narration here, for he would certainly have jumped out; but as the window was shut, we will resume our task again, for we have more to say.

“Come, you young villain!” exclaimed his furious father, giving him a hearty cuff on the left ear, and with a view of making the matter straight and equal, giving him a second hearty cuff on his right, “be off down stairs, and never let me catch you at this nonsense again, that’s all.”

Pipkin would have been glad if it had been all, but it was not, for when he was slinking round his sire, and making slyly for the room door, in the vain hope of avoiding any more of his father’s lavishing and knock-down arguments so copiously bestowed, that individual startled and surprised him with a sudden administration of one of his best kicks, which carried him from the attic landing place to the mat at the parlour door, in the time occupied in the opening and closing of an eye.

It was the particular care of Master Pipkin P. to avoid his father as much as possible during the remainder of the day, and in this he succeeded till five o’clock, at which hour he avoided his sire effectually by leaving the house.

CHAPTER II.

A PRIVATE THEATRE AND A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE.

According to the duty of a faithful official, we follow Master Pipkin Popjoy’s steps when he left his father’s house. He went up Old Street Road, and took the first turning past St. Luke’s Church; then the first turning on the right, and the first ditto on the left brought him into a short, narrow street, the name of which we thrust into a secret chamber situated somewhere or the other in the left hand side of our writing desk, and hide it for ever therein; obscuring it from the rays of the penetrating sun, and from the eyes of curious man. There is nothing particularly remarkable in this little street to an uninterested observer—he will see two rows of two-stories-high houses, adorned with

black shutters, dirty window-sills, and a limited number of diseased flowers in pots, with gaudy geraniums, rickety wall-flowers, sweet Williams in pulmonary consumptions, and very fat stone-crops, which, Allah! be praised, will grow equally well in the gutter of a front attic window as in the cultivated grounds of a nobleman's garden—he will see that some of these houses have green shutters, some with shutters as to whose colour it were impossible to come to any final determination, and some with no shutters at all; he will see all this, and will be justified in remarking that he sees nothing at all remarkable in the street. Not so with an interested spectator—he will see a lamp projecting over the doorway of a house that possesses “never a number;” a lamp, whose light hath illuminated the countenance of many a youth, who, but for its light would have been an honest man and a respectable member of society;—a lamp whose light hath inflamed many an erring youth with the love of fame, and caused him many the time and oft to rob his master's till;—that lamp, but for whose light many an unvirtuous female would have lived to have been loved;—that lamp, ladies and gentlemen, immortalised the never-to-be-forgotten situation of a Private Playhouse.

It was under this identical lamp that Master Pipkin Popjoy passed, from thence he made the best of his way into a low ceiling'd, dirty, white-washed room, (called, for some reason best known to the manager's self, the “green-room,”) where he was immediately recognized by a haughty inclination of the brainless head of a knock-kneed youth, who was dressed for *Hamlet*.

It was the custom of such youths as Pipkin, to hie them to a private theatre, there to devote their leisure hours to the “getting up” of Shakespeare's tragedy's; an insignificant task you'll say, but a task which these youths accomplished with wonderful ease and pleasure. It was accomplished much in this manner: the manager of the theatre, who was the owner of it, would propose a play, to this the youths agreed, inasmuch as they said “very well”; whereupon the manager would say “now then, fork out,” at which the youths would put their hands into their pockets, and make a wonderful rumbling noise therein, which would evidently last for a long while, so the manager would call out again “come, now then;” thereon the youth who was to represent the hero of the proposed play, would pay out into the manager's out-stretched hand a small amount of silver, something more than fifteen shillings, and something less than twenty; and then the youth who was to personify the second character, would tell another small amount of silver, a few shillings less than the first amount of silver—and so each youth paid a small amount of silver, agreeing in amount with the quality or grade of the character he was about to make a fool of; which various amounts of silver, the deep manager would knowingly put into his pocket; then each youth returned to his home, and studied his part, and in about a fortnight's time the proposed play would be performed with wonderful grandeur, and amidst showers of orange peel. And in this manner the play of *Hamlet* had been “proposed,” paid for, “got up,” as the theatrical phrase goes, and was going to be

represented on the evening of which we now treat with, “the part of *Hamlet* by a young gentleman, his first appearance on any stage.” And that young gentleman was no less notorious a young gentleman than young Popjoy himself, who, in company with an assemblage of uncommon fine boys in the green room, was already dressed and equipped for the part. The “properties” as they are called, (or in the plainer tongue, theatrical costumes, buckles, swords, sham guns, and such other description of wearing apparel which go to aid, beautify, and embellish theatrical representation,) of a “private,” are neither very gorgeous in quality, nor very extensive in quantity; consequently the characters must be “dressed” with an eye of nice discrimination as to propriety, and as nice a knowledge of arithmetic as to economy. The person for whom the dress of *Hamlet* was originally made, was a person of rather small dimensions; Pipkin was of rather small dimensions, so the dress fitted pretty tolerably. But the youth who was to personate *Horatio* was unluckily stout, and there was but one stout dress in the establishment, which was for the character of *Macbeth*, so, there being no alternative, into *Macbeth*'s clothes was *Horatio* obliged to pop himself. And for some reasons in like manner were the characters dressed after the following manner:—*Bernardo* in the dress of *Romeo*; *Marcellus* in the dress of *Brutus*; the *Ghost* dressed in a dirty sheet; the *King* in the dress of *Coriolanus*; and *Laertes* dressed as a *Harlequin*;—(unluckily *Laertes* was very tall and very thin, and a tall thin harlequin's dress was found to be the only dress whose component parts would condescend to meet together when put on, with any regard for modesty at all,)—and that was the discipline of the gentlemen's dresses. Nor where the females a whit the better off; as an instance whereof we will make mention of *Ophelia*, who was to be represented by a short fat and ugly servant-of-all work; and the only fat short dress in the establishment was one composed of a pink body, and Scotch stuff skirt, with Scotch trimmings; there was no helping it, and of course *Ophelia* was obliged to insert herself into the pink body, Scotch stuff skirt, with Scotch trimmings straightway.

“I say, Harry, how much did you give for your part?” enquired Polonius, who was clad in a great grenadier's dress.

“Only six bob,” replied Bernardo, “that's all.”

“What a shame,” said Polonius, “why hang it if I wouldn't go and punch the perpriater's jolly old head.”

“Oh! I don't care,” said Bernardo, admiring himself in a bit of broken looking-glass, “t'is ain't scarce with me you know.”

“Nor yet with me,” added Horatio, who had heard this interesting conversation, “but I'm hanged if I'd be chet.”

“I know its a dev'lish sight too much, from this,” observed Polonius, “I only gave seven bob for my part.”

“T'aint wuth seven bob, for the matter of that,” said Bernardo, “if you make the real value of the part.”

“Never mind, I can afford it,” responded Polo-

nus significantly, "the old man's till's behind the counter, and so am I too."

"And so is my old man's, and so am I, and that precious often too," said Bernardo with an air of comfort. At which Horatio said "he didn't doubt him for a moment," with which the conversation drops between them.

"Ullo Horatio," exclaimed Hamlet, tapping that youth on the shoulder, "ullo!"

"Ullo old feller!" said Horatio.

"And what makes you from Wittingbug Horatio?" asked Master Hamlet with a uniform theatrical air.

"A truant disposition, good my lord," answered Master Horatio by the text.

"I wouldn't hear yer sister say so—I mean yer enemy," said Hamlet.

"Pretty gal, isn't she?" said Horatio, "she's a goin' to make her fust appearance to-night; she gev old Snarl three bob to let her go on as a page. Allow me to introduce you to her?" Wherewith Hamlet was introduced with great form to the young page—otherwise Miss Maria Lacy.

At another part of the green-room, rather more retired, and consequently less noisy, were two or three youths with very thick heads, concocting a regular feast off finger-nails and Shakspeare at one and the same time. These numbscull youths not having very sun-shiny heads, were not quite "up" in their parts, and for the purpose of getting themselves up set themselves down in the most secluded part of the room and studied them a little more—which was quite proper.

In another part of the green-room, there was a group of four or five more uncommon fine youths, engaged in very singular conversation, relative to certain "knowin' old files," "old codgers," and "rum old coves," meaning doubtless their fathers and masters. The tinkling of a little bell for the curtain to draw, dispersed these uncommon fine boys immediately, and created a wonderfully confusion in the green-room by so doing.

It is not our intention to follow the uncommon fine youths through the entire play; we intend merely to immortalize their most successful hits, and to let the world know by so doing, what astonishingly clever boys English boys are, that's all. Of Master Popjoy as *Hamlet*, we must observe, that if applause and shouting are evidences of the success of genius, then was Master Popjoy a successful genius indeed. It was from the same feeling of admiration which caused a gentleman in the pit of the Haymarket Theatre, to throw a small plantation of laurel trees at Miss Ellen Tree on her first appearance since her return from America, that made Pipkin receive a rotten orange, or the core of an apple, straight in the apple of his eye every time he entered on the stage. Every time he opened his mouth, the house shook dangerously; and every time he made an exit somebody from above made sure to advise him to "go home and go to bed." There was somebody in the pit who persisted in enquiring "how his mother was?" and another in the same quarter begged to know if "his mother had sold her mangle;" and a third in the boxes anxiously requested to be made acquainted with "whether his mother knew he was out;" whilst a fourth continued in respectfully cautioning him to

"mind the hole;" but these, together with another individual in the pit, who persevered in informing him "there he went with his eye out," were persons of envious dispositions, who grudged him his success, so what they said or did must be set down as nought, and looked upon 'as the essence of spleen.

If we were to say anything of Master Lacy's *Horatio*, we should be obliged to make dishonourable mention of the names of certain eatables, such as rotten oranges and rotten eggs; so we will leave the manner in which he performed that evening, in the custody of those happy individuals who had the felicity to see him.

If the audience had shown that spirit of kindness towards the youth in the harlequin's dress, who personated *Luertes*, which they evinced towards *Hamlet*, and had cautioned him to "mind the hole"—for he needed the caution most—they would assuredly have done a good action, for while delivering a most excruciatingly affectionate speech over the dead body of his sister, he absolutely fell down the hole, to the infinite delight, rejoicing and merriment of the audience.

As we do not feel ourself bound to prolong our notice of the play and the players, we leave the Private Theatre; and skipping over twelve days which followed, find Pipkin and his Pa are once more friends, find Pa has conquered Pipkin's obstinacy, and find Pipkin in

CHAPTER III.

THE LINEN-DRAPER'S SHOP.

Exactly in the middle of the shop, known to the world of milliners and dress-makers, by the names Popejean, Popjoy and Doemmori, being placed over the door in large gilt wood letters, stood a small square, high, wooden den, or box, which was beautified and embellished by a row of little wooden railings running round the top. The interior of this little habitation was fitted up with the most singular disregard for the happiness of the individual intended for imprisonment therein; for at about five feet from the ground, and one and a half from the top, were four wide shelves, which projected out so far as to leave but a very small hole for the reception of the unfortunate individual's body, who should be rash enough to enter.

The prisoner's misery was complete on being obliged to mount a high, black bottomed stool, placed for his reception in the den before-hand; and when fairly in, the prisoner, in consequence of the peculiar construction of the shelves and the particular situation of the high black leather bottomed stool, could by no manner of means whatsoever shift his position in the least degree.

It was a pleasant thing to stand at a little distance and contemplate the external appearance of the little tower,—to contemplate the railings—the Gothic windows; to contemplate above all, the head of well greased shiny hair, that arose morning after morning in conscious majesty high above the tip of the railings, and that spread around an exhilarating stench of a three-halfpenny bottle of sweet oil, and thereby comforted the nostrils of such individuals as resided in the immediate vicinity of the little wooden box or den. However pleased the contemplation of all this would make the observer, his pleasure would be immediately im-

mersed in a bucket of cold water, on continuing his contemplations.

The face, which lived below the head of shiny hair in the den, partook something the virtue of a halfpenny lathe in thickness, and of the virtuous quality of a clean sheet in colour; and it was not to be seen at all but by looking through the railings of the den. There was something in that face that seemed to say its owner was imprisoned against his will. Sometimes the eyes were red as with weeping, sometimes the mouth was wet as with slobbering in the doing of the same, but at all times there was a thoughtful air, and plaintive look, cast over the face, indicative of the existence of some inward trouble, something that was best known to himself and must be kept a secret; something that,

Like a worm i'th' bud
Fed on his damaak cheek.

For to tell the truth Master Pipkin Popjoy, for such was the cognomen of the possessor of the head of shiny hair, was getting wonderfully thin in the face, as we have before stated, particularly thin. At the age of eighteen, and at the different ages which exist between that and three and twenty, are the youths of Great Britain, including shop-boys and lawyer's clerks, attached by the acting madness in all its forces—providing they have a relish for the science before-hand; and it is not until they have had their belly full of it, (you mustn't faint away ma'am, for Lady Bulwer—good soul!—says somewhat wittily “that it is not fashionable,” for Heaven's sake regard the fashion of it,) that the madness leaves them, and they again pocket their brains. And this is the great harm that Kean was instrumental in causing, inasmuch as it was entirely through him that certain apprentices and artiched youths took it into their heads, and take it into their heads to this day, that they were very clever fellows, and must needs go into the country straightway in order to more fully develop their elocutionary bumps. A very clever old file says something-or-other, that “imitation is the off-spring of admiration;” now this is the reason why we have so many Bozes, and also why Pipkin grew so white and thin in his phiz. He admired Kean very extraordinarily, and thought himself a Kean immediately. “If I could but get an appearance,” he would say, “just one, wouldn't my fortune be nicely made.” And then visions of large flour sacks full of something up to the mouths, which were tied up, and visions of a host of smaller ones bearing a short but solitary and sweet word “gold,” on every individual little bag, and then a large iron chest, which was, in the vision, keeping company with the big flour bags, and host of small bags, locked up tight with a patent lock, which nobody could open, upon which was displayed the word “gold” also, would rise to his view; and then he thought of an engagement at Drury Lane, at the pleasant salary of one hundred and fifty pounds per night, and he was supremely miserable. All these visions had the effect to make him look about him very sharply; and by dint of looking about very sharply indeed he found out the whereabouts of a “Theatrical Agent,” as that class of individuals are called, and consequently his happiness was great as he looked and saw his future greatness established.

CHAPTER IV.

A THEATRICAL AGENT.

With the intention of going to Mr. Pocketfee, the theatrical agent, Mr. Pipkin Popjoy made the best of his way to Covent Garden, which was not far from Mr. Pocketfee's locality. A small shop, whose inside was invisible from the outside, in consequence of the obstruction successfully offered by the effectual over-spreading of an endless variety of open play-books, and whose business seemed to consist wholly of detaining a little dirty faced middle aged man, behind a small counter, reading play-books with all the intensity of immense relish, signalized the residence of Mr. Pocketfee. Into this shop Mr. Pipkin Popjoy with some difficulty, the entrance being small, squeezed himself.

“Is Mr. Pocketfee within?” said Pipkin, having entered at last in safety.

“Don't know,” said the dirty faced man, without taking his eyes off a play-book he was reading, “I'll see d'rectly, if you like to wait till I've read this speech.”

“No particular hurry,” said Pipkin, who was in the greatest hurry possible.

“Sit down,” said he of the dirty face, and down Pipkin Popjoy sat accordingly. Having waited till the mighty little man of muck had done the speech, that little individual put down the book with becoming dignity, and honoured Pipkin with a hearty stare, which being brought to a conclusion, satisfactory to himself, he leaned back in his chair, stretched his legs under the counter, gaped and said at its conclusion,

“Well young man?”

“I want to see Mr. Pocketfee,” said Mr. Popjoy, “is he at home?”

“I say I don't know,” said the dirty-faced man.

“What's your name, in case he's at home?”

“Popjoy,” said Pipkin.

“What else?” the dirty-faced man asked.

“Pipkin,” answered Popjoy.

“Then you're Mr. Popjoy Pipkin are you?”

“No, Pipkin Popjoy.”

“Oh! Pipkin Popjoy?” repeated the little individual, “well Pipkin Popjoy, come along o' me.”

With this he led the way into a first-floor front room, and bade Pipkin abide there till he returned. He was back again in no time.

“You've never been here before, have you?” said he, as he entered the room.

“No.”

“Then he is at home,” said the dirty man. “Wait here. He'll be here presently,” so saying he disappeared.

It was a standard rule with Mr. Pocketfee to be at home to an applicant on his first visit, because the fee, which was according to the particular line the person applied for, was always received at the first visit. Presently an individual in a bald head and dressing gown entered the room, bowed, rubbed his hands, and said,

“Mr. Pipkin Popjoy I believe.”

“The same, Sir,” was Pipkin's answer.

“Well?” said Mr. Pocketfee.

“I want an engagement,” said Pipkin.

“Oh! you want an engagement do you?”

“Yes, Sir.”

"And in what line, pray?" said Mr. Pocketfee.

"What line?" said Pipkin.

"Ay! What line? what characters?"

"Oh!" said Pipkin, his mind enlightened, "Hamlet, Richard, Shylock, Macbeth."

"Stop, stop my friend, I perfectly understand. Engagements of that line are scarce—I may say very scarce. But at the same time I think I have one in my eye. Excuse me for a moment—my book is down stairs. Dev'lish heavy book, impossible to carry it up—an utter impossibility."

"So heavy eh?" said Pipkin in astonishment.

"Heavy? Ah I believe you," said Mr. Pocketfee. "Why you see, that a light book would be of no use to me: for instance—now we'll say I have got eight or nine hundred engagements, including engagements made and making, on my books, I must have the address of all my managers and their names—the name and address of all the professionals, &c., what would be the use of a light book? answer me that."

"None, of course," said Pipkin, astonished at the business that Mr. Pocketfee did.

"Excuse me," and Mr. Pocketfee left the room. He soon returned shaking his head, and saying, "no, I made a mistake; but never mind, I'm considered very lucky, I may have you suited in a week's time perhaps."

Pipkin bowed his best thanks.

"But let us to business," said Mr. Pocketfee, after a short pause, "first of all there's my fee, that's fifteen shillings."

Pipkin put down the money without a murmur, which Mr. Pocketfee picked up with many thanks.

"Well, then there's—let's see, what characters did you say?"

"Hamlet, Shylock, Macb—"

"Ah! that's the first line, very scarce. I'll take your address down please, that's the next thing."

"Mr. Popjoy," said Pipkin, "number thirty nine, Lant Street, Burrer," (meaning doubtless the Borough.) Mr. Pocketfee wrote down the address, read it, and then added, "heavy business," thereby implying that the owner of the name of Popjoy was in want of a situation in the "first" or "heavy business" line. This done, Mr. Pocketfee said "that was all," for which Pipkin thanked him. They bade each other good day and parted.

CHAPTER V.

THE LETTER.

Ten days after the interview of Mr. Pipkin Popjoy with Mr. Pocketfee, the theatrical agent, as recorded in the last chapter, there arrived in Lant Street, Borough, a twopenny postman's bustle with a twopenny postman. This excellent individual, after crossing and industriously recrossing the road—with that laudable perseverance peculiar to gentlemen whose time Heaven has destined to be wholly devoted to the delivery of billet doux, newspapers, notes and letters of all sizes, kinds and colours—a great number of times, arrived at length at a green door and black knocker, whereon was daubed in yellow paint, not the knocker, but on the green door, the numbers thirty and nine. On this door the postman inflicted the two decisive blows of determination with his wonted energy; this performance being terminated, the door was

nicely opened *con vivace* by a *vivace* looking servant maid, whose features were disposed in a most remarkable grin of self-satisfaction, and whose head was clad in a thick bush of very red hair, the proprietor whereof, the more to display its beauty, enclosed as little of it as possible in a very small cap worn on the crown of her head, and placed it so artfully as to impress the observer with the idea that it would certainly tumble down at her next movement.

"Popjoy!—Twopence!" said the postman, in a very matter-of-fact sort of manner.

"Missis ain't at home," said the girl.

"What's that to me?" said the man of letters.

"Here's a letter for Mr. Popjoy—I take it home as directed—and I want two-pence. Whether your Missis is at home or not, young woman, is not a matter for me to discuss. So hand it over, come; your Missis 'll pay you again."

After several minute's exertion, the girl succeeded in rescuing a little bright silver sixpence from ex-cruciating darkness and from the left hand corner of a very lamentably dirty pocket. She was on the point of "handing it over" as the *Leterari* advised, but something striking her very suddenly, she recalled her hand and sixpence in a manner so sudden, so strange, and so well calculated to cause the loss of herequilibrium; this caused an itinerant confectioner, and manufacturer of pancakes (who was passing at the moment) to laugh horribly, and to express himself in the following appropriate manner:—

"Blowed if the woman ain't mad! My eye! Ha! ha." Even the man of letters involuntarily exclaimed, "God bless my soul" at the hey presto cockleorum movement of the girl, who had, by this time, safely delivered over the sixpence into the custody of the lamentably dirty pocket, and had seen it safely thrust into ex-cruciating darkness again. The shiny brown stuff petticoat and dirty pocket were excluded from the eyes of postman by the falling over them of the skirt of a dress, with a dirty blue colour for its ground, decorated and embellished with a multitudinous variety of round and square dirty white dots. "Blessed if she isn't silly!" exclaimed the man of letters, "what's the matter with you, eh?"

Providence has caused many singular things to happen in its time, and a very singular thing happened just then—Mr. Popjoy, sen., had left the house that morning in a hurry, and in his hurry had forgotten to take away his gold snuff-box, which he remembered to have left on the mantel-shelf in the front-room. For the purpose of possessing himself of it, he turned back again; and just as the Postman asked the girl what was the matter with her, Mr. Popjoy arrived at the door.

"Is this letter for you, please sir?" asked the red haired girl.

"Let me see, 'Mr. Popjoy, Number thirty-nine, Lant Street, Borough.' "Yes," said Mr. Popjoy.

"Two-pence, please!" said the persevering Postman. The moderate demand was immediately brought forth; and as the Postman pocketed the money, he darted an angry glance at the girl, and bustled away ejaculating the monosyllable "Fool" revengefully.

Mr. Popjoy retired to his room; and was not a little surprised as he read the following letter:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have at last found you a situation, wherefore you may consider yourself a lucky dog. It's at Newcastle, by the water side, where you can have a bath every day if you like; besides if you are fond of fish, you can have a blow out of pickled salmon, every precious night for your supper. The salary is two pound ten a week, the first two weeks of which is to be forwarded to me. But if you will come to me I'll tell you all about it. Come soon, for you must go soon.

Sir, your obedient Servant,
THEOPHILUS POCKETFEE."

"Whew," said Mr. Popjoy, venting his surprise in a prolonged whistle, "that's your game is it Master Pipkin,—but we shall see how it turns out." And after a long soliloquy, the burthen of which was that he should take no notice of it just for the present, he picked up his gold snuff box, and left the house once more.

In the afternoon of the same day, Pipkin Popjoy, having heard nothing of Mr. Pocketfee for the last ten days, thought it was high time to call upon him and give his memory a jog; intent upon doing which off he started. He arrived at the little shop in due course of time, and proceeded to propel himself by influential means of the door posts. When fairly in, and having recovered his breath again, he looked for the little dirty faced villain—mentioned in the last chapter—and there he sat, in the same position as when Pipkin first saw him, very busy reading a play book as usual.

"Is Mr. Pocketfee within?" inquired Pipkin. The little dirty man deigned no reply. Pipkin repeated the question twice without success, a third time and,—

"What day'e make that fillyloo for, eh?" cried he sharply, "are you blind, that you couldn't see I was a readin'?"

"I want to know if I can see Mr. Pocketfee," said Pipkin.

"Then you can't; there!" returned filthily phiz. "Put that in your pocket, hope it won't burn a hole throo' the linin'."

"Then I can't see him?" said Pipkin, his eyes flashing fire at the insults offered him. "You're Quiteskin Potboy ain't you?" said the saucy box reader of play-books.

"I'm Pipkin Popjoy, Sir!" said the proprietor of that name with contempt and turned up snout.

"Remarkable s'millytood," observed the little heap of incivility. "But, I say Popjoy, here; he is at home to you;—I say, if you get a good crib don't forget me, will you? that's a good feller. 'Foller me' as King Dick said to Richmond when he was stabbed, but lord love you Richmond was too wide awake—he knew if he followed Dick, 'next mornin' he'd find himself in—Jericho." With a few other sentences by heroes and explanatory observations added thereunto by himself, the little dirty-faced man wiled away the time and enlivened the path up the high flight of steep, narrow, and pitchy dark stairs till he arrived at a black door, on which he displayed an elasticity of wrist and strength of finger that Thalberg, Doehler, Moscheles, Ross or any other mighty Pianist with all their greatness, certainly do not rival.

"Come in fool, do," said a voice in answer to the knock inflicted on the black door,—and in they went.

"Ah, Potboy, (Pipkin frowned) that's right. Glad you've come. Afraid I'de lost you. You've had it I see, so my minds easy on that head," chattered Mr. Pocketfee.

"What head?" said Pipkin, somewhat astonished at Mr. Pocketfee's jabbering propensity.

"My letter. Lost my pocket book,—nothing in it thank God. Your address in it though, so I can't thank God for that. However, glad its ended as it has."

"Really Mr. Pocketfee," said Pipkin, "either my comprehension is remarkably dull, or your talking is so remarkably fast, or — whatever it is I can't say, but certain it is that I've not been able to understand one single word you've said yet.—You'll excuse—"

"Oh, of course," interrupted Mr. Pocketfee, "its to talking fast,—that's a habit, acquired by having a deal of business to do and a very little time to do it in—'bliged to talk fast or I should never get to bed,—but I'll talk slower. First of all, are you ready to go?"

"Go!" exclaimed Pipkin in astonishment.

"Then you can't have had it!" said Mr. Pocketfee, noting Popjoy's manner.

"Had what?" asked the astonished Pipkin.

"My letter," said Mr. Pocketfee.

"Really Mr. Pocketfee"—said Pipkin.

"I thought by this time,—let me see"—interrupted Mr. Pocketfee, "Ten—eleven—ah eleven days—you would have packed yourself up in a bundle, and have been ready for starting."

"But really Mr. Pocketfee," began Popjoy.

"I'm surprised," continued Mr. Pocketfee, "quite astonished; did'n't think for a moment but that you would have seized with promptitude this engagement; this engagement, that holds at an easy distance, a distinct road to the London boards;—an engagement, that I would take myself but for —, (he finished the sentence by vigorously stroking, patting, and wagging his bald head in an animating manner). This engagement, that would make your fame at once; this engagement that—that Mr. Popjoy—damned if you don't surprise me, sir!"

"Really Mr. Pocketfee," again began Pipkin.

"But if you'll tell me what you intend doing with respect to this engagement, you'll oblige me, sir!" said Mr. Pocketfee, taking a huge pinch of snuff. Pipkin tried to explain, but all this mysterious matter, added to the remarkable language of Mr. Pocketfee, so overcame him, that having delivered himself once more of the words: "Really Mr. Pocketfee—" he was silent, and was, like a gent. in the play, in "want of words;—he wanted words!"

"Newcastle," mused Mr. Pocketfee, "Nice place, where the coals come from."

"Really Mr. Pocketfee I—" attempted Pipkin.

"Well, go on," urged Mr. Pocketfee, "say 'yes' or 'no'; will you take it?"

"Really Mr. Pocketfee, I know nothing of it," said Pipkin at last.

"Then you didn't have my letter?" said Pocketfee.

"Letter!" said Pipkin, "no, no letter; oh no."

"Thirty-nine, Lant Street, Burrel!" said Mr. Pocketfee, "that's where I directed it to."

"Did you say, for 'P. Popjoy?'" "No," was his reply. "Then," cried Pipkin, "my father's got it by this time." Mr. Pocketfee told Pipkin to never mind; but to listen to him. "I've got a situation for you at Newcastle," he said, "where the pickled salmon comes from (his mouth watered at this savoury reminiscence). Two-pun-ten a week is the salary; the two first weeks of which is my due. You must decide immediately. Do you accept it?"

"Willingly," said Pipkin, without a moment's hesitation.

"Then go and get all your things in readiness," said Mr. Pocketfee, and then come to me for a letter of introduction which I shall write for you. You ought to go to-morrow by rights; can you?"

Popjoy said nothing for several seconds, and when he did say something, it was in a voice of dramatic determination and as follows:—"Yes! Mr. Pocketfee, yes! I'll go to-morrow,—to-morrow, before break of day."

"Then you'll be rubbed for time if you stop here any longer," said Mr. Pocketfee as he pushed Pipkin out of the room, "you had better go, but don't forget to come for your letter of introduction. There, good bye, don't forget." And Pipkin left the house.

CHAPTER VI.

"And he hid him forth."

OLD BALLAD.

It requires a better pen than ours—(its a steel one, on a bone handle) and a clearer head, to do justice to Pipkin Popjoy in this chapter; to describe the variety of emotions that raged in his bosom when he got into bed and put the candle out; to tell our reader all that passed between Peter's devil and Peter's conscience, how they were both armed with carving knives and pickled tongues, how the devil said "Go! Peter," and how his conscience said "No! Peter," and how between the two he nearly lost his head, for when he awoke from a half-an-hour's sleep he couldn't tell, for the life of him, where it was; he felt on the pillow for it; not there,—in its stead there rested one pair of feet and two sets of toes, where could it be? He at last found his head hanging out at the foot of the bed, so either the devil or his conscience, or both of 'em, had completely turned him round, his head being where his feet should be and his feet ditto. Oh! a much better pen! A much better pen! And then nicely to describe, so as to avoid giving offence to the ladies, how he got out of bed, and put his trowsers on the wrong side before, how he nearly alarmed the whole house by obstinately dashing his head (unlucky head!) on the ground in the exertion of disentangling himself from his trowsers; in addition to which, how he threw down by accident his bed-chamber candlestick; and how, in his endeavours to make as little noise as possible, he pushed over the washing stand and knocked down the looking-glass; and, being dressed, to tell truly to our reader how cautious he continued; how, with his hat on his head, an over stuffed portmanteau under one arm, a blue bundle under the other, and so as

to make no noise, going down stairs with his boots in his hand, he left his apartment; how he crept as it were, down stairs on tip-toe; how his heart beat high as he approached the door of his father's bed-room; and how his heart beat higher as, in his continued exertion to avoid making the least possible noise, he dropped first one boot, then the other, and in trying to pick them up he dropped the portmanteau, then the blue bundle, and finally his hat; how he regained them at last without dropping anything more, (having nothing more to drop); how he arrived in the passage and how—but a truce to this 'how' and 'how', let us proceed to invoke the muses; having done which, we will make a plunge into the sea of description, we will buffet, we will struggle; if we sink, why God bless us; if we swim, then nine cheers for the good ship "Hero."*** We have invoked the muses; so now, here goes.

Pipkin Popjoy then, arrived in the passage, trembling lest he should make the least noise. He put down his bundle, &c., and proceeded to force himself into a pair of half-boots, which he had brought down stairs in his hand so that he might descend noiselessly. This done he opened the door anxiously, and left the house breathlessly; portmanteau, bundle, boots, and hat being all in a very high state of feverish excitement.

When Pipkin Popjoy had viewed the leaving of his father's house as a day afar off, he looked at the day as the happiest that would happen in his life, and longed for its arrival; but now that the day had actually arrived, and he had left his father's house, how differently—for all his acting madness, he thought and felt. His conscience had, for the moment, gained ascendancy over his devil, and was proceeding to dig Popjoy's inside with, spikes, needles, carving knives, bayonets, and to tear his heart with tweezers, red hot pincers, tongs, et cetera, right merrily. The pain, the indescribable pain, that Popjoy experienced through the too free application of the above enumerated instruments, was almost immediately eased by the devil whispering in his other ear, the short but important sentence, "Pipkin! strike the iron while it's hot." "I will," said Pipkin, after a moment's reflection, "I will!"

Now, although Pipkin said he would strike the iron now hot, he said he would do a deed somewhat easier to talk about than to perpetrate. He said it in the heat of the moment, he said he would go to Newcastle, without considering certain considerations for a moment; without first ascertaining the precise quantity of road and water that lay between that town and himself; without first ascertaining the manner of means he must employ to get over the quantity of road and water that lay between that town and himself; without first descending into his breeches pocket, ascending again, and dragging with him such quantity and quality of coin as he might find asleep therein;—in one word, without (as we have above remarked) giving a single thought to such—not unimportant affairs, at all. Here was a state of affairs, Pipkin was in, what an Italian-warehouse-man would call "a reg'lar pickle," though he was not as yet aware of the fact; and it was not until after he had been to several coach offices that he did become aware of

the fact. As the last struggle of expiring hopes, he went to the Angel, Islington,—he inquired,—“No; no coach to-day,” was the reply. As Pipkin prepared to leave the booking-office in a desponding state, his egress was interrupted by the hallow of “Hi!” turning round to see from whence the voice proceeded, he beheld the figure of a man, waxing warm in the exertion of beckoning him back—he went. The news was that a van to Leeds was the best thing for him to take;—one just now passed;—“he’d ketch it if he made ‘aste in about ten minits.” Long—long before the expiration of ten minutes, Pipkin had overtaken the van called by the vulgar “waggin,” and had been pitched into a sort of temporary attic erected at the extreme back of the lumbering machine, blue bundle, over-stuffed portmanteau and all. Close beside Pipkin, and in a very high state of preservation, there laid something thoroughly rolled up in straw, which Pipkin would have set down at once as a preserved mummy, but for certain sonorous, and alternate gobbling sounds which ever and anon in thick succession escaped the exceedingly apparent nose of the thing so rolled in straw. Beside him laid a woman snoring away to the utmost of her able abilities; and beside her there reposed a little boy, and a small girl, and a large countryman; the two former profoundly engaged in the performance of a duet on that instrument of long standing, called the Proboscis; while the latter was pleasantly engaged in grinning, in winking, and in the performance of a little ballet of action, in comicality, unprecedented. The countryman’s chief desire during the rehearsal of the ballet of action appeared to consist in a wish to engage Pipkin’s attention without making an open “Hallo!” or disturbing the snorers. He succeeded in attaining his end; and was on the point of addressing Pipkin, when a voice from without the attic halloed out, “Coom Bill; are ye awake? if e’ are, come down, for I’m nation drowsy.” Then the butt-end of a heavy waggoner’s whip was thrust into the attic, and laid about, and fell on, “Bill’s” leather buskins for all his continued cries of, “I’m awake, I say I am awake, done ye leave off,” with wonderful heartiness of purpose. Bill descended; leaving Pipkin in an unenviable state of dissatisfaction. From the countryman’s action and frequent pointings at the sleeping individuals, it was evident, thought Popjoy, what he was going to say was relative to them. And Pipkin had heard at different periods, a few indistinct exclamations issue from the mouth of the male sleeper,—short in themselves, but quite sufficient to excite curiosity in him—such as:—“Plato thou reasonest well! Thou dried eel-skin. Hung be the heavens with black! Twenty of ‘em at sword’s point!” and such like. Pipkin was of opinion that the male sleeper was an actor, but whether of comedy or tragedy he couldnt tell. “However,” he said, “its evident he is an actor, and as Mr. Pocketfee said I must make friend’s of ‘em all, I’ll make a friend of him when he wakes.”

It is not our intention to tire the reader with every word of conversation which passed between our hero and the male waker;—for being awake, we cannot with any propriety call him a ‘sleeper’ any longer—it is merely our intention to inform

the reader with such facts as it is necessary for him to know.

The male waker was the identical manager (so he said) in whose company Pipkin was engaged; the woman, his wife; and the children, his children. Pipkin gave him the letter of introduction with which theatrical agents are wont to arm their victims. “Yes, yes,” said the manager, “quite right; I always thought it was, Mr. Popjoy glad to know you,—and,—that we may be long acquainted is the only wish,—you may rely upon it, of myself, Mrs. Give-cheek, and the babbies.” Very little passed between them after the conclusion of this singularly constructed speech till they arrived at Dunstable. The waggon stopped, and the Givecheeks got down from the attic with great dexterity, and beckoned the wandering Pipkin to do the same. When he was half way down, a stage coach passed by; and as it passed Pipkin received in the middle of his back a heavy blow, so heavy that the next moment he was busy in the interesting occupation of kissing—aye reader kissing—kissing his mother-earth. When the pain was somewhat gone, he arose—strong in the belief that Mr. Givecheek had administered the blow by way of a joke—for the purpose of “pitching in” to Mr. Givecheek immediately, by way of a joke also; but to his surprise he found, when around he cast a glance, that he was quite alone.

“Come Mr. Popjoy make haste!” cried out Mr. Givecheek, from the parlour window of the ‘Pig’ “the dinner’s getting cold.”

“Dinner!” said Pipkin to himself, “there won’t be time for that; the waggin will be—”

He looked round, ‘twas gone,—he hadn’t paid his fare neither. He hastened to communicate the fact to Mr. Givecheek, who in reply said, “well let it go; ah, to the devil if it likes.”

“But Mr. Give—” said Pipkin.

“But Mr. Popjoy,” interrupted Mr. Givecheek, “will you have any dinner or no that’s the thing—wherein to catch the conscience of the King,” he added in a gabbling under tone, as he made an incision “wide and deep” in a roast leg of mutton.

Pipkin was about to enter the Inn, in the front parlour of which his manager was already ensconced, but was prevented by a voice saying in a reproachful manner, “Popjoy.”

He looked round, there was nobody bye.

“Pipkin!” said the voice.

Concluding it must be Mr. Givecheek calling him, he hurried into the parlour at once. “Was that you calling me?” he asked, “calling me by the name of Pipkin?”

“Me!” said the manager, “no; how should I know your name?”

Pipkin was staggered. “It was strange,” he muttered.

“It was your imagination. I say,” said the manager, “you haven’t got eight shillings handy have you. I paid the waggoner for you, if you remember.”

Pipkin paid the eight shillings; four more than the thief manager had paid the waggoner.

“But I thought you were going to Newcastle?” said Pipkin.

“Eh?—Why,—yes—I—I did think of going but—but—” stammered Mr. Givecheek.

"But you changed your mind, my dear," said Mrs. Givecheek.

"Ha, ha! yes; so I did," said the manager, "so I did, I changed my mind Mr. Popjoy."

This was sufficient for Pipkin, but for any one who knew what acts of villainy and cheating that class of vagrants perform, it would have been very insufficient.

"We're going to do Roller (Rolla) to-night. You can go on as a soldier if you like, in black moussies and red breeches. It'll make you get used to the foot-lights, the more you go on the better.

Pipkin consented; and at a few minutes to six the party—Pipkin, Mrs. and Mr. Givecheek, and the "babbies," started in a body for the theatre.

CHAPTER VII.

SHORT AND SWEET.

There came a little fat man in company with two tall lean men, in the stomach of a blue great coat, to the bar of the Crown Inn. The little fat gent., the two lean gents., and the blue great coat were evidently from London.

"Pray can you tell me the way to the theatre Miss," said the little fat man, who was evidently the commander-in-chief of the little army, to Mary the bar-maid.

"If you take the first turning to your left, go down a lane on your right, and cross over a little stile at the end of it, you will see a large broken down barn; that's it."

"Oh! thank you Miss" said the little man. "I hope you've got the chaise quite ready Mr. Pye," he said as he left the bar.

"Quite sir," said Mr. Pye, and on they went to the theatre.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAST.

The reader's attention has been drawn sufficiently to the description of theatricals, so that we do not intend to describe what manner of performance or audience, or anything else, expired within the barn, or as it was called theatre.

It was a little passed eleven o'clock, the performance was over; Pipkin had washed away the "moussies" and got out of the "red breeches" and was wishing the company "good night" individually. In five minutes he had concluded, and in five minutes more, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream"—such a "change," ye Gods! He had just left the threshold of the barn door, and was proceeding to lift his right leg over a little stile previously to lifting himself over, when somebody "knocked him on the head" with a sizeable stick,—such a knock it was;—one of those descriptions of knocks called by the vulgar "Wollopers." All was darkness—he could see no one, but he could feel some one though, for the invisible gent. continued to larrup him with a stick, and at the same time he interspersed amongst the larrups such exclamations as: "Ah! ah!" "you d—d rascal!" "I've got you have I?" "I'll teach you to play such pranks again!" "Seize him Pye!" "Murder him Gobble!" "Gag him Pye!" "Drag him away Gobble!" and addressed Messrs. Gobble and Pye by turns in that manner. The stick at length was made (from pure exertion) to cease its occupation, when Pip-

kin was seized by two men, bound, gagged, and thrown into a vehicle of some sort, with the same carelessness as one would throw a snowball in the Thames. The vehicle went on at an immense pace, and continued to whirl on with the velocity of Fortune's wheel. Pipkin thought he was smuggled at first, but remembering the names of Gobble and Pye, a light dawned on his blinded optics—was it his father? It was. He had received his son's letter, over night, found his son gone next morning, and being aware that his son's purse was not deep enough to allow him to go per coach knew that he should overtake him, as his son must either walk, or go by some slow conveyance. He started, taking Messrs. Gobble and Pye with him,—he saw Pipkin alighting from the sky-parlour of the waggon,—he gave him the twack on his back,—he called him from the first floor front room window as before related, and he finally waylaid him in the field adjoining the theatre.

The remainder of Pipkin's life was chiefly spent in the den, (described in Chapter III.) Theatricals had no charms sufficient to draw him from his father's house again. He devoted his time wholly to the mysteries of certain little red linen-drawer's books, and certain little bits of white paper in form of the ace of diamonds. He died at the age of five-and-twenty of a pulmonary consumption, and his father thereafter was sorry for, and lamented having denied his son the theatrical life he wished for.

THE FALLEN LEAF.

BY MRS. LEIGH CLIFFE.

I have caught thee, thou truant! I hold thee, and now

I would ask why so early thou leavest the bough,
Ere the chill winds of Autumn have sere'd thy green hue?

Hath the breeze been thy lover?—Hast found him untrue?

Did he promise thee love when thou budded, and then,

A faithless deceiver, take pattern by men,
And make court to the blossom that rivalled thy charms,

And sighed in its petals, and sleep in its arms?

Has he sighed as he passed the young Lily, or given
A kiss to the Rose, as he wing'd from yon Heaven?
Did he pause as he pass'd the gay Pansy, or rest
On the Cottager-Violet's trembling breast?
Or was it the Tulip, a flirting old maid,
His passion by showy externals betrayed,
That made him behave so unkindly to thee,
And wrest thee, unfaded, away from the tree?

Thou art fallen! Ah! never again to resume
Thy emerald tint in the freshness of bloom!
I saw thee when first thou emerged from the stem,
And hailed thee fair Springtide's most beautiful gem;

And now I behold thee fast fading away,
Though Autumn hath scarcely yet shorten'd the day!

Thou art swept off, poor leaf, in the pride of thy bloom,

And condemned, like a mortal, to waste in the tomb!

STANZAS.

A voice as of singing,
Went joyously by,
Its echoes are ringing,
In melody nigh;
Its low voice was breathing,
A breath of delight;
Around the heart wreathing,
In visions most bright.

'Tis beautiful, 'tis beautiful, on the golden sky to gaze,
When the glorious Sun is sinking, as the glowing
Eve decays;
Whilst hope is springing in the heart, that glad, and
fairy guest,
Whose home is fairer than the hues, of the deep
empurpled West.

'Tis beautiful, 'tis beautiful, to watch the gladsome
Spring,
When youth's sweet trust, and glowing love, around
our spirit's cling;
To wander through the verdant fields, among the
pleasant flowers,
Whose perfumed freshness, mirrors back our child-
hood's early hours.

'Tis beautiful, 'tis beautiful, to hear the low winds
sigh,
Whilst yet the lip is glad with smiles, and bright
with hope the eye,
To listen to the soothing strains, of music as they
fade,
Ere yet they sadly, to the heart, bring sorrow's haunt-
ing shade.

'Tis beautiful, 'tis beautiful, when the silent stars
are bright,
When the moon o'er the pure heaven sheds, her soft
and holy light;
To gaze upon its quiet page, and feel the heart beat
high,
With glorious visions, yet unchilled by cold mortal-
ity.

'Tis beautiful, 'tis beautiful, to gaze on beauty's
cheek,
In eyes where sweet affection shines, for sympathy
to seek;
To pour our fondly cherished hopes, upon a shrine
so fair,
Whilst yet we fondly, madly deem, the heart is
mirrored there.

The light strain is dying
Away from my ear,
But a low voice replying,
Is hovering near;
A voice as of sadness,
That wakes in my heart,
Which hath bidden the gladness,
Of music depart.

Yes beautiful, most beautiful, is earth in her fair
array,
To the eyes that are beaming brightly, to the hearts
that are young and gay;
And beautiful, most beautiful, its gladsome pleasures
seem,
Ere yet the dazzling spell is broke, of youth's en-
chanted dream.

But mournful, very mournful, when the glowing day
declines,
When the last sunbeam of the West, in golden lustre
shines;

To feel the heart grow cold, and sad, as we read in
that fair light,
The shadows of our fading hopes, that once were
warm and bright.

And mournful, very mournful, is the soft, and Sum-
mer breath,
Of gentle winds, which round the heart, in haunting
memories wreath;
To watch the fresh'ning Spring come forth, to deck
the earth with bloom,
And feel, though verdure reigns without, within is
lonely gloom.

And mournful, very mournful, is the light wind's
plaintive sigh,
Wak'ning the silent fount of tears, that gushing dim
the eye;
And mournful is the music, of a loved familiar tone,
Which bringeth many voices back, which now are
hushed and gone.

And mournful, oh! how mournful, when the lovely
eve behold,
To feel the heart's sweet trust is now, suspicious
grown, and cold;
To know our early confidence, life's brightest charm
is fled,
Our spirits glow, grown dim and cold, our sweet
affections dead.

Oh! mournful, 'tis most mournful, thus to feel our
bright hopes fade,
Our morning brightness, overcast, by sorrows haunt-
ing shade;
To turn us from our present, to our loved and early
years;
And feel, how cold the heart has grown, beneath
congealed tears.

E. K. S.

I CANNOT CALL THE WORLD UNKIND.

(STANZAS),

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

I cannot call the world unkind
In so forgetting me;
For, oh! it had not aught to bind
To Memory—like thee?
I hid myself from its broad gaze
For thy dear eye alone,
But to exist—that sun whose blaze
Was all my light which shone.
Ah, me! it glow'd too transiently,
Like winter's fitful gleam,
That shines in haste, as if the sky
Were smiling in a dream!
Farewell! oh, ponder o'er that word,
A blessing's in the sound,
Telling, although each pulse is stirr'd
With agony profound—
In the lone heart, thou wanton chain'd
Ruthless, but to betray,
(Bereft of hope—its love disdain'd)
Still owns thy fearful sway—
And feels, deep in its core yet dwells
A life-enduring spell,
Which, unto list'ning angels tells
That thou may'st still—farewell!
Its first fond prayer—and oh, the last
These lips will know to frame
'Till all is o'er, and hope is past,
And Love is but a name!

THE HUGUENOT.

"My dearest Isabel, why afflict yourself? You know your father is safe, since King Charles, in consideration of his father's services, has promised him safety, and that his property shall be restored to him."

"But then he has so many, and such powerful enemies there."

"Well, he will not be long there, and my absence will be only a few days. In the meantime you will be with the Earl at Kenilworth, and when we return, then, then you will be mine."

We will spare the reader an account of the parting between Sir Philip de Brissont and the Lady Isabel de Cherville.

Our readers will be pleased to look back to about the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, when Charles the Ninth swayed the sceptre of France. This unhappy prince, though a tyrant and a bigot, was not naturally morose or sanguinary, and those events which have rendered his reign infamous in the annals of History are less to be charged on the King than on the Queen, Catherine de Medicis, and the faction of the Guises.

It was rather late one evening, during the winter of the year 1573, that a man wrapped up in a black cloak was seen traversing a broad and handsome street in Paris, leading straight down to the Seine, and looking about him with an enquiring air. He was accosted by a man of a noble and commanding appearance with—

"Good Even, Seigneur, you seem a stranger in this our bonne ville de Paris."

"I am so, Seigneur," was the reply given in a manner so cold and repelling that the other noticed it.

"Ye have no need of such caution with me," he somewhat haughtily replied, "Seigneur Comte de Cherville, I know you and your object, and I wish to be your friend. But will ye rest yourself? here is a tavern, and methinks it seems but reasonable, for ye look fatigued."

The Count was thunderstruck at this address; he looked at the speaker, but he was masked, and the Count had a faint, and very faint recollection of the voice; and indeed the individual before him was so altered since the Count had seen him that if his face had been visible he would have been unknown to him. A few moments' reflection convinced him that the wisest plan was to trust himself to this mysterious stranger, and accordingly he followed him into the tavern; here, as no other persons were present, the stranger took off his mask and displayed to view a countenance strikingly handsome, but with an expression of mingled melancholy and fierceness.

"Now," said he, "we are alone, I can speak with more freedom. You have not yet seen the King?"—"No."

"Then the sooner you see him the better; Paris is in a state of great confusion; and the King cannot prevent it; the King cannot expect to prevent it after setting such an example as he did on the night of St. Bartholomew." The stranger sighed heavily, but made no reply. After a moment's pause he resumed, "I warn you to keep yourself concealed till you have seen the King."

"I thank you for your caution, but it grows late, and if you can direct me to the house of Mynheer Dalkeren I shall be greatly indebted to you."

"I shall pass his house and will conduct you there."

As they proceeded from the tavern, "Seigneur, may I ask your name?" said the Count.

"My name," replied the other, "is Charles Fitz Henri de Lys. I am a general in his Majesty's army—but here is the house of Dalkeren; good night."

So saying, the stranger left him. After many knockings at Dalkeren's door it was pretty evident that, like sober, calculating Dutchmen, they were all gone to bed, and there was certainly no admittance that night. Upon perceiving this the Count's first purpose was to run after and overtake the stranger; but this was impossible, he was now quite out of sight, and after running down several streets he gave up the attempt, and wrapping up his face in his cloak he entered a little cabaret in an obscure part. Here, round a good fire, were collected some half-dozen people, busily passing in review the political events of that eventful period, and giving sage but discordant opinions on the same.

"I never will believe," said a stout little man by the fire, "that France was ever better governed than at present; look at the English and German goods that are so plentiful; and who cares for a few thousand Huguenots being sent to de Deyvil."

"Aye, aye," said another, "but then there's the taxes you have nothing to do with, and it's my firm belief that the King and the Duke of Guise think we have all got the Philosopher's stone, for its nothing but pay taxes all day; but, however, the times are not much to be complained of for all that, and seeing we have had a toughish day's work, let's even have another cup of wine, and good Hans, do you give us a song."

"Hans, who was a Dutch smuggler, waited not further invitation, but in rather a rough voice he immediately struck up in praise of his beloved occupation:—

SONG.

Oh, who's so brave as the man who knows
The perils of the sea,
Who never shrinks from fiercest foes,
Whate'er their colours be.

And who's so wise as he that well,
Like a summer morning's lark,
Where billows roar and surges swell,
Can steer his gallant bark.

And who so rich as they who hold
The Ocean for their own,
And foreign stores and foreign gold
Can find where'er they roam.

Then "vive la mer" and "vive la guerre,"
And a cup for "vive le Roi,"
And may trade's full tide spread far and wide,
Alike in Peace and War.

This song was received with no small applause; another and another succeeded, another and another cup of wine, aye, and even brandy, went round, till the mirth of the revellers became vehement and noisy, and our hero, after finding it useless to remain to witness that boisterous joy which it was impossi-

ble for him to partake, left them. It was now midnight, and the bright and frosty moon shone coldly but brilliantly on the vast slumbering city. The Count insensibly strolled down to the river, and here gazing on the broad waters of the silver Seine, gleaming in the clear moonlight like a sheet of glass, finely contrasting the dark heavy masses of castellated buildings, that loftily frowned on them, and which seemed as if reposing from the enormities that every day witnessed; he thought how different was the peaceful character of the scene before him to the dreadful state in which Paris, that nucleus of tumult, was plunged during these turbulent and dangerous times. Whilst indulging in these reflections he felt himself suddenly seized upon by a strong grasp from behind, and before his astonishment would allow him to speak he was gagged, pinioned, and carried away by a party of armed men. Through many a narrow and gloomy street did they pass, till the waters of the moat, the lofty turrets starting into light amid the lustre of the moon, the military centinels, and the terrific grandeur of the fortifications, announced their approach to that dreadful abode of despair, grief, and fear, that awful shrine of royal despotism, the Bastille.

"*Qui va là, qui va là,*" was the salutation, as the party advanced to the gates of the fortress.

"*Amis vive le Roi,*" was the answer.

A few words with the officer on duty secured entrance, and as the drawbridges were drawn up, the portcullisses let down, and the gates separately fastened behind them, the Count gave up all hope of human aid, and looked only to that Being who is the King of Kings, Lord of Lords, and the only ruler of Princes. Passing through a long passage they entered a lofty, but gloomy baronial hall, and here the person who appeared to conduct them, opening a side door, discovered a narrow winding flight of steps cut in the solid rock; cut in the same manner were cells containing iron cages, in some of which the torch of the gaoler shone upon skeletons, in others upon the dead bodies of those who had been confined there till famine restored them to liberty by death; in others were living men, some of whom had evidently arrived very near the end of their miseries; racks might be seen in some parts, and instruments of torture were hanging on the walls; down another, and yet another flight they passed, where the cold damps were hanging about the walls, and the torch which lighted them was almost overpowered by the noxiously prevailing vapours of the place; at length they stopped, and into a small cell, scarcely large enough to stand upright in, was the Count thrust, 120 feet from the surface of the earth, with scarcely any hope of seeing again the light of day. The iron doors were barred on him, and he heard the retreating footsteps of the gaoler for a considerable time before all was hushed in unbroken stillness and impenetrable darkness. Three days passed, the Count took no note of time, for not to him came

"*Day, or the sweet approach of morn at even.*"

But at the end of this period the gaoler again made his appearance, and desired the Count to follow him. After ascending for some time the superior spaciousness of everything around them, and espe-

cially the light of the moon streaming in through the small grated window, once more announced their arrival among the living. Through many narrow and intricate passages did the Count follow his conductor in silence, till at length the door of a high and spacious hall opened, and the gaoler taking the Count by the arm, said softly—

"There is the Duke of Guise."

At the upper end of the hall, at a marble table, sat a tall, stoutly made man in complete armour; his fierce and haughty countenance betokened the habit of command, and his broad high forehead, and the whole cast of his head and face, indicated great, almost unbounded talents. It would have been impossible to have mistaken the actual ruler of France: around him were many military officers, soldiers, and men employed in the prison. The Count, conducted by his attendant, advanced to the front of the table, and after remaining a few minutes in silence the Duke thus accosted him:—

"Seigneur, ye did foolishly, seeing the intelligence we have from all quarters, to trust yourself again in France."

"My Lord," was the answer, "I have his Majesty's engagement for the safety of my person, and the restoration of my estates."

So saying, he was about to produce the King's promise, when the Duke, with a contemptuous and sarcastic smile—

"Nay, nay, 'tis as well where it is, it will do you no service; we are often compelled to annul the indiscreet promises of our nominal rulers. With regard to your life, it is forfeited to the law for the part you took in the rising at Amboise; and that tract of land on which the estates of Cherville lie is in the possession of his eminence the Cardinal de Lorraine, who has taken Cherville for his own residence."

The Count was about to speak to vindicate himself, and to deny his having had any share in the rebellion of Amboise, (which was indeed the truth), when the Duke again stopped him—

"We have no time, Seigneur, to listen to defences; you must now say where your coadjutor and fellow-traitor, Sir Philip de Braissont, is."

The Count, who knew that by this time his intended son-in-law was in France, at the house of Dalkeren, peremptorily refused to answer this question.

"Well then, see you the rack, we will put it in motion directly. You, there, get the ropes ready."

The Count stood for a few moments in silence with his arms folded; at length, fixing a keen and penetrating glance on the Duke, he exclaimed—

"Traitor! enemy to thy King, thy country, and thy God, yet dream not thou shalt escape vengeance, think not that the blood of those slain—murdered on the night of St. Bartholomew, crieth to Heaven in vain!"

For an instant the haughty warrior quailed beneath the glance and the rebuke of de Cherville, but soon recovering himself he replied with a sneer—

"Ye may talk about God to children and old women, not to soldiers like me, who are good Catholics."

Two or three men now came forward to lay the

Count on the rack, when an officer approached and slipped a letter into the Duke's hand. A scowl of unspeakable vexation passed over the brow of the proud nobleman, as he cast his eye on the first lines of this epistle; as he proceeded further his indignation burst forth, and rising up he flung the letter with a look of unutterable disdain and defiance on the table.

"Release the Count de Cherville—pain of incurring our displeasure; de par le Roi, curses and confusion on him; what! does he threaten me! But we will see how much good this shall do; and while he spake he burnt the paper in the flame of a torch near him, and then trampled it under foot. Now carry him back again to his cell, feed him with bread and water; another time I warrant we be not so disturbed. To your duties all."

The soldiers, officers, &c., left the hall; the gaoler carried back the Count to his dungeon, and the Duke was left pacing the hall backwards and forwards in a state of great agitation. Three days more passed and brought no change in the affairs of de Cherville, but on the morning of the fourth day a royal messenger appeared at the gates of the Bastille, accompanied by a young man in armour, and wearing the vizor of a nobleman; they demanded to speak with Neville St. Pierre, the governor. When he made his appearance the messenger presented to him the royal mandate: after reading it he replied—

"I am directed to set at liberty Louis, Comte de Cherville; I am not aware of such a person being in confinement here, but if it is so the King's order shall be instantly obeyed. To say the truth, there are many persons here who are rather prisoners of the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal de Lorraine, than of the King and the law."

However, in a short time the object of their mission was found, and delivered up to the King's messenger.

"Philip de Brissont, my dear Philip," exclaimed the Count, as soon as he saw the young nobleman already mentioned, who had lifted his vizor, how have you been able to restore me to liberty?"

"Why," said he, "Dalkeren passed you by the Bastille as you were being conveyed there, and as soon as I arrived told me of it. I went immediately to the King, who wrote a note to the Duke of Guise for your release, but finding that answered no purpose he supposed that it had not been delivered, and after waiting a day or two sent a messenger, whom I accompanied. This is all I have to tell you, save that we are to go immediately to the King."

By this time the morning sun shining on the armour of the guards and the white stone battlements of the palace, announced the end of their journey, and entering the gates they were soon ushered into the presence of Charles the Ninth. The Count was to the utmost degree astonished to recognize in the King that mysterious friend who had met him on the first evening of his arrival in Paris, and shewed him the house of Dalkeren. After the customary respects and salutations the King, taking a paper and addressing himself to the Count, said—

"Here, Seigneur, is the order for you to take possession of your estates; this is the last promise I ever make to a heretic. Where is your son?"

"Alas! sire, he perished with thousands of his countrymen in that night of —"

"Say no more, you are amply revenged. Never! never! since that night have I enjoyed a moment's peace, given up to the utmost agonies of body and mind, I remain an awful monument of divine justice. Here, nor in Eternity, there is no hope."

"Oh! say not so," cried Sir Philip, "yet there is hope in Heaven."

"Never! never!" exclaimed the King, "I will tell you my dreadful secret. A day or two after that night, which I have never since dared to name, I wandered alone by night through the streets till I came to a place which had been inhabited by Huguenots, where the earth was covered with bloody vestiges of the late crimes, and the houses were levelled with the ground. In the midst of these one alone remained standing; I went up to it, and looking in at a window, I saw a young female of surpassing beauty, but her cheek was pale and her eye rayless: she beckoned to me and I entered; then, after regarding me attentively for some minutes, she took a harp and began in a wild, sorrowful, and truly unearthly voice, to sing, and these, these were the words of that strange minstrel.

DIRGE.

Deep! deep! in the gloom of the silent tomb
Are those whom most I love
And I am alone, to weep and to moan,
Till I shall pass above.

Blest! blest were the bands of those holy bands
Who fell for our God's good word,
Nobly they stood till their heart's beat blood
Crusted the murderer's sword.

But the vengeance dire, of eternal fire,
From the Lord and God of might,
On the guilty head of him who led
Those murderers shall light.

No rite was said, above the dead
For whom my grief hath flowed,
But the midnight knell of their passing bell
Deluged a land with blood.*

The Summer's heat not oft shall beat,
Not oft the leaf shall fade,
Ere the judgment meet shall be complete,
And the foes of heaven repaid.

And one by one the doom shall come
On the slaves of Hell accurst,
And tremble thou who rulest now,
For thou shalt fall the first.

As she finished the harp fell from her hands, and she fell lifeless before me! The next day I sent there again, but the house had been rooted up from its foundations. I made enquiry among the soldiery, but have never been able to learn anything of that house, or that maiden who thus pronounced my fate. Yes! it is the decree of Heaven, but dreadfully have I been, and yet more dreadfully will I be avenged on the Huguenots, who are the causers of my misery; they roused my

* The alarm bell of the Palace rung at midnight, after the Festival of St. Bartholomew, as a signal for the massacre.

sleeping fury, they drove me to slaughter and burning!"

As the king finished this recital he motioned them to depart, adding—

"Seigneur, sell your estates to some Catholic, or you will not hold them long; my life is ebbing fast, and the property of all heretics will soon be seized. I bear within me the seeds of a mortal and incurable disease, I have felt it ever since my fate was thus mysteriously revealed to me; I shall fall the first."

The door now opened, and the Duke of Guise entered; he bowed with a cold politeness to the Count and Sir Philip, and addressing the King, said he had business for his private consideration. Our heroes rose and departed; the Count staid but another day in France, to effect the sale of his estates, and then went on board a vessel in the Seine with his friend Sir Philip, and setting sail for England, in a few hours the blue shores of their native country were lost to their view.

Need we say any more—need we tell of the union and happy life of Sir Philip de Braissont and Isabel, the lovely daughter of the Count. Need we say anything of the unhappy monarch of France, and of the Duke of Guise. Charles lived but a few months longer, and died in a dreadful state of mental and bodily sufferings, expressing his determined vengeance against the Protestants. The Duke of Guise and his brother were assassinated by the order of the succeeding King, who in his turn fell by the hands of an assassin, and it was only under the protection of Henry the Fourth that France found rest in his reign. Sir Philip de Braissont and his amiable bride returned to the land of their fathers, and closed their lives in peace.

X. P. T.

A LEGEND OF THE PILLAR TOWERS.

The chrysal waters breaking at the base

Of that old island-tower, which grimly smiles,
Raising its graceful head to Heaven's face,

The monarch of the bright surrounding isles,
For ages on their surge have felt no trace

Of man—or, if some impious bark at whiles,
Hath dared the imaged Heaven to displace,
Its wreck alone remains, crush'd at the towers' base;

And men relate how first the Southern kings

Of old, brought arts and arms to Banba's isle,
Decking her beauty, skill'd in the course of things

Passing, and past, and future-fated, while
Wandering, to spread the light which knowledge brings,

But resting, soon to yield their souls to guile
And darkness, and to wild imaginings,
Which infinite thought upon the human spirit brings;

How, when a foreign race their power o'erthrew,

And our Milesian fathers ruled the land,

The men of peace, the hoary sages flew

To their high towers of strength, round which a band

Of safety, by mysterious art they drew,—

A troublous lake arose and did expand

Afar, and boisterous waves around them grew,
Which barr'd these sages not, but checked th' invading crew;

And the Milesian Ninar held the sway,

Of Banba's isle when the REDEEMER came,

And then the powers of darkness pass'd away,

And truth uprose with a surviving flame,

The Gentile empires bow'd tow'rd's their decay,

And human glories fled before the name

Of Him, who had permitted them, and they

From year to year became less coveted each day;

And at this hour, down from their troublous height,

The billows fell, and black no longer roll'd

In their mysterious and tempestuous night;

But whene'er Heaven was calm, as if controuled

By soothing nature, smiled as nature bright,

Until man's footsteps near'd them,—when the fold

Of their strong arms relax'd from sleep and night,

Came o'er the waters, rousing horror and affright;

And since that false calm had come o'er that lake,

Not e'en those potent seers had ever dared—

Coming from strange seclusion—it to break;

And for twice seven ages nightly glared

A light, which for a star lone wanderers take,

And none dare enter; but tradition spared

The memory of their presence, and it spake,

Of a returning time when all their power should wake;

And sooth it was, when 'neath a rule divine,

The wanderings of their potent minds should cease,

That as of old expected, they might shine—

A light amid the nation—and give peace,

And power, and virtue never to decline,

Until the love of arts and lore should cease;

And then those mighty men, with aid divine—

But not after their fall, without that aid—should shine.

Morn on the lake, and the wide sky so clear,

That Heaven might well seem opening on the sight,

Thro'out the wide space of th' empyrial sphere,

Its golden walls and towers spreading light

Before them, like a sun, ere they appear,

And the acclaim of nature's wild delight,

Uprising from the mountains far and near,

As answering seraph-harps, which they approaching hear;

Winding among the forest-heights, which crown

The beauteous margin of that sacred wave;

A troop in vestments white, with hymns come down,

And in their train the beauteous and the brave

Follow unto the margin lone and brown,

And quickly glide over that awful wave,

Whose lash had been oblivion,—but since none

Religion, have the snares that circled knowledge gone.

NAOIMH.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

A stranger came amongst us and wandered to and fro,

He asked to be a Cazy, but the Vizier answered No!

He bribed him with a Donkey,—the thing has come to pass;

But there had not been a Cazy, if there had not been an Ass.

What would become of us, if we were to brood with vain constancy, over the objects that have failed us, and were once our sum of bliss.

TO THE EDITRESS OF THE BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

MADAM,—In your last number of the *Belle Assemblée*, there was kindly given for the benefit of those of your correspondents who could not find them for themselves, certain rhymes for them to fill up. Now you must know that I am Robert the Porter, and Sally the Chamber-maid, having by chance taken up your periodical which was laying on her Mistress's toilet, and unfortunately cast her eyes upon this notice of your's, has at last consented, only on condition, that I produce such an effusion as shall be received by you and put in print, to grant a boon I have been long, very long, unsuccessfully seeking. How could I suppose that anything a poor illiterate youth could produce, who picked up all he knows at a charity-school, would possess merit sufficient, to recommend itself to the favourable reception of the Editress of the *Belle Assemblée*. However there was no alternative—Sally was inexorable—and the verses enclosed, are the product of many brain-racking hours. I am quite a novice at poetry, I never did any but once before, and that was, what I think called "a Sonnet," on Sally's eye-lashes, a

"—— jetty fringe,

That kiss'd her soft cheek's downy tinge,"

which composition I suppose, was the unlucky cause of her singular request. I hope, Madam, then, that, *considering the circumstances*, you will less critically than usual scan these verses. Consider how much I have at stake, and regard auspiciously, this my maiden attempt at poetry.

The subject of the lines is founded upon fact. "I could a tale unfold," a heart-rending tale of real life, had I sufficient time, and were I capable of doing it justice. Often have I heard my grandfather speak of Miss Letitia Harcourt, she was my great grandfather's wife's sister—the daughter of one of the most respectable inhabitants of the small town in which she lived. Beautiful and accomplished, adorned with every personal and mental charm that could fascinate the eye or captivate the heart, she was an object of admiration to all who knew her. Many were they who sought to obtain her hand in marriage, but without success. Yet there was one of the number—Charles Montagu—whom she deeply loved! He was a young man, intelligent, and though he could not be called absolutely handsome, possessed of a fine manly open countenance; his lofty intellectual brow, and his full penetrating eye, singled him out, to even a common observer, as one possessed of mental qualities, far superior to the common herd, and upon him her affections were centred. But she was proud—he moved in a lower grade of society than herself—and she would not have it said that *she* had accepted *Charles M.* for her suitor. Ardently did he love her, but though his image was indelibly impressed upon her heart, she continually treated his advances with scorn. At last, maddened by her disdain, in a moment of desperation, he committed the rash act that terminated his life. She saw his bleeding corpse—her reason fled—and through life she remained a raving maniac. While the tempest was raging she would be seen exposed to all its violence, ap-

parently unconscious of the warring elements around her, invoking execrations upon her own head, for the supposed murder of her ill-fated lover, or else calling to him in expressions of the tenderest endearment.

There were particular circumstances connected with her history, which gave to it a thrilling interest, but, as I said before, I have neither time nor ability to give you more than this faint outline of it. This tale, of one nearly allied to our family, suggested the subject-matter of the enclosed lines. Sadly reduced in worldly circumstances are we since these events occurred, but I am not without hopes, that the day is not far distant, when the sun of prosperity may again rise, and shed its benign influences upon our path. But I am trespassing upon your patience, and wandering from the subject in hand. Trusting that that kindness and tenderness for the feelings of others, which ever characterizes the fair sex, may in this instance be exercised towards me, and that next month may shew that my efforts have not been unsuccessful, and thus leave Sally without excuse for further tantalization.

I remain, Madam, yours' respectfully,
R. M. B.

She stood amid the terrors of that night,
That e'en the stoutest heart might well affright,
Unmoved, unconscious! Fearfully did groan
The gathering storm! No freshening wind had
blown

For many a day, and now an ominous robe,
Horrid and dark, o'erspread the heated globe;

Nought could be seen throughout the thicken'd
haze,

Except at intervals an awful blaze

Of light intense! Oh! who is she I wonder,

That creature fair—unheeding, though the thunder
Loud crashes o'er her head, and momentarily
bright'ning

Her figure wild, athwart her gleams the lightning;

Oh list! she speaks!—"See! see! the sanguine
flood,

What mean these fearful drops of human gore?

'Tis he! 'tis he! Oh horror! I have hurled

With maddening stroke, thee, loved one from the
world;"

Alas! poor maniac, thy feigned scorn his heart had
broken,

And thou of his sad end, remain'st an awful token.

R. M. B.

MADAME D'ARBLAY.—This celebrated lady, who lately died, was the second daughter of Dr. Burney, author of the "History of Music." &c. Boswell mentions Miss Burney as being a great favourite with Dr. Johnson, with whom, while she poured out his tea for him, she used to enter into a literary controversy, with infinite tact and spirit. Miss Burney was the author of "Evelina," "Cecilia," "Camilla," "The Wanderer," &c. She was born about the year 1754. Her father was organist of Chelsea Hospital, where he resided for the last five-and-twenty years of his life, and he breathed his last there, in 1814, aged 88. Dr. Burney's eldest son, James, sailed round the world with Captain Cook, and afterwards commanded the Bristol, of fifty guns, in the East Indies. He published some judicious tracts on the best means of defending our island against an invading enemy.

THE CONTRAST.

A ball-room,—it is a joyous scene to the young and happy, a brief vision of all that is bright and beautiful; it seems as though there could not exist a world of care beyond its fairy precincts; the brilliant light—the spirit-stirring music—and more than all, the fair and graceful forms, that glide with light and noiseless step through the mazy dance, each face beaming joy, and hope, and beauty, all combine to make a ball-room a scene of fascination and delight, and imagination could not picture any more surpassing elegance than that displayed in the abode of the Marchioness of —.

Her only son had just returned from a continental tour, and a ball was given to the fashionable *élite*, to celebrate the event.

The splendid rooms had been thrown open, and the distinguished guests were arriving in quick succession, when a young lady passed swiftly and unnoticed, and seated herself unobserved in the recess of a window in the ball-room.

Adeline Melville was an heiress, and niece to the Marchioness, a marriage with her and her cousin had long been looked forward to by the relatives of both, but Adeline had been educated at some distance from the metropolis, she and her cousin had not met since they were too young to retain any recollection of each other; but Adeline was not beautiful as heiresses generally are; she possessed no charm to attract the casual beholder, her's was a countenance of mental beauty, it was not one destined to make the passing strangers gaze in admiring wonder, few noticed her but those who knew her, yet, when once known, she was loved for ever.

She had resolved to attend the ball, and to remain unseen; she wished to see her cousin, to observe him while she was unknown, and thought by those means to form some judgment of his character.

The doors were thrown open, and the Marchioness entered with her son.

Sedly Danvers was tall and finely formed; his complexion fair, almost to effeminacy; his eyes blue, but without expression; his countenance pleasing, but without one feature that spoke a mind of more than ordinary powers; his dress was rich and showy, and his *tout ensemble* bespoke a strict adherence to the extreme of fashion.

A buzz of admiration and of welcome greeted him from every side, and Adeline, though too far to catch his words, beheld the smile of mingled vanity and pride which returned the courtesy of all around him.

Adeline thought, and thought most truly, that it is not in scenes of brilliant gaiety we can form a just estimate of another's character; it is not when surrounded by the allurements of fashion and amusement, that we can judge of worth or failings; that heart must indeed be callous, and those senses vitiated, whose best feelings are not at such a time called into action, and it too often happens that much misery in after-life is the result of ties formed under such auspices.

Sedly danced, and though he excelled in the accomplishment, his manner was evidently studied, and intended to elicit admiration; in the course of the evening, Sedly approached the recess where

Adeline sat intently watching him; he saw her, and raising his glass to his eye, gazed at her with curiosity, and then addressed her in a strain of complimentary enthusiasm; he descanted on the guests, admired some, and ridiculed others, pointed out to her notice several whom he boasted having "wooed and won," but who were now deserted for some more attractive fair one, till having at last fairly exhausted his subject, he bowed himself away.

With all these foibles, Sedly possessed several good traits of character; he was generous to profuseness; he had good and honourable principles, but allowed his excessive gallantry and unmeaning compliments, to carry him sometimes beyond the bounds of reason, falsely believing that the meed of flattery is an incense acceptable to the female sex.

This just conception of her cousin's character, passed rapidly into the mind of Adeline, when a gentleman advanced, and seating himself near her, immediately addressed her, and expatiated warmly on the splendour around them.

While listening to her new acquaintance, Adeline attentively regarded him; he was apparently not more than five-and-twenty; his countenance prepossessing, but not handsome; his eyes dark and expressive of intellect and benevolence; he was attired in black, and his dress and appearance bespoke elegance without display, and neatness without formality. With infinite tact, the stranger conversed on such topics as were interesting to the person he sought to entertain; he was an ardent admirer of music, and dwelt on the beauties of the ancient masters, now almost forgotten in the attraction of rising talent; he had read much, and well, and he descanted on every popular work with energy, and discriminating judgment.

Adeline was so much interested in the discourse of the stranger, that she forgot to screen herself from observation; she was soon recognised, and formally presented to Sedly, but before she left her seat to mingle with the guests, she looked towards the place where she had left the stranger,—he was gone!

Several weeks elapsed, when one morning Adeline sat with the Marchioness in her own apartment, who being slightly indisposed, had sent for the family physician, whose panegyric was her favourite theme; she had long promised her niece an introduction to Mr. James Kirtley, her medical friend, but Adeline had hitherto evaded it; she had pictured him to her imagination an elderly man, vain, garrulous, and repulsive to all he fancied his inferiors in worth or abilities; she had scarcely determined whether to retire or remain, when Mr. Kirtley was announced, and to her astonishment she beheld the stranger she had met at the ball.

If Adeline had thought him agreeable in the brilliant circle where they first met, how was her admiration excited, when she saw him in the discharge of his professional duties? The polite urbanity of his manners, the readiness with which he comprehended the meaning of every half-uttered word, the exactness and precision with which he

gave his opinion, and explained his directions, all stamped him a highly talented member of his profession. Nor was this all—it was not in the dwellings of the rich that James Kirtley was fully appreciated; in the abodes of want and misery he shone the most; it was the poor whom his skill had helped to raise from the bed of pain and sickness, from whom he accepted neither fee nor recompense; it was the destitute to whom he had restored those who were all they had to love and succour them; these were the beings who knew his worth, and blessed him.

He was a frequent guest at the house of the Marchioness, and Adeline found her cousin's overwhelming compliments, most agreeably relieved by the frank politeness of the young Doctor. Was it surprising that Adeline should look with glad anticipation to every opportunity of meeting Mr. Kirtley at her aunt's? But the astonishment of Sedly was unbounded, when one evening, having, at his mother's repeated counsels and suggestions, made a formal proposal of marriage to Adeline, he was politely, but decidedly rejected. His habitual vanity, and self-possession, received an unexpected blow; yet so it was, and Sedly consoled himself by adorning his person with renewed zest, and a determination to *faire l'aimable* again, to whoever was inclined to accept his attentions.

With that decision and candour that characterized his every action, James in a short period, asked the hand of Adeline; need it be said that the young heiress did not refuse his offering, but bestowed herself and her ample fortune on the object of her choice.

Sedly also married, but he selected a being gay and frivolous as himself, her dowry came most opportunely, for it helped to extricate him from the many embarrassing debts which his thoughtless extravagance had caused.

James and Adeline—need it be said they were happy?—and that each looked back with pleasing retrospection to the night when Adeline first saw the two persons between whom she drew the just and striking contrast, that ensured to her a life of social happiness.

ELIZABETH POLACK.

WE ONLY MEET AS STRANGERS NOW.

We only meet as strangers now,
We change no word nor glance,
The thought my lips dare not avow,
Is on thine own, perchance;
But struggle with it how we will,
We cannot shroud the past,
Tho' o'er its memory coldness still,
Is as a mantle cast;

We only meet as strangers now,
Whatever each may feel,
The heart throbs quick, but o'er the brow
No changing shadows steal;
The task to quench affection's fire,
Is ours to share, but how?
Thy pride—my shame—all, all require
We meet as strangers now.

FREDERICK II.

BEADS FROM THE ROSARY OF A FRENCHMAN.

No. I.

A PEAR FOR THIRST.

Men and Women, whosoever you may be, have a care that you keep a Pear for the hot weather! If you use up your corn, while it is yet green, you will not even have stalks enow to make whistles of; though indeed you may console yourselves by the assurance that while your wiser neighbours are reaping plentiful harvests, you have at least extricated yourselves from the difficulties of straw beds, since, of a natural consequence, there can be no straw where there is no corn. So indeed says the proverb; and proverbs are *proverbially* in the right.

But perhaps you may ask me what I mean by a pear for thirst,—a pear for the hot weather? I have not far to seek for a reply. In like manner as there are many sorts of *thirsts*, there are numerous genera of *Pears*. Every kind of that fruit adapts itself to a corresponding thirst. Attend!—If we consider MAN in every possible variety of situation, of which, what we have the pitiable custom of mis-calling the Social Order, is composed, we may remark that every individual of the human race exercises his functions in gravitating round a centre, which is his especial destiny. Hence the palpable result, that each one of these individuals is possessed of exigencies in accordance with the amount of enjoyments, which are procurable in the circle in which he has been wisely placed. Now, do not lose the thread of the argument; which, if you have understood properly, or misunderstood improperly, which will do as well, will explain to you what I mean by our *thirsts*. Let us now look for our *pears*!—A young girl thirsts for a husband. She wishes for independence, a home of her own, and the sage organization with which Divine Providence has blest her, prompts her to love, and to seek return of affection. She fixes upon a lover,—he is her *Pear*! Unfortunately he too often proves a melting one, and in her old age she may come to have more thirst. A young man marries an old woman, for riches or for rank. Very well! The Pear is a little hard, but the gilded rind will at least last a long time, and Time may mellow the interior. But, if not,—why his old pear cannot endure for ever, and he is not forbidden to be thirsty again, when it is gone. The pear of the Artist, is Fame,—that of the Poet also,—but *his* grows on the laurel. These fruits are too often tainted by the wasp-bites of envy, and rotten at the core by the venomous canker of calumny and malevolence, two hornets which haunt Genius and Talent. The pear of the man of business is Wealth,—but it often falls before it is ripe, or still oftener, from over-ripeness through artificial means.

We have all our Pears,—cherished wishes, pet desires, and favorite ambitions. Happy are they who have them not—like Tantalus—ever before them, yet ever unattainable! But, alas! alas for *him*, the insatiable glutton, who, preserving nothing for his thirst, devours all his pears at one banquet! For him there is nothing henceforward but an aimless life, without hopes or wishes.—My friends, swallow up your Pears, if you please, but at least preserve the *pips*!

THE POET'S BRIDE—A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

I loved thee for thy sweet revealing
Of woman's own most gentle feeling.

L. E. L.

"Oh would that it were my happy destiny to wed a Poet!"

This exclamation fell from the lips of a young lady, as she finished the concluding stanzas of a new poem, and laid down the elegantly bound volume upon the sofa on which she sat.

"And perhaps such *may* be your destiny, my dear Kate," observed her companion, a lady some ten years her senior, but who still retained the freshness and beauty of early youth.

"Alas no! such happiness can never be mine," and Kate Riverswood sighed heavily.

"And why not?" was the enquiry.

"I cannot have the vanity to suppose I possess sufficient attractions to engage a heart such as a poet must possess."

"Nay my dear, your modesty induces you to underate your own powers of pleasing," interposed her friend, "believe me I shall deem him a fortunate man who possesses the heart of Kate Riverswood."

"I have the vanity to think he could not possess a warmer one, or one which would be more entirely devoted to him," she returned, whilst a glow of enthusiasm dyed her cheek; "but then you know, dear madam, I have no superiority of intellect, no genius to attract one so highly gifted."

"You have what is far better," rejoined Mrs. Wilmot, "you have a heart free from guile, a simplicity of character but rarely met with in this world of deception."

"Ah, my dear madam," cried the grateful girl, whilst a tear swelled in her bright azure eye, and rested on her glowing cheek, "all the world will not view my actions through the same kind medium in which you do."

"True, all the world may not have sufficient discernment to appreciate your worth, but the Poet is not a part of the world, his thoughts and aspirations are above it."

"They are, but they would be also above *me*! such a being must look for a congenial soul, some daughter of genius, whose mind might assimilate with his own."

"Well, we will not at present decide the argument whether my dear Kate Riverswood is worthy of becoming a Poet's bride," observed Mrs. Wilmot, smiling and rising from her seat, "but I will tell her among the guests I expect on the morrow I anticipate the pleasure of beholding Granville Aubery, the author of the poem which has called forth her admiration, and the wish which she thinks so improbable can ever be realized."

A deep hue of carnation again overspread the cheek of the young lady, "are you really in earnest my dear madam?" she asked.

"Never more so, and I will further tell you he is a valued friend of mine, and I requested his society at this time for the express purpose of his seeing *you*."

"Ah, now you are jesting," returned Kate laugh-

ing, and she unconsciously took up the volume and opened its pages.

"On my word what I say is the truth," cried Mrs. Wilmot, "but don't be alarmed, my little violet, I have not hinted a word of my possessing such a sweet flower as yourself in my parterre, I shall leave him to discover it himself by its odour."

"You may do that with perfect safety, my dear Mrs. Wilmot," returned Kate, "at least with safety to *him*, but perhaps not (and she turned her eyes half-laughingly, half-seriously upon her companion) but perhaps not to *my* inexperienced heart."

"I would not see that gentle noble heart a prey to unrequited affection for kingdoms," exclaimed Mrs. Wilmot, she extended her arms as she spoke, and Kate Riverswood sunk upon her bosom.

"Come, come my sweet Kate," she pursued, kissing her polished brow, "you will make me, who have this ten years mingled with the unromantic world, as much of an heroine as yourself. Forget what I have said, and above all do not let the thoughts of this Poet absorb your mind. It was ill-judged in me to breathe my wishes on the subject, but what is past cannot be recalled."

Kate gently withdrew herself from her friend's embrace, and glided from the room.

Mrs. Wilmot was decidedly a woman of fashion, but not a woman of dissipation, she was an heiress, and had early been introduced into the world, but had the good sense and good principle not to make choice of a husband for either his rank or his riches, but for the graces of the mind, and the qualifications of the heart. With youth and beauty, wit and a fascination of manners perfectly irresistible, Mrs. Wilmot was universally admired and courted, but she took no ungenerous pleasure in raising a jealous pang in the breast of her husband, and appeared to value her own attractions only as they contributed to his happiness. Their time was usually divided between a town and country life; but in either their hospitable abode was the resort of the most estimable as well as the most talented of the circle in which they moved, every one was emulous of an invitation to Mr. Wilmot's family mansion, for they were certain of finding there polished society, agreeable entertainments, and excellent accommodations. Yet this season they had for nearly a month received no other guest than Miss Riverswood, who was a distant relation of Mrs. Wilmot's. Kate Riverswood was the eldest daughter of a country gentleman, who felt a pride in never quitting his own estate, and bringing up his family in total seclusion from the world. Losing his wife when his daughters were just arriving at that age when they more especially require a mother's care and precepts, he had placed them under the tuition of an amiable and accomplished lady, whose bright example and almost maternal regard, rendered their loss less severely felt; Kate was of a disposition naturally gay, and perhaps a little volatile, but the grief she endured at the death of her beloved and excellent parent had chastened that exuberance of spirits into a pleasing medium between gaiety and gravity; she possessed no peculiar talent, but had, by perseverance and an amiable desire to gratify her dear remaining parent, made tolerable progress in those accomplishments suited to her sex. A naturally vivid imagination, fostered

by retirement, and the love of Nature's works, had made her a passionate admirer of poetry, not the poetry alone which pleases the ear with its soft and melodious sound, but which elevates the soul by its grandeur of sentiment and style.

Her features were small and feminine, but without any extraordinary beauty; her form was graceful and symmetrical but somewhat diminutive, and her attractions on the whole might not unaptly be compared, as her friend Mrs. Wilmot had done, to the violet, which although shrinking from the gaze of the beholder cannot fail to be appreciated and admired by those capable of entering into the charm of beautiful simplicity.

Although Miss Riverswood had attained her eighteenth year, this was the first time she had ever quitted for one night her father's mansion, the first time she had parted from her affectionate sisters, and it was not without many tears that parting took place, notwithstanding the anticipated pleasures of the visit; but in the society of one so amiable and well-informed as Mrs. Wilmot, it was impossible for her young friend not to be happy, and rapidly the days and weeks glided away. Her hostess was no less pleased with the naive and unsophisticated manners of her youthful relative. She had postponed inviting any of her fashionable acquaintances, that she might enjoy her society exclusively; but thinking she was perhaps doing her young guest an injury by debarring her of this opportunity of mingling in that sphere she was fitted to adorn, she had resolved to extend her hospitality to a few choice friends. Amongst these Mr. Aubery had been suggested, and the thought immediately occurred to Mrs. Wilmot (though she was not a match-making lady) that Kate Riverswood was exactly the girl to please his romantic imagination. Granville Aubery she knew had formed more than one slight attachment to some of the beauties of *ton*, but his exalted idea of perfection in woman not being realized he had withdrawn his suit in disappointment.

"Here," thought the lady, "is a creature whose guilelessness and simplicity cannot fail to enchant a mind like his, and she has beauty quite sufficient for a poet's fancy to deem divine."

Mrs. Wilmot knew her invitation would be most welcome, for in addition to Aubery's friendship for the lady and her husband, the charms of the romantic scenery which surrounded their mansion could not fail to be a powerful attraction to one capable of entering into such pleasures. She placed a copy of his last effusions in the hands of her fair relative preparatory to the introduction, and would have deferred all mention of his name till his arrival, had not the exclamation of the young lady herself called it forth.

* * * *

The morrow came, and with it the guests Mrs. Wilmot had expected; there was a Dowager Countess and her three nieces, an Earl and his two sons, with some few persons of less note; but Kate Riverswood scarcely saw them as she curtsied in return to their salutations, her eye wandered for the Poet, and it fixed upon him before the introduction could take place. Yes, she was sure it must be him, his broad expansive brow, his noble lofty bearing, his fine intelligent eye, all denoted

the son of genius. She stood with her eyes fixed on him as it by a power of fascination, until meeting his glance she blushed deeply at the consciousness of her own earnest gaze, and dared not raise them whilst her friend led her forth to be introduced.

The guests sat down to dine, and the conversation turned upon general interesting topics, but Kate had no ear for ought but what was uttered by the Poet. His voice was deep and melodious, and she thought she had never heard so rich a strain of eloquence as that which proceeded from his lips. The ladies retired to the drawing-room, and Aubery was the first who followed them; he passed the sofa on which Miss Riverswood sat without appearing to notice her, and seated himself beside his fair hostess. Mrs. Wilmot, by a little manœuvre, contrived to draw her by her side, but in vain did she attempt to win her into conversation, she could only listen, absorbed as she was in admiration, she never thought of endeavouring to please.

The day had been sultry, and in the cool of the evening the lady of the house proposed shewing her guests the improvements which had been made in the grounds since the last season. She arose and drew the passive hand of Kate Riverswood within her arm, attended by Mr. Aubery. The taste of the fair owner of the paradise through which they wandered had been exercised at every turn, for Mr. Wilmot had left these arrangements wholly to her. Here a classic statue had been erected, recalling to the memory some hero of antiquity, or more modern master spirit—here a grotto had been reared beside some limpid brook, and fancy could almost imagine the Naiades chiseled by a masterly hand, who were its inhabitants, to breathe—here a profusion of flowering shrubs delighted the view, and there it suddenly opened upon a glade covered with nature's velvet, and enameled with the daisy's starry eyes. Such scenes were to Aubery a source whence he could draw subjects for his rich and glowing imagery, and each and all called forth his eloquence. To Mrs. Wilmot his genius had not the charm of novelty, but with her young companion it was otherwise, and she was still an attentive, delighted, but silent listener.

Thus week after week glided away, and the course of time was unmarked by the happy group at Mr. Wilmot's mansion, nor was there one among them more happy or less disposed to count the hours as they flew than Kate Riverswood. Mr. Wilmot had provided his guests a fund of rational and pleasing amusements, but to her everything was insipid unless Granville Aubery was a sharer in them, unless she caught the sound of his deep melodious voice. Yet so unaware was she of the state of her own feelings, that it was not till she received an affectionately reproachful letter from her beloved father, playfully chiding her long stay from her own happy home, that she began to suspect her former pleasures would be devoid of its relish, and the world a blank to her.

She had no reason to suppose Mr. Aubery had felt any preference for her, he had paid her no marked attention, she sometimes thought he viewed her as a mere child, both in age and intellect, for he was wont to smile at the simplicity of her observations and turn to Mrs. Wilmot, she deemed

as though contrasting her with that lady's polished and courtly manners. Nay she had never for one moment conceived it in her power to win such a heart, though there were times, and they were not infrequent, when she sighed over the thought, and imagined how devotedly she could love, and how highly she should prize such a treasure.

"You had a letter from home this morning, my love," exclaimed her kind hostess, entering the room whilst Kate still held the epistle, though unconsciously, in her hand, "not a recall I hope, for I cannot think of parting with you yet."

Kate started, and turning her blushing cheek towards her friend, she sighed and held forth the letter.

"I shall write to your papa myself," Mrs. Wilmot pursued, as she glanced hereye over the contents, "I shall tell him I cannot think of losing you just at this time when we have such an agreeable party."

"No, dear Madam," interposed Kate with an attempt at composure, in which she could not succeed, "it is better I should go."

"Better you should go! and why may I ask? Are you tired of me or of my guests?"

"Of neither, I am sure, dear Mrs. Wilmot, you do not think I am unhappy here. Alas! I have been but too happy!"

"Too happy?" and her friend smiled significantly.

"Too happy considering I have been separated from my beloved father and my affectionate sisters."

"Nonsense, you do not expect to dwell all your life with your father and sisters."

"I hope I may for many years," Kate faltered.

"Katherine," exclaimed Mrs. Wilmot, "I know you are truth personified, now tell me would you not be willing to leave father, sisters and all the delights of your early home for one being the earth contains?"

Kate burst into a flood of tears, "why will you ask me such a question," she stammered forth, "my cruel friend, why will you probe my heart thus?"

"Not that I may wantonly inflict a deeper wound, but that I may heal it," Mrs. Wilmot replied.

Kate raised her eyes to read in her countenance an explanation of the enigma.

"What will my dearest Kate say," she pursued, "if I tell her that Mr. Aubery has this morning made to me a confession of his preference for a sweet young friend of mine, the state of whose sentiments towards himself he is desirous to ascertain?"

Kate gasped for breath from excess of agitation.

"Nay, don't faint my dear, I said not it was you, it is a young lady of great merit and beauty, but whose genuine modesty and want of knowledge of the world, and above all of the human heart, has led her to overlook the proofs of the regard she has awakened."

"Dear, dearest Mrs. Wilmot," cried Kate, throwing her arms around her companion, "do not jest any longer, in pity answer me—is it possible that the gifted Mr. Aubery can love a creature like me?"

"It is absolutely possible."

"Are you really not jesting?"

"Believe me," returned Mrs. Wilmot, suddenly

changing her manner to seriousness, "I love you too dearly to jest on such a subject, or trifle with your feelings; I tell you Granville Aubery's heart is all your own."

The overcharged heart of Kate could bear no more, she sunk fainting into the arms of her friend.

That evening when the purple shadows of the twilight stole over the landscape, when the nightingale was chanting forth its sweet melodious sonnet, when the flowers emitted their most odiferous perfumes, and the dews gently distilled upon the emerald carpet, Aubery breathed into the enraptured ear of the blushing Kate his tale of love. He told her how he had been struck at their first introduction by her ingenuous countenance, how eagerly he had listened to the praises Mrs. Wilmot had bestowed upon her—how delighted he had been to find them all but a just comment on her merits, how he had contrasted her sweet simplicity of character with the shewy accomplishments and affected superiority of many of those with whom he had mingled, and then turning to the future he planned some paradise on earth, whither they would repair to spend their days in the delightful reciprocity of feelings known only to congenial souls, and Kate felt her happiness too intense for words.

Twelve months! it is an age to lovers separated, but such were not Granville Aubery and Kate Riverswood. The father of the maiden had given a cheerful consent to the suit of the young Poet, and he was a frequent and a welcome guest at her home after she had quitted the mansion of her friend; but as no obstacle intervened to put off the completion of their happiness, and each day was but a copy of the preceding one, made up of pleasant conversation, delightful rambles, vows and protestations of faithfulness, and blushing assurances in return, no more remains to be related till the village bells rang a merry peal upon their bridal morn, and Kate Aubery, now Kate Riverswood no longer, stepped forth from the sacred building in the character towards which her highest ambition had been directed, that of the Poet's Bride. The honeymoon was spent in a tour to the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, and these scenes called forth the fervour of Katherine's feelings, and of Aubery's gift of song. They returned to a villa-like cottage, situated in a delightful spot, with the intention of spending the rest of the summer and autumn in each other's society, excepting only an occasional visit from some of their most valued friends.

It is not unfrequently the case that love in retirement is more agreeable in theory than in practice. Aubery had, during their tour, commenced a new epic poem, and so taken up were his thoughts with its completion his youthful bride was frequently left to solitude. Yet she murmured not, though she began to feel that as the wife of a poet she must suffer the privation of his society more frequently than she had imagined. Another trial she had to endure was from a nervous irritability of temperament, not unfrequently the accompaniment of genius, and this failing had been in Granville Aubery fed and nourished, instead of corrected and repressed.

From his earliest youth he had been the favorite of fortune, accustomed to have his every wish esteemed a law, and his pleasures anticipated, he had grown somewhat arrogant and selfish, and if any trifling disappointment occurred to cheque the bright sunshine of his days, he gave way to a restless peevishness, incompatible with true philosophy and unworthy the exalted genius he possessed. Kate, who had ever imagined a poet to be a being all perfection, now found how fallacious had been her hopes; but, with the generosity and sweetness peculiar to her character, she determined to bear with his humour without resenting it, and still be to him the gentle and patient creature whose happiness was wholly involved in his.

How often is it the case that persons make an erroneous estimate of each other's character, merely from ignorance of the human heart. Absorbed with our own feelings we are apt to imagine none can sympathize with us, or that those who are not affected in a similar manner by the same cause have with us no congeniality of soul, and are insensible to our joys and sorrows. Thus Aubery who, in cultivating his imagination, had made but little progress in the knowledge of human nature, was often tempted to believe his wife callous to feeling. When he felt irritated under any petty disappointment, or merely because he could not make a sentence sound so musical as he desired, she would perhaps appear to disregard his disquietude, and sitting down to her harp sing as cheerfully as though nought had disturbed him. Often when he had vented his resentment against the misjudging and jealous world which would sometimes misrepresent his actions and ill-requite his labours, she would smiling turn to collect a bouquet of flowers, or call his attentions to the beauty of some shells or minerals she was arranging for her cabinet.

"Ishaw!" he would ejaculate, turning half angrily away, and then he would lament having chosen for a partner of his joys and cares one incapable of sharing in them.

He little deemed that the very apparent indifference of which he inwardly complained was the effect of a devoted self-denying regard. She chose thus silently to draw away his thoughts from disagreeable subjects in preference to chiding his discontent or making a parade of sympathy. When her face was drest in its sweetest smiles, her heart was often a prey to grief,—grief that her gentle attentions should be misunderstood, and she vented it when alone in tears.

The Epic was finished, and Aubery sent it to his publisher, enduring a purgatory of anxiety. It came out, and how eagerly did he peruse the Reviews to hear the public opinion. Oh disappointment! they unanimously condemned his poem, condemned the subject, the manner of treating it, and the metre. Aubery threw down the books successively with increased irritability, and rising with impatient warmth, and an angry glow upon his cheek, paced the room in violent agitation, muttering "curses not loud but deep."

Kate viewed him with concern, but for some time made no effort to interrupt the bent of his thoughts. At length she arose and gliding to her harp swept her fair fingers over the strings, calling

forth some soothing notes of melody, she raised her eyes in the direction where her husband stood, and she observed his fixed intently upon her as if endeavouring to read her inmost soul; there was a tear upon that manly cheek, but he dashed it away as he saw it was observed, and turned aside. She renewed her strain, then changed it to a lively joyous air. Again her eyes were bent in the direction where Aubery stood; he was apparently absorbed in reverie, she rose quietly from her seat and stepping lightly across the room, threw open the glass doors which opened upon the lawn. It was a brilliant July morning, and all nature appeared to join in a concert of praise. The sun shone full and intense, without a cloud to intercept his brightness, the birds were carolling in an adjoining grove, and the butterfly and the bee swept in graceful movement from one bright flower to another. Kate gazed for a moment on the invigorating scene, and her eyes were lighted up with joy and gratitude, she turned to her husband and a tear chastened the radiance of that happy countenance, she took his hand gently and drew him unresisting forward, they passed through the open doors and were upon the smooth shaven lawn. His brow gradually relaxed but he spoke not, Kate was silent likewise till she saw the beauty of the surrounding objects had had the effect she wished, and then she quietly observed,

"Can ought the world can bestow yield satisfaction equal to this?"

His only answer was a silent pressure of her hand.

"Yon glorious orb," she pursued, encouraged by this simple action, "he pays us his daily visit and invigorates our spirits by his cheering rays. Those lovely hills, clad in verdure and crowned with richest foliage, they afford an inexpressible and never-failing charm. These flowers which we have reared with our own hands, smile on us and emit their sweet perfume to regale our sense of smell, as though in gratitude; and those beautiful feathered choristers, who fly in happy freedom, how thrilling are their glad notes of harmony. Such pleasures as these, my husband, will not, cannot, disappoint our hopes; then why turn to the fickle breath of Fame?"

She ceased and again raised her eyes timidly to his. He returned her a smile bright and free from care as that with which he had first listened to her blushing confession of pure and ardent love.

He folded her to his heart—"dearest Kate," he exclaimed, "I never, till this moment, estimated your value; never till this moment appreciated your love; forgive, forgive me that I have hitherto mistaken your patient gentleness for indifference—forgive me that I have doubted your sympathy in my feelings."

Kate burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"I have been selfish," pursued Aubery, "unkind and ungrateful, but your sweetness of temper under my irascibility has taught me a lesson I shall never forget; dry those tears, my own Kate, your goodness shall have the reward it sought, the reward it deserved—I will cease to regard the estimation of the world as bearing a comparison with the delights of such a home, and above all the affection of such a heart as yours."

WE'VE MET AGAIN!

We've met again—midst music's spell,
And in the gay and busy crowd,
But since we parted none can tell
How grief this weary heart hath bow'd.
We've met again, alas! how vain,
'Tis eight long years, how Time doth fly!
Ah! me, this meeting's fraught with pain,
And I could weep o'er days gone by!

My youthful hours of mirth and glee,
Lie buried in the vale of tears,
Yet still their shade is dear to me,
A vision dim of former years!
We've met again, but not to speak,
Thou'rt e'en unconscious I am nigh,
The blush is mantling on my cheek,
And I could weep o'er days gone by!

In the same spot again we're met,
Where oft-times we have met before,
The hours beguiled by converse sweet,
How bright the prospect life then wore!
My love is gone—thy love is dead;
Why starts the dear-drop to mine eye?
Remembrance doth a halo shed,
A mellow'd light o'er days gone by!

JUSTINA.

A MOTHER'S TROUBLES.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

Good Heavens! what a plague 't must be
To have a stock of daughters!
I'm sure I find it so with *three*,
And so does Captain Waters.
My eldest's thirty-eight to-day,
My youngest nine and twenty;—
And they have hung, (I grieve to say,
Although young men in plenty
Have had the *entrée*, year by year,
Despite the pains I've taken,)
On hand so long that now, I fear,
They'll soon be quite forsaken!
I've tried three years for Mr. Kuy,
And two to trap Sir Harry;—
The monsters told me yesterday,
They *never* meant to marry.
I've even tried to make a shew,
And tax'd my friends to do it,
Borrow'd a house of Lady Roe,
A coach of Mistress Blewitt.
I've got M.P.'s to frank the notes
I wrote to Colonel Shanty,
And made my daughters strain their throats
To vocalize "*De Tanti*."
I've sacked the Peerage to find out
An extinct one to claim,
And really I must set about,
As we do bear the name,
That very soon the Captain will
Kiss hands as Lord Defoe,
'Tis but a woman's dream, but still
That all the world can't know.
Last year we shewed off at the Zoo,*
Till I am sure we were
As well known as the Kangaroo,
And stared at like the bear.
To Chiswick, midst the flowers and fruits,
I took my daughters too,
But men are all such horrid brutes,
They whispered "'twill not do."

I really scarce know how to act,
Men seem all born to vex,
And if I must confess the fact,
Last week I asked young X—
To marry Miss, shewed flowers in wax;
Her autographic treasure;
Albums, and Lady Jane's gimcracks,
She lent us during pleasure.
But, horrid wretch,—he's rich in gold.—
He spun round like a top,
And asked if all were to be sold,
And if we kept a shop?
At every ball, at every rout,
At tabbies tea and tattle,
To old men groaning with the gout,
And youths all dash and rattle,
I've advertised my three on hand,
Till e'en my tongue's grown thinner;
Men can a woman's arts withstand,
But not a Club-House dinner.
And my girls stand like wall-flowers now,
And snarl at one another;
You all must pity me I vow,
A triple-daughtered mother!

SPELLS OF THE HEART.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away,
Sick, sick, unfound the boon, unslaked the thirst,
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first;
But all too late, so are we doubly curst,
Love, fame, ambition, avarice, 'tis the same,
Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst;
For all are meteors with a different name,
And death the sable smoke, where vanishes the flame.

BYRON.

A charm from life is gone,
A spirit pure, that blest my early hours,
The gloomy past has won,
Hues from the stream and beauty from the flowers,
And brightness from the earth and from the sky,
Are lost untimely to my musing eye.

Something there was, that fed
My heart with rich sensations, like the balm
From summer roses shed,
When western airs are breathing soft and calm;
Something, whose absence I can ne'er forget,
Nor fail to mourn, with an untold regret.

A feeling fraught with love,
A buoyant happiness—a peace of mind,—
Hopes that aspired above,—
A world of pleasing thoughts, serene and kind,
A new delight for each returning day,
These once my treasures were, and visions gay!

Now each sweet spell is o'er,
And all the blossoms of my better years
Have paled to bloom no more,
Nor shine, as once they shone, through dewy tears:
And many a thrill of memory I feel,
Which my sad spirit cannot all conceal;

Yet as these faded hours,
Through the dim vistas of my life arise,
I feel immortal powers,
And kindling raptures, mixed with fond surprise,
As fair in solemn dreams, that realm I view,
Where the free soul its childhood shall renew.

ELLA.

* The fashionable abbreviation for the Zoological Gardens.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A BRIGAND.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF DUMAS).

BY MISS LYDIA CAMPBELL.

It is a story of banditti I am about to tell you, nothing more. Follow me to Upper Calabria, ascend with me a peak of the Appenines and, having reached its summit, turn to the south; you will then have Cosenza to your left, Santo Lucido to your right, and before you about a thousand steps, cut out in the very side of the mountain—a perilous path, lit up at the present moment by numerous fires, around which are groups of armed men. These men are in pursuit of the brigand Jacomo, with whose band they have exchanged several rounds of musquetry; but night having surprised them, they dared not risk further pursuit, but await daylight to continue their search through the Appenines. Immediately below you, about fifteen feet in depth, upon a platform, so thickly strown with rocks of redstone, thick green oaks, and pale stunted cork-trees, as to be unobserved but from the commanding height we have chosen, you may distinguish, at first, four men, occupied in preparing supper; for one of them is adding fuel to the fire, whilst the others are skinning a fresh killed lamb; four others, at a slight distance, are playing Morra,* with a rapidity so quick that the motions of their fingers defy sight. Two more are posted as sentinels, and stand so motionless that you might suppose them to be fragments of the rock, to which chance had given the human form. A woman is seated near them, apparently afraid to move, lest she should waken an infant which sleeps in her arms; and a little apart, a brigand shovels the last clods of earth over a newly dug grave.

That brigand is Jacomo, the woman his mistress, and those men are what is called his troop; as for him who reposes in that grave, it is Hieronimo, the captain's second in command; a bullet very opportunely came to save him from the gallows, already erected for Antonio, the second lieutenant, who had the folly to permit himself to be taken prisoner. Now that you have been introduced to these men, and the localities surrounding them, let me tell my tale.

Jacomo had no sooner accomplished his funeral task than, dropping the spade, he knelt down on the fresh earth, into which his knees sank as if it had been sand; motionless, and apparently in prayer, he thus remained for at least a quarter of an hour, when drawing from his breast a little golden heart, suspended round his neck by a scarlet ribbon, and having engraved on it an image of the Virgin and the infant Jesus, he kissed it with all the sanctity of an honest robber, and rising quietly, returned, his head bent towards the ground, and his arms crossed, to lean against the base of that peak whose summit commands the platform I have already described. So silently, so sadly did Jacomo take his stand there, that nobody heard him. It would seem that the relaxation of vigilance on the part of his men struck him as

being contrary to that strict discipline he was accustomed to exercise among them, for after observing them steadily he frowned, and uttered a loud execration. Those who were employed in cooking the lamb fell on their knees, as if a thunderbolt had struck them; the gamblers stopped short, their hands extended in the air, the sentinels turned on their posts with a movement so spontaneous as to bring them face to face; the woman started, and the infant, awakening, began to cry. Jacomo stamped angrily on the ground, as he harshly exclaimed—

"Maria, silence the brat!"

Maria rapidly undid the gold-embroidered bodice of scarlet, which served to conceal one of those brown but exquisitely modelled bosoms that make the beauty of the modern Romans, and pressing it to the lips of the child she folded him closely in her arms, as if to protect him; the infant was instantly silent. Jacomo appeared satisfied with these signs of obedience, his countenance lost the stern expression which for a moment had clouded it, resuming its former character of profound melancholy, while he by a gesture expressed his wish that the men should renew their previous occupations.

"We have finished our game," said the players.

"The cooking is over," said the others.

"'Tis well," cried Jacomo, "to supper then."

"And you, Captain?"

"I shall not sup."

"Nor I," said the sweet soft voice of the woman.

"Why not, Maria?"

"I am not hungry."

These words were uttered so timidly that the bandit appeared as much touched by their accent as it was in his rigid nature to be; he drew near her, and laid his tawny hand upon her shoulder: she took it and pressed it to her lips.

"Maria, you are a good girl!"

"I love you, Jacomo!"

"Come then, be wise, and take some food."

Maria obeyed, and they both seated themselves beside the straw mat on which the robbers had placed the lamb, roasted on the point of a bayonet; goat's-milk cheese, filberts, bread and wine. Jacomo drew from the sheath of his poniard a knife and fork of silver, which he gave to Maria, contenting himself with a goblet of pure water, which he went and filled for himself at a spring close by, the apprehension of being poisoned by the peasantry, from whom only he could procure his wine, having forced him to renounce that beverage. Every one then set to, with the exception of the sentinels, who from time to time cast a furtive glance at the provisions, which disappeared with fearful rapidity: as the repast advanced their glances became more frequent and anxious, so that towards the end they seemed rather to watch over the supper of their comrades than the bivouac of their enemies. During this time Jacomo was sad, and it could be seen that his heart was full of melancholy recollections; suddenly, he appeared as if he could sustain them no longer, for passing his hand over his brow, and sighing heavily, he said:—

"My friends, I shall tell you a story; you,

* A game which consists in the player's presenting his hand with one, two, or more fingers opened, or closed, to his partner. To win, the number of fingers opened must be guessed.

too," addressing the sentinels, "may draw near; at this hour we are surely safe from our pursuers."

The men did not require a repetition of this invitation, and their co-operation gave a little fresh activity to the banquet, which had begun to languish.

"Shall I take their place?" asked Maria.

"Thank you, dearest, but it is not necessary."

Maria timidly slid her hand into that of Jacomo. Such as had finished their supper arranged their positions so as to have the full benefit of the promised recital, whilst those who had not yet done, or but just begun their meal, drew towards them such things as they required, in order to avoid having to ask for them; and all listened to the following narrative with that intense interest which is accorded generally by men who lead a wandering life to similar details:—

"It was in the year 1790 that the first scene of my story took place; the French had taken Naples, and had made of it a republic; the republic, in its turn, wished to take Calabria. Per Bacco! 'tis not so easy to take the mountain from the mountaineers! Many bands defended it, as we do still, for the mountain is our's; and a price was set upon the heads of the chiefs of those bands, even as there is now upon mine. The head of Cesaris, amongst others, was valued at three thousand Neapolitan ducats. One night, after some firing had been heard, as has been heard this evening, two shepherd-boys watched their flocks on Mount Tarsia, as they sat near a fire which they had kindled, not so much for warmth as to frighten off the wolves: they were beautiful lads these two shepherds; true Calabrians, half-naked, their sole covering being a sheepskin, descending from their waist, sandals on their feet, and round the neck of each a ribbon, to which was fixed an image of the infant Saviour; of much the same age, neither of them knew aught of their parentage, seeing that they had been found exposed, the one at Tarento, the other at Reggio, within three days' distance of each other, which at any rate proved they did not belong to the same family. The peasantry who had found them called them the Sons of the Madonna, as foundlings are generally called, their baptismal names were Cherubino and Celestini!

"These children loved each other, for their isolation was the same. The good people who reared them did not conceal that they did so from charity; they were not ignorant either that they had no earthly possessions, and this knowledge did not diminish their affection for each other. As I told you, the two boys were herding their flocks on the mountain, eating from the same loaf, drinking from the same cup, counting the stars of Heaven, and as careless and contented as if the whole bright and beautiful world were *their* world; suddenly a noise was heard behind them, and turning their heads they beheld a man observing them attentively as he leant upon a carbine.

"That man's profession was revealed by his costume: he wore a large Calabrian hat, flaunting with white and red ribbons, having a black velvet band fastened by a golden buckle; long, twisted locks floated down his shoulders, in his ears were large ear-rings; his neck was uncovered, his under

waistcoat (adorned by buttons of twisted gold thread, such as are only manufactured at Naples) was not hidden by a vest, to the button-holes of which two crimson silk kerchiefs were tied by a knot, the ends of them being immersed in the neatly cut pocket; his trusty pouch, stuck full of cartridges, was closed by a silver clasp; and his nether garments, of blue velvet, joined the scarlet hose, which fastened to his legs by little bands of leather, extended to the sandal; to this add rings on every finger, and watches in every pocket, with a pair of pistols and a *couteau de chasse* stuck in his girdle. The two lads exchanged looks, quick as lightning, but the Brigand perceived them.

"You know me?" said he.

"No."

"It signifies little whether you do or do not; the men of the mountain are brothers, and should rely on each other, I therefore rely on you; since yesterday I have been hunted like a wild beast. I am hungry and thirsty."

"Here is bread, and there is the brook," said the boys.

"The Brigand sat down, rested his carbine against his thigh, cocked his pistols in his belt, and began to eat. When he had appeased the cravings of hunger he arose, and extending his hand towards the darkest part of the horizon, said,

"How call you that village, whence a light glimmers so brightly?"

"The boys fixed their eyes attentively on the spot indicated for some time, but perceiving nothing they began to laugh, for they imagined he mocked them. Turning round to tell him so, they found that he had disappeared, and comprehended at once that he had employed this *ruse* to conceal from them the direction he took. For some time the lads regarded each other in silence; at last one of them spoke.

"Did you recognize him?"

"Yes," replied the other.

"These words were whispered in low accents, as if they were apprehensive of auditors.

"He was afraid we should betray him."

"But to leave us without a thank you!"

"He cannot have gone far."

"No, he was too weary."

"I could find him, if I chose, in spite of all his precautions."

"So could I."

"They said no more; but rising, departed, each taking a different route, like two greyhounds in the chase. At the end of a quarter of an hour Cherubino was again seated by the fire; in five minutes more Celestini stood beside him.

"Well?"

"Well!"

"I found him."

"So did I!"

"Behind a bush of laurel."

"In the hollow of a rock."

"What was at his right hand?"

"An aloe in full blossom. What had he in his hands?"

"His pistols, ready cocked!"

"Just so."

"And he slept?"

"As if all the saints kept watch over him!"

"Three thousand ducats! It is as many as there are stars in the firmament."

"Every ducat is worth ten carlins, and we only get one carlin in the month; besides, if we were to live as long as old Guiseppe, we should never have another chance of gaining three thousand ducats."

"They were silent for a few moments."

"Is it difficult to kill a man?" asked Cherubino.

"No," replied Celestini, "a man is just like a sheep; there is a vein in his throat, which must be cut, that's all!"

"Did you remark Cesaris?"

"His neck was bare, was it not?"

"It would be easy to —"

"Yes, provided the knife was sharp."

"At these words each passed a hand over the blade of his knife, then standing up they looked into each other's faces in silence."

"Which of us will strike the blow for both?" demanded Cherubino.

"Celestino picked up some pebbles, and presented him his hand closed upon them."

"Odds or evens?"

"Odds."

"Evens! it is you!"

"Cherubino said not a word, but softly went away. Celestini saw him take the direction that led to the brigand's lair, and when he lost sight of him amused himself by flinging the pebbles he had picked up, one after another, into the fading fire. Ten minutes were not over ere Cherubino returned."

"Well?"

"I dared not do it."

"Why not?"

"He slept with his eyes wide open, and I fancied he was looking at me."

"Let us go together."

"They set off at a run, but soon slackened their speed. Presently they trod cautiously on tiptoe, and at length, crouching with their faces to the earth, they crept along like two serpents until they reached the laurel bushes, when—still preserving their similitude to the snaky tribe—they craftily raised their heads among the branches, and perceived the brigand, still fast asleep, and in the same position. Separating, the one to the right, the other to the left, the lads, holding their knives in their mouths, drew close to him, and raised themselves upon one knee. As they looked upon him the robber seemed to be awake, for his eyes were wide open, but the pupils of them were fixed as if in death. Celestini made a sign with his hand to Cherubino, to the end that the latter should follow all his movements. Before he had composed himself to sleep the bandit had placed his carbine against the side of the rock, after having enveloped the lock with a silk handkerchief; Celestini softly untied the handkerchief, flung it gently over the sleeper's head, and seeing that his companion was ready, exclaimed—

"Now!"

"Cherubino sprang upon the robber like a young tiger; with a terrible cry the bandit started up, covered with blood, for the knives of his assailants had pierced him—throat and heart; dis-

charging his pistols at random, the miserable Cesaris fell back, dead!

Immoveable, breathless, the lads continued to gaze on their work, as they still remained flat on his body; when, however, they saw that life was utterly extinct they raised themselves, the better to observe him. His head, nearly severed from the body, was cut off and deposited in the silk handkerchief, and determining to carry the load by turns, they set off for Naples. All that night they traversed the mountain passes, proceeding eastwards till they saw the ocean gleaming on the left. At day-break they came in sight of Castro-Villari, but dared not pass through it lest, betrayed by the blood which dropped from their burthen to some of Cesaris's troop, his death should be avenged by their's. Hunger, at last, induced one of them to look out for an auberge, in search of food, whilst the other waited for him amongst the hills; but just as he was about to depart he recollected that they were penniless. They carried a head which was valued at three thousand ducats, yet had not between them a single coin wherewithal to purchase a loaf of bread! He who bore the precious burthen untied the handkerchief, tore out a gold ear-ring and gave it to his comrade, who, in less than an hour, returned with provisions to last them for three days.

"For two days more they travelled, resting at night beneath the shade of a thicket, or in a cave of the rock. On the evening of the third day they reached a little village called Altavilla; they found the auberge crowded with coachmen and postillions, who had conducted travellers to Pes-tum; boatmen who had descended the Sele, and lazzaroni, who did not mind where they lived, so long as they got food. The youths, keeping the head of Cesaris between them, installed themselves in a nook which they found unoccupied, supped as they had never done before, slept in turn, and paying for all with the other gold ear-ring, set out afresh. About nine o'clock in the morning they were aware of a great city, and on asking its name were told that it was—Naples. They had no longer cause to fear the companions of Cesaris, but made straight for the town, where, reaching the bridge of La Maddalena, they made up to a French sentinel, and addressing him in Calabrese, asked him to whom they should apply for the sum promised to whosoever brought the head of Cesaris. The sentry listened to their speech with great gravity, reflected an instant, twirled his moustache, and said to himself—

"It is very extraordinary! These little fellows don't reach to my cartouch box, yet they can speak Italian already. Very well, my little men," said he, aloud, "pass on!"

"The boys, equally puzzled with himself, repeated their question; so the soldier called the sergeant, who happening to know a few Italian words, made out that the bloody handkerchief contained the head of *somebody*; so he reported the circumstance to his officer, who sent our adventurers under an escort to the Head of the Police."

"The soldiers announced the arrival of the head of Cesaris, and every door was thrown open to receive them. The Chief Magistrate of Police, anxious to behold the brave individuals who had

delivered Calabria from its scourge, summoned our youths into his cabinet: A long time he looked upon these two lads, so simple in appearance, so grave in manner, so picturesquely clad; and then in Italian demanded how they had accomplished an act so daring; they recounted the affair as if it had been the easiest thing in the world, and on his requiring evidence of what they said, untied the handkerchief, took the head by the long hair dabbled in blood, and quietly placed it on the desk before him. There was only one reply to be made to such an appeal, and that was, the payment of the offered reward. However his excellency the Minister of Police, taking their extreme youth into consideration, proposed their placing the sum in the hands of a banker, and as the French Government stood in need of brave, resolute young spirits, offered to get them appointed to a regiment. They replied that the wants of the French government did not concern them, for they were loyal Calabrians, who neither knew, nor ever expected to know, how to read or write; they were, they said, unfit for the army, since the wild life of liberty they had been accustomed to lead was not likely to reconcile them to military discipline, for which they had no manner of inclination; and as for the three thousand ducats, why they were willing to take entire charge of it themselves, without troubling any Bank with it.

"The Minister accordingly gave them a little slip of paper, called a hussar, and ordered them to the Treasury. The treasurer counted out the money into the handkerchief, which, bloody as it was, they held out to receive it; tied it carefully up, and retiring by a gate that opened upon the Place of San Francisco Nuovo, found themselves at the end of the great Rue de Toledé.

"The Rue de Toledé is the saloon of the populace. You may see all along the walls of the houses crowds of lazzaroni, basking in the sun, and voluptuously spinning maccheroni from their earthen dishes into their brown mouths. This sight gave our mountaineers an appetite, though it might have taken it away from more fastidious folk. They therefore went and purchased a dishful of maccheroni, for which they gave a ducat, receiving in exchange nine carlins, nine grains, and two calli;* upon which they could exist for another month and a half on the same food. Seating themselves on the steps of a palace, they feasted more sumptuously than they had ever dreamed of doing. Now in the rue Toledé, people eat, sleep, and gamble. They had no inclination to sleep, so having eaten sufficiently they joined a party of lazzaroni, who were playing at morra.

"At the end of three hours they had lost three calli. To lose at the rate of three calli per day, they might gamble pretty nearly to all eternity with their fortune! Fortunately, however, they heard that very evening that Naples contained houses where they might pay a ducat for a dinner, and lose a thousand calli in an hour. Now, as supper was indispensable, they determined on going to such a house. It was a table d'hôte, the master of which, on beholding their strange costume, set up a loud

laugh; but the sight of their purse, which they were not shy of exposing, had such an effect on him that, bowing to the very ground, he requested leave to show them into a private apartment, where their excellencies would be waited on by such people as could speedily supply them with dresses that would do honour to any society. Cherubino and Celestini looked at each other, for they did not clearly comprehend what the landlord meant about "fashionable clothes, and essential requisites *de toilette*;" they thought their own taste in dress sufficiently good, and considered as quite faultless their present costume, which was, as we have already said, a nice sheepskin fastened round the waist, good stout sandals on their feet, and the rest of their bodies quite naked, which they deemed far more convenient and cool. They were notwithstanding prevailed upon to yield to the suggestions of their new friend, when he assured them that a complete new dress was essential to entitle them to a call for dinner, value one ducat! or to give them the privilege of losing a thousand calli in an hour! Whilst the cloth was being laid, a tailor was shown in, and requested to know what style of clothes they wanted. They replied, that since new ones were absolutely necessary, they wished to have two Calabrian dresses, such as were worn by the nobility at Cosenza and Tarento. The tailor said that they would be furnished with all they desired on the following day. Their excellencies supped heartily, quickly discovering that ravioli and sambajone were far superior to maccheroni, lacryma cristi a thousand times more palatable than fresh water, and wheaten bread less difficult of mastication than barley cakes. When they had done, they asked the waiter if they might sleep on the floor; he pointed out to them two handsome alcove beds which they had mistaken for shrines! Celestini, who was decidedly the banker, tying up the handkerchief and the ducats, put them into a sort of bureau, locked it, and hung the key round his neck. Devoutly praying to the Virgin, they betook themselves to their beds, finding each couch large enough to contain five men comfortably, fell asleep, and woke not till aroused in the morning. The tailor having kept his word, they decorated themselves in their new apparel, and as they were now fit to be seen, they dined that day for a ducat a head at the table d'hôte, and afterwards adjourned to the *Salle de jeu*, where they lost a hundred and twenty ducats!

"To console them for their loss, one of the waiters proposed to conduct them at night to a house where they would be still more diverted. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, having filled their pockets with money, they followed the waiter; but they did not return to their hotel until the next morning, when they came back dying of hunger, and with empty purses. It was a jovial life! There were beautiful ladies, too, at the mansion where they had lost their money, more beautiful than they had ever seen, so they went back the next night. Fifteen days thus passed, during which time their characters underwent a few changes; they had meanwhile chosen for their chief companion an Italian Abbé, or a French sous-lieutenant, which is much the same thing. One night, going as usual to the usual house of amuse-

* A ducat is worth ten carlins, a carlin ten grains, a grain twelve calli.

ment, they found that it was shut up by judicial power. Some murder had been committed in it! Observing an immense crowd, proceeding in a certain direction, and having nothing else to do, they followed it; and soon afterwards reached the Villa Reale, in the magnificent Rue de la Chiaja, where they had never before been. The Chiaja, at ten o'clock in the evening, is the rendezvous of the beau monde. At that hour Naples comes thither to breathe the sea breeze, burthened with the fragrance of the orange trees of Sorrento, and the jasmines of Pausillippo. There are more fountains and statues there than on any other public promenade in the world; and over and above these statues and fountains there is such a glorious bay, such a magnificent sea, as is beheld nowhere else!

"There, then, walked our two gallants,—elbowing the women, jostling against the men, one hand upon their poniards, and the other on their purses. In front of a fashionable *café*, surrounded by an admiring crowd, stood a caleche in which a lady sat eating ices. It was to gaze on this lady the admiring crowd had assembled before the fashionable *café*. She was, in truth, the loveliest creature that had ever issued from the hand of the Creator since the formation of Eve. Our Calabrians, entering the *café*, called for sorbets, and placed themselves close to the window, the better to observe her. Above all, her hands were of miraculous delicacy.

"'Corpo di Baccho!' exclaimed Cherubino, 'how beautiful she is!'

"A man who stood near him, approached still nearer, and touching him on the shoulder, whispered,

"'The season is favourable, young Sir!'

"'For what?'

"'The Countess Fornera quarrelled with the Cardinal Rospoli two days ago.'

"'What then signor?'

"'Why then, for five hundred ducats and silence your lordship may—'

"'May win her!'

"'Even so.'

"'Who then are you?'

"'Your slave!'

"'Stop,' interrupted Celestini, "'I wish to win her love also.'

"'The sum must be doubled your excellency.'

"'Very well.'

"'But who first shall endeavour to gain her heart?' asked the bravo.

"'That is our affair,' said Celestini, "'ascertain whether you can fulfil your part of the engagement, and rejoin us at the Hotel de Venise, where we lodge.'

"The ruffian and our youths separated. The Countess's carriage rolled away. On entering their apartment, Celestini and Cherubino sat down at a table, counted out the sum that still remained of their money, which they found amounted to five hundred ducats only, and placing a pack of cards between them, drew each in turn a card.

"The ace of hearts was that which Cherubino drew.

"'With all my heart,' said Celestini, carelessly, 'you have won!' and he threw himself on the bed.

"Cherubino put the ducats into his pocket, tried

if his poniard came out of its sheath easily and awaited the ruffian, who soon arrived.

"'Is she alone to-night?'

"'She is, let us be gone.'

"They left the hotel. It was a superb night, Heaven gazed with all its glorious eyes on the beautiful earth. As the ruffian, preceding his companion, advanced towards the mansion of the Countess, Cherubino hummed a song; at length they reached a secret door, at which they found a female servant.

"'Your excellency,' said the ruffian, "'will oblige me by giving me a hundred ducats; the remaining four hundred you must put into the little alabaster basket you will find on the chimney-piece.'

"Cherubino gave him the hundred ducats, and followed the woman. The palace was a noble one, built of marble; on each side of a spacious staircase shone lamps in globes of crystal, between each lamp censers of bronze in which burnt perfumes. Passing through suites of apartments fit to lodge a king and his court, they came to a door at the end of a gallery, which the woman opened, gently pushed Cherubino in, and retired, closing the door upon him.

"'Is that you, Gidsa?' said a female voice. Cherubino recognised at once the Countess; clad in a robe of white muslin, reclined on a sofa, covered with dimity, and playing with her long hair, which fell about her like a mantilla.

"'No signora, it is not Gidsa, it is me!' replied Cherubino.

"'Who are you?' said the voice in a still sweeter accent.

"'Cherubino, the son of the Madonna!' and the youth advanced close to the sofa.

"The Countess raised herself on her elbow, and gazed upon him in wonder.

"'You come from your master,' asked she.

"'I come for myself madam,' he replied.

"'I do not understand you.'

"'Madame, I shall endeavour to explain. I saw you yesterday at the Chiaja, when you were taking an ice; I exclaimed to myself 'Bacchus! how beautiful she is!'

"The Countess smiled.

"At that moment a man came up to me and said, 'you would like to have the lady whom you admire, is it not so? I will give her to you for five hundred ducats.' I took this man home with me, and counted out the money. On reaching the door of your mansion he demanded a hundred of the ducats for himself, which I gave him; as for the other four hundred, he desired me to put them into this little alabaster basket—here they are!'

"Cherubino flung two or three hands-full of gold into the basket, until it over-run on the chimney.

"'Ah!' said the Countess, 'this Maffeo is a monster! Is this the manner in which he acts?'

"'I know nothing of Maffeo,' cried the youth, 'and very little of how these affairs are managed; but *this* I know, that he promised you should be mine for a certain sum, which certain sum having been paid, you of course belong to me.'

"So saying he advanced still nearer towards the divan.

"'Not a step farther,' cried the Countess, 'or I ring the bell, and order my people to throw you out of the window.'

"'Listen, Signora,' said Cherubino, biting his lips, and placing his hand on his poniard, 'when I entered this chamber, imagining me to be some man of fashion, some rich French traveller, or some little petted abbé, you spoke softly, for you expected pleasure; but I am neither of these; I am a Calabrian, Signora, a Calabrian of the hills; a youth, if you please, but a youth who has brought from Tarsia to Naples, rolled up in a handkerchief, the head of a brigand—the head of Cesaris! Behold this gold, it is all that remains of the reward which I obtained for that head; the other 2,500 ducats have been spent in wassailing and wine,—at the gambling table,—the theatre. For these five hundred ducats I could still have had ten nights of revelry, if I had wished it. But I did not,—I wished to have you, and I will have you!'

"'Dead, perhaps, you may!'

"'Living!'

"'Never!'

"The Countess stretched out her hand to seize the bell-rope; Cherubino made but one step from the fire-place to the sofa. The Countess shrieked aloud and fainted, for Cherubino had nailed her delicate hand to the wainscot with his dagger, exactly six inches below the bell-rope.

"Two hours had passed ere Cherubino re-entered the Hotel de Venice; he shook Celestini, who slept soundly, and who starting up in bed, and rubbing his eyes, stared at him.

"'What blood is that?' said he.

"'No matter.'

"'And the Countess?'

"'Is a superb creature.'

"'What the deuce did you wake me for?'

"'Because we have not a single bajocco left, and we must be off before morning.'

"Celestini arose. They both stole out of the hotel, as they had been accustomed to do, and nobody thought of stopping their progress. At one o'clock in the morning they crossed the bridge of la Maddalena; at five they were amongst the mountains.

"'What are we to do now?' said Celestini, pausing.

"'I don't know,' answered Cherubino, 'do you advise that we return to our sheep?'

"'No, by Heaven!'

"'Very well; let us turn brigands.'

"The two lads, clasping each other's hands, swore eternal friendship; and well did they keep their oath, for since that hour they have never been separated. Alas! concluded Giacomo, 'I say what is false, for they have been separated for ever, within this hour!' and he pointed to the grave of Hieronymo!'

II.

"Now," said Jacomo, "you may sleep, I will keep watch, and rouse you when it is time to go, that is two hours before sunrise."

At these words every one arranged himself so as to pass as comfortable a night as possible, and such was the confidence of these men in their chief, that

in less than five minutes every one was sleeping as tranquilly as if he had been snug in bed, at Terracino or Sonnino, instead of being surrounded by enemies. Maria alone sat, motionless, on the same spot where she had listened to the recital.

"Will you not endeavour to repose, Maria?" said Jacomo, in the softest voice he could assume.

"I am not tired," replied she.

"Want of rest for so long a time may injure the infant."

"I'll try to sleep then."

Jacomo spread his cloak on the ground, Maria lay down upon it, and, looking at him timidly, said,

"And you?"

"I," cried he, "must look out a passage among these cursed French; perhaps they do not know the mountain so well as to have guarded every defile. We cannot stay for ever on this cliff, and the sooner we quit it the better."

"Then I shall accompany you," said Maria, rising, "you know," added she, quickly, perceiving that he was about to interrupt her, "you know how sure-footed I am! how light my breathing, how just my sight! I beseech you let me go with you."

"Do you fear," he demanded, "that I shall betray you? and if these men confide in me, will you doubt me?" Maria did not reply by words, but tears ran silently down her cheeks. He approached her, "well, come with me, but the child must be left behind; it might awake and cry."

"Gone, then," said Maria, sitting down again.

The bandit retired, followed by the eyes of Maria so long as his shadow could be distinguished; then, with a deep sigh, leaning her head over her slumbering babe, she closed her eyes, as if she slept, and all was silent. Thus passed two hours, when a slight noise from the opposite side to that by which the bandit had retired, made her open her eyes. It was him.

"Well," said she, anxiously, for in spite of the night, she could distinguish the sombre expression of his countenance, "what is the matter?"

"The matter," replied he peevishly, flinging his carbine on the ground, "is that we must have been betrayed by the peasantry or the shepherds, since wherever there is a pass, or a defile, there is now a sentinel."

"And no means of descent from this rock?"

"None! on both sides, as you know, it is quite perpendicular; so that unless the eagles, whose eyries it is, lend us their wings, we need not take that route; and as I have told you, there is no other."

"What then are we to do?"

"Stay here, curse them!" he cried, throwing his hat beside the carbine, "they will not come here for us."

"We shall perish for food."

"Unless Heaven rains manna on us. At all events, better be famished than hanged!"

Maria prest her infant closer to her bosom, and groaned aloud. The bandit stamped impatiently with his foot.

"We have had one good meal to-night," said he, "and we have at least enough to make another. We want no more at present. To sleep!"

"I am going to sleep," said Maria. He threw himself beside her.

Jacomo was right, he had been betrayed, but neither by the peasants or shepherds. It was Antonio, one of his troop, whom we have mentioned as having been seized prisoner, who betrayed him; purchasing his escape from the scaffold by promising to deliver up the Brigand Chief, and he had begun to keep his promise by placing the sentinels by whom Hieronymo had fallen.

The Colonel who commanded the party in pursuit, was however a man of too much prudence to relax from the severe caution he thought it wise to pursue in his dealings with a traitor, so he kept Antonio under strict surveillance, and led him to understand that he was not free from all peril of the scaffold until such time as Jacomo was taken, alive or dead. A few moments before daybreak, then, he had him led between two soldiers to see if the banditti were still on the summit of the rock; for, if they were not there, consequently the sentinels had been ill-placed, and Antonio, thus proving himself a double traitor, would deserve the death to which he was doomed, if discovered to be faithless to his promise. Antonio, however, presented himself before the Colonel with a good grace, since he had been so constant to his perfidy, that he felt assured his former comrades could not have escaped.

The first rays of the sun at length illumined the pinnacle of the rock; and, as the depths in which the French troops had bivouacked still remained in shade, one would have supposed that a vast conflagration, such as that which was once beheld on Sinai, devoured the peak. Gradually and in proportion as the sun scaled the heavens, the shadows retreated before his brilliancy, which pouring forth like torrents of light, awoke in their nests the huge eagles of the peak, that springing from their aerial habitations, as if they had overslept themselves, gave two strokes of their gigantic wings, and were lost in the clouds. From time to time, the sea breeze, charged with damp odours, floated by, dying away with a gentle murmur amongst the willows and cork-trees at the base of the mountain. The willows and cork-trees gently bending to receive the sweet kisses of the early breeze, and then raising once more their branches, gave forth those musical but undiscernible sounds of which the language of the forest is composed. In short all the mountain seemed to awaken to a new existence, all but the pinnacle of the cliff, and that still continued silent as a desert.

Yet all eyes were fixed upon that pinnacle. The Colonel himself, a telescope in his hand, never lost sight of it. At length, impatiently turning towards Antonio, he abruptly exclaimed "well sir?"

Speech is a weapon of marvellous power, but much of its power depends not only on him who makes use of it, but on the occasion that calls it into employment. It can be made long or short at pleasure,—bellows like a billow or murmurs like a brook,—springs like a tiger, or crawls like a snake; ascends to heaven like a rocket, or descends from the clouds like a flash of lightning! One person may reveal his thoughts in a couple of words, whilst another is obliged to make use of a long speech ere he can explain his meaning; but the Colonel be-

longed to the first class of orators; for, as we have seen, he repeated but two words, yet these two words were so well placed, so full, so complete, that he who listened to them might have readily elaborated them into the following sentence:—"Antonio, my friend, you are a knave; you have played me a trick, and think to save your neck from the rope by imposing on me, but I am not a man to be cheated by your idle stories, and as you have not kept your word,—since your companions, the banditti, seem to have effected a retreat in the night, so that we shall be obliged to track them out like bloodhounds, instead of soldiers,—why you must submit to be hanged upon the nearest tree, whilst I go and break my fast!"

Now Antonio, being of a keen understanding, read the whole of the above meaning in the two words that reached his ear. So, whether as an adulatory imitator, or an adept in the same sort of oratory practised by the Colonel, he extended his hand and replied to these two words by only one—"wait!"

In fact, the Colonel retired without giving orders for the execution of the terrible deed with which he had menaced Antonio, who had remained in the same spot, his eyes fixed upon the peak with statue-like immobility. It was two hours ere the Colonel returned, when after again narrowly inspecting the pinnacle, and finding it still quiet and apparently deserted, he struck Antonio on the shoulder, who although he had not turned his eyes towards him on his approach, had recognized his footsteps, and was aware of his presence. Starting like a penniless man who has just been presented with a purse, he seized with his left hand the Colonel's arm, and pointing towards a certain part of the promontory with the right exclaimed,

"There! there!"

"What?" asked the Colonel, after vainly examining the point indicated.

"Do you not perceive the head of a man at the angle of that rock which resembles a pillar?" said Antonio, "here!" continued he, taking the Colonel's head between his two hands, and turning it round as if it were a weather-cock, "let me place the telescope for you. Now!"

"Ah!" said the Colonel, lowering the glass after some time, "it is indeed a man; but may it not be some peasant in quest of a stray goat?"

"What!" cried Antonio, "do you not see his pointed hat, his floating ribbons, his shining carbine? Do you not see that he is leaning forward, as if he weighed in his mind the possibility of descending the precipice? It is Jacomo himself, for behold! Maria stands behind him!"

The Colonel put the glass once more to his eye, and then said,

"Yes, I see; I begin to think you will not have to be hanged after all. This assurance seemed to give great pleasure to Antonio. "But what do they get to eat there?" said the Colonel.

"Nothing," answered Antonio.

"Therefore they cannot escape us. Either they must give themselves up to us, or perish for want of food."

"Without doubt."

"Doctor," cried the Colonel, "how long can a man exist without food?"

The individual thus accosted was a little fat, round man, not unlike a globe, to which some mischievous boy has attached a human head and legs; in fact just such a man as seemed the most likely to be puzzled by any question comprising so important an affair as eating. The interrogation, accordingly, penetrated to his very bowels, making him start at the bare idea of starvation.

"Without food, Colonel?" he replied, turning pale, "without food? Why a regular man should never put more than five hours between his meals, of which he should have three a day. As to drink, why the quantity of wine a person should drink, depends on age and temperament."

"I do not ask you for a rule of diet, Sir," said the Colonel, "but a simple question of science. Besides, rest assured you have no personal interest in the affair."

"Will you give me your word of honour to that effect, Colonel?" The Colonel nodded an affirmative. "Well," said the doctor, "I can assure you, having had the means of making many such experiments at the siege of Gènes, that the longest period a man can exist without any nourishment seldom exceeds five, never is more than seven days."

"And pray," asked the Colonel, "since you were at that siege, how came you, with your habits, to support similar privations?"

"Oh!" cried the doctor, coldly, "I belonged to that celebrated regiment which, from the commencement of the famine, resolved upon eating human flesh. We lived upon the Austrians, and did not mind the scarcity."

"How did they taste?" said the Colonel.

"Not so bad," answered the doctor, gravely.

"Tis well," said the Colonel, "we shall wait until our friends up there give themselves up, or perish."

The Colonel then, contenting himself with recommending double vigilance to his troops, offered an additional sum of three thousand ducats to who ever should bring the head of Jacomo to the camp.

Eight days thus passed. Every morning the Colonel advanced to the outposts to know if the besieged had surrendered, but every morning saw him return uncheered by the desired intelligence, to station himself at his wonted post of observation with his telescope. On the eighth day, he observed several brigands seated on the promontory, their legs hanging down the cliff, or lying, basking in the sun.

"I swear to you," said Antonio, in reply to his exclamations, "that unless they eat grass like the beasts, or swallow earth like the moles, I know nothing they can procure for food."

The doctor shook his head, still repeating that to exist without aliment for more than eight days was out of the question. It was on the twelfth day that patience quite deserted the Colonel. Sending as usual for the bandit and the physician, he coldly addressed the former—"you are a knave! and you an idiot!" turning to the latter. "Consider yourself in arrest, doctor!" the doctor obeyed with the passive submission of a soldier, "and you, sirrah, if you have a soul, think of it!"

Antonio, however, replied—"Colonel," said

he, "you may hang me when you choose, but your doing so will not hasten either the surrender or the deaths of the banditti, who must have discovered some mode of supplying themselves with food unknown to me. As to taking them by assault, I hope you do not think of such a folly; the mountain has a strong magazine of stones, they have only to set them in motion to destroy an army, whereas you have but a battalion. Were I in your place, and I say it very calmly, like a man who has no fear of death,—were I in your place, I would ascertain, if it were only for my personal satisfaction, by what means these men contrive to exist on the top of a barren rock. And as this knowledge can be obtained but by one way, I would try that way."

"You speak fearlessly. And what way is this?"

"I would—remember, Colonel, I speak as if I were you—I would say to this Antonio, whose life may be of use to me, but whose death can serve nobody,—unless the doctor should fancy a mince made of it,—I would say to him, "Swear to me by all things most sacred, that you will return here in eight days, and I shall set you at liberty."

"And during these eight days, what would Antonio do?"

"He would rejoin his chief,—tell him he had escaped from you, and had returned to live or die with his comrades. Then, during the specified number of days, Antonio must be very stupid, or Jacomo very clever, if the former did not discover the secret of the latter. Once discovered, he would return to the Colonel, and the Colonel in fulfilment of his promise, would give him his freedom."

"But if he failed to find out Jacomo's secret?"

"He would remember his oath,—return to the camp, and be hanged!"

"The bargain is struck," said the Colonel.

"Done!" replied the bandit.

"Your oath!"

Antonio drew from his bosom one of those little reliquaries which every pious Neapolitan wears, and took the oath.

"Keep the reliquary," said he to the Colonel, "and if in eight days, at this hour, I have not returned, this sacred pledge will witness against me. Fling it into the flames, and the same fire will consume my perjured spirit to all eternity."

"This man," cried the Colonel, "is free. Let him go!"

That very evening, Antonio joined his ancient associates. Jacomo, who had believed him killed, welcomed him as a father would his child. Antonio told his false tale, and every body believed him.

"Tis a pity you come so late; we have just dined," said Jacomo.

Antonio replied that he had eaten before his flight, that consequently he was not hungry, and would wait until the morrow: "besides," added he, "food cannot be over-abundant here, and I don't wish to begin by eating the portion of others."

"We do not fare sumptuously," replied Jacomo, "but we have enough to keep us alive."

Antonio had expected to find his comrades pale, emaciated, and famished for food; far from it!

they were active, fresh-looking, and gay. Maria was as handsome as ever, nor did the infant appear to have suffered. He had imagined that they must have lived on wild roots and herbs, but he perceived scattered about numberless bones—well picked, to be sure, but nevertheless bones that hinted of flesh. How the robbers could have come by this flesh, isolated as they were, he could not conceive; for an instant he supposed that some shepherd might have conveyed it to them by some secret path, some subterranean route; but he quickly recollected that had there been any such secret road to come by, it would have also served to go by, and that Jacomo and his troop would not have remained twelve days, perched on the top of a cliff, if they could have had such a path to retreat by. The time for placing the sentries soon arrived; Antonio offered his services, but the Captain refused them, saying his turn would come on the next day, since his late captivity and trials must have fatigued him. In a few minutes all were asleep—all but the sentinel and Antonio.

Next morning all arose, merry as the birds that sang around them. Antonio alone was weary, for he had waked all night long, not having closed an eye. At the seventh hour of the morning, the chief, glancing at a roll of paper, beckoned one of the brigands, and saying—"It is your turn!" the man departed in silence, with two others. Antonio offered to accompany them, on whatever expedition they might be bound, but in vain. Jacomo, without any further explanation than that it was unnecessary, said that three men were enough. In about two hours they came back. Antonio examined them attentively, but observed nothing more than that the man, nominated to head the party by the Captain, had several scratches on his face and hands. Some hours passed. "It is dinner time!" cried Jacomo. The banditti immediately seated themselves on the ground,—one of them placing on their primitive table of rock two partridges, a hare, and the half of a young lamb. The Captain divided the feast into portions, with an impartiality that would have done honour to the butcher of King Solomon. As for drink, they had water *ad libitum*, for a spring gurgled at the very summit of the promontory. Nobody spoke of bread, and Antonio was so confounded by what he witnessed, that he asked himself whether it was the want of flour or of an oven, that caused the deficiency.

"This must serve us till to-morrow," said the Captain to Antonio, "for here we make only one meal in the day, and you see we don't fare so badly. Abstinence is a virtue, and if you feel a little hungry towards evening, just tighten your belt in order to slacken your digestion."

Antonio tried to smile, but made a wry face instead, and sat down to play at moria with some of his comrades. He was, however, soon interrupted by the Captain, who striking him on the shoulder, asked him to take a walk on the platform. As they walked to and fro, Antonio's eyes suddenly fell on what appeared the entrance to a grotto.

"What is that?" said he, with apparent indifference.

"Our kitchen," ironically replied the Captain. "Come and see it."

"Willingly," said Antonio, with some eagerness.

"We have concealed our cooking here in order that the smoke should not be seen by the French. For if they saw it, they would make sure that we did not keep fires for any other purpose than that of cookery; and we wish them to believe we have nothing to cook."

"Oh! as for that, Captain," said Antonio, "I assure you, at this moment they believe that you either feed on air or on each other!"

"Idiots!" cried Jacomo, as they entered the grot.

Antonio examined it narrowly,—he sounded the walls but they gave forth a dead sound that corroborated their thickness,—he stamped with his foot, but no echo proclaimed subterranean passages,—he raised his eyes to the roof of the vault, but saw nothing except a natural cleft, through which the smoke found vent. On the hearth was piled a fire of logs, and near it on two thick blocks of wood, rested the bayonet which served for a spit.

"What is that hole?" said he, at length, perceiving as his sight got accustomed to the obscurity a hollow place in the rock.

"Our larder."

"Is it well filled?"

"Not so badly, but you can look."

Antonio ascended a stone which had been placed under it by way of step, and standing on tiptoe, peered down into the hole. He saw a few partridges, one or two small birds, and the other half of the lamb.

"By St. Hubert," said he, "your purveyors furnish you with delicacies, Captain. A little scantily, perhaps, but far from despicably."

The Captain smiled, but said nothing, and leaving the grot, they continued their promenade, Antonio returning to his old opinion that the peasantry profited by the night to bring the brigands provisions. The rest of the day passed without a word about kitchen or cookery; it seemed as if every one dreaded any allusion to a subject which might sharpen the hunger, already commencing in every stomach. At nine o'clock the Captain named Antonio for sentinel. He took a carbine, filled his belt with cartridges, and as he was departing, suddenly stopped:

"Captain," said he, "if any one approaches my post, am I to fire?"

"Undoubtedly."

"But should it be—"

"Who?"

"You understand?"

"No," said the Captain.

"A friend, for instance?" and he made a gesture which expressed his meaning, by putting the forefinger of his right hand into his mouth, opened to its utmost extent.

"A friend, idiot?" cried the Captain, "unless one descends to us from the skies, we are too well guarded to have them come from below."

"I'll be hanged if I can make it out!" said Antonio to himself, as he took his post,—and he thought of a scaffold when he said it.

The night passed quietly, neither friend nor foe disturbing Antonio, who was relieved at daybreak, and reached the platform in time to hear the Captain say, as on a former occasion, "it is your

turn!" whilst, as before, the man nominated departed, accompanied by two others. Antonio had not slept for two nights and days; he was overcome with fatigue, and seeking a shady place, he made a pillow of a bundle of heath, rolled himself in his cloak, and slept soundly till he was called to dinner. The repast, like that of the day before, was delicate in game! Antonio remarked the same equality of share, the same abundance of water, and the same deficiency of bread! And in this manner six days fled, without his being able to divine how their miraculous larder came to be supplied.

It was the seventh morning, when Antonio, pensive and thoughtful, walked to the extremity of the rock that looked towards the sea. He could not forget that there remained for him no more than twenty-four hours to discover a secret, which he had tried for seven days to unriddle in vain. Scarcely had he cast his eyes on the valley ere he saw the accursed Colonel on the very spot where he had sworn to rejoin him, telescope in hand, and the Doctor beside him. The gesture which the Colonel made, betrayed that he had observed him, and he turned towards the Doctor, as if to say, "Pardi! there he is!"

"Yes, yes," murmured Antonio, "here he is, the idiot!" And he began to regard with peculiar attention the trees which surrounded the Colonel and his party, as if he were about to choose the most agreeable one on which to be hanged. He was plunged in these profound reflections, when he felt himself touched on the shoulder, and turning round beheld the Captain.

"I have been looking for you," said he, "it is your turn to-day!"

"My turn!"

"To be sure."

"For what?"

"To go for provisions, pardi!"

"Ah! said Antonio.

"Quick," cried Jacomo, "your comrades are ready."

Antonio followed in silence, and found two of the brigands waiting for him. The three advanced in silence towards a part of the mountain, where the descent from the peak of the rock was so abrupt and of such depth, that the Colonel had deemed it useless to place any post or sentinel over it. Arrived at the verge of this precipice, which Antonio regarded with the coolness of a mountaineer who knew it to be unscalable, one of his comrades stepping aside, drew from a bush a sack and a rope, and returning to Antonio, tied the former about his neck, the latter under his arms.

"What the devil are you about?" said he at last, for this strange ceremony had begun to render him uneasy.

"Do as I do," said the man, in reply, stretching himself flat on the ground, in such a manner that his head alone overlooked the precipice. Antonio obeyed.

"Do you see that tree?" asked the brigand, pointing to a huge pine tree which sprang in the clefts of the rock, about twenty feet below them, and full a thousand above the bottom of the valley.

"Yes," replied Antonio.

"Behind that pine, there is a fissure in the cliff."

"I see it."

"Well, in that fissure an eagle has built its nest. We are going to lower you down to the tree, to which holding by one hand, you must with the other plunder the nest of whatever you may find in the way of *gibier*, and put it into the sack."

"What! the eaglets?"

"Do you call them *game*? No, but the prey which the old eagles bring their young; three parts of which we consume, leaving the fourth for the eaglets."

Antonio started on his feet.

"And whose discovery was this?" cried he.

"Whose, but Jacomo's," said the man.

"Sublime!" exclaimed Antonio. "Yet," continued he, mentally, striking his breast and sighing, "this is the man I have sworn to betray!"

In fact, Jacomo, hunted like a wild beast, isolated upon a desert rock, having no means of communication with the country below, had exacted a tribute from the eagles; and these banditti of the air and of the mountain partook together of what the former had collected, like brothers.

That night Antonio disappeared!

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE "BLIND OLD HARPER."

(BY DIEWN.—A WELSH BARD.)

I gaz'd, and saw him fading fast,

I heard, the softly swelling sigh;

I wept, he gently breathed his last,

I pray'd his soul to bliss would fly.

And oh! what anguish fill'd my breast,

My scalding tears I could not stem;

Tho' sure in realms above he'd rest,

And love should chant his requiem.

Who woke my soul of sound from sleep,

My woe to conquer or dispel?

Who rais'd poetic fire to keep

Its vigil o'er a new-born spell?

Whose harp's wild melancholy wail,

Infus'd my breast with sadness strange?

Who made me then new rapture hail?

A single touch—and this the change!

And thou dear harp, sad, silent, lone,

Unstrung, untouch'd since then hast lain;

Thy once seraphic varied tone,

Now silent—will it breathe again?

Ah no! for he whose skill awoke,

Thy magic chords—is gone! 'twere vain

How vain, for mortal to invoke,

The pow'r to wake the like again!

Portsmouth.

PURE AND IMPURE.

A FREAK OF THE ALPHABET.

Two would-be Saints, disputing which was best,
Quarrell'd at length, their *purity* to test;
When one retorted thus,—as would his betters,
Using in pun-like words the self-same letters,
Thinking, no doubt, to make his vict'ry sure;
"Impure you say I am,—I say I'm *pure*."

J. M. L.

THE FORCE OF AFFECTION ;

BY SOPHIA ALICIA JONES.

"Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange 'ventures happ'd by land or
sea ;

How are they blotted from the things that be !"
WALTER SCOTT.

"She loved, and was beloved again."
BYRON.

'Tis a tale of other days ! Days that have passed down the stream of time, like the winter's snow before a ray of sunshine. The days of yore ! oh ! what halcyon memories and visions of the past this sentence conjures up ! Of gallant knights and ladies fair—of revelries and pageants gay—of tournaments and troubadours, and all those beautiful and "heart-stirring" things that now have no existence, or dwell alone in memory. Yet 'tis not of these I would write, but of the unchanging devotedness of woman ; of the truth and faith of one of that race whose pride has been humbled by adversity, and who have ever been the sport of the tyrant and oppressor.

Many many years ago, (about the reign of our first Charles,) the ancient baronial residence of Sir Godfrey, le Beauvais was still in existence, and proudly raised its head above the tall forest trees which surrounded it. Encompassed by a broad moat, it presented the appearance of having withstood the "battle and the breeze," and seemed as though it would ever bid defiance to the assaults of Time ; but Time alas ! invariably brings destruction and decay in his miserable career, and the stately edifice of which I write, and its once proud and envied possessors, have alike faded from this ever-changing scene.

Mortimer de Beauvais was the eldest son of Sir Godfrey, and inherited all the haughtiness of soul that characterised his father, without his many unamiable qualities. Pride was Sir Godfrey's predominant passion, and being of Norman descent, and having many distinguished names enrolled amongst his ancestry, he deemed he could not sufficiently appreciate the dignity he derived therefrom.

But far different was the noble Mortimer, though he too was proud 'twas not the pride derived from high birth, and his generous disposition and gallant bearing, made him universally beloved and esteemed. Sir Godfrey had one other son, the ambitious Reginald, whose heart was filled with malevolence, and who felt the most bitter and unextinguishable hatred for his more handsome and accomplished brother.

To Mortimer, as we have already said, Nature had been prodigal, and lavished her graces with unsparing hand ; but the more fading, and as it frequently proves, *more fascinating* charms of the *exterior*, were far surpassed by the beauties of his mind. Keenly alive to the perfections of his son, Sir Godfrey much wished him to form an alliance with one of the fair daughters of a noble house, but he heeded not the persuasions of his father on this

topic, and turned a cold and indifferent ear whenever the subject was introduced. Could it be possible that the fount of affection ne'er warmed the heart of so enthusiastic a being ? Not so ! he loved with all the ardour and purity the young and devoted alone are capable of feeling. Oh ! Love, insidious as thou art, where is the breast thou dost not animate ! Prince and peasant, philosopher and sage, all have bowed willing captives to thy mighty power.

The last rays of a summer's sun were streaming through the window of a chamber in which sat a young Hebrew girl. The furniture of the room was of the most costly description, almost vying with the splendour of eastern magnificence, and everything around indicated a profusion of wealth. Cushions of the richest velvet were carelessly piled in one corner, and gracefully reclining on these, was the heroine of my tale. There she lay, "a very queen of beauty." Her beautiful face wore a pensive and thoughtful expression, whilst her soft eyes seeking the ground, were entirely veiled by the long dark lashes that presented a vivid contrast to the pale loveliness of her cheek. Her sable hair was confined by a bandeau of the richest jewels, save one or two wreathing locks that had escaped the gentle bondage, and waved on her bosom. Her form was perfect, cast in Nature's finest mould, and well calculated to attract the homage and admiration of every beholder. Although in England from her infancy, yet Zarah was of foreign extraction ; and when her proud spirit was roused, the bright flash of her eye, told she was a child of sunnier lands. Her parents were dead, and she stood alone in the world, when chance made her acquainted with Mortimer de Bauvais. She seemed to be deeply musing, when a door softly opened a young and handsome cavalier, gaily attired, entered the room.

"Zarah ! my own Zarah, thou art sad, but cheer thee up awhile, and bid thy true one welcome."

"Light of mine eyes ! my own Mortimer, thou art indeed welcome," said the beautiful Jewess, while a smile of peculiar sweetness played round her lips. "And now for thy tidings love, for thy face telleth me thou bringest some."

"True my gentle propheticess," returned the young man, doffing his plumed cap, and seating himself on the ground at her feet, "and should I tell the I have now no home but thine, how wouldst thou look upon thy wanderer !"

"How should Zarah look upon the husband of her bosom ? What home should *she* have that *thou* didst not also share ? but explain thyself beloved of my heart, what wouldst thou say ?"

"Only that I have bidden adieu to the castle of De Beauvais," replied Mortimer ; "never shall I behold its ancient turrets again, but that will not grieve me dearest, so thou art with me."

"Mortimer," said Zarah, impressively laying her white hand on his arm and bending her eyes on his with a deep and anxious gaze, "Mortimer ! this must not be. My heart whispereth that for me hast thou done this thing. Is not thy happiness bound up in mine ? Return then to thy father and tell him the despised Hebrew Girl *scorns* to plant enmity between him and thee. Return !

henceforth thou art free, and I shall exist in the dear knowledge of thy happiness."

"Is it thus thou dost counsel me? my own beautiful Zarah," asked Mortimer with a sigh, "thou art cruel love! but 'tis vain—the grave alone shall sever us. My father hath another son and can well afford to spare the *degenerate Mortimer*. Yes! by Heavens!" and his eyes flashed fire, "those were the very words he used when he taxed me with my love for thee. I owned the flame—I told him thou wert my pride, my treasure!—he cursed me in his wrath and bade me seek his face no more! I turned my steps from the castle, and live again in the sun of thy smile."

"Thou must not," began Zarah pleadingly.

"'Tis in vain, my love," interrupted De Beauvais impetuously, "I leave thee no more—did he not spurn me from him as though I were the vilest reptile? My brother too taunted me with thee,—but let it pass, I pity the ungenerous spirit that prompted it,—with this right hand, and this good trusty sword, I will carve a path through a world I despise."

Mortimer de Beauvais had for some months been secretly united to the beautiful Jewess when his haughty father discovered and taxed him with his passion for her; and instead of denying it as he hoped and expected he would, the gallant De Beauvais frankly acknowledged the secret of his soul, and demanded pardon of his offended parent. 'Twas then his proud imperious spirit burst control, and openly avowing his utter detestation of the Jewish race, he cursed his noble son and forbade his return to the home of his fathers. O! 'tis a beautiful thing to see two young hearts clinging to each other through all the storms of life, and the frowns of a cold and mocking world;—heedless of the shocks without, so their love remain unchanged; forgetful of the bitter past, so the future gives them still to each other. Cold indeed must they be, who would separate such souls, and blight the early buds of young and true affection! De Beauvais and his lovely bride soon left the dark city of L— far behind them, and sequestering themselves in a lovely valley in the north of England, far "from the busy haunts of men," soon forgot in the joys of solitude all the taste they had ever acquired for the struggling and ambitious world from which they had escaped. But still there was "a worm in the bud." The soul of Mortimer vibrated with the keenest sensibility, and the remembrance of his father's curse haunted him like a devouring fiend. He remembered how proudly that father had watched his growth from infancy to manhood! Till the bud expanded into blossom; and how his usually stern and unbending countenance was wont to be irradiated with a smile of exultation when his eye fell on him. And his fancy pictured in the most vivid colours the ruin and desolation he had brought to that old man's hopes, and he beheld him mourning o'er the loss and supposed degeneracy of his eldest son. This state of mind soon brought a change o'er the handsome De Beauvais; his countenance grew pale and haggard, and losing all his fire and vivacity, he became thoughtful and reserved. The ever watchful Zarah perceived the change and her heart told her the cause. One

day as they sat together, she gazed at the melancholy expression of his face till tears sprang to her eyes—"Beloved of my soul," she murmured, "I feel thou art unhappy, but no longer must thou languish thus in obscurity, must thine eye grow dim, or thy bright cheek fade. Go! seek the home that for me thou hast forsaken, and let the arms of thy parent encircle thee again—be the stay and pride of his old age, and forget thou ever had'st a bride,—I can at least *die* for thee!"

"Peace Zarah, peace," said Mortimer soothingly, "long wilt thou yet live to bless thy Mortimer; to me existence were a joyless blank but for thy faith and love; but the cup of bliss is ever dashed with misery, my father's curse weighs heavy on my mind, and poisons all my happiness. I will go forth this night to the castle, and throw myself at his feet—perhaps he may relent from the stern purpose of his soul, and take his wanderer to his arms again."

That night Mortimer left his quiet home and his beautiful Zarah, and little she deemed as she listened to his receding footsteps, and breathed with tearful eyes, and sorrowing heart, a prayer to the God of her fathers for the safety of her beloved, that such grief and misery hovered o'er his devoted head. But we will not anticipate.

A considerable period elapsed, and Mortimer returned not; the soul of Zarah was filled with the deadliest apprehensions, yet she strove to chase away the fearful visions that would sometimes obtrude, and prayed each day for strength in her hour of trial and for the preservation of him who was dearer to her than life. But follow we the steps of De Beauvais. In a few days he beheld the grey walls he once thought he should never look upon again. Early and hallowed recollections crowded on his brain; his heart beat high, and every pulse throbbed tumultuously as he gazed upon *his home*. Home! there is *magic* in the word, and De Beauvais felt its fullest and most thrilling power. One solitary individual was discernable before the castle, and to him Mortimer quickly advanced; but shuddered with a presentiment of approaching evil as he encountered the dark scowl of his brother Reginald.

"Ha! by my faith," exclaimed he with a bitter sneer, "'tis my *noble* brother! the goodly supporter of his father's house, the *worthy* descendant of his honoured ancestors! wherefore?" said he as he folded his arms and drew up his tall form to its fullest height, fixing an eye that revelled in malignity on his brother, "wherefore art thou here!"

"Be silent, Reginald," replied Mortimer, "I banded not words with *thee*. I seek my Father."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Reginald mockingly, "thy Father? Go seek him in his grave then, where he hath lain this many a day; and where *thou*, degraded as thou art, hast helped to place him!"

"My Father!" faltered Mortimer with a look of heart-felt anguish, "is he *indeed* dead? then my cup of misery is full, and happiness hath fled from me *for ever*!"

"Thou shalt seek it no more in the Castle of de Beauvais, nor pollute its broad lands with thy hated footsteps," shouted Reginald, "hence! away to the beetle-browed daughter of an accursed race,

thou *callest wife!* see how long the memory of thy dead parent will haunt thee when thou livest again in her wanton smiles! Hence! base as thou art, or I'll *spurn* thee from me!"

"Beware Reginald," answered Mortimer, who felt the burning blood rush to his brow and cheek, "spare me thy taunts thou shameless boy, and cease to add this insult to oppression, or I may be tempted to forget thou art my mother's son!"

Many and more bitter taunts were added by the scoffing Reginald, 'till at length the proud spirit of Mortimer was roused to its highest pitch; his soul was stung to madness, reason forsook him, and drawing his sword it glittered high in the air, and the next moment found a sheath in the heart of Reginald. He paused for a moment, gazed vacantly at the writhing body that lay at his feet, then plunged into a thicket and disappeared. For weeks he became an outcast and lurked in the depths of woods and forests to escape those who were eagerly pursuing him; for hateful as Reginald had ever been, there wanted not those who would avenge his fall. With a heart bleeding for the fate of his gentle bride, De Beauvais by degrees neared the spot that contained all that now bound him to the world, though he knew not how to present himself before her, stained with crime and abhorring himself and life. Having waited till the shades of evening descended and obscured everything around, he softly approached the house, and cautiously stealing to an open lattice, beheld his Zarah on her knees. She was praying—ay! praying for one, who, though owning a different faith was not less dear to her. He could not bear to watch the painful expression of mental agony that dwelt on her lovely face, as with uplifted hands and streaming eyes she knelt before her God! He dashed away the sympathetic tears that dimmed his sight and sprung to her embrace.

"Zarah! my all on earth! behold thy wretched Mortimer! pray for me beloved! surely prayers like *thine* will not plead in vain. Zarah! Zarah! look on me once more, and speak of *Hope* and *Mercy!*"

But Zarah heard not, answered not, she had fainted with joyful surprise, nor heeded the impassioned looks of love, nor saw the wild despairing mien of her unfortunate husband. Slowly she recovered, and he clasped her to his agonized heart.

"She lives," he cried, "lives to curse me, to feel all the woe and misery I have brought upon her."

"Talk not of misery, my husband," answered Zarah, "though thy form is changed, thy heart is still the same—thou art with me again, and I am happy!"

"Happy? Zarah! Oh! can'st thou speak of happiness to *me*? Yet stay, thou knowest not all my guilt, my wretchedness—or thou would'st not hang upon me thus. Zarah, there is *blood* upon these hands, and—Oh God! that blood a brother's! ay! well mayst thou tremble, and thy quivering lips turn pale. Oh! touch me not, for thou art pure and innocent, and I a guilty and polluted thing? Hush! there are voices! they have tracked me then—now take thy last look of Mortimer—my hour is come, I go to an ignominious death, and thou—"

The sentence was interrupted by his pursuers, who burst open the door and sternly bade him surrender to their power. He turned to Zarah who had sat with her hands clasped in speechless woe seemingly insensible to all that passed, when suddenly life and energy reanimated her frame, and she dashed forward.

"Whither would ye lead him," she cried, "to chains and death? *Never!* Mortimer, thou art guilty! but there is *One* on high who can forgive thee! Thou knowest how I *have loved*—how I *still* love thee—I will now prove how deep that affection. Adieu, my hapless Mortimer, *this* parting is our *last!*" She snatched a pistol from his belt and raising it to his head, fired—he fell lifeless at her feet. The officers of justice rushed forward, but she proudly waved them back with the air of an Empress; while her face, though deadly pale, showed high resolve and determination. "Stand back, ye minions, nor dare defile me with your touch. What! did ye think the bones of the gallant De Beauvais should whiten in the blast, or that beauteous form writhe 'neath the grasp of the executioner? No, adored of my heart!" said she, apostrophizing the corpse on whose face lingered the traces of a smile, as if to thank her for the deed, "no! thou art freed from earthly shackles, and be it for weal or woe the spirit of thy Zarah shall soon rejoice thee. One kiss, one *last* kiss," she added, touching his pale brow with her lips, "and my task is done!" She drew forth a dagger as she spoke from the folds of her robe, and plunging it into her bosom, expired!

ANSWER TO CHARADE

(BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.)

In the last Number, Page 67.

"SIR HUGH is a gay and gallant chief,"

Cried the merry Isabel,—

"And many a trusting maiden he

Hath led astray by his perfidy,

But I know the traitor well!

I've promised to seek the greenwood glade,

To meet him!" With a smile

She turned away. An hour hath gone,

And, in the wood, he stands alone,

Kicking his heels the while.

"She comes at last!" and a lady, cloak'd,

And mask'd, and closely veil'd,

Crept through the trees; he's at her feet,

And oh! what a flood of language sweet

Hath that lady's ears assail'd.

He kisses her hands—he clasps her waist,

But never a word said she

For a good half-hour; then, at the last,

She laugh'd so loud, and she laugh'd so fast,

That the knight sprang from his knee.

The lady flung her cloak aside

With a gesture most uncommon

For a gentle girl; her mask she threw

Away. "I'll be hang'd (cried out Sir Hugh)

If it is n't an ugly old woman!"

CALDER CAMPBELL.

There is no more horrible state of mind than that in which we are forced by conviction to listen on, wishing every word to be false, and knowing every word to be true.—*Maturin.*

THE MALE COQUETTE.

"This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips.—MACBETH.

Charles Linton and myself were idling away an hour of twilight, in a careless saunter along the pavement of the quiet village, where we were mutually pursuing our collegiate studies. The garniture of autumn bedecked the hills—the tropical leaf sways to no gentler breeze than our lips parted to receive—our mental toils had ceased with the changing vibration which still lingered in the chapel steeple, and groups of our fellow students were passing to and fro, enjoying keenly the loveliness of the hour, and exulting in their release from the daily routine of study. Arm in arm we pursued our walk, yet our manner was free from that bustling sprightliness and noisy joviality, which is so striking a contrast to the silent reserve of manhood, and invariably betrays the light-hearted student. Our eyes were not making their usual excursions to the open windows of our female acquaintances—even the slight drafts upon our politeness, as some fair form of their number flitted by, with a twinkling step and furtive glance of coquetry, were met only by an absent and mechanical bow, and our friends among the labouring classes, as they trudged from their daily toil and sent in our pursuit some piece of rustic satire, stared at the unusual silence of two such college blades as ourselves. Even the village boys displayed their agility and minstrelsy with a sinister design upon our peace and praises, in vain. In truth we were too much absorbed in our own conversation to be heedful of passing "sights or sounds."

It will be a difficult task to give a mental or personal description of my companion. During an acquaintance of four years I had found his character a continued study. My reader will imagine a form imposing in proportion, graceful, instinct with buoyant and exulting health, and an irregular yet expressive cast of features, of which a keen grey eye and a mouth of intellectual outline, would most vividly impress an observer. I read Charles Linton like a book, when we first took our seats together in the college chapel, by the flash of the one and the passionate curve of the other. His uniform demeanour was courteous and fascinating in the extreme, yet I could never rid myself of the impression that his manner was artificial—rather moulded from the heartless maxims of Chesterfield and Rochefoucault than the free gushings of a kind and generous spirit; and it was so. Although nearly hidden in the glitter of splendid qualities, still Charles Linton's reigning and most repulsive foible was selfishness, an instance of the exhibition of which may be traced in the present sketch. Linton's intellect was active, strong, restless, and admirably disciplined. He was the only collegiate genius I ever knew, that sustained the character of an industrious and successful student. His self-control was remarkable. I have known him literally tremble with passion; yet, with an overmastering effort, his eye would clear, and the lip which he had bitten until it was bathed in blood, would be wreathed in smiles. These imperfect

and rambling details premised, I hasten to sketch a detached passage in the conversation before alluded to:—

"Yet what will be the result of this flirtation upon the feelings and peace of Helen Richmond? Have you thought of this, Linton?"

"I have thought little, and care less about the result."

"Has it not occurred to you," I replied, "that a young and susceptible girl of sixteen, who has known few companions beside the poets and her own fancies, may repay your marked attentions with the gift of her heart?"

"Suppose such a catastrophe should occur," rejoined Linton, "Helen Richmond or her sex should not complain. Coquetry is their 'being's end and aim,' and by a little harmless flirtation we only repay their attacks upon our peace of mind in their own coin."

"Really, Linton, you are becoming very chivalric of late. We 'lords of the creation,' are much obliged to you for couching lance in our defence. But, why not tilt with a knight of your own degree—some accomplished coquette, who could meet your stratagems with corresponding wiles—rather than this unsuspecting and confiding girl?"

My sarcasm took. Linton's pride revolted from this view of the subject, although in his countenance I could read no dawnings of generous emotion. His manliness was questioned by my remark, and his hasty reply referred to no other consideration.

"You mistake, Trevors," he said, "you mistake. My attentions to Helen Richmond may have been noticed, yet have they not gone beyond the limits of sheer politeness?"

"I think they have been too invidious, by far. The politeness of a gentleman would justify such a manner toward *the sex*, but not toward a single individual. The distinction immediately established is apparent and wrong, unless you are prosecuting a matrimonial suit. This remark applies in your instance. You have stationed yourself near Helen Richmond in public rooms—your eye had a milder expression for her, and your voice a more impassioned tone, and I am not alone in the opinion, that a first love is the requital."

"Well, well," replied Linton, in a tone of impatience, as if the subject and my direct treatment of it were irksome, "this would make a fine peroration for some future speech, in a suit of breach of promise. As for Helen Richmond, I love her not, and I regard my late intercourse with her only as a momentary flirtation. But hush! we are passing her house!"

"The caution came too late, for at that moment a low exclamation, unnoticed by Linton, reached my ear. As mine was the interior of the walk I turned my head in its direction, and my eye met the agonized glance of Helen Richmond. She was leaning against an elm, evidently for support, and the anguish stamped upon every feature of her pale countenance, assured me that the heartless remark of Linton had been overheard by its subject. As I caught her eye she hastily recovered herself, and with a gesture of silence disappeared.

"How, Trevors!" exclaimed Linton, who was totally unconscious of this thrilling "*aside*" in our conversation. "Peering so anxiously through old Richmond's alleys. Your stare is really quite dramatic! What is the matter, man?"

I replied evasively, and the little incident above-mentioned having indisposed me for farther conversation, we soon parted.

I must here pause to recal some lagging portions of my narrative. Helen Richmond, thus abruptly introduced to the reader, was very young—just lingering upon the threshold of tearful and passionate womanhood, and far from beautiful; for, from her earliest infancy, her's had been the weary lot of an invalid. Yet, though disease had stolen the bloom from her cheek, and the elasticity from her step, still there lingered in her delicate and symmetrical features traces of noble and intellectual beauty. A brunette in complexion, her eye was an anomaly in female loveliness—dark as night, yet tender as sorrow. Her voice was low and musical, and there was always a hush of my pulse as I listened to its sad cadence. My usual reminiscences of this period are indistinct, yet how well do I remember the artless *nuiveté* of her manner—her keen apprehension of the beautiful in nature and intellect—the magic of her conversation and the insensible drafts upon your sympathy, as you listened to her painful breathing and marked the pallor of her cheek.

She was an object of interest and sympathy, and I dreaded the influence of the above incident upon her feelings—morbidly sensitive as they had been rendered by a long course of illness. That the blow was a severe and cruel one I could not doubt. The question often occurred to me—would she fling over its wound the *ægis* of a woman's pride and secure future peace of mind by a conquest of herself! Sincerely and frequently did I wish her this best and most effectual solace!

In a few days Helen Richmond departed from the little village which is the scene of my sketch, for a residence in the extreme south. She went in the pursuit of health. It was the last resort of an anxious circle of relatives, and as a numerous troop of friends cordially united in the desire, that the issue would realize their hopes, I thought of that twilight scene beneath her father's elms, and included forgetfulness of Charles Linton and his repulsive selfishness among my "good wishes" for Helen Richmond.

We were enjoying the dignified leisure of a senior vacation. Layers of dust were gathered upon our shelves of text-books, and had their venerable authors visited our chambers in person, they might have complained most bitterly of our neglect. We had all survived the fiery ordeal of a final examination—our respective parts for commencement were duly assigned, and most of the class had taken advantage of their release from the "parental discipline" of our worthy faculty, to disperse to their homes. A few of us still lingered behind, in a delightful state of alternation between our collegiate rooms and the parlours of the village. Indeed we were hourly reminded of our privileged ease and freedom, as our compeers in the lower classes, whom we complacently dubbed "*under*

graduates," in anticipation of the coming ceremonies of commencement, toiled patiently to and from their allotted tasks.

Charles Linton occupied my cushioned arm-chair—always the post of honour in a student's room—and we were devoting the cool hours of a summer morning to rambling speculations upon books and authors, an occasional reminiscence of collegiate incidents, and the disposal of certain prime cigars. I was laughing most heartily at some trifling affair, which Linton was relating with all the tact of an admirable mimic, when we were interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who, leaving in my hands a couple of delicately folded billets, bustled away on the same errand to the inmates of an adjoining room.

"Ah! Linton," I exclaimed, "this surprise is worth even the remnant of your story. Here are notes of invitation to Mr. Richmond's."

"How! old Richmond's?" was the reply. "That carries us back to Freshman days. For the last three years that parlour has been a 'sealed book' to company, as much so even, as those of the old Dutch housewives, that the venerable Dietrich Knickerbocker describes,"

"During the absence of Helen Richmond it has been so truly. But have you heard of her return?"

"No!—Is it possible?"

"She returned a day or two since, with her health perfectly restored, and quite a *belles*, as I am told. This party is doubtless given in consequence. You will go, of course?"

"Certainly," said Linton. "You must remember she was an old flame of mine. When we were Freshmen together, you used to read me long lectures upon my 'male coquetry'—I believe that was your phrase."

"Very likely," I replied, and wishing to turn the conversation to a more agreeable topic, I reminded him of an intended fishing excursion. The hint was effectual, and off we sauntered, to catch trout which would have gladdened the heart of Christopher North.

For *once* in my life I was punctual to an appointment, as I entered, that evening, the parlour of Mr. Richmond. I felt anxious, I confess, to renew my acquaintance with Helen Richmond, who had been an absentee for years from her native village, and whom I recollected as the sickly girl, whose youth had been shadowed by the gloomy presence of disease. The *élite* of the place were assembled, and a more fascinating circle never gave life to the dulness of a country village. Perhaps a group of lounging seniors like ourselves were interested judges on such a topic; yet even at the time of present writing, with my blood cooled by some years of mellow bachelorhood, I feel that it would be hardly safe to trust myself in a description of the belles of E—.

I recognized Helen Richmond only by her smile and voice—the one retaining its modulated sweetness and the other its lovely expression—as she advanced to greet and welcome me. She was changed—wonderfully changed. She had left us a wasted invalid, but now the hue of health glowed upon her cheek and lip—her bowed form had become full, graceful, and buoyant, and her eye,

which once would have haunted you with its subdued and pensive look of sadness was now radiant with health and beauty. She replied to my congratulations upon her return with an ease and grace which was eminently southern. Our conversation was of "*lang syne*," yet as I left her side at the approach of others, I could hardly realize that the bright and beautiful girl, whose whole appearance was such a dazzling surprise to all her acquaintance, was really the same Ellen Richmond I had known three years before.

"Trevors," said a laughing coquette to me in the course of the evening, "look at Linton, he is fairly caught."

"Linton!" I replied, "is he here? I have not seen him enter."

"Yonder he is, talking with Miss Richmond. See, how completely absorbed! We will all share in her triumph, if she leads him captive. I have long given him over as incorrigible."

"I thought you had him in your toils a month since," I replied. "Has he broken loose?"

"He was never fast! It was only one of his flirtations—merely playing round the book!"

"I understand," I replied, "Greek meeting Greek?"

The experienced eye of the beauty had not deceived her. Linton was evidently struck with the fascination and loveliness of his companion—seconded as her personal charms powerfully were, by a graceful and brilliant conversational tact. I watched her narrowly, as Linton, with his usual animation of tone and gesture, sustained his part in the *tete-a-tete*. Her manner was that of polite and graceful attention. She was perfectly self-possessed. Not the least flurry of manner—not the slightest change of colour, nor a single faltering glance of her eye indicated any internal agitation. Not a tone of Linton's voice seemed to touch a heart-string. Was a certain passage in her early intercourse with Linton forgotten?

The festivities of the evening being over, Linton and myself loitered slowly to our quarters. He talked gaily and freely upon every subject, except the one which would most naturally occur to us—the return and appearance of Helen Richmond. My least allusion to this was received with a reserve and indifference of manner, so evidently assumed, that I was not deceived for a moment. I needed no other proof, that a deep impression had been made upon his usually volatile temperament. I observed him closely thenceforth, and every day convinced me that his proud spirit was bowing before the influence of an absorbing passion. I saw the whole man—his vigorous intellect, and strong yet subdued passions—taking that direction with a convulsive energy characteristic of himself. His want of confidence continued, yet by me, who had studied his character for years, the disguise was easily penetrated, and I abided the event with increasing interest.

It was the festival week of a collegiate institution—that which ushered our commencement. The village was crowded with gay company. Balls, parties, and excursions of pleasure made every hour a festal one, as if to drown the regrets of the graduating class, who were so soon to leave

the sheltering shadows of their Alma Mater. Among the giddy round I remember well the *levee* of our venerable President, the evening immediately previous to commencement. Will my readers accompany me thither?

The gathering was a motley, yet a brilliant one. "Fair women," radiant with beauty and smiles, gave life and animation to the various groupings of the assemblage, and even the few of their number, with whom certain susceptible seniors had been suspected of deposing vows of rather a tender character, appeared regardless of the morrow's pangs of separation. The professors were moving among their former pupils, recognizing by their bland and affable courtesy, their new character as "citizens of the world." And "the class," now scattered the wide world over, seemed resolved to fling care to the winds, in the enjoyment of the passing festivities. Was not their's a true philosophy?

It was a lovely summer evening, and slipping from a gay group gathered upon the piazza, I strolled leisurely, and alone, through the delightful and tangled walks of the President's garden. The air was cool and fragrant—the slight curve of a crescent was dropping over the hills, and as its soft and lingering light half revealed the landscape, methought that moonlit scene was not unlike the future of our hopes and schemes, dim, uncertain, and indefinite. The cheerful sounds of merriment came swelling from the lighted apartments, and thoughts of a saddened nature were stealing over me, when I was startled by the sounds of approaching footsteps. A moment, and Charles Linton and Helen Richmond were within such a short distance from the arbor, whose clustering vines concealed me, that every word of their conversation was distinctly audible.

Linton was repeating with an earnest and passionate emphasis, "a tale of love." Their steps grew slower and slower, until there was an abrupt and mutual pause. The countenance of Linton was pale and agitated with emotion, and a single glance satisfied me that the present moment was a crisis in his existence of thrilling interest. He paused, and with a feverish anxiety I awaited the reply.

It came, after a momentary pause, in a measured, yet musical tone—ah! how unlike the trembling articulation of Linton—it came—like the knell of hope to his shrinking ear—a calm disavowal of the least reciprocal feeling, and a courteous rejection of his addresses.

"For Heaven's sake! Miss Richmond, Helen, dearest Helen!" exclaimed Linton, "recall what you have said! Is there no encouragement—no hope?"

"There can be none, Mr. Linton," was the reply.

"Surely time may work some change in your feelings. At least qualify your refusal! Is there no condition—no alternative but this cold—this cruel rejection?"

"Listen to me, Charles Linton. Justice to you requires that I should be explicit. The time has been when I might have received your avowal differently, but it has passed for ever. Do you remember, three years since, I was a poor sick

girl, drawing every breath in pain, and looking into every face for love and pity. You were attentive and kind, and I was grateful. Your attentions became so marked and exclusive, that they were noticed by every one. Do you doubt how I construed them?—Charles Linton, I loved you! I confess it freely, for I was unused to society, weak and confiding. Do not interrupt me. One day I overheard you boasting to a companion, that your attentions to me were only designed as a heartless flirtation, for the gratification of a personal vanity, and from that moment I ceased to love, ay! or to respect you, Charles Linton. It was a cruel struggle, yet a woman's *pride* sustained me. Had that last blow been spared, I might have lived and loved on, for I should have attributed the long hours you spent at my side, the softness of your tone, and the kindness of your eye to a generous sympathy for a poor invalid. But I discovered your selfishness, Charles Linton, and here I am, the cold and tearless woman, who tells you, as her last and kindest wish, to go and *forget her.*"

She spoke rapidly, but collectedly, and as her last words thrilled upon the ear of Linton, she was gone.

I trusted but one glance to his countenance. That man of iron nerve and high intellect was in *tears.*

'Twas a fearful *retribution*—that of Helen Richmond. TREVORS.

P U Z Z L I A N A.

BY GEORGE CARR.

No. 1.—CHARADE.

The sky is blue, the sun is shining,
And maidens' wreaths of flowers are twining,
For 'tis my blissful first—and see!
Some youths advance with joy and glee,
Their best and gayest garments wearing,
My second on their shoulders bearing;
They fix it in the ground, and now
My *whole* they call it, each fair brow
Turns to the sky in humble hope, that Heav'n will
bless—
Heav'n beams a purer flood of azure loveliness.

No. 2.—CHARADE.

At the death of his father, young Harry was left
As my first by a strange man in town;
Who oft dressed in my second of raven-like hue,
And his look scared the little rogue down:
His fright was so much, that he ran high and low—
Hid himself in my *whole*—where he may not be now.

No. 3.—REBUS.

1—A little flower whose beauty often pleases—
2—A power, which chiefly youthful victims seizes—
3—A book whose truth our mental sittings eases—
4—The hour in summer cooled by western breezes—
5—What, when his lady gives, the lover teases—
6—That which our warm hearts chill—our lifeblood
freezes—

These words *initially* will form the name
Of one, who lately to our island came,
Blessed with the smiles of Fortune—fickle dame!

No. 4.—TRANSPPOSITION.

TEN ROMANS rode a steeple chase,
"For what?" say you—a penny;
Their horses trimmed with ribands gay,
And decorations many.

No. 5.—CONUNDRUM.

One morning while at school, the class to which I belonged was summoned before the master to answer for an offence, which some one amongst us had committed; when the question was put, "who is guilty?" I acknowledged it, merely naming a river in Bavaria—the boy who stood next me had been recently imported from France, but long enough to understand the meaning of "*birch*," and wishing to see its appliance, pointing towards me, he ejaculated the name of a French river. Name the two.

No. 6.—CONUNDRUM.

The naming of what celebrated Grecian would desire a cobbler to continue at his work?

VILLAGE SONNETS:

DAME MOWBRAY'S SCHOOL.

Three hundred years have passed away since she,
The mourning widow of a stalwart knight,
(Bequeathing many a fertile hill and lea,
Did build yon school-house, which is hid from sight

Amid those lofty elms, themselves as old
As is the building; round its chimneys high,
The ivy with its glossy leaves doth fold;
A pleasant wintry sight to see; and nigh,
Bounding the grassy play-ground, runs a stream
Of limpid water; on its banks do grow
The tender primrose with its starry gleam,
And the pale lilly with its cups of snow;
The while the spot, at noontide's holy-day,
Is gladden'd by the voices of the school at play.

HENRY RAYMOND.

I'LL THINK ON THEE!

I'll think on thee! I'll think on thee!
Though Hope may pass away,
The spell that binds thee, love, to me,
Can never know decay.

I'll think on thee! I'll think on thee!
Life's "cark and care" in vain
Would quell the thrill of bosoms, free,
As billow on the main.

I'll think on thee! I'll think on thee!
The proud, the paling glow,
Of feelings in their fervency,
'Tis thine, and mine to know!

I'll think on thee! I'll think on thee!
Thy glad, fond look beguiles,
Like the waters of the azure sea,
Kissing the sunny isles.

I'll think on thee! I'll think on thee!
So tremulously bright,
The spell is love, which binds to me
Thine own fair form of light.

I'll think on thee! I'll think on thee!
Love, in the after time,
When the wild, deep throb of ecstasy
Hath left thy heart, and mine.
Dudley.

S. G.

THREE IN A CAB.

GROWN V. GROAN.

Says Marmaduke, "I've often seen three men,
Stout and full grown, cramm'd in a cab." "What
then?"

Cries Tom, "though 'tis too many, you must own,
That such a thing must make the thinnest groan!"

J. M. L.

THE WELL OF RECOVERY.

BY MISS F. JOHNSTON.

(Translated from the German.)

In Damascus, in the land of Aram, lived a man named Baruch, who was renowned throughout the country for his wealth; he possessed the treasures of Arabia and India, and dwelt in a sumptuous palace of marble and gold, costly tapestry, and gorgeous paintings adorned his walls, and his gardens perfumed the air of the surrounding country. Moreover, the Lord had bestowed upon him a beauteous and amiable wife and seven lovely children, and men said, "with justice is he called Baruch," which is being interpreted the "blessed." But behold! there was neither peace nor joy in the rich man's heart, and he sought for happiness in adding to the splendours of his house, and by daily exchanging the beautiful for the more beautiful.

Nevertheless, he found no rest for his soul, and walked melancholy, and sleep departed from his eyelids.

"Of what value," said he, "is life to me? I cannot be greater, or possess more than I have enjoyed from my youth; all is vanity under the sun and my soul loathes it all."

Thus he spake, and went mourning before his house, and afflicted the hearts of his wife and family, and they said, "he is tormented by an evil spirit!" so he desired to die, that he might lose the sense of existence.

Then came a rumour abroad, that in the town of Memphis, in the land of Mizraim dwelt a wise man, a prophet, taught of God, filled with wisdom and the spirit of counsel. And Baruch arose and called unto him a faithful servant of his house, named Malachi, and said unto him: "Make ready quickly two camels, and charge one of them with gold and silver and jewels, and with the precious spices of Arabia, and we will go and seek the counsel of the prophet which is in Egypt."

And Baruch blessed his wife and children and departed with his servant over the mountains into the desert towards Mizraim, and they journeyed seven days, and again another seven days, but found not the land they sought, for the angel of the Lord had blinded their eyes, so that they erred from the way and wandered up and down the desert, not knowing whether to turn to the right or to the left; the water also was spent in their vessels, and there was no fountain or well in the desert far or near, and they rung the dew from their mantles to moisten their parched and burning lips.

Then spoke Baruch, "Ah! would I not give all the treasure with which the camel is laden for one cup of the water that bubbles in the marble and porphyry basons of my gardens in Damascus, and all the costly wine in my cellars for one little fountain to refresh our burning tongues." Thus he murmured, and drawing forth a knife from his girdle, slew one of the camels, but it contained scarcely any water, and his soul fainted within him, and he said, "Alas! Malachi, my faithful servant and companion, have I brought thee into the desert to perish? the torment of my household at home? I have now become thy destroying angel, and yet my good and excellent servant, no murmur escapes thy lips, no reproach against thy

destroyer, who for thy faithfulness hath brought upon thee a curse, ah! how shall I ever be able to requite thee?"

Thus spoke Baruch, but Malachi answered, saying, "Shall I not cheerfully follow my Lord until death? Have I not up to this hour eaten of thy bread, and drank of thy wine? Have I not enjoyed the good day, and shall I now turn away from the evil? May the Lord but deliver thee out of this extremity and take my soul a ransom for thy life. Am I not an insulated man? but there are to mourn thee, a wife and seven children."

Unable to proceed further he was silent, and Baruch fell upon his face in the dust, and cried, "O Lord! God of Heaven and earth, destroy me, for I merit not the grace which thou hast shown, my sins lie heavy upon my soul, inflict therefore, the punishment due unto them," and he wept sore.

As he now lay exhausted and fainting, there suddenly arose a soft rushing sound, like the falling of water, the wretched man raised his languid head and listened, the camel also lifted up her head, and bending her ear to the welcome sound approached a rock which stood near to the spot.

Then said Baruch, "will the angel of the Lord work a miracle in the midst of the desert, and bring water from the barren rock, that we perish not?"

He spoke and followed the steps of the camel, and behold! out of the rugged depths of the solid rock, there gushed a fresh and abundant stream of the purest water.

The humble and penitent man now fell again to the earth and wept aloud, saying,

"Oh! Lord God! now know I in truth, that thou art merciful and of great kindness, and doest wondrous works; albeit we are unworthy of the least of all thy mercies."

But Baruch drank not of the stream until he had filled a bowl, and brought it to his servant, and bathed his burning brow, and moistened his quivering lips. And when the sufferer raised his eyes and looked upon his lord, the old man fell upon his neck and wept with joy, and said,

"O Malachi! thou friend of my heart, no more my servant, behold the angel of the Lord hath revealed unto us a stream, drink, therefore, and refresh thy soul that thou mayest live, and that I may live also."

And after Malachi had drank and was revived, the grateful Baruch led him to the little brook, and spreading food before him in the cool shade of the stream, they praised the Lord, and eat and drank and reposed beside them, and they were comforted, and took courage. But they tarried there all night and the next day, until the dawn of the second day; then spake Malachi to his lord,

"Behold now the sun hath risen, wilt thou that I fill the skins, that we continue our journey towards nightfall to seek the Prophet? we can now scarcely be far from the land of Mizraim?"

But Baruch clasped the hand of his faithful servant, and answered smiling,

"Nay Malachi, my brother, not so; the Lord hath given me the knowledge that I sought, wherefore then any longer seek the Prophet? Come, and we will return the way we came."

And they arose and filled the skins with water,

and gave the camel to drink, 'and blessed the well which had saved them from destruction, and pursued their way joyfully towards Damascus. And on the third day they reached their home, and lo! Thirza, the wife of Baruch, sat with her seven children beneath the palm trees which shadowed their door, and when they beheld Baruch and his servant Malachi, they were astonished; but Baruch embraced his wife and children, and wept with joy. Then spake Thirza:—

"Blessed be the wise man of Mizraim! who hath caused thy quick return, and blessed be Baruch, my beloved, whose countenance is now as an angel of light; tell me, I pray thee, how is he called the Man of God, who hath restored peace to thy soul."

Then smiled Baruch, and regarding tenderly his rejoicing wife, he related to her all that had befallen them in the wilderness, and added, "lo not a prophet, but the Lord himself hath taught me—in the desert have I learnt humility—at the water-brook have I experienced the mercy of the All Merciful, and in my servant found a man and a friend. And now renovated in spirit, and with the peace which passeth all understanding dwelling in my heart, I have gained that precious treasure which all my gold and silver were unable to procure me."

Thus spake Baruch, and the course of his life was humble and upright to the end of his day. His treasures were distributed among the poor and the suffering, and men said, "justly is he called Baruch, for he is a blessing of the Lord's, and from him comes blessings;" but Baruch answered, "lo! this also hath the little brook taught me."

And when the year had elapsed, Baruch, accompanied by his friend Malachi, and by his wife Thirza, and his seven children, consecrated to the Lord the little fountain, and built beside it a house of rest for the pilgrims of the desert, but the well he named "Bede Refah," which signifies the "well of recovery," and thus is it called unto the present day.

STANZAS;

ADDRESSED TO A LADY FROM WHOM THE AUTHOR
RECEIVED SOME ELEGANT COMPLIMENTARY
VERSES.

The laurel wreath they say is dewed
With tear-drops wrung from human pain,
The scoff and scorn of spirits rude,
It crowns the poet's brow in vain,
For nought may hide the deep despair
The soul's stern anguish written there;

And they will call the poet's smile,
A thing of sudden, strange caprice,
But dwelling on the lips awhile,
And ceasing when it should not cease,
To let the gusty passion in,
That spreads a frown and breeds a sin;

And they will say the poet's love
Is false and fickle as his smile,
His grief, a frenzy flung above
The shallow waves of hollow guile;
And they will say he is a lie,
The very slave of phantasy.

But thou wilt not believe the tale,
For poets know what poets are,
Nor, when the chill world's taunts assail,
Wouldst thou unfold the secret scar,
That proves his inner heart is rife
With feelings, foes to peace and life;

Yet is the laurel wreath, a wreath
Bedewed with tears—not all of pain,
For joy hath dew-drops; and beneath
The poet's brow, will oft retain
A placid rapture, pure and fair,
By holy musings printed there.

My life hath passed amid the woods,
A wandering life 'neath alien skies;
But tho' sometimes the past intrudes,
With gloomy mem'ries, oft arise
The "echos" of kind harps and hearts,
As now, to sooth the spirit's smarts.

Lady, thy lay hath spoken peace
To one—a stranger,—sick, not sad,
Save for his weakness. Let not cease
The music of a mind so glad,
But cultivate the holy art,
As giv'n to mend—as well as please—the heart!
CALDER CAMPBELL.

LAMENT OF THE EXILED TROUBADOUR;

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

The sunny fields of glowing France,
Where first I sang of love and thee,
And 'neath the light of beauty's glance,
Awoke my strains of minstrelsy;
Though exil'd 'neath these colder skies,
In fancy's dream, I see them rise,
Again in spirit wander free,
And wake my lute's sweet melodie.

The sunny fields of glowing France,
Alas! shall greet these eyes no more,
Sheathed is for me the sword and lance,
The tourney and the chase are o'er;
Yet still beneath these colder skies,
My native land fills memory's eyes,
And bids the exile fancy free
Re-tune his lute's sweet melodie.

I may not rove thy flowery fields,
Nor press the grape thy ripe vine yields;
And often does the starting tear,
A tribute pay to scenes so dear!
Sad was the time, when doom'd to part,
From thee lov'd France where dwells my heart,
But yet in thought thy charms I see,
And wake my lute's sweet melodie.

SOMEBODIES and NOBODIES belong to all grades of society. In the fashionable world a *Somebody* is a person that has a good house, keeps a good table, and is to be met with at fashionable places at fashionable hours; the knocker of whose door appears to be troubled from two till seven every day with Saint Vitus' dance; whose servants are vastly consequential, and who thinks nothing of eating half-a-dozen early apricots at half-a-crown a-piece, that it may be seen money is of no consequence. A *Nobody* is a matter of fact, prudent sort of personage, who never ventures to take a luncheon in Bond-street, and treats himself during a morning's ramble with a plain cake at the shop of an obscure pastry-cook, and is vulgar enough to bestow the difference between a penny and a crown on some other *nobody*, who, perhaps may stand in need of a dinner.

OUR BOUDOIR TABLE, OR GLANCES AT NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"—Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

SHAKESPEARE.

TRAVELS IN WESTERN INDIA, by the late Lieut. Col. Tod.—This gentleman is known to the world as the author of a huge and costly work, entitled *The Annals of Rajasthan*, which is far too expensive to obtain anything like a general circulation. The work before us is a continuation of the personal narratives in the *Annals*, and was prepared by him for the press some time before his sudden decease. The journey of Colonel Tod commenced from the valley of Oodipore, in Mewar, from whose ruler he parted with regret. His design was to cross the Aravulli chain, and scale the sacred hill of Aboo, never before profaned by the foot of an European; then to endeavour to discover the site of the ancient Nehrwaleh, the Tyre of Western India, and that of Balabhi, the original seat of the Mewar princes; to visit the holy mounts of the Jains at Girnar and Palithana, the temples of Somnath and Dwarka; thence to proceed to Cutch and the last shrines of Hindooism at the *embouchure* of the Indus. This journey he accomplished, in a condition of health which threatened a serious penalty for this devotion to the cause of science. Colonel Tod's sketch of the Bhil communities, one remnant of the aborigines of India, abounds with curious traits of these children of the forest. An anecdote will show the terms of patriarchal simplicity on which they live together. A young Bhil, falling asleep, was attacked by a bear, and lacerated by the animal. His father sought the assailant, killed him, and in presenting his hide to his feudal chief, thought it necessary to apologize for the deed: "It is hard," he said, "that brothers of the forest cannot live on terms of friendship; but he began the war!" In these abodes of rude nature the virtues of hospitality are seen in perfection. If a Bhil pledge his protection to a traveller, he will ensure it at the sacrifice of his life; without a guide the stranger may travel safely from one end of the community to another, with merely an arrow from the quiver of the chief in his hand, as the symbol of protection. Colonel Tod ascended the gigantic Aboo: on the Gara Sikra he met with an Aghori, an individual of an Indian sect, the existence of which would be thought problematical but for the evidence of eye-witnesses. These Aghoris are cannibals; they feed indiscriminately upon a human corpse, or the putrid carcase of a dog, and riot on even the most disgusting offal. Many of these wretches inhabit the caverns of Aboo. We must leave Colonel Tod to traverse Guzerat and Saurashtra, and visit the rival wonders of Mounts Satrunja and Girnar, till he arrives at the celebrated Temple of the Sun at Puttum Somnath. Who has not heard of this far-famed shrine, and of its idol, which, by the blow of Mahmoud's iron mace, was made to disgorge a vast treasure of diamonds and jewels, which the Brahmins offered to redeem for 10,000,000*l.* sterling?—

"Though now but the shell of what it was, though denuded of its pinnacle, whose fragments strew the ground, divested of its majestic superstructure, and but the trunk of a once perfect form, yet from its wrecks we may judge of its pristine character."

It would appear to have been of vast extent, and to have possessed specimens of architectural and sculptural skill which bespoke a people high in the scale of art. Nothing can surpass the beauty of its site, which is on a projecting rock, whose base is washed by the ocean. It is the fashion at the present day to lower the Hindoos, and speak contemptuously of their intellectual productions; it has even been gravely proposed to annihilate their literature because of the mythology which infests it, and which, it is said, distracts the progress of Christianity amongst them. Colonel Tod's descriptions have this recommendation, that they proceed from one who had resided long in the country, accumulated much knowledge respecting it, and identified himself so thoroughly with the sentiments and idiosyncrasy of the people, that they acquire a truth and reality which no delineations of a casual traveller can be expected to possess.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THEIR OFFSPRING;* by Pye Henry Chavasse.—This is one of the most useful little works we have ever perused; it ought to be in the hands of all young mothers and nurses; the treatment prescribed for infants is extremely judicious, and may be followed with the most beneficial results.

A MANUEL OF CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES will be found a very interesting and useful work. It is principally a compilation from the writings of Augusti, and other authors of that period, but they have been pruned of their excrescences, and appear before us in better style than they do in the originals. The analysis of the works of the Fathers is well done.

THE MODERN POETS AND ARTISTS OF GREAT BRITAIN; by S. C. Hall.—This forms the third series of the *Book of Gems*, and is fully equal in beauty and merit to its predecessors.

MEANS AND ENDS, OR SELF-TRAINING, by Miss Sedgwick, deserves great praise. We are admirers of the writings of this lady, who always inculcates good morality.

WOMAN'S MISSION is a clever little work, which the ladies would do well to read.

PLAIN ABSTRACTS FOR POPULAR USE.—This is a very useful little book, it contains a list of all the Acts of Parliament of general interest, and in addition, it gives the reader the *substance* of the Acts that are more especially useful.

THE MIRROR OF MY MIND;†—This is a very useful little volume for young persons; it contains short extracts from the best English writers, both in prose and poetry, and a well-written essay on the tendency of the writings of some of our classical authors, with brief biographical notices. The whole compilation is one reflecting much credit on its editor's head and heart.

* 1 Vol. Longman and Co.

† 1 Vol. post 8vo. J. Anderson, Edinburgh.

PRINCE ALBERT—HIS KINDRED AND COUNTRY.*—A seasonable and well compiled *brochure* which will be read with very general interest. It not only gives an account of Prince Albert's ancestors, with a succinct history of the early progress of the Protestant Reformation, but also a sketch of his country and countrymen. The estimate of the German people, derived from the best sources, which the author (unlike the compilers of similar works) has, in every instance scrupulously acknowledged, is admirably drawn up. Upon that most interesting subject, Love, the author remarks:—

"That kind of enthusiasm which is peculiar to the German people imparts a tinge of romantic sentiment to their characters which a superficial observer would hardly give them credit for. 'Love,' exclaims Madame de Staël, almost profanely, 'is a religion in Germany!' Whatever the Germans set about they prosecute with a perseverance and hearty good will which implies a determination to succeed; and this branch of their enthusiasm seems likewise to influence their moral sentiments. The German who loves, loves not lightly nor in vain. The strong and busy reason, which is ever active within him, tempers, not impedes, the current of passion; and although German *literary* romance is proverbial for an extravagant and unhealthy tone, yet, when it is joined with affection of any kind, it partakes of a more delicate and tender character. The Germans, like the nations of antiquity, particularly the Romans, have the custom of erecting little votive altars to the *Genii loci*, where they have passed any time agreeably or beneficially. These generally bear inscriptions adapted to the scene or the subject. They are erected by friends in memory of friends, of feelings, and enjoyments there communicated and experienced. Disappointment, losses, or crosses in love, past pleasures, and anticipated sorrows, are all thus commemorated; each with its votive altar or tablet, and all interesting in subject or situation. The Germans are naturally a thinking, contemplative people, and these little monuments of the mind are generally met with in solitude."

The first Elector of Saxony, who belonged to the branch of the house of which the Prince-Consort is a lineal descendant, it was who so fostered and protected the bold genius to whom we are indebted for a Reformed Church—Luther. The whole of the events connected with the rise of the Reformation have been recorded in this little work with a comprehensive brevity, and no small theological acumen. The following estimate of the great Reformer's character is made with much judgment, fairness, and originality:—

"History presents us with two characters of Luther: one set of historians picture him as possessing all the vices and defects incidental to man, with the malignity of a demon; while other writers, warmed with admiration, ascribe to him perfections above the condition of humanity. The papal advocates saw in him the destroyer of their most cherished ordinances; while many of those who wrote in favour of Luther's doctrines, regarding him only as the author of Christian liberty, have allowed their gratitude to blind them to his faults. Impartial estimators of Luther's character, from his own writings, from those of his friends, and from those of his enemies, have, however, arrived at more moderate conclusions. He possessed moral courage in the

highest degree, for he opposed himself to the greatest sovereigns and potentates of the earth; a kind heart, for he tendered consolations to his bitterest enemy, Tetzl, when forsaken by his employers, and in the agonies of death and despair; zeal almost unparalleled, and industry for which the annals of human labour may be searched to find a parallel in vain. But he was hasty, impetuous, and sometimes violent to a degree which, when his tenets were attacked, assumed in his answers a shape too nearly approaching resentment. Even then, his indomitable independence was evinced, for he treated his adversaries with invectives, bitter in proportion to their rank; and few of his polemical opponents were so roughly handled as Henry VIII. It has been urged in defence of this fault, that scurrility was the fashion of that time. This blemish is, however, but a small abatement from his fame, and does not prevent his being placed in the first rank of historical characters. The form of the monk of Wittenberg shines brilliantly forth from the receding gloom of the middle ages, and towers far above the most celebrated sovereigns, statesmen, and divines, that were either his antagonists or his disciples."

Of Prince Albert himself, whose history concludes the work, the author has said all that is calculated to endear the new and welcome HUSBAND to the loyal subjects of his illustrious BRIDE. The account of the students of Bonn, amongst whom the Prince passed much of his time, is highly amusing. The motives which have suggested the work—no less amiable than skillfully carried out—cannot be sufficiently commended.

It only remains for us to add that "Prince Albert, his country, and his kindred" is most elegantly got up; and some of the engravings, of which there are several, are beautifully executed.

A SISTER'S LOVE; a Poem, by Guido Sorelli, of Florence.—It is no mean degree of praise that we award to Signor Sorelli, when we say that he always writes pleasingly, and well. The present poem we are inclined to consider one of his best, and the interest is intense. Marietta, the sister of Silvio Pellico, retires within the walls of a convent in consequence of her brother, who with Maroncelli are reprieved when on the scaffold, and condemned to a long imprisonment within the fortress of Spielberg, which they consider even worse than death itself. In her seclusion she devotes herself to the duties of her station, and at length, worn out by the pressure of grief, she dies. Such is the simple outline of the plot, which is filled up with some beautiful episodes. The following is an exquisite passage:—

"Alas! why thus should man's few beauteous years
Become one long-continued martyrdom?
Or why should winter steal his only spring,
Oh why should strength omnipotent despoil
The tender branch of its young budding flower,
Ere yet maturer fruit can prove its strength?"

The name of Guido Sorelli stands high in literature, and deservedly so. "A Sister's Love" will be read with delight by every person who possesses a poetic feeling. It is a very charming poem.

HOWITT'S VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES is a work we cannot speak of in terms of praise. He has, evidently, in some instances, been imposed upon by twaddlers, and the portion of the volume devoted to Stratford-upon-Avon is of a most

* Ward, Paternoster-row.

trashy description. How the master of the charity-school must have stared to find himself put upon an equality with Shakespeare! And how the little urchins must have laughed at his pompously presenting *sixpence* to the descendant of the Poet! Verily, friend Howitt, thy liberality was great indeed. It is evident that Mr. Howitt's sources of information were meagre in the extreme, and we are grieved to find that he did not make better use of his time.

GLIMPSES OF THE OLD WORLD, by the Rev. John Clare, of Philadelphia, is a very interesting work, and will be read with pleasure both in America and England. Mr. Clare is an observant traveller and a pleasant companion.

A DISQUISITION ON THE SCENE, ORIGIN, DATE, &c., OF SHAKESPEARE'S TEMPEST; by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A.—Although this is a very clever work, we are almost inclined to wish commentators would give up their vocation. Some of his remarks are just, many of his theories crude, and all that he appears to aim at is to fix the scene of this at Lampedusa instead of the Bermuda Islands, and he thus states his grounds for such belief:—

"The storm described by Ariosto occurs in the same seas in which the voyagers in *The Tempest* are wrecked. The circumstances of this part of the story required two islands. Ariosto's geography is a little indistinct, or perhaps affected with the license given to a poet. The island with the steep cliffs which receives Rogero, is an island of the Mediterranean, inhabited only by a hermit. It seems not to be actually Lampedusa, but it has the attributes belonging to Lampedusa, which is the other island of this part of the poem, called by its softer name Lipadusa;

"Muta ivi legno, e verso l' Isoletta
Di Lipadusa' fa ratto levarsi."

—Canto xliiii. St. 150.

which Harrington adopts:

"This Lipadusa is a little isle
Distant from Africk shore some twenty mile."

And again:

"Near Lipadusa's steep and craggy cliffs."

Hofman, whom one rarely consults without finding something that is valuable, informs us that the Italian sailors call Lampedusa *La Casa d'Orlando*, in respect of its connexion with this work of Ariosto. We trace further resemblances between these two great poets. When Rogero reached the island,

'Upon the rock with much ado he crawl'd,

And sat upon the level ground in th' end;

When, lo, an aged man, whose head was bald,

And beard below his girdle did descend,

(That was a hermit that did there inhabit)

Come forth to him in godly reverent habit.'

This is the hermit of Lampedusa, a kind of prototype of Prospero; and, as we proceed, we are conducted to the hermit's cell, which we find, like the cell of Prospero, sheltered by a grove of trees:

'The cell a chapel had on th' eastern side:

Upon the western side a grove or berie,

Forth of the which he did his food provide,

Small cheer, God wot, wherewith to make folks merry."

HOURS OF THOUGHT, OR POETIC MUSINGS; by J. S. Hardy.—This volume, called poems, is the production of the most impudent pretender to genius that we ever met with. The poor youth is so full of self-conceit that he seems to consider all

the rest of the world to be fools. He not only takes a line from one and a line from another unblushingly, but he actually *copies* whole poems, contriving, by a few alterations, to make them *heavy*, that they may be supposed to proceed from his own leaden head. That we may not be thought to be too severe on this illegitimate son of song, we will give his *copy*, and then the *original* from which it has been taken:—

LINES ON AN ESQUIMAUX INFANT.

(BY J. S. HARDY.)

Beneath yon mound of earth an infant sleeps,
No parent o'er its mouldering ashes weeps;
Sad, and neglected, seems its place of rest,
Like one forgot, unpitied, and unblest.
The cold wind sleeps along the frozen plains,
And binding frost the groaning deep enchains,
While scarce a sunbeam lights the northern tomb,
Or sheds a ray, to cheer the lasting gloom.
Poor silent tenant of this drear abode,
By man scarce known, by stranger footsteps trod;
Where basks the walrus his unwieldy form,
Or polar bear, that growls beneath the storm.
No grave-stone marks thy long and last repose,
Or tells thy little bour of earthly woes;
Yet 'mid this cold ungenial clime is seen
Affection hovering o'er the cherish'd scene.
Upon thy throbless breast, in thy lone tomb,
The robin of these wilds has made its home,
Produced its offspring 'mong these ashes rude,
And, 'mid decay, uprear'd its callow brood.
Sleep, little infant, sleep, thy bed of rest,
Love reigns as warm as in the turtle's nest,
Spreads her fond wing upon thy cold remains,
And all a parent's tenderness sustains.

Now to prove to our readers what nonsense the *talented* Mr. Hardy can turn very sweet poetry into, we will give them the original, which appeared some ten years since in several publications:—

THE BIRD OF THE TOMB.

Beneath the obilly arctic clime,
Where Nature reigns severe, sublime,
Enthroned upon eternal snows,
Or rides the waves on icy floes;—
Where fierce tremendous tempests sweep
The bosom of the rolling deep,
And beating rain, and drifting hail,
Swell the wild fury of the gale,
There is a little humble tomb,

Not deck'd with sculpture's pageant pride,
Nor labour'd verse to tell by whom

The 'habitant was prized who died!

No trophied 'scutcheon marks the grave,

No blazon'd banners round it wave,

'Tis but a simple pile of stones,

Raised o'er a hapless infant's bones.

Perchance a mother's tears have dewed

This sepulchre, so frail and rude;

A father mourn'd in accents wild,

His offspring lost—his only child—

Who might, in after years, have spread

A ray of honour round his head;

Nor thought, as stone on stone he threw,

His child would meet a stranger's view.

But, lo! upon its clay-cold breast,

The Arctic Robin raised its nest,

And rear'd its little fluttering young.

Where Death in awful quiet slept,

And fearless chirped, and gaily sung

Around the babe its parent's wept.

It was the guardian of the grave,

And thus its chirping seem'd to say—

"Tho' nought from Death's chill grasp could save,
 Tho' nought could charm his power away,
 As round this humble spot I wing,
 My thrilling voice shall daily sing
 A requiem o'er the faded flower
 That bloom'd and wither'd in an hour,
 And proved life is, in every view,
 Nought but a rose-bud twined with rue!"

What Mr. Hardy has made of his copy we leave our readers to decide: the trunk-makers will give him a temporary immortality.

HUNGARY AND TRANSYLVANIA, by John Paget, Esq., is a boldly written and very candid work; he paints the scenes he has witnessed well, and gives us very little inclination to settle ourselves amongst the Hungarians. Our own great novelist, Scott, is almost as well known in Hungary as at home, and Mr. Paget relates the following pleasing little anecdote of that writer's fame:—

"At the station next Tyerhova, one of the tribe of Israel came up and asked us if we would like to see some curious rocks, only about a quarter of an hour from the village. As we followed him to the spot he asked those questions as to where we came from, what we were doing, and whether we were going, so common in most countries except our own, where they are avoided, as though every one was doing something of which he was ashamed, and which he desired to conceal. On hearing that we were English, he asked very earnestly if one Walter Scott was yet living, and expressed the greatest regret when he learnt his death. Surprised at such a sentiment from such a man, and suspecting some mistake, I enquired what he knew of Scott, when he pulled from his pocket a well-thumbed German translation of *Ivanhoe*—the very romance of persecuted Judaism—and assured me that he had read that and many others of his works with great pleasure."

The work altogether, though not of a first-rate description, is highly interesting.

EXCURSIONS IN DENMARK, NORWAY, AND SWEDEN, by Robert Bremner, Esq.—The first of these volumes, with a portrait of Frederick VI., King of Denmark, is devoted to Holstein, Denmark, and the West Coast of Sweden; the second, with a portrait of Charles XIV, John, King of Sweden and Norway, to Norway and the East Coast of Sweden. For Mr. Bremner's present work, no better letter of introduction can be required than one lively remembrance of his delightful and instructive 'Excursions in the Interior of Russia,' &c. The travels narrated in these pages formed a part of the continental tour to which we have just alluded; and 'to the favourable reception which that work has met with, is the present one due.' The work is exceedingly interesting and well-written, and we agree decidedly with Mr. Bremner in his opinions on modern criticism:—

"He must be," he observes, "a very ill-informed, or a very conceited author, who denies that, although the aid of the press cannot make a bad book popular, yet, without it, a good one, even if he has written such, stands little chance of making its way to public favour."

We wish some of the small-fry of literature would take a hint from this quotation, for we are frequently disgusted at the arrogant assurance of petty writers, who try to take the lead of their superiors, and obtain reputation by their own unblushing impudence.

THE COURT JOURNAL.—This publication, since it has passed into new hands, has done us the honour of bestowing wholesale abuse upon the *Belle Assemblée* and its conductors; why or wherefore we know not, unless the spirit of envy has dictated its remarks. It speaks of our's being a "trashy imitation" of some other periodical; this we deny, and fancy the *Court Journal* would feel itself very happy to rank among its contributors, or supporters, the names we can shew in our pages. We never wish to point out the weakness of a contemporary, but the prose article, continued for weeks, under the title of "The Life of a Peer Presumptive," is certainly a fine specimen of "trash," and the lines, purporting to be written by a person present at the nuptials of her Majesty, would do discredit to the ballads published by Mr. Pitts, of Seven Dials celebrity! We hate humbug when accompanied with arrogance, and therefore expose it. This puffing old maids journal is in a very declining state. The poetry is generally of the most rapid description, and the whole work is most awfully "mis-managed;" the conductors are marvellously ignorant with respect to geography, and the things they call engravings are the vilest of the vile.

HOLME PARK, OR THE REVERSES OF FORTUNE, A TALE OF REAL LIFE, by Mary Jane Shield.*—An excellently well written moral tale; we know not when we have been more interested than by the perusal of *Holme Park*. The characters are well drawn, and the plot well sustained throughout.

THE MIRACLES IN EGYPT, AND OTHER POEMS, by George Beddow. 1 vol.—This is a volume of very pleasing poetry, chiefly on sacred subjects: they are the effusions of a gifted, and what is better, a well regulated mind, and do their author much honour.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Friday, February the 7th, a new, play from the pen of Leigh Hunt, entitled *A Legend of Florence*, was produced at this theatre. It is founded on an old traditional story, the mere skeleton of which Mr. Hunt has adopted, clothing it from the fertile field of his own fancy. Francesco Agolanti is wedded to Ginevra, who has rejected the suit of Antonio Rondinelli. Agolanti doubts his wife's affections, not her fidelity, and by his tyranny and taunts, makes her life wretched. The third act ends with this announcement:—

First Servant—My Lady, Sir.

Agolanti—What of her?

First Servant—Sir, she is dead,

In the fourth act we find Francesco trying to excuse his harshness to himself—he hears the voice of his buried lady calling upon him, and and deeming it a spectre, closes his doors against her. In the next scene we find her with Antonio, in his garden, whither he had wandered to mourn and meditate; she is

Ginevra—buried but not dead.

* 1 vol. Whittaker and Co.

He bears her to his house, where she is tended by his mother; Agolanti claims her with a show of sorrow, but speedily breaks forth in anger and reproaches; Ginevra faints, and Francesco striving to kill Colonna, is himself slain.

The early portions of the play lacked power. The hero's—for we presume we must give that name to *Francesco*—passion, is only an outpouring of self-love. He has a wife, he wants a slave; he sighs for a devotion on her part, that he neither deserves nor endeavours to create. *Antonio* has a holy passion for *Ginevra*—a passion that even calumny could not call criminal, and yet its effect is by no means satisfactory. The other characters in the play, save the heroine, deserve no particular notice. On *Ginevra*, the poet has lavished the fulness of his power; her gentleness, her uncomplaining spirit, her madness—the madness of the heart when the sense of unmerited wrong makes even meekness desperate—are all gradually yet beautifully, quietly, yet deeply, portrayed. From her first gentle, and painful from its gentleness, submission to her brutal tyrant, to the last burst—

Loose me and hearken!

Madness will crush my senses in, or speak:—
The fire of the heavenward sense of my wrongs
crowns me;

The voice of the patience of a life cries out of me;
Everything warns me.

This one character is perfect, an angel rather than a woman; she has no high attributes—the one charm, and the untiring one, is her silent suffering and that sustains the play. *Francesco's* mental ruffianism stands out in frightful contrast—his egotism of heart, his self-deception, his pride, his cruelty, are all too real; the taint of superstition, which he deems religion, or, rather, degrades by that name, completes the character. Mr. Moore played the part of *Francesco* with great judgment and Mr. Anderson's lover was delicacy itself. But we know not in what terms of praise to speak of Miss Ellen Tree. The subdued spirit, the crushed heart, were depicted with a pathos unsurpassable. The voice, "ever low and sweet," breathing from the soul—the downcast lids, as is "charged with unshed tears," the faltering step, all told, and silently told, a deep tale of misery. We never heard an effect more electric than her exclamation—

What have I done!

Good God! what have I done! that I am thus

At the mercy of a mystery of thy ranny—

Which from its victim demands every virtue,
And brings it none?

From the scene in which she is discovered, Act I, to the end, her performance was faultless. The scenery and dresses are got up with the greatest care, and attention to stage effect; and the play will doubtless have a long and successful career.

A very splendid masque, entitled *The Fortunate Isle*, in honour of the Royal Nuptials, has been produced here; and, if gorgeous dresses and beautiful scenery can ensure success, it must be the most successful piece of the season, for it boasts all these, and a song to boot by the fair Lessee. The recitative and air, by Miss Rainforth, could

well be dispensed with; they lengthen out the piece to a tedious weariness.

An opera, entitled *Mabel*, or the *Gipsy's Vengeance*, was produced here on Saturday, 22nd February; the music by Mr. Jolly. Its success seemed very equivocal, but we think it had not fair play. Some of the music was very good, particularly a song by Mr. W. Harrison, which was the only thing encored in the piece. The plot has little novelty, strongly reminding us both of *Fra Diavolo* and *Esmeralda*. The scenery was very beautiful, and the whole got up with much care.

DRURY LANE.

A similar piece has been brought out at this house. No other novelties have been produced since our last, but Mr. Macready continues to draw crowded houses.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This little temple of the drama, which the name of *Vestris* has associated with all that is elegant, has recently been opened under other auspices, and we think with every prospect of success. Mr. Butler, a gentleman well known in the theatrical world, has become the pilot of the adventure, and though he may not steer the bark with so graceful a hand as its late fair manageress, yet we have no doubt the Olympic will receive a very large share of that patronage, which it has heretofore enjoyed. The same description of dramatic pieces are played as in the time of Madame Vestris, but with one great drawback, viz. the lateness of the hour to which they are prolonged. The bills profess the entertainments to close shortly after eleven o'clock, but on the evening we were present it was past midnight ere they were concluded. Four pieces are at least one too many to be sat out with patience, even by the most inveterate lover of the smell of the lamps. The company, if not a very strong one, includes many old favourites of the public. Messrs. Butler, Wrench, Morris Barnett, Ross, Baker, and G. Wild. And among the ladies Mrs. Glover, (who is in herself a host), Mrs. Anderson and Miss Fitzwalter.

The Two Greens, *French Polish*, and *The Pink of Politeness*, are all pleasing in their way; and in the *Guardians off their Guard*, which is merely *A Bold Stroke for a Wife* compressed into two acts; the part of *Colonel Feignwell* was admirably sustained by the Lessee. The house wants to be better warmed, for the draughts of air on the evening we were present were fearful to all those who have the dread of "catarrhs and tooth-aches" before their eyes. Let the manager put his dramas as neatly on the stage as his predecessor, and we see no reason why the Olympic should not prove a golden speculation to his hopes.

CAMBRIAN BALL.

On the 29th January, (too late a period in the month to be noticed in our last number,) a grand full dress ball was given at Willis's Rooms, in aid

of the funds of the Welsh School. It was crowdedly attended, and the dancing kept up with great spirit till an early hour in the morning. A poetical address, written for the occasion, by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, was distributed through the rooms by several of the female children of the establishment. We subjoin in this place a verse from the Ode, written by the same lady, which will be sung by the children this day, (March 1st,) at the annual meeting of the Patrons of the charity, held at the Freemason's Hall. It alludes to the lamented death of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Bart. :—

Yet o'er this bright scene, of which WALLIA is proud,
One mournful regret, casts its shadowing cloud ;
And the sadness of Grief sits on CAMBRIA'S brow,
For the Patriot she hallows in memory now !
The Father—the Friend, and the Patron—whose name,
While a Welsh bosom beats, its remembrance must claim,
Like that which the sculptor with science sublime,
For Cambria has snatched from the shadows of Time.*

MR. W. BALL'S LECTURE.

We attended at the London Mechanic's Institution a few evenings since, a most entertaining lecture, given by this gentleman on literary and lyrical subjects. It consisted of gleanings, narrative and vocal, from the field of our national minstrelsy, interspersed with specimens of ballads and comic songs. These lectures, of which we believe Mr. Ball is giving a series, unite entertainment with instruction, and are highly edifying to the auditor.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

TO THE EDITRESS OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Rue du Faubourg, St. Honoré
à Paris, Feb. 23.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I have scarcely anything to say to you at this moment about out-door costume, for we are all so taken up with dressing for balls and *fêtes* that the promenade is scarcely thought of. I must however observe that mantles and shawls, trimmed with fur, are a good deal more worn than they were last month, but there is not the least novelty in their form.

I think we may expect an increase in the size of *chapeaux*, some indeed have lately been seen upon ladies of distinguished taste, with the crowns placed almost perpendicularly, and of moderate height, and the brims much wider, and a little deeper than at present ; they are also something shorter at the ears. I do not however venture to announce this as a settled fashion, for in fact no decided change in form will take place till Easter. The materials and trimmings of *chapeaux* have not varied, but I think satin is more worn than it has been during the winter, and so also are fancy feathers.

* Alluding to a bust of the late Sir W. Wynne, beautifully executed by Mr. Evan Thomas.

You will see by the models I send you that we continue to adopt the rich materials as well as the forms of robes worn by the Sengnè's and the Mentespans. In truth we get every month nearer to the extremity of that style. The new evening dresses are made with the *corsages* still more deeply pointed than they were in the beginning of the season, they are also cut lower round the top, that is generally speaking. Those made tight to the shape are in a small majority, owing to the vogue that lace still continues to enjoy ; it is employed in a great variety of ways to trim dresses ; besides the *Berthes*, *manchettes* and *pagodas*, it is disposed upon a good many *corsages*, *en fichu*, that is to say a lace *pointe*, or two rows of lace arranged so as to form a point, is disposed in the pelerine style on the back of the *corsage*, and the ends descend in points to the waist. I should observe that these *corsages* are always made en V. A *rouleau*, or folds of the material of the dress descend in the form of a broken cone down each side of the front, and the outward extremity is edged with lace. Another favourite way of employing it, is *en échelle*. This, as your fair readers will recollect, is a revived fashion ; the lace is disposed in separate rows across the front of the skirt, they are placed at some distance from each other, are very narrow at top, but widen as they approach the bottom ; the lace is laid on full, and looped at each end under a flower or a ribbon.

An attempt is making to bring ermine trimmings into fashion in full dress, but it has not yet been very successful. A few robes have been seen with the *corsages* trimmed with it in the form of a pointed *Berthe*. Short tight sleeves, cleft *mancherons* lined and bordered with ermine ; and the skirt finished round the border with a broad band of the same fur. I have also seen two or three with the *corsage* trimmed en V with ermine, and the same kind of trimming reversed, and much larger, down the front of the skirt ; this latter style is also adopted for fancy silk trimming, but neither that nor fur are very much seen.

But although the majority of robes are thus richly trimmed, there are some also adopted by very elegant women decorated in a much more simple style, either with flounces or *rouleaux* of the material of the dress. A more novel as well as tasteful style of trimming, is composed of two rows of hollow plaits disposed on each side of the front of the skirt, so as to give the dress the appearance of an open robe ; they are divided by a narrow *rouleau*, and three round rosettes of ribbon, the latter are placed at regular distances, and are larger at the bottom, or rather I should say the largest is at the bottom, the next is something smaller, and the third near the top is smaller still. The *corsages* of these dresses have a drapery laid on in regular plaits round the top, it forms in a slight degree a point in the centre of the bosom, and is ornamented with a rosette. The sleeves are usually of the double *bouillon* form, each *bouillon* surmounted by a rosette, but I have also seen some short tight sleeves terminated by a single *bouillon*, looped high over the bend of the arm by a rosette.

Coiffures in full dress are so various that I can scarcely tell you what is most fashionable. Tur-

bans are in great vogue, particularly those of white or *grosille* velvet, with a foundation of gold net; *chefs d'or* intermingled in the folds, and a rich bullion fringe trimming the end of velvet that falls upon the neck. Several are also composed of *guipure*, ornamented with a point of the same floating at each side, and retained as high as the temples by jewelled ornaments or flowers. Velvet or *velours epingle* toquets, are also very fashionable, the favourite colours are ruby, blue, and pink. Some of the most novel have the front arranged *en aureole* by folds which entirely encircle it, a large sprig of flowers composed either of diamonds, pearls, or fancy jewellery is placed high on one side, and droops over on the ringlets, or bands of the front hair, on the other.

Before I speak to you of our ball dresses I must cite one of the most elegant robes I have ever seen. It is indeed worthy of your lovely young Sovereign for whom I find it has been ordered. It is composed of *crape*, her favourite colour; Victoria blue over satin to correspond. The *corsage* is draped in soft folds round the top; they are retained on the shoulders, and in the centre of the bosom by flowers formed of coloured gems, the one on each shoulder being smaller than the one on the bosom. A superb bouquet composed of velvet flowers of various hues, looped the skirt nearly as high as the *ceinture* on the left side, it was raised a little, but very little on the right side, by a flower composed of coloured gems of a larger size than those that adorned the *corsage*.

There are more balls this season than in any preceding one that I remember, and we dance the more gaily when we do it in the cause of humanity. Thus, the balls that have been given for the poor of the different *arrondissements* of Paris, were numerous and brilliantly attended, and there is every reason to believe that the remaining ones will be equally so. That for the pensioners of the ancient civil list was also this year more brilliant and productive than ever. In truth, but for this annual ball, the poor pensioners of Charles X. must have perished, at least the majority of them, for they had no other means of support. Ball dress affords great variety, both of splendid and simple costumes. I shall cite among the former, those of white *crape* trimmed with wreaths of velvet flowers; the heart of each flower formed by a diamond. Some dresses, still more superb, were composed of white *tulle* over white satin, there were two *tulle* skirts, the upper one made *en tunique*, with the corners rounded, was encircled with a wreath of velvet oak leaves, of different shades of green; acorns, composed partly of green chenille, which had the appearance of moss, and partly of very small diamonds, were strewn irregularly among the foliage; I need hardly say the effect was beautiful.

Double skirts of *tulle* raised by bouquets of flowers were very numerous; so also were robes, both of *crape* and *tulle*, with three half-wreaths of pinks, or roses, disposed in half-circles, they were placed on the lower part of the front of the skirt, at some distance from each other; and the third, which was smaller than the two others, rose above the knee. A simple style of trimming, but one that was much admired, both for white and pale

blue *robes-tuniques*, was composed of wreaths of red roses placed at regular distances round the robe.

Head-dresses of hair are, as usual, the most numerous in ball-dress. There is little actual change in the arrangement of the hair, but ringlets continue in a majority, they are I think more luxuriant than ever. The most novel ornament for these *coiffures* is the *couronne druidique*, it is a wreath of leaves of dark green velvet interspersed with gold berries of the smallest size. The ornaments employed to loop the draperies of the *corsage*, and also to raise the skirt, if it is raised on one side, generally correspond. Velvet flowers, with diamond hearts, are also very much employed to decorate the hair; so are bandeaux of pearls, or diamonds, terminated at each side near the knot of hair behind, by a flower. Coral, which until very lately had gone quite out of fashion, and has been at any time considered only as an article of undress jewellery, is now employed for ball head-dresses, several of which are decorated gold filagree combs, and gold *ferronières*, the latter terminated at each side by sprigs of coral foliage of a very small light kind, drooping over the hair. I must observe to you *ma chère*, that where coral decorates the *coiffure* sprigs composed of it generally ornament the robe.

You ask me for an answer to the queries of your fair correspondent, a lady equestrian, from Dublin. I must, however, observe that it is only in summer, or rather I should say in spring, that changes take place in equestrian costume; whatever is then considered fashionable usually lasts till the same period last year. White *contil* pantaloons were all the mode last season, they were made like the gentlemen's, that is not confined round the bottom, and of moderate size. The half-boots were of glazed leather, and of the usual form. The habit of an extremely fine lady's cloth of slight texture, might be either green, brown, or blue, but the colour must be a dark shade, the *corsage* descended a little, but very little, in a rounded point at the bottom of the waist, it would have buttoned nearly to the throat, but was left open in the centre of the bosom to allow the frill of the *chemisette*, always of the finest clear cambric, edged with Valenciennes lace, and small plaited, to protrude, the frill was continued round the collar, which was supported round the throat by a small fancy silk cravat; a row of richly wrought buttons on each side finished the body; the sleeve was moderately full at the top, but quite tight at the lower part. A ruffle or a cuff, to correspond with the frill, was indispensable. The hat might be either straw or beaver, with or without a veil. We anticipate a change in this style as soon as the spring once more draws our fair equestrians, among whom your countrywomen are the most numerous, into the *Champs Elysées*, and as soon as any decided alteration takes place I will describe it to you, and probably send you a model.

Adieu, *ma chère et bonne Amie*,
Toujours Votre dévouée
ADRIENNE DE M——.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY PLATES.

FIRST PLATE.

BRIDAL DRESS.—Rose-coloured satin robe, the *corsage* tight to the shape, and rather high behind, descends a little in the centre of the bosom, and is bordered with English point lace standing up. A wreath formed of the tips of marabout feathers encircles the back and shoulders, and descends down the front in the stomacher style. A wreath of marabouts is disposed *en tablier* down the front, and turns back round the border. Full sleeves descending about half way below the elbow to the wrist, and confined by a wreath of marabout tips. The hair parted on the forehead, and disposed in soft loops at the sides, is ornamented with the bridal veil of English point lace, orange blossoms, and a white rose with its foliage. A white rose and orange blossoms adorn the centre of the *corsage*.

EVENING DRESS.—Blue *tulle* robe over blue satin; tight low *corsage*, trimmed with a pointed *Berthe* of *dentille de Soie*; it is ornamented in the centre with *pincés* of blue velvet ribbon. Double *bouillon* sleeve, the upper *bouillon* looped by a bouquet of white flowers. *Manchette* of *dentille de Soie*, the skirt looped in the drapery style on one side with blue velvet ribbon, is raised as high as the knee by a knot of velvet ribbon and a bouquet of white flowers. The head-dress is a blue velvet turban, the front wreathed with *chefs d'Argent*, the interior is trimmed with a short feather, and a sprig of flowers on one side; the other is ornamented with flowers only; the exterior is decorated with two long white ostrich feathers, and a sprig of flowers on the right side, and an ostrich feather on the left.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 3. EVENING DRESS.—Green *gros d'Orient* robe, the *corsage* draped in soft folds, and ornamented in the centre with a knot of ribbon and a sprig of winter berries; a similar ornament decorates each sleeve, and the front of the skirt is trimmed *en suite*. The hair is disposed in ringlets at the sides, and ornamented with a fancy jewellery *ferronière*, and a bouquet of flowers.

No. 4. DINNER DRESS.—Gold coloured satin robe, the *corsage* high and plain, is ornamented with a point lace scarf fastened on the bosom by a jewelled brooch, the ends flow loosely. Spanish

have sent her note to our Parisian correspondent, for we need hardly say, that the *élite* of London *élégantes*, wear nothing that has not previously received the Paris stamp. With regard to the queries respecting her Majesty and her court, we must inform our fair correspondent, that it is some time since the Queen appeared on horseback. Her costume was always remarkably plain; a green habit, or one of a peculiarly light shade of blue, and a small black beaver hat, sometimes with a veil, which was generally a green gauze one. The ladies of her *suite* wore different coloured habits, but there was no peculiar style at all displayed. The material and the make of pantaloons is the same in London as in Paris. Some ladies have their kid half-boots made in the same style as gentlemen's, but it is not a general fashion.

long sleeve, slashed down the centre over white satin, the tight part both top and bottom covered with point lace. Lilac velvet hat, a round open brim, the interior trimmed with groseille flowers, the exterior with velvet ribbons, and a long white ostrich feather.

No. 5. DINNER COIFFURE.—A flowered gauze turban, the front disposed in very full folds, and terminated on one side by a long floating end fringed with gold.

No. 6. EVENING HEAD-DRESS.—Composed of rose coloured ribbon, lace, and flowers, and put very far back upon the head.

SECOND PLATE.

No. 1. EVENING DRESS.—Green crape robe over satin to correspond, the *corsage* draped *à la Serigné*, *bouillon* sleeve. Head-dress of hair ornamented with a gold comb, and a bouquet of white marabouts.

No. 2. DEMI TOILETTE.—Rose coloured *pou de Soie* robe. Pointed *Berthe* of Brussels lace. Head-dress formed of a lace *fichu* disposed somewhat in the cap style, and trimmed with striped ribbon.

No. 3. DINNER HAT.—Of white *velours épinglé*, a small open brim, the interior trimmed with flowers; the exterior with white satin ribbon, and ostrich feather.

No. 4. DINNER DRESS.—English point lace cap, a round shape trimmed with roses. *Pelerine fichu* also of point lace, a double fall and richly bordered.

No. 5. EVENING DRESS.—Robe of green *velours épinglé*, the *corsage* low, and opening in front upon a square one of white satin, is partially covered by a satin *Berthe* edged with swansdown. Bishop's sleeve, Arab turban formed of a white lace scarf, and trimmed with roses.

No. 6. MORNING DRESS.—Clear cambric *canézou* made with three falls, and epaulettes; and bordered with Valenciennes lace. The cap also of clear cambric, and edged with lace, is made with short ears, and trimmed with blue ribbons, and a sprig of roses on one side.

No. 7. DEMI TOILETTE.—Point lace *pelerine* of a round shape behind, the ends descend in the scarf style, and rather long. The collar is very open at the back of the neck, as well as in front. Cap of the same lace, a small round shape very full trimmed with lace, and green ribbon.

No. 8. EVENING DRESS.—Black satin robe, a low *corsage*, and short tight sleeve. The former is trimmed with a *Berthe* of antique black lace; the latter with a *naud de page* of crimson velvet. *Coiffure moyen âge*, composed of black velvet, lined with white satin, and edged with a flat gold trimming.

No. 9. DINNER DRESS FOR A SOCIAL PARTY.—The *canézou* is composed of the clearest *organdy*, it is of the heart shape upon the bosom, but descends in the half-scarf style from the bottom of the waist; it is trimmed with three rows of Mechlin lace, and the round *mancheron* of two falls is edged to correspond. The cap also of Mechlin lace, is a small round shape, placed very far back, and leaving the forehead free; the ears which descend very low, are formed of three falls of lace; the trimming consists of a rosette of velvet ribbon placed near each temple, and a knot with floating ends behind.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. XIX.

It often happens that things occur in real life which would be considered exceedingly improbable if introduced into a novel; the adventure I am about to relate to my fair readers, which is now the nine days wonder of Paris, is certainly of this description; but in order to put them in possession of the circumstances, I must go back a few years. I believe it is now nearly four since the Comte de Saint L—— returning unexpectedly from the country, found a letter awaiting him and his lady, which induced him to set off directly for an estate he has in one of the provinces. Almost immediately on their arrival, the Comtesse was taken suddenly ill, and in a few days afterwards she died. In a short time the Comte returned to Paris, but so changed in appearance as scarcely to be recognized, and not only his person but all his habits were changed. He neither received nor paid visits, and except for the occasional society of one friend to whom he appeared attached, he lived in total solitude. This was naturally attributed to his grief for the Comtesse's loss. She was an orphan, a distant relation of his own, whom he had loved from her infancy. They had not been married more than a year, and he always seemed doatingly fond of her. About three months ago Monsieur de G——, the only friend whom the Comte continued to see, was taken very ill, and he died in a few days; but just before his death, the rector of the parish, the *juge de paix* and several friends of Saint L——, as well as the Comte himself, were summoned to his bedside to receive some communication the nature of which did not then transpire, but that very night Saint L—— quitted Paris taking with him only a single servant. No one knew where he was gone, but in a few days it began to be whispered about that the Comtesse whose death had been so well authenticated, was actually alive at one of her husband's country seats, and he was living with her. At first the rumour was supposed to be void of foundation; then it was charitably surmised that the Comte had got over his sorrow for his deceased wife, and taken a mistress. No such thing, it is actually the Comtesse in propria persona, and certainly the account of her re-appearance is one of the most romantic adventures I ever heard.

The Comte's most intimate friend, Monsieur de G——, of whom I have already spoken, was captivated by the charms of the Comtesse, he revealed his passion to her, and was repulsed with scorn; but regard for her husband's safety induced her to conceal the matter from him. G—— professed penitence, but the repulse rankled in his mind, he determined to be revenged, and for some time he watched all the motions of the Comtesse, in hopes of spying something on which he might ground a plot to rouse Saint L——'s jealousy, for he perceived that there was a latent spark of it in his disposition. But finding that there was no chance of any thing to work upon, he formed a plot, diabolical in truth, but which might have imposed on the most confiding husband. Having

gained over the *Femme de chambre* of the Comtesse by rich presents, he induced her to join with him. Saint L—— went for a few weeks into the country, but before the time had half expired, he received a letter from G——, who with many hypocritical assurances of sorrow at being obliged, by regard for his friend's honour to make the discovery, informed him that his wife had an intrigue to which her maid was privy, and that the gallant passed a part of every night with the Comtesse. He added, that if Saint L—— would come to his, G——'s house immediately, he would convince him of the truth of his assertion. The Comte fell into the snare; he hastened to G——, who detained him till a late hour at night. On reaching his own habitation he found his wife in great apparent agitation, occasioned, she said, by hearing a noise in her dressing-room. The furious husband finding no one in her bed-chamber, rushed into the dressing-room; the window was open, and a man's cravat and gloves were lying on the floor. It was in vain that the unhappy woman protested her innocence; the maid said a gentleman had been there several times, but that she had never heard his name. Finding it impossible to draw a confession from the Comtesse, he quitted her for the remainder of the night. The next morning he renewed his attempt, which, as may easily be imagined, was equally unsuccessful.

"Since then, Madam," cried he, "you refuse to give me up the name of your seducer, I must seek revenge for my injured honour on you. Fear not that I shall take your life. No, you shall live, but it shall be a living death. Deprived of all the luxury and splendour with which you have hitherto been surrounded—reduced to the mere necessities of life, you may yet make your peace with Heaven, but to this world's enjoyments you must bid an eternal adieu. Before this week is at an end all who know you will believe you dead. Does not this fate affright you? You can escape it by revealing the name of your paramour.

The tears, the protestations of the poor Comtesse were in vain; the husband put his threat into execution, and with even cruel strictness. He conveyed her to one of his country seats, where she was detained a prisoner; her food, clothing, and lodging were of the most homely kind. She bore this treatment with a patience and a sweetness so unalterable, and so angelic, that it wrung the heart of her husband, though it could not soften his determination. He left her in the care of an old servant in whom he placed the utmost confidence, and returned to Paris, where he shut himself up as I have said, seeing no one but the villain who had destroyed his happiness. But the justice of Heaven at length overtook this monster, and when he found there was no hope of his recovery, he confessed his crime. We may easily imagine what must have been the feelings of the deceived husband. A relation of his, from whom I had this account of the affair, assures me that his wife has entirely forgiven him, and that they are now most happily re-united, but that the Comtesse objects to return to society. It is probable that she may be prevailed upon to alter her determination, as the dying declaration of G—— has placed her innocence above suspicion.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. L.—A parcel has been lying at the office as well as a note for this correspondent, for some weeks past. We did not know where to communicate privately with him.

CLAUDINE.—The tale is on our accepted list.

Mrs. THOMAS has our best thanks for her kind exertions in our favour.

R. E. R.—Two of the poems may suit our pages, but we beg to decline, out of respect to the Muses, such a libel on them, as—

“The Muses they are sick of coming
Since after them the world was running,
And PEGGY is so restive grown
‘Tis difficult to mount I own.”

E. M. H.—We regret the *subject* of the lines sent by this correspondent, and not their execution, prevents our giving them insertion. E. M. H. will understand us.

ELLA shall be attended to; but the verses last received are far inferior to the first.

A. H.—We have not time to give private answers to our correspondents. The tale either will appear or be returned, as the writer has desired.

X. Y. Z.—Accepted.

HANNAH.—The poems are accepted.

DIENW will see we have used his last communication; truth to speak, we do not admire the other; he will, we think, see the objections. The poem was in type, but we withdrew it, on a re-perusal. Will Dienn favour us with his address?

GEORGE C. will find his communication is duly appreciated by us. We must hear from him in future, if on the same subject, by the 5th of each month.

MENTONIA (or some such name, for we cannot quite decypher it) is declined, simply because the answer by another correspondent was already in type when we received the above.

F. S. PAYNE.—We must receive all articles of local interest, and intended for the ensuing number, by the 5th of each month, at the latest. When we say we had nearly one hundred answers to the *boûts rimés*, our correspondent will not feel offended at the rejection of that sent by him.

LUCRETIA H.—The article shall appear.

LOUISA H. is sincerely thanked. Her questions will be answered elsewhere.

C. C. is informed the editress has no voice in the matter of which he complains; but the contents of the *Parts* are not intended to be bound up with the *Volumes*, a separate index being given for that purpose; the binder should be directed to cancel the monthly list of contents.

Z. A. P.—The subject is too sombre, but we will see what we can do with it. We wish our poetical correspondents would not pay their homage so frequently to Melpomene; the smiles of her gayer sister are more suited to the pages of a light magazine.

ALICIA S., Birmingham.—The articles shall be used—at least we will do our best—but the title and subject of the poem alluded to is against it. Our observations to Z. A. P. will also apply to the writings of ALICIA S.

W. W.—The charade shall appear, but we are overburdened with such communications at present.

A FOOL.—The gentleman who favoured us with “the Change—the Storm” and the “Calm,” having omitted to place a signature to his article, we have supplied one for him. He will require no further answer—the sooner he returns to India the better, as we have too many of his brethren in England at present.

MARIANNE M.—We accept this lady’s poetical article with pleasure, and shall be happy to hear from her again.

C. W. HOWELL.—The tale will appear.

G. M. C.—The tale shall appear at our earliest convenient space. The fair writer has our thanks.

T. W. T.—The charade shall be used when we have space. As already stated, we are overdone with such trifles.

JUSTINA is thanked, her articles will be inserted as soon as we have a place for them.

CLARA P.—This lady’s articles shall all be used in due time.

ISABEL has our sincere thanks for all her exertions.

SOPHIA ALICIA J. has also our thanks for her kind attention.

LYDIA CAMPBELL.—This lady’s contributions are always most acceptable.

Calder will find two of his contributions in our present number. We must decline the “Nuptial Day.”

S. J. T. has, we hope, received our communication.

A LADY EQUESTRIAN.—We have made all the enquiries our fair correspondent wishes, in the proper quarter, and trust our researches will be satisfactory.

A. C. R.—The poems will be attended to.

S. G.—The same answer will apply to this correspondent.

E. R., Clifton.—The poems will appear.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES are too numerous to be particularized.

PRIVATE ANSWERS.—The editress cannot undertake to send private answers to correspondents, unless under very particular circumstances. Constant requests of this nature are very annoying, and cannot be complied with. But the same attention is paid to the articles noticed in the usual way, under the head of Correspondents, in the magazine, as if private letters were written to every individual. The Editress trusts this hint will be accepted, and prevent such requests being made in future.

All Communications, Reviews of New Books, &c., to be addressed to the EDITRESS, care of Mr. JENKINSON, No. 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where ALONE communications for this Work will in future be received, POST PAID.

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Fashions for April, 1840.



FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

EVENING DRESSES—FIRST FIGURE.—Robe of blue *velours epinglé*, the *corsage* is cut very low at the top, tight to the shape, and deeply pointed at the bottom; it is trimmed with a *Berthe* of vandyked *guipure*. Short, tight white satin sleeve, with a demi Venetian *mancheron* trimmed with *guipure*, and looped with a knot of blue satin ribbon. A *tablier* of *guipure* is let in down the front of the skirt, and bordered at each side by a robing of a very novel form; a deep flounce of *guipure* encircles the back of the dress, and knots of ribbon on each side of the front complete the trimming. Small round cap composed of *guipure*, and trimmed with

roses on one side, and a full knot of blue satin ribbon with floating ends on the other.

SECOND FIGURE.—Robe of *Velours d'Afrique*, the palest shade of rose-colour, a low *corsage* draped in soft folds, they are looped in the centre by a silver cord and tassels. Short sleeve terminated by a single full *bouillon*. The front of the skirt is trimmed *en tablier* with rouleaux of the same material entwined with silver cord. The head-dress is a kind of cap, composed of rouleaux of pink crape, ornamented with roses with silver foliage, and point d'Angleterre.



FASHIONS FOR APRIL

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

BALL DRESSES—FIRST FIGURE.—Robe of antique point lace over white satin, the *corsage* cut low and tight to the shape, is trimmed with a fall of lace set on full; it encircles the back and shoulders, and descends *en fichu* in the front of the *corsage* leaving the centre plain. Short sleeve terminated by a double *bouillon*, and a *manchette à la Maintenon*, a bouquet formed of *pensées* and gold *epis* loops the *manchette*; and a white rose with its foliage ornaments the centre of the *corsage*. Three bouquets similar to that on the sleeve decorates one side of the skirt, the last being employed to loop it very high; it is mixed a little on the other side by a bouquet in such a manner as to form a drapery of a new and very graceful kind. The hair is ornamented with *pensées* velvet edged with a flat gold trimming; it is disposed *en bandeau*, with the ends descending in the

lappet style on the neck; bouquets of *pensées* and gold *epis* complete the coiffure.

SECOND FIGURE.—*Tulle* robe over white satin, the border of the latter is finished with two rows of *bouillonée*, interspersed with knots of white satin ribbon. The *tulle* robe made sufficiently short to display the whole of this trimming, is ornamented round the border with two rows of moss roses irregularly placed. The *corsage* cut very low at top, and deeply pointed at the bottom, is trimmed with a deep drapery, set on in regular folds. Double *bouillon* sleeve terminated by a *tulle* ruffie, and ornamented with a rose. The head-dress is a green velvet scarf disposed in the turban style, with the ends floating very low on one side, and fringed with silver. A silver *esprit*, to the base of which a moss rose is attached, droops on the same side.

THE NEW
MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE:

APRIL, 1840.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
CONSISTING OF TALES, ROMANCES, ANECDOTES,
AND POETRY.

HENRIETTA.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

"My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore;
I have loved him and lost him
For evermore!"

MARGARET'S SONG, IN FAUST.

"I wonder whether Mr. Cavendish will be there!" said Henrietta Templeman, as she wound her splendid cashmere shawl around her graceful form, and stole a last look in the mirror. "Somehow I never feel happy unless I see his pale handsome face, and dark melancholy eyes; not that he often does more than bow to me, and haunt my steps throughout the evening like a shadow; I sometimes wish he would be less reserved."

"Mr. Cavendish is a very sensible young man, my dear," said her mamma, "and a very gentlemanly one; but he knows the difference between a younger son, with nothing but a very limited practice as a solicitor to subsist upon, and my daughter with her splendid expectations."

Henrietta sighed, and a shade of thoughtfulness passed over her face. At this moment the door opened, and a young girl entered the room to tell them that the carriage waited. She was attired with the utmost simplicity, and had that bright and beaming look which the sunshine of a happy spirit diffuses over the countenance.

"And you really prefer staying at home, my dear Melicent?" said Henrietta.

"Oh, much; there will not be any one there that I know but my cousin John, so go and don't mind me, and if you see him give my love to him."

"Certainly, if Mr. Cavendish allows me an opportunity by addressing me, which is not often the case," said Henrietta, as she followed her mother to the carriage.

Melicent drew an easy chair in front of the fire, and resting her fairy feet upon the fender, was soon lost in one of those bright dreams by which the young love to cheat the present, and strive—ah! how vainly!—to pierce into the hidden future,

until awaking at length with a smile at her own folly, she drew the lamp towards her and began to read.

The deep-toned and warning voices of many a tell-tale clock had proclaimed the third hour of morning, when the door of the chamber, which was jointly occupied by the two friends, was softly opened, and Henrietta entered with a slow step—but how changed! The flush of anticipated pleasure upon her fair cheek had faded into the pallor of disappointment and despair, and her heavy eyes were dim and swollen with weeping; while the diamonds upon her pale brow, which had added in the hour of triumph to the glory of her beauty, now flashed and gleamed in the dimly-lighted apartment as if in mockery of the change.

"Have you had a pleasant evening?" asked Melicent in a sleepy voice, and without opening her eyes.

"Very!" replied her friend in a whisper, as she sat down by the bedside and covered her face with her hands, while the tears streamed through her slender fingers, and fell upon her satin robe. There was a long pause, which was broken by a convulsive and irrepressible sob, which completely aroused the warm-hearted Melicent from her partial slumbers.

"You are ill, my dear Henrietta!" said she anxiously. "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing—oh, nothing!" replied her friend, now weeping unrestrainedly. "Oh, that I had not gone to this ball! That the events of the last few hours could be recalled!"

"What then has happened?" asked Melicent.

"Your cousin—your noble-minded cousin, I have lost him for ever by my pride and arrogance!—and you too, perhaps!" she added, as she marked the crimson flush which stole over the white brow of the young girl. "But only hear me, and I do not ask your forgiveness, for I feel that I shall never forgive myself."

"I think I can anticipate your communication, Henrietta," said Melicent coldly. "Poor Cavendish has dared to give utterance to that love which must have been evident to you for years, and you have repulsed and scorned him because he is poor."

"Oh! not for that!" interrupted Henrietta wildly, "but I was mad—I knew not what I did. Mr. Cavendish, too, was strangely unlike himself, he was the first to greet us on our entering the ball-room, and there was a triumph—a conscious-

ness in his manner which offended me. Melicent, I will unburthen my whole heart to you. I have always loved John Cavendish, and when I was most cold and proud I felt it most, and strove in this manner to conceal from him that I entertained for him an affection which he was too haughty to solicit. But last night there was something in the confident expression of his eyes as they sought mine, and the wild gaiety of his manners, which made me shrink from him almost fearfully, for I fancied that my heart's secret was discovered; even Mamma thought him intrusive and presuming, and at her command I refused to dance with him until almost the end of the evening. Melicent, even you would not have recognized your grave and solemn cousin; and, as we sat down at the conclusion of the set, I ventured to ask him, with a smile, if he had been to a dinner party previous to the ball? 'No, indeed, my sweet Henrietta!' replied Mr. Cavendish, (he had never called me anything but Miss Templeman before that night), 'if I am intoxicated it is with happiness!' I felt my cheeks burn beneath his ardent gaze, but it was with shame at my own weakness; and I determined that, if he had ever had cause to guess from my manner how long and secretly I had loved him, unsought and in spite of his pride and reserve, that evening should destroy the illusion. His impassioned words fell upon my ears like sounds in a dream—I hardened my heart against them, and—spare me the recital?—I refused him with scorn, and am wretched for ever!"

"My poor Henrietta!" said Melicent kindly, as she wound her arms around her weeping friend, and kissed her cold brow. "And you really regret having refused poor John?"

"I confess that I do," replied the young girl, averting her burning face. "Oh that we could meet again if it were only for a moment, that I might speak kindly to him, and soothe his wounded feelings. If we must part, that it could be as friends!"

"And do you think that you could renounce all the luxuries of your present life, and find happiness in sharing the humble fortunes of my cousin?"

"Do not let us talk of this now," said Henrietta sadly. "Melicent, however thoughtless and frivolous I may have appeared, my heart was not really ambitious; and even in its hours of silence and solitude it would picture to itself a home such as his would be blessed with his love—but it is all past now!"

"Perhaps not," replied Melicent with sudden animation, "but go to sleep now, my dear Henrietta, and to-morrow, if you are in the same mind, I have a scheme to propose to you."

Henrietta kissed her with grateful fondness, and promised to comply with her injunctions. But how vainly does the troubled spirit woo that quiet slumber which descends so sweetly and unconsciously upon the mind at peace with itself. She arose the next morning languid and unrefreshed, and with that weary feeling with which we wake to the consciousness of misery. Her glance followed every movement of Melicent throughout that long morning meal, which had always until now been a scene of joyous retrospection to her,

in which she loved to talk over and recal the events of the preceding evening, alternately criticising and admiring, as is mostly the case when we sit quietly down to talk over the events of the last night's ball. It was not, however, until Mrs. Templeman had ordered the carriage and gone out shopping, that Melicent ventured to introduce the subject which occupied both their minds.

"I suppose you found too much to talk of last night to think of me?" said she enquiringly.

Henrietta blushed slightly, and confessed that she had not mentioned her name.

"Well, so much the better, my dear. Now you must sit down directly, and write to John Cavendish."

"Impossible!" interrupted the young girl vehemently.

"Not at all, only hear me out. You must write and tell him that I am in town for a few days on a visit to you, and that I wish him to call upon me; and you may add any little kind message which, without compromising your own dignity, will bring him to your feet in an instant."

Henrietta buried her face in her hands without reply, while Melicent went for her writing-desk, and placed it on the table before her.

"Henrietta," said her friend, after a long pause, "do not let me persuade you to that which you may afterwards repent of. Perhaps, after all, what has happened is for the best."

"No! no!" interrupted Henrietta, looking up with a countenance radiant in smiles and blushes, "you wrong me by this suspicion. I will not a second time suffer my pride to stand in the way of my happiness."

In a few moments a note was written which met the warm approbation of Melicent, and Henrietta was in the act of sealing it when the door was thrown open, and the servant announced Lady Ann Gordon.

"I hope I have not interrupted you, my dear girls," said her ladyship, glancing curiously from one to the other.

"Not at all," replied Melicent, turning with perfect self-possession to her friend, "but make haste and seal that letter for me, Henrietta, for I want my cousin to receive it before he goes out."

"A congratulation, I suppose," said her ladyship with a smile, while Henrietta removed her hand from the bell-rope, which she was about to pull, and turned deadly pale. "Is it possible," she continued, observing Melicent's look of astonishment, "that he has not told you?"

"My cousin is not yet aware of my being in town," said Melicent, trying to answer with composure, "but tell me what has happened."

"Why the death of his elder brother at Milan; he fell in a duel with a young Frenchman, and Mr. Cavendish, or Sir John Cavendish, as we must now call him, is not hypocrite enough to pretend sorrow for the loss of one who always treated him with the utmost harshness and injustice, especially as it confers on him a splendid fortune and a baronetcy."

Henrietta crushed the letter convulsively in her hand, and clinging to the arms of the chair to prevent herself from falling, sat the very picture of desolation and despair; while Melicent laughed

and wept by turns, as she thought of the triumph of her favourite cousin, and the misery of her unfortunate friend.

"It is all over now," said Henrietta in a hollow voice, as soon as they were alone, "Cavendish would set down my tardy repentance to my having heard of his good fortune; and though he may hate he shall never have reason to despise me."

"You do him injustice," said Melicent, "indeed you do. John is too generous, too noble-minded to judge you thus."

"I am not so utterly selfish," said Henrietta sadly, "as not to rejoice sincerely in his elevation, even founded as it is upon the wreck of my own happiness; but I deserve to suffer. Dear Cavendish! and it was the thought of bestowing all your newly acquired honours upon me which made you so joyous, so triumphant. But the facts speak for themselves, when I thought him poor I refused him with scorn, and now that I know him to be wealthy the scorn and the punishment must descend upon my own head!"

It was in vain that Melicent sought to comfort her afflicted friend, although she offered to explain everything to Sir John herself; but Henrietta could only be soothed by receiving her solemn promise never to mention her name to Cavendish, or his to her again. Poor Melicent! she thought by these means that Henrietta would in time be brought to forget the past; but Melicent was but young, and had never felt the power of that first passion which, however carefully concealed, haunts us through our after lives like a dream.

A few days after this Melicent Grey returned home, and it was some comfort to Henrietta to be assured that there was no eye which could penetrate through the assumed calmness of her deportment, and guess at the fatal secret that was fast undermining her health and spirits; no one detected the hollowness of her wild mirth, or to turn from her smiling brow and weep for the desolation of her young heart. Sir John Cavendish too was changed; instead of lounging for hours together against a pillar, or by the door, watching her every motion with his dark melancholy eyes, and more than repaid if he found an opportunity of putting on her shawl, seeking her carriage, or picking up a fallen glove or bouquet, which she would bid him playfully keep for his pains, little dreaming how religiously he obeyed her, or what a store of these faded memorials he in time accumulated, he now became the centre of attraction to all manœuvring mammas, who had marriageable daughters to dispose of and lived in a perpetual sunshine of smiles; but Sir John, while he became in appearance even more proud, was not less grave and reserved; and poor Henrietta, as she stole a secret and tearful glance at the cold, passionless expression of his features, looked back upon that fatal night when she had seen them lighted up with hope and triumph, and radiant in happiness, as we remember those dreams which have no existence save in our own wild imaginations—she could not think that it had been real.

They met as young and loving hearts divided by ambition, or stern necessity, and too proud to shew how they suffer, too often meet in this strange world of ours; and when the burthened spirit

longed to pour forth its repentance—its agony—its undying affection, cold, measured words froze up the momentary impulse. They passed each other in the dance with smiles, and parted with a bow, but without one token of that passionate farewell which hovered on the lips of each, and as though the memory of that time when a simple "Good night," or "God bless you!" had been words to dream on, had passed away for ever. But the human heart, enveloped as it is in mystery and concealment, is true to itself; amidst all its seeming coldness and scorn it has its hours of re-pining—of useless retrospect and bitter thought—its yearnings after the past! And the ravages of this inward monitor made fast inroads upon the fading cheek and wasting form of the still gay and admired heiress. Mrs. Templeman was seriously alarmed for her health, and gladly availed herself of an invitation from Melicent Grey for her young friend to spend the Christmas with her, to urge Henrietta to try if a few weeks rest would not be better for her than the constant round of pleasure and dissipation she was now pursuing; but Henrietta, who sought forgetfulness in excitement, obeyed her commands with regret. She said that she feared the loneliness and solitude of the country; but the truth was, that, like an unquiet spirit hovering over the grave of its own happiness, she dreaded to lose the melancholy pleasure of beholding him who, although now indifferent to her, she loved above everything else in the world.

Christmas! A Christmas in the country! How many delightful ideas does the name conjure up! What dreamy recollections of yule-clogs flashing upon fair and happy faces, and stolen kisses beneath the mysterious mistletoe! "Society," says Irving, "has acquired a more enlightened and elegant tone; but it has lost many of its strong local peculiarities—its home-bred feelings—its honest fireside delights: the traditional customs of golden-hearted antiquity—its feudal hospitalities and lordly wassailings, have passed away with the baronial castles and stately manor-houses in which they were celebrated. They comported with the shadowy hall, the great oaken gallery, and the tapestried parlour; but are unfitted to the light showy saloons and gay drawing-rooms of the modern villa." We regret to be obliged to confess how much of truth there is in these remarks, but there are still places where the good old customs of our forefathers are yet adhered to, making holiday in the hall and in the kitchen, and giving a season of joy on which the memory of the poor may dwell amidst their long hours of toil and weariness; and where, once a year a kiss is not reckoned a very great crime! We have often been amused by watching the pretty unconscious manner in which maidens linger beneath the magic bough until suddenly, and of course unexpectedly, reminded of their dangerous vicinity by being obliged to pay the penalty for the many lures thrown out to tempt the really bashful into the charmed circle.

Ashley Hall, the abode of Melicent's parents, was one of those old-fashioned places which we have been endeavouring to describe, and on Henrietta's arrival she found, to her great relief, no other company than a group of merry boys and

girls, composed of the younger brothers and sisters of her friend, with their cousins and favourite school companions. It was merry to hear that lofty hall, night after night, echoing to the music of their glad voices; and, before long, even Henrietta started as she caught herself joining in their loud and joyous laughter, and after a brief period of sad thought driven away by some childish jest or fond caress, would again mingle in their sports as though her spirits had never known care.

One eventful night as Henrietta, who from her good-natured willingness to oblige had become a great favourite with the children, was sitting in the centre of the merry group with her lap full of forfeits, and the dark curly head of a mischievous young urchin about ten years old buried in her white dress, while he was in the act of inflicting suitable punishment upon the owner of a small tortoise-shell comb, which she was extending over his head, when the door suddenly opened, and Sir John Cavendish entered the apartment. A strange mist passed over Henrietta's senses at the sight through which she heard Melicent welcome him, evidently as an expected guest, while the children uttered a shout of delight and crowded around their favourite cousin. She was conscious of having rose up and curtsied, and that he had bowed to her in return, but not as he had last bowed and looked; once again his countenance was bright and his manner triumphant, and a deeper gloom fell upon the heart of the desolate girl as she noticed the change.

"Will you play with us, cousin John?" asked a rosy-cheeked little girl as she climbed upon his knee, with the innocent familiarity of childhood. How poor Henrietta envied her in her heart the privilege of calling him John.

"With all my heart," replied the young baronet cheerfully, "but I suppose I had better wait until the game is finished, for as I have not played I can have no forfeits."

"Never mind," exclaimed the girl, with the happy invention of childhood, which suffers nothing to interfere with its will and pleasure, "we will *pretend* you have, which is all the same."

And, as he laughingly gave her a glove to place among Henrietta's miscellaneous collection of coral necklaces, handkerchiefs, combs, sashes, and odd half-pennies carefully marked, she perceived with a start of pleasure that it was one of her own, an old kid glove that she had years ago given him in sport; and a crowd of happy remembrances came over the mind of Henrietta, as she gazed upon the token of past pleasures thus strangely restored to her. The forfeits had nearly all been cried and performed before Henrietta could venture to lift up that one from which her thoughts had never for a moment wandered, and enquire, in the delightful old-fashioned way in which the game was played, "Here's a pretty thing—and a very pretty thing! What's to be done to the owner of this pretty thing?" There was a short pause, which was broken by the clear voice of the boy, as he sentenced the possessor to the very common and often rather difficult task of "bowing to the wittiest, kneeling to the prettiest, and kissing her you like best."

Sir John rose up with a smile, and Henrietta,

who could not avoid peeping at him through her long eye-lashes, saw him bow to his cousin Melicent, kneel to a little blue-eyed cherub about three years old; and then—could it be possible?—he approached the place where she sat, and flinging his arms around her, pressed his lips passionately to her pale brow. The laughing Melicent, the instrument of all this happiness, drew the wondering children quietly away, and the lovers were left to that solitude which even we shall not presume to violate.

Whether poor Melicent did wrong in breaking a promise to Henrietta, which she could only have kept by sacrificing the happiness of two fond, but alienated hearts, I leave to the candid and impartial judgment of my readers to determine; but certain it is that neither Henrietta nor Sir John Cavendish were ever heard to upbraid her with her breach of trust.

STANZAS;

BY MRS. WILLIAM QUARLES.

Oh, come let us live in the present,
One hour of the past;
When life was all newness and brightness
Too happy to last.
There's been many a gem enriching
The golden stores of mind,
There's been many a voice bewitching
In accents fond and kind;
Still a miser's hoarded treasure
Would be little joy to me,
And in dulcet tones no pleasure,
Unless they breathed of thee!
But come, let us live in the present,
One hour of the past,
When life was all newness and brightness
Too happy to last.

There's another may replace me,
And her hand be clasped in thine;
Yet that cannot wholly let thee
Forget the fond pressure of mine;
Or should thy heart be bounding
With a thrill of joy long fled,
My name will be when sounding
Like a memory of the dead.
Our vows may all be broken,
At some fairer shrine you'll bow,
And your heart forget all token
Of the wreck that I am now.
Still come, let us live in the present,
One hour of the past;
When life was all newness and brightness
Too happy to last.

Paris, Feb. 22.

BALLAD,

IN THE MANNER OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Oh! Brother dear, be kind—be kind once more,
All faults forgiving!
Death at my heart sits, stinging to the core,—
Pain, only living
With sorrow for the past within my breast!
Then turn not thou
Away from me, thus coldly, harshly—lest
Thine hour of woe
Be dark as mine! Brother, 'tis well! that tear
I feel upon my cheek! God bless thee! Death is here!

CALDER CAMPBELL.

JOSEPHENE; OR, LOVE AND AMBITION.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liv'ry'd angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt."

MILTON.

"Josephene," said the Honourable Algernon Seamore, to his mother's new maid, on the third morning after her arrival in Belgrave Square, "I wish you would sew this button on my wristband, for me," at the same time extending what he considered the whitest hand in the world, for her admiration, but which, when contrasted with her own small ivory fingers, made him start with undisguised astonishment and mortification, at the striking difference they presented, which soon, however, yielded to that generous admiration beauty naturally commands, particularly from young men.

"How can you possibly get a thimble to fit you? I really never saw such a finger in my life!" and he endeavoured to take her hand, which she respectfully but firmly resisted. "Oh! pray take care you don't hurt yourself with that horrid needle; if I had had an idea it was such hard work, or your hand so delicate, I protest I would not, for worlds, have imposed such a task on you. You will think me quite a barbarian, Josephene!"

He had purposely cut of the button just before, an old stratagem, to facilitate an introduction to his mother's *fille de chambre*, (Josephene was the first English one she had ever condescended to patronize.) Diamond studs were formerly his passion, but increasing years and wisdom taught him there was nothing like the operation of sewing on a common wire button, to show your own hand to the very utmost and striking advantage, and at the same time furnish an opportunity of observing that of the fair sempstress. Her face, her figure, but, above all, her eye lashes! Algernon was an absolute slave to them—never was infatuation carried to a more ridiculous height, racking his brain, but, alas! vainly, for similes, (the subject is too attenuated for even the most inventive genius to find a new one), "for those bewitching curtains," as he termed them, "which shaded, but could not conceal the radiance of the eyes they affected to veil." Joseph's style of countenance was perfectly English, sunny, bright, and beautiful. She did not raise the largest dark Italian eyes in the world to Heaven, flashing fury and indignation, at the young man's cowardly audacity; but she sank the softest, most expressive, blue ones, full of bashfulness and timidity, on the ground, while her soft round cheek was dyed with the deepest blush of outraged shame. Then indeed, did he see such eye-lashes as he had rarely before beheld; and, "could he believe it? a tear stealing through them! yes, it was so, for her hand trembled too. Well, this is singular enough—a waiting-maid to possess sentiment, feeling, emotion. How delightful! what scenes for one's leisure!" thought he. "In a frost, when there's no hunting, and which I always considered such a bore, what will be more delicious than to endeavour to thaw the icicles round her dear little disdainful heart; to see her

frown, pout, weep, smile, threaten and forgive." But as he saw the tear not daring to fall, yet hanging timidly on her varying cheek, and marked the quivering of her silent lips, pity usurped the place of unfeeling folly in his heart, and he exclaimed, in a tone of respectful deference a duchess would scarcely have awakened, "Josephene, I have offended you, forgive me, pray."

"No, not offended, Sir," she replied falteringly, "I am not in a situation to feel or resent offences, but hurt me most cruelly. I must entreat your forgiveness for my weakness, I shall get used to every thing in time—but this is my first place."

"Your first place?" he exclaimed, glad to prolong the conversation, "I really had no idea of that, my mother says you are so *au fait* at the toilette."

Alas! then servitude is soon learned. I feared, when I left my own home, I should be a long, long while before I was able to give any one satisfaction in so new an employment. But I am rejoiced that her ladyship is pleased, as it is my fate to live by the good opinion of others, now my only portion."

Lady Seamore coming in at that moment, Algernon quitted the apartment. In vain, however, did he struggle to banish the image of that lovely girl from his mind, it haunted him incessantly. "Who could she be? How came she by any possibility in her present humble situation? That she once had a better home was evident, from the tenderness with which she mentioned it, the almost child-like expression of *my home*, yet vibrating to his very heart. And then again, the artless confession that it was "her first place!" Where could his mother have met with her? And what motive could have induced her to take a girl totally ignorant of the qualifications necessary for so important a post? An English one too! she, who carried her mania for everything foreign to a most extravagant excess! But above all, how dare she, an old fading coquette, (whose vanity increased with years,) have such youth and loveliness to minister to her artificial adornments? That is quite beyond comprehension."

To know more of her he felt was absolutely necessary, having just seen enough to awaken the most intense curiosity and interest. Unsuccessfully however did he question Antoine, his valet, he could not enlighten him on the desired point.

"All he knew was, that Miss Josephene was thought very proud by the rest of the servants, for requesting to have her refreshments alone, and her ladyship very foolish to comply with it. Mais, pour moi, Monsieur," he added, with one of those inimitable shrugs of which only a Frenchman is capable, "*je pense qu'elle est très jolie, and I have some thoughts of offering her mes petits soins, la pauvre petité. Elle est trop belle et trop malheureuse, pour rester fille impunément. Il faut, qu'un honnête homme, comme moi, prens pitié d'elle, je cuis.*"

"Impertinent rascal!" thought Algernon, "to presume to such an angel."

For several days he lingered hour after hour in the corridor leading to his mother's private apartments, hoping to catch another glimpse of Josephene, but she appeared not.

"Did she studiously avoid him, or was it merely the natural reserve of her disposition made her lead such a secluded life? How extraordinary, how uncommon, for so very young a girl to be indifferent to the attentions of a man of fashion, generally so pleasing, so flattering to them! How pure, how unsophisticated must that heart be, which vanity has not corrupted—nor pride and ambition inflated! O Josephene! is it indeed from a blessed ignorance of the world's guile, or are your affections already engaged, that you thus shun me? that you are so heedless of the impression you must know your beauty made on me? Heaven, in mercy forbid, that you should love another! for oh! despite of pride, of birth, of fortune, and reason, I feel that you are interwoven with my destiny—that every hour of my future happiness is inseparably united with yours! What a trifle changes the whole tenor of a man's thoughts. Who would believe that one short interview with a young and artless creature, fated to earn her very existence by servitude, should thus, as if by magic, change my whole nature, transforming the gay, dissipated, selfish, unfeeling Algernon Seamore into the timid, respectful, generous, and devoted lover. O Beauty! O Innocence! this is thy triumph! I, who could command even superior rank! almost equal beauty! But could I command equal innocence and purity? Oh, no! no! the world's hot breath has passed over every sweet flower of fashion, and tarnished its lustre for ever! Yet, the idea of such a union! How could I, after such an act of egregious folly, face my gay companions? or that world, which, although I thoroughly despise, yet I cannot help fearing? No! no! to marry her, would indeed be too absurd! I must either conquer this new passion, or devise a less ruinous step for its gratification," and as that last thought flashed across his mind, he blushed and trembled at its atrocity. "What a storm of mortified pride and resentment, should I awaken in my worldly-minded mother! what threats, what reproaches, from my cold haughty father, could they imagine their only son was wasting every thought of his heart on a menial! nay, hardly paused at making her their daughter! how would my mother spurn, how would my father loathe the base alliance! O Josephene! surely your gentle nature would fall a sacrifice to their fierce indignation!"

Fearing to excite his mother's suspicions, or, what appeared more dreadful to him now, compromise Josephene's reputation in the jealous and vigilant eyes of the other domestics, by lingering in her vicinity any longer, he resolved to abandon the attempt of trying to see her again, for the present—"but only for the present," he mentally ejaculated, "for see more of her I must, I could not endure existence without unravelling the mystery which envelopes her. It is so new, so strange, so enchanting!"

And why was he, (so undetermined in his future conduct,) so resolved to penetrate the fate of poor Josephene? He was conscious (with all the love she had inspired) of the insuperable objections to their union—objections it was hardly in the power of the most propitious fortune to remove, with the chance of securing him against future mortification

and repentance, when the blindness of passion should give place to the light of reason and reflection. Once, certainly, his thoughts had glanced at seduction—was that the motive of his perseverance? Did he think, like too many of equal rank, that because she was young, lovely, poor, and unprotected, she was the lawful prey of the sons of wealth and vice? Where, in such a case, would be the boasted nobleness of man's nature? the proud prerogative, which raises him, by the divine gift of reason, above the brutes? Oh! where that heroic generosity of soul, which exults to protect, to aid, to succour the weak, the defenceless and sorrowing?

Algernon was not, never could be, a deliberate seducer. He recoiled at the idea of violence. "If," thought he, "Josephene can learn to love me sufficiently to sacrifice her honour voluntarily, all that wealth, constancy, and grateful devotedness can do to repay her and make her happy, shall be done, I swear."

Nature had adorned him with a sweet temper, and a warm generous heart, and although the world had done much to spoil both, it never could make him a decided villain. Again, he affected from a perverted taste, to endeavour to appear much more profligate than he really was, for the sake of that disgraceful notoriety the world bestows on the young men of fashion of the present day, as if riot and vice were essential to their position in life. Nothing was so likely to wean him from this degrading folly, and render him a useful and estimable member of society, as a virtuous attachment. Indeed, he already felt its purifying influence, although he struggled, from a mistaken pride, against it. No longer delighting in those scenes of dissipation, formerly so eagerly sought, and shunning, with instinctive horror and repugnance, those beings on whom he had lavished his tenderness, exclaiming, with a sigh of shame and remorse, "Till now I knew not what it was to love, my loose desires deserved a fouler name. But this fair charmer has refined my passions, and with her virtue taught me to admire the beauties of her mind."

Alas! the seeming mystery which surrounded Josephene, with such an impenetrable halo, in Algernon's estimation, was only the mystery of thousands of others in the world, poverty, or as it is generally termed, "reduced circumstances," had driven her to seek bread from Lady Seamore. Mr. Harcourt, her father, was a banker, and supposed capable of not only leaving her, but four more children, of whom she was the eldest, amply provided for. But in the great crash of 18— he was almost one of the first that stopped payment, to the astonishment of his friends—the secret gratification of the envious and malignant, and the horror and consternation of his wife and family. It was found, upon winding up his affairs, that when he had paid as far as he possibly could his just debts, which he insisted on doing, there would be nothing left for their future support, having actually spent all his wife's large fortune in a series of ruinous speculations.

Then did Mrs. Harcourt rise above the deadening and undreamed of blow, of irretrievable poverty, for herself and children, with all the devotedness

of woman's nature, to comfort and console the unhappy author of it—to spare her beloved husband those torturing self-reproaches she knew too well he would feel—to persuade him, in fact, that to be hurled from the height of comparative luxury, to misery and want, was a pleasing change, awakening the energies of her mind, and showing of what she was really capable. Never did she allow him to see the least trace of those bitter tears, which fell in torrents in secret and solitude, after these noble but over-powering exertions to spare him.

But despite her affection, her self-sacrifices, her tender compassion, he felt the truth in all its appalling force and intensity, and although he struggled against the blighting influence of despair, it completely mastered him, and he sank a few months after into the grave, broken-hearted at the wretchedness his ambition and folly had brought on the dear hapless beings dependant on him for support.

Few persons live more luxuriously, or educate their children more expensively, or (to their honour) endeavour to instil into their young minds, stronger principles of virtue and piety, than, what are termed, the middle classes of society, and to that Mr. Harcourt undoubtedly belonged. Rich enough, with undeviating industry, to enjoy every comfort in life, but liable to the extreme of want, if neglectful of affairs, and regardless of their business.

After the first dreadful shock his unexpected death occasioned, Mrs. Harcourt found it absolutely necessary to make an effort to procure the common comforts of life for her poor orphan children.

Josephene was highly accomplished, and to a careful education, she united great and varied natural endowments, possessing a fine voice, taste, and facility in music, drawing to perfection, and an inexpressible fondness for every species of elegant needle-work, so sedulously and laudably cultivated by young ladies, now-a-days.

A school appeared the readiest, and most respectable plan, and attended with least risk and expense. It was tried with all the sanguine hope which emanates from virtuous resolves—but from having removed from the neighbourhood where they were most known and respected, to a cheap obscure village, at some distance from London, it was quite unsuccessful. Then it was thought, as a private governess she might turn her talents to account; but, as she observed, with her eyes suffused with tears, “Alas! there are so many many girls, equally poor, and accomplished, that I cannot be sanguine about it, dear Mamma.” In fact, after exhausting their little funds, in advertisements, and enduring the mortification of personal application to every creature likely to serve her, poor Josephene found her fears too painfully verified, not being able to obtain the humblest situation, in what must be acknowledged to be, by the reflecting, the most wearying, the most trying, and the most humiliating state, a human being can be reduced to. Considered and treated, generally, only as a servant, without possessing the happy ignorance and independence of that class; with all the feelings and ideas of a gentlewoman: what a crushing of pride, of resentment, of sorrow, of

regret of home and affection, must the young governess endure, ere her heart becomes callous enough to bear its slavery, to smile at its chains, to scorn the world's scorn flung at poverty with unsparing hand, to beat peacefully and calmly as it was wont in those too remembered day of early life! Does it ever beat so again? Never! never! It had learnt that Hope was the pleasing and delusive dream of youth, whose waking was bitter disappointment and sorrow, and that for its hapless possessor to be *poor*, was to be marked with the plague-spot of disgrace and obloquy!

At length, through the kindness of Lady Seamore's Lawyer, a sincerely attached friend of her dear and regretted father's, she was taken on trial by her, merely because she dared not refuse the request of a man so necessary to her pecuniary exigencies—not that she had an idea the girl could possibly suit her. She did however, and her gentle, unassuming, and grateful manners, insensibly stole on the cold heart of Lady Seamore, and awoke a degree of interest for the beautiful orphan, of which she hardly thought herself capable. “How strange,” thought she, “to feel so much for a dependant—and a domestic too!”

Day after day did Algernon literally haunt her steps, sometimes obtaining a smile, and a kind word; but more often a gentle but firm repulse to his now respectful attentions. Not that she was insensible to them, alas! no. He was young, eminently handsome, and fascinating, and she felt but too flattered by the evident deference and delicacy of his manner, and undisguised affection. Musing on it, in her almost unbroken solitude, until it wove the sweet but subtle chain of love around her guileless heart, till every fibre sprung to revivify it, with the indissoluble firmness of a rooted passion. Still, young and inexperienced as she was, she knew his rank and fortune placed an insuperable barrier between them.

“It were all one,

That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.”

“Yet,” thought the innocent girl, “there is no harm in loving him, so long as he is ignorant of it, it is so delightful. Alas! 'tis all I have now to think of, that is not tinged with the hue of melancholy and despair. His image hreaks on my mind, like a sunbeam through the clouds of sorrow, irradiating all with a ray of hope and gladness. Yes, I may love, but he shall never, never know the presumption of this devoted heart.”

One evening, when he knew his mother was positively gone to a party, he returned from the Club, where he had been dining, and stimulating his wavering resolution with copious draughts of champagne, determined to enjoy an uninterrupted tête-à-tête with Josephine.

On approaching his mother's apartment, with a heart palpitating with love, hope, shame, and remorse, he was considerably astonished, and disappointed, at hearing the sound of a harp, accompanied by a voice full of sweetness and pathos.

“She is not gone then, confound it! But who can she have with her? I never heard any of her

friends could sing like that." He was about to leave, highly mortified at the *contre temps*, when the fair musician commenced another song, after a rich and varied prelude, one of Rossini's, his favourite composer. Unable to resist the temptation of seeing and thanking her for the unexpected pleasure, he burst into the room, and beheld Josephene seated at the harp. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, in irresistible astonishment, "is it you, Josephene? You play the harp? how extraordinary! how inexplicable! how could you ever have the opportunity of becoming such a proficient? Who, and what are you? would to God, less humble than I fear you are?"

"Forgive me!" exclaimed the terrified girl, "for presuming to touch your mother's harp, but I am so passionately fond of the instrument, that I could not indeed, sir, resist the temptation of recalling my past happiness to mind, in a favourite air, thinking I was quite alone. Oh! had I had the slightest idea you were within hearing, I should never have ventured on such a liberty, knowing how angry you must be at such presumption."

"Angry!" he exclaimed impetuously, "no, Josephene, it is not in your power, angel that you are, except in hating, despising me, as you do."

"Hating you? despising you?" she repeated, almost unconsciously, "would to God that accusation were true!"

Algernon was so entirely absorbed at first, by the delightful discovery of her unexpected and fascinating accomplishments, gladly considering such perfection a full excuse for his unreasonable passion, as not to observe at the moment, how transcendently lovely she looked. Her hair, totally unconfined, descended in rich luxuriant ringlets down each side of her face, partially concealing her elegantly formed shoulders; her cheeks glowing with that deep flush the excitement of music ever creates, when the soul is really attuned to harmony, and her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm and vivacity.

He was soon, however, recalled to a full sense of her surpassing beauty, by the soft tones of her timid voice, in the half suppressed confession of her long concealed love, and gazing on her, in intense admiration, emboldened by those words, his surprise, the wine he had drank, and the thoughts he had dared secretly to indulge, all conspired to throw him off his guard, and catching her to his bosom, he exclaimed,

"Beautiful, beloved Josephene! you must, you must be mine!"

Let any one imagine the thrill of hope and joy, which shot through that young girl's heart at hearing those dear passionate expressions, she had but one idea—

"He meant to marry her—he meant to sacrifice his rank, his fortune, to his affection—he actually thought her worthy to become his wife—she! the poor, the dependant! O Algernon! how must I love you for such generosity!"

"Yes," continued the young man, struggling between shame and passion, "I love you, I adore you! my life, my fortune, all, all, are at your disposal! I am your slave, dearest, loveliest Josephene, for ever! Oh say," he exclaimed, seizing the now unresisting hand of the agitated

girl, and pressing it passionately between his own, "you will be mine, that you will not doom me to eternal misery? Think of the pleasures that await us, retired from all the world, living only for ourselves, bound to each other by the ties of love and gratitude; disdaining the cold fetters forged by selfish unfeeling prudence, to enchain the heart, ever struggling to free itself from the loathsome thrall, and sickening under its forced captivity. No! ours will be only voluntary bondage, the more enduring because affection alone is the guarantee! Oh, what a fate will be ours! for ever loving and loved! Your beauty will know no winter, and my passion no decay! The thought of such felicity intoxicates me quite. Do you, do you fully comprehend such happiness?"

"That I have listened to you so long," she exclaimed, withdrawing her hand, and recoiling from him with that inexpressible shudder which marks our heart-felt detestation so strongly, "must convince you of my slowness of apprehension. Still, the baseness of your unmanly proposals are too plain to be totally misunderstood, even by the most inexperienced in vice. But it will be utterly impossible to make you fully understand how I loathe and abhor them—how utterly I hate and despise you, for daring to breathe them to me. But far, far more, do I detest myself, for the blindness of endowing so cowardly, so base a wretch, with the attributes of superior virtue—for that, I can never forgive myself. No! were you seated on a throne, and I adored you, I would spurn, as I do now, the love that would degrade me below the meanest thing that crawls. O rank! O wealth!" she continued, "how little are ye to be valued, lending but too often a false glitter to vice and profligacy!"

"Forgive me, Josephene," he exclaimed, in a tone of heart-felt contrition, "oh, were you only respectably born, I would instantly repair the outrage I have done you, I would, by heaven!"

"Respectably born!" she exclaimed, with appalling dignity, "I am more, I am honourably born! I am the child of parents, who inherited virtue and integrity, from those to whom it had been handed down with unsullied purity, from so remote a period that never one of them could trace an act to blush for. It was because my father preferred poverty to dishonesty, that I now stand here the beggar that I am, to be insulted by offers, enough to rouse him from his grave to resent. Yes, sir, the menial Josephene, would be the first of her family, who ever stooped to be aggrandized by vice and infamy, and she is too proud to begin so new a lesson!"

She was leaving the room.

"Oh! stay, for mercy sake, stay!" he almost screamed, "only one word, only one!"

"Not for worlds! My ears still burn with shame, at hearing what you last uttered—oh, never, never will they lose the remembrance of those odious ones!"

She left the room without his offering any further opposition. She heard him fling himself into a chair, weeping violently, every now and then imploring her to return and forgive him.

Her pride had supported her while in his presence, but now her heart was desolate and sorrow-

ful, he had given a new and bitter current to her thoughts.

"She loved him, and he was unworthy of her love—her first, pure, girlish, disinterested, self-sacrificing love. He had dared to pollute her ears with his degrading offers—he had taught her the humiliating lesson, that he, in his rank of life, could only consider one so lowly as herself, fit to become the companion of his lighter hours, the partner of his vice and dissipation, and let his penitence be ever so sincere, never, never more could she think of him again with that sweet holy confidence, that perfect esteem, and admiration, which excuses the extravagance of our affection, for a mere mortal, by lending it something above the common." For the first time she felt the overwhelming weight of the misery her father's imprudence had entailed upon her, and almost a reproach arose in her heart, for that parent, now mouldering in the unconscious grave; but her strong sense of religion checked the impious thought, and awoke a prayer for its pardon. "Yet," she mentally ejaculated, "had Algernon met me under that respectable roof, he would not have dared to insult me thus. O Algernon, Algernon! you little know the depths of love, gratitude and pride, in the heart you so wantonly outraged." These bitter reflections were interrupted by the continued sorrow of Algernon, who still, amidst the anguish of repentance and despair, "invoked her name, and assured her of his remorse, entreating her to bestow on him only one word, to save him from utter misery." But no, she dared not trust herself to speak, her heart was already only too softened by his contrition, which the more she was sensible of the more firmly she resolved to keep secret from him. Besides, she was weeping even more bitterly than he, and, alas! with more reason—he deplored, perhaps, only the disappointment of a transient and ignoble passion; but she, oh! the fondest, the brightest hope of her young heart! "And this is my first knowledge of love!" she exclaimed, "oh bitter, bitter, mortifying lesson, yet one, my heart, if left to itself, is too prone to forgive."

The next morning, Josephene humbly, but firmly, decided on quitting Lady Seamore's service.

"Why, what in the name of all that's changeable, can induce you to wish to leave me?" exclaimed her Ladyship, pettishly; "I protest, child, I like your style and manner of dressing me very much, and you are indeed beginning to be essential to me, you are so obedient, so willing, so modest, and so elegant, Josephene, and I shall really think it the height of ingratitude, if you persist in your foolish whim, for you must be aware, I've treated you in every respect much above a servant?"

"You have indeed, Madam, and I know it is impossible to go without leaving the impression of ingratitude on your Ladyship's mind, after such kindness, and that is what distresses me so. Yet, despite of the painful regret I feel, I must insist on being allowed to leave, and that, without the power of being able to destroy your Ladyship's injurious surmises."

"Oh! pray," said her Ladyship haughtily, "do not imagine I require such a sacrifice. You have

ever been much too romantic and mysterious for me; I beg, however, that you will not have the assurance to suppose, that the gratitude or ingratitude, of a common waiting-woman, is of any importance to Lady Seamore. I forgot, when I condescended to expostulate, to whom I was speaking, being rather interested in a foolish story they told me of the state of absolute beggary you were reduced to; but you prove its falsehood, by showing you can live without my assistance. Don't tease me, that's all, for a character, for your next place; for really, child, I could not conscientiously say anything in your favour, positively." She rang the bell—"tell the Steward to pay this young woman her wages, I have discharged her. There, go down!"

Judge of poor Josephene's feelings at this cruel unkind dismissal from one, it was her sole study to spare. "But she is the mother of Algernon, and as such, I freely forgive her."

Lady Seamore, like all other selfish people, gave way to all the unkindness of her nature, the instant she was thwarted in anything that afforded her gratification; yet, she did not behold that timid, weeping girl, silently leave her presence, without a pang of compunction and sorrow. Had Josephene attempted to rebut her unjust sarcasms, her pride would have stifled her contrition, but it was her modest uncomplaining endurance awoke a pang of regret in her cold heart, which almost induced her to recall the poor girl, and crave forgiveness for her cruelty. But the holy emotion was allowed to subside in the subtleness of her own bosom.

Miserable and desolate was the home to which Josephene returned, with the prospect of a long dreary winter before her; it being early in the month of November, only. She found her mother extremely ill, from anxiety and privations, and two little brothers in one bed, suffering under low typhus fever—attended daily by a skilful medical man, under the promise of her salary disbursing his expences.

On seeing her, her mother's first impression was, that she had merely come home for a short visit, previous to the family's leaving London, to keep one of those delightful Christmas's, the nobility of England are so celebrated for; and she deplored bitterly the misfortune of her having selected such an unpropitious time for it. But when she heard that she had actually resigned her situation, she was perfectly astounded.

"For what reason? The only letters received from you, were full of assurances of your happiness and comfort? You even described the kindness and condescension of Lady Seamore, in such terms of enthusiasm as to awaken my heartfelt gratitude and thanks to Heaven, that He who had promised to be "a father to the fatherless," had not forsaken you in your need. O Josephene! is it possible, after the difficulty you experienced in obtaining a situation, you should, out of some girlish caprice, have relinquished it thus. I thought you had more sense, and oh! my error! more affection! You knew that your salary, small as it was, was almost the sole dependence of your widowed mother, and her orphan little ones, to procure a few necessities, against the approaching

nclement season! And you have thoughtlessly, if not cruelly, deprived us of it! Well, my child, you'll see misery enough before you have been here many hours, to make you bitterly repent of it, or your heart is changed indeed."

Josephene was to have had fifty guineas from Lady Seamore, the first year, with the promise of a considerable increase the following one, should she suit. Alas! she had only remained a sufficient period, to be entitled to thirteen—ten of which, she instantly gave to her beloved mother, and one she laid out in a secret store of candles, determined to appropriate several hours of each night, to needle-work, which she easily procured. The whole day she devoted entirely to drawing, for a stall at one of the London Bazaars, sending them by coach every week, and religiously depositing the proceeds into the wasted and trembling hand of her heart-broken mother.

No slave toiled harder, or lived more wretchedly than the poor despairing girl. Tortured continually by her mother's reproaches, "for having left such a comfortable home to waste her health and strength, in a vain endeavour to procure the means of a bare existence!" For poor Mrs. Harcourt, conquered at last by misery and grief, had lost that energy, which gave so high a tone to her mind, and had sunk into the fretful and peevish invalid, bowed by want and premarital old age, almost to the grave. She was almost insensible to the extraordinary and angelic conduct of Josephene, and seemed only aware of her "having given up fifty guineas a year, without any earthly reason!"

She had a reason, alas! too painful a reason! But how impart it to her mother? She was at that most distressingly bashful period of life, when the young bosom clothes almost every thought in shame, and blushes even at innocence! How, then, dare to breathe, even to a parent, the insulting offers of Algernon Seamore? No, no! shame tied her tongue, and dyed her cheeks with blushes, at the very thought! The shame, that her ear had ever been polluted by such sounds. The shame, that he should have the heart to utter them! But oh! more than all, the shame, the sorrow, the mortification that notwithstanding what she had suffered, she felt she did not, could not hate him! Too often she detected herself framing excuses for it—her heart's too fond excuses!

His rank—his fortune—the want of proper principles having been early instilled into his mind—the example of a gay and dissipated father—the thoughtless folly of a vain and inconsiderate mother—all, all must palliate poor Algernon's act of indiscretion towards herself. And then her own severity was punishment enough, without trying to harden her heart against him for ever! When they were parted too, beyond the possibility of ever meeting again! She having resolutely returned his repeated letters unopened, until they ceased altogether, and his memory became like a sweet but distant dream!

Nor was this the sole cause of her silence to her mother. She had observed with grief and amazement, how much sorrow had changed the nobleness of her nature; that familiarity with poverty, had made that once proud, lofty, and generous heart, selfish, contracted, and grasping—that want

and privation, had weakened her strong sense of religion, and abiding reliance on the unerring goodness of God, and she shuddered to think, "that, perhaps, the prospect of boundless wealth, might destroy the poignant sense of crime attached to its attainment; that in fact, her own mother might urge her to accept the proposals of Algernon, nor die with shame, at her child's dishonour!"

"Oh! no, no! never shall the demon of avarice tempt my mother to do that, which would force her wretched child to despise and abhor her." Thus did the sorrowing girl think, and weep, and work, musing in the loneliness of her own heart a weight of misery enough to crush her to the earth; but she rested for support and consolation on Him, "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." And not in vain was her resignation.

The early spring at length broke through the gloom of that sad tedious winter. The birds and flowers awoke to gladness and beauty, and the cheering and long absent sun, shed a ray of joyousness on the desolate heart of poor Josephene, for youth naturally participates in the exhilaration of the season.

One day, when she felt unusually gay and sanguine, her favourite little brother burst into her solitary apartment, exclaiming, "Josephene, sister Josephene, here's a grand lady come in a beautiful carriage to see you, and mamma says, you must go down directly. Oh! how I love to see the horses prance."

Josephene hurried down stairs, and on entering the parlour, was considerably astonished to find the haughty, and superb Lady Seamore, in close and familiar conversation with her mother, while her pretty fair-haired cherub of a sister, was nestling fondly on her knee.

She was greeted by her ladyship with a most cordial embrace, who, in a few unconnected words, endeavoured to explain to the bewildered girl, the cause of her unexpected appearance in her secluded abode. But her sobs and protestations of repentance and sorrow for her past injustice to one she declared she ever loved and esteemed, rendered it difficult to understand her exact meaning.

"I know all, my dear heroic Josephene," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "and am now come to offer you the hand and fortune of the penitent and still adoring Algernon—to beg you to forgive the past, to assure you how proudly his father and myself will receive you as a daughter; and to implore you, not to crush the hopes of a mother's heart by dooming her only son to despair and misery, for he cannot live without you; have pity then, dearest Josephene, have pity on him, for the love of mercy!"

"Oh! do not refuse," exclaimed that soft thrilling voice, she had so often recalled in her forlornness, and ere she could reply, her tearful cheek was buried on the agitated bosom of Algernon Seamore, who whispered, in a transport of delight and gratitude, "my own beautiful never forgotten, idolized Josephene, I shall then at last, call you mine for ever!"

Josephene was not the same brilliant, lovely creature he had last beheld her. Her bloom had suffered from the bitter privations of a hard dreary winter, but she had sacrificed health and beauty to

virtue, and as he kissed her pallid cheek, with a degree of almost holy veneration, he felt "that his love, his adoration, must soon recall her banished charms, and she would be as lovely as ever, and far more precious to him." For her example had purified his own heart, and taught him the inestimable goodness of virtue and piety.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, half unconsciously, seeing her sweet tranquil face resting fondly on the bosom of his mother, "had she listened to my demoniac proposals, that pure cheek would have been seared with the blush of shame; and that artless bosom, familiar with vice and infamy, or a prey to remorse and despair ere this, long long since abandoned by me, with all the heartless indifference of a sated passion, to drain to the dregs the bitter cup of late and fruitless repentance, for having trusted to a villain's vows. And I should have robbed the world of one of its brightest ornaments, a virtuous woman—myself of an amiable affectionate wife; and, if so highly favoured by Providence, my children of a mother whose sole aim would be to guide their infant minds to shun the rocks and shoals on which their father's earthly happiness was nearly shipwrecked. What injury may spring from the indulgence of a fault; but oh, what felicity from its being checked."

Nor was the salutary lesson lost upon the frivolous, and worldly-minded parents of Algernon; they became better, wiser, and consequently happier, for it; and on the morning of her nuptials, when Josephene was introduced to the assembled fashionables, the tears sprang to her eyes, and trickled down her blushing cheeks with grateful joy, to hear Lord and Lady Seamore, proudly and fondly expatiate on the "angelic qualities of their beloved daughter's heart."

SONNET;

(THE BOY AND THE RABBIT.)

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

There stands a Boy, of Parian marble made,
With dimpled cheek, and arch expressive glance,
Pressing a Rabbit to his bosom. Laid
Over his hand its little foot is seen,
So graceful, yet so delicate, I ween
You would with slow and cautious step advance,
Lest you should scare the timid, crouching thing
From its position. What nice art to bring
A block of marble to so fine a state!
So pure, so perfect, yet so delicate
A semblance of Nature! Ah! it is
Proof of man's worship of the Deity,
And whose gazes on a work like this,
Must gaze, and wonder—or insensate be!

LINES WRITTEN IN A WATCH-CASE.

"Time flies!" the surly bigot cries,
"In fasts and prayers employ it!"
But I—more gentle—thus advise,
Count not the time,—enjoy it!

CALDER CAMPBELL.

Constant experience evinces how rarely a high confidence and affection receives the least diminution, without sinking into absolute indifference, or even running into the opposite extreme.—Hume.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN ON READING THE SECOND EDITION OF
LOCKHART'S "LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT."

Oh! wondrous man! while thus thy course I trace
From childhood's home, to life's last resting place—
What words can tell, what images convey,
Th' emotions which alternate hold their sway?
Love, admiration, reverence, all are thine,
And thus I worship genius at thy shrine.
And more than genius, goodness, honor, truth,
The mind of wisdom, with the heart of youth!
Oh! well has he who won thy daughter's heart,
And of thy love so justly claimed a part;
Well has he given thy semblance to the view—
It lives, it breathes, we feel that it is true.
Thy mind embodied on the glowing page,
How sweet to trace thee, through each varying
stage!

Thus oft, the orb of day, at distance seen,
We watch its radiant course from morn till e'en,
Dazzling, yet cheering all—then clouds arise,
And more sublime, its splendour gently dies.
Fountain of light to all within thy sphere,
By all how revered, and to some, how dear!
How oft by thee the drooping head was raised,
And humble worth, and talent known and praised;
Thy "blushing honours" borne with quiet grace,
Thy only boast, a cherished "pride of place."
And well might Abbotsford such feeling claim:
Its walls, its treasures, imaged in thy brain.
Those wondrous gifts of mind, which some had made,
A hermit, mid such soul-inspiring shade
(Their bright creations seeming to require
A world of rest, for such poetic fire)
Ne'er held thee absent from the social hearth;
By thee forgotten seemed, in hours of mirth;
Yet e'en through them, thy soul's rich treasures
gleamed,

And strangers heard the Scott of whom they dreamed.
Thy duties all fulfilled, a parent's care,
Thy children felt that nothing could impair.
Ah Scotia, well might'st thou in sorrow weep,
And mourn thy patriot bard's eternal sleep.
Thy fame will still be mingled with his own,
Who sung thy praise beneath his roof-tree home.
Amid' the ties, to which he fondly clung—
'Twas his to mourn his first, his dearest one.
Partner of all his hopes, his bliss, and care:
The storm had gathered, but its bolt was there!
His bright star waned, and darker o'er him grew,
Evils that wounded, but could not subdue.
Entangling webs unthought of, thickened round:
But he though crushed in heart, still great, was
found

With powers relaxed, but urged by honor's call,
He wrought, till life was sacrificed for all;
Alas! that on his closing hours should rest,
A weight so painful to that noble breast.
That he should feel those halls no more his own—
Affection's altar his poetic throne!
Yet there at length his spirit passed away!
That bright pure essence, from its shrine of clay!
Yes, blest in that; he breathed his last farewell.
Amid' the scenes, and forms he loved so well!
Lockhart! it was reserved for thee to give,
The record which shall long in mem'ry live.
And while thy hand thus marks his glorious track
Its lustre is on thee reflected back.
Thou true biographer, so prompt to show,
Each tint, that bids the living portrait glow.
Thy fate how blended, with his chequered lot,
Oh! worthy thou, to be the son of Scott!

E. R.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A COQUETTE.

From this title my readers will picture the writer an antiquated dame with wrinkled brow and tabby cat, who determines for the good of mankind to pen an account of juvenile errors, interspersed with wise saws and trite maxims. No such thing; I assure you, fair contemporaries, that twenty summers have not yet shone over my brow, so if it is wrinkled 'tis "not with years," and as for the four-footed tribe a beautiful little spaniel is my only companion. How delightful it is to indulge in egotism, and to tell strangers what our most familiar friends must never know; yet I should not be presumptuous enough thus to write if I did not believe that my story may strike home to many, warn some, and at least amuse, without harming any. In imitation of a certain noble Lord I fancied myself in love at the *advanced* age of six years, with a little cousin (four years my senior) who tried my constancy by going to school; and the innate spirit of coquetry soon budded; pour passer le temps I would help another little lover over the garden wall, and drag him in a corner to prevent the servants' merriment in *misletoe* scenes; often have I prided myself upon the dexterity with which I took up and cast down this little gentleman, as necessity required. One fine day, when my cousin returned (it was Leap year I *hope*) I whispered that I had just heard of little boys and girls in France being married, and why should not we; he readily acquiesced, and with a brass ring which encircled three fingers instead of one, the ceremony was performed; the bridegroom was obliged to depart immediately, and my nurse soon drew from me a weeping confession of the fact, for I believed that I was bound to him for ever, and already repented. I made her promise secrecy, but at dessert was compelled to hide my blushes under the table at the recital of my morning's occupation. Pass we on five years, to the fatal season when the seeds of vanity were first sown by one well versed in the world's wickedness. He too, was a relation, poor, but of a noble house; I was an only child, and he fancied should be "*a catch*;" it was he who first told me that my eyes were hazel, and my hair Auburn; it was he who tore from my character its greatest charm, simplicity. I shudder as I think of the poison, which sweet as honey, crept into my heart. Oh! parents are wrong to allow a child, however young, to be thrown with a man of unfixed principles; he talked to me of love; in the moonlit bower he would rob me of my childish feelings, but, thanks to a higher power, I was too young for my affections to be touched, though not for my vanity to be awakened; it was for another and a better to strike the spring of love, but when the feelings have been forced, they are like flowers in a hot-bed, which blossom again and again before the roots recover their healthy state. In another year, Henry Dalton (in names alone I must depart from truth) was constantly at our house, and though still a perfect child, I felt that he was unlike any I had seen, and particularly preferable to Frederick Hone who perceived this, and led him into vice and idleness from which my influence rescued but to cast him down more completely; but I must not anticipate. Henry had been at the University about

two years, when we met at a wedding—I was then more than fourteen and junior bridesmaid, he had often seen me before, but *he* was then twenty, and had thought of me as a child. That day was destined to alter his feelings; at the altar we knelt together, and in the evening I was his constant partner in the dance; after this we travelled, and I did not see him for months: the following winter when I attained my fifteenth year, thanks to the indulgence and blindness of parents, three evenings in the week was Henry by my side at the harp or chessboard: it was an agreeable variety to mathematics, and I found it a charming relief after exercises and a governess. She, poor soul, looked unutterable things in public, and spoke volumes in my mother's private ear, all of which was perfectly disregarded as being "*too ridiculous*." Winter and its joyous dances, its merry hours, and blissful meetings, gave place to the most beautiful spring within my recollection. Henry's visits were more frequent still; in the morning and evening he was sure to pass our plantations *by accident*, or to return a song or a book if the governante met him; if not, no excuse was necessary. One day he seemed very dull and I rallied him for his stupidity, and begged him to confess his sins; he murmured that he believed he was in love, I thought he was joking, for my eyes were not then opened either to his feelings or my own. Moore is right,

"There is nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

We seem to bear a charmed existence—no fear—no forethought—no *doubting* happiness—it is like a summer's rose which bursts into all its sweetness, all its beauty, unconscious that the burning sun will in a few short hours consume it.

"Oh if there is an Elysium of bliss
Upon Earth it is this, it is this—"

Although, at this time, Henry knew that he loved, he trusted to his own strength to disguise it until I was older, as he anticipated a decided negative, attended with serious displeasure from my father for having tried to gain the affection of one so young. With this idea he should have sought me less; had he done so, who knows what would have been the termination? Complete though the ways of Providence seem, they are wonderfully and mercifully ordered, and miserable indeed are those who do not, amid all their troubles, feel, that "*whatever is, is right*." It was now the end of that sweetest of months—May, and we were to go into Devonshire in ten days for three months. Mamma was not well, and completely by accident, Henry and myself were in her sitting room when the stars were peeping out; we forgot time, and were forgotten. The idea of parting caused feelings in Henry's breast which he would have given worlds to express, my spirits had not quite their usual flow; my dress was simple white, and my hair curled in long ringlets all round; I was leaning on the sofa when he took my hand, and his evil genius prevailing, uttered words which agitated as much as they surprised me. I know not how I reached my room, nor what I said when the lady's-maid asked why I had been cutting my hair; one lock was gone certainly, but not by my hands; the next day we did not meet for more than five

minutes; he had but time to ask if I should be at a Quadrille party to which he was invited the next evening, as it was at the house of one of my relatives—I was going. How fared the Italian exercises in the mean time? The next evening he presented me with a beautiful bouquet; this was not unusual by any means, but in the present instance none but the choicest gems were there; oh! well remembered orange flowers and Bankshire roses, for ever will your perfumes recall to me that hour. When we were waltzing, he whispered that he had something to give me if I could go into the hall for air; this was not practicable, but at supper we sat together on the sofa, and with more skill than I could muster now, I drew out my handkerchief and giving him the hint secreted in a moment the letter, big with the fate of “Henry and Claudina” (for that fair readers is the name I claim). What was my dismay when Mamma herself removed my light, and I was obliged to lie awake till daybreak enabled me to read the lines which spoke of bridal bliss. Upon our next meeting we agreed that it would be madness to divulge our engagement until our return from the South as he would be banished most opportunely. I would not consent to a clandestine correspondence, and most dolefully we parted. Sometimes in our three months absence I was very wretched, but sometimes consoled myself *pour passer le temps*, with a little coquetry. Upon our return, my parents were acquainted with the amiable arrangements, and as we feared, Henry was threatened with expulsion, but after a little misery, and a few most touching scenes, Mamma shrewdly guessed that opposition would only make us more resolved, so under certain conditions he was allowed to visit us as before; now all was “*couleur de rose*,” my flirting propensities only occasionally displaying themselves. Mamma saw all and said nothing, but I shall ever think she forwarded my corresponding with a very clever cousin, to make me aware of what she had long been—viz.—that Henry Dalton’s tastes and mine would never assimilate; he was a perfect gentleman, but not a literary one. When parted I would read poetry, and sigh while he would whistle away dull care if possible. May came again, but not so beautiful as before; on the anniversary of the day he had offered himself, he presented his miniature, but without an allusion to the past; this did not please me. I was then sixteen and a half; that night we were at a dance where I met a young man, serious, tall, dark and handsome, possessing the true vein of poetry which has always been my passion,—but more of him hereafter. We were soon going to a beautiful spot in Wales; my cousin, George Warrick was to spend the first part of the time, Henry Dalton the last, with us; George’s mind was highly cultivated, and the mornings passed delightfully in study. Henry came lively as ever, whistling all day and throwing aside every book! Oh! ye lovers do not think that a girl with any mind will be satisfied with nothing but hearing of her charms, and her adorer’s devotion. I was verily so sickened that I believe absolute ugliness would have been a relief. Oh! I cannot linger on that miserable fortnight; one little year had expanded my intellects and damped my love; one evening we

were sitting on the ruins of an old castle looking at the sea; the moon shone with its matchless purity, and Henry declared it to be the happiest moment of his life; then was the veil rent asunder, I felt that to me it was misery, in a few days he discovered my ill concealed *ennui*, and I will not attempt to describe the scenes that followed.

No anguish is so bitter as self-reproach, and bitterly I felt it; the engagement was not quite broken off, (for I still loved him to a degree) till the winter, when I told him we were so unsuited, that I felt I was altered, that I could never make him happy, and that I would trifle no longer. He dashed the miniature in the fire, never passed the examination which would have admitted him into the church, and perhaps made him happy for ever, and sailed for India—may he be happy! My mind disturbed, instead of applying to study I fell into a second error, worse than the first, for then, though I esteemed and regarded, I never loved. Edward Montague, whom I slightly mentioned before, was romantic beyond expression, but he was really good, and had a high sense of religion; he was a great favourite with my father, and our intimacy began in religion only—he lent me books, which favour I returned, and occasionally the notes which accompanied them slightly deviated from the prevailing subject. Then was the aid of poetry invoked, and many and beautiful are the pieces I have now from his pen. Oh how can I confess the weakness which allowed me to trifle thus with feelings. Edward depended upon his own abilities alone, and even the distant prospect of a curacy could not authorize his offering his hand. I was in those days (alas! I seem to be looking back ten instead of three years,) an early riser, and each morning I found beautiful flowers thrown over the wall to greet me. Oh! if this were to meet his eyes, how well would he know who was the writer; but I need not fear, he will not be likely to see it. At length I was obliged to return him a note, telling him it outstepped the bounds of friendship—he left a beautiful little chain and I never have seen him since. Then came a slight and harmless flirtation with a musical lover; another with a very handsome young man, who is very fair, and fond of drawing. Another terrible flirtation with a most honourable, delightful man, (besides many more too numerous to mention,) and now for the climax—now for the punishment for former sins. The gentleman in question is neither so gay as one lover, so romantic as another, so musical as a third, so handsome as a fourth; but he has effectually caught that fickle thing which has so long been fluttering. It is now eighteen months since its will has bent, and now are the sins committed on others visited on myself—how can one so inconstant expect constancy? Oh no, he is far better than I, and though he thinks he cares for me, ’tis more in pity than in love. I that have laughed at love bend beneath his sway—I that have seen and conquered, shun the world and weep: my former pleasures are all concentrated into one rich elixir, and that is far away. Oh think not I have written to boast of my conquests, I have written under feelings of remorse for the past, and surely humility for the present; for have I not said as much as that I pine

with unrequited love. Oh if this is the case, may a merciful Providence pardon my sins, let me once more see my heart's lord, and take me where sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

CLAUDINA.

WOMAN.

(IMITATION OF BURNS.)

Fairest o' creation's works ;
Nature's masterpiece of a' ;
Rose in which nae canker lurks ;
Diamond withouten flaw ;
Soft an' gentle as the dove,
Frae her lips sweet music breaks ;
Every accent breathes o' love,
When she doucely, kindly speaks.

But if danger threat her ain,
Vengeful ire, or hostil' strife,
Then the dove, an eagle grawn,
Will defend 'em wi' her life.

Here's a health to lovely woman,
Faithfu', tender, mild, and pure ;
In the heart of every true man,
May her empire aye endure !

X. Y. Z.

THE PLEASURES OF FARMING.

He who grows his own corn, his own mutton will eat,
On sprit wheat will breakfast, and dine on lean meat.

ANSWER TO CHARADE.

Death, fair lady, owns thy first,
Thy second in a watch we find,
Thy whole the DEATH-WATCH, that erst
The enfeebled sorrowing mind
In the spider's idle sound
A fearful sign and omen found.

FRANCESCA.

THE BREEZE OF SPRING.

Spring ! no more thy fragrant breath
Shall awake its echoes here,
Love has yearnings deep as death
To stir th' impassion'd tear.
But the triumph of its power,
From this heart has flown,
Light as breezes skim the flower,
A moment—it is gone !

The forests now may hail thee,
The wild woods to thee sing,
But this lone bosom never more
Can wake thy echoes, Spring !
Thought has cast a deeper shadow,
Hopes from earth are riven,
Sunshine now hath lost its brightness,
In fading hues like Even.

The forest boughs may darkly wave,
To hail thee in thy power,
The birds may sing more witchingly,
To wake the slumbering flower.
There are deeper echoes here
That round their shadows sing,
The faithless gleams of hope and fear,
Are on thy breeze—oh ! Spring !

C. G. L.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE GRAVE OF A COMPANION.

I often recall to my mind, with a tear,
The days of our childhood, so happy and dear ;
Ere the hand of pale sorrow had mark'd me her own,
Or adversity o'er me her mantle had thrown.
Then my heart it was light, and my spirit was gay,
As we roam'd o'er the meadows on each holiday ;
But Death's storm-clouds the sun of thy youth has
o'ercast,
Thy hopes they are over—MY joys they are past !

Thro' the woodlands ! sweet woodlands, so wild and
so free,
O'er the hills and the valleys I've rambled with
thee ;
And delighted we heard from each bramble and bush
The song of the linnet, the blackbird, and thrush.
Oft along the sweet dell we have carelessly trod,
To gather wild flowers from its emerald sod,
And Severn's fair waters we bravely would breast,
Or climb up its banks to the sand marten's nest.

Thy body, lov'd friend, in the church-yard is laid,
'Neath that spot by the yew tree's sepulchral shade
Where oft we have sat in the summer's sweet time,
To rest our tired limbs, and to hear the glad chime.
Ah ! little I dreamed then, when all things were gay,
Thy spirit would soon quit its prison of clay.
But early it passed to a happier scene,
Where the flowers are still blooming, the meads ever
green !

Shrewsbury.

JOSEPH WADE.

STANZAS TO *****

The charm of thy love is around me,
Bright as when first we met ;
The magic of beauty that bound me,
Is laid on my spirit yet ;
Each fond winning word thou hast spoken,
Each soft look thou glancedst on me,
Returneth a sorrowing token,
A mournful remembrance of thee.

Thine eye hath forgotten its smiles,
Affection hath fled from thy tone ;
The mirthful, the sportive young wiles
Which rendered thee lovely, are gone.
But though coldness and pride have now banished
The soft graces dearest to me ;
Though thy love and thy kindness have vanished,
Oh ! fondly my heart clings to thee.

E. K. S.

THE HOURI.

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE PORTRAIT.
To tempt to Heaven the human race,
By proof what Beauties there appear,
The picture of an Angel's face
Was sent on Earth. Behold it here !

Calais.

W. J. ROBERTS.

IMPROMPTU.

ON SEEING THE MODEL OF A LADY'S HAND IN THE
POSSESSION OF A GENTLEMAN.

'Twas hard of her Right hand
To be thus bereft ;
But he would prefer, no doubt,
That which is—Left.

Calais, Feb., 1840. Digitized by W. J. ROBERTS.

FAME.

"Una Donna senz' amore
E' difficile a trovare."

"Oh! England is no school for romance," is the every-day assertion; "there is nothing romantic to be met with, all goes either by steam or machinery, and Love itself as often comes by a railway, smooth and rapid, as it follows its true course, which many know is rough and slow enough."

Now I often hear this repeated by young ladies who are obliged to be contented with plain matter of fact lovers, nice domesticated animals, who wind silk for their *chère amie*, play with the younger sisters, or do the agreeable to an ever-careful mamma. This is just as it should be in many cases; the lady has been educated solely to manage a house, receive a limited number of particular guests, and show off in singing a trifling air, or play a showy piece of fashionable music; then this is sufficient, the husband likes his wife, the wife likes her husband; both are contented but neither happy. One reason why romance exists so little in England, is, that when and where it does exist, it meets with no encouragement, and good reasons are given, or at least if not good, intended to be so, and romance blossoms for a while and then dies. The person who has cherished it marries well, sinks into a state of domestic indifference, views everything coldly and calculatingly, then cautions his children on the folly of romance; she succeeds to her heart's content, and thus the halcyon days of romance pass away. There yet live some who give romance its due, and I am one of these; I love it for the many visions it creates, but above all for the reciprocity of feeling in its pure, unworldly, and intense love, it almost, though unfortunately not always, insures.

But oh, I am reading a lecture instead of telling a story, and talking of romance instead of my heroine.

My heroine was a young girl of a masterly mind and brilliant genius, uncontaminated by the selfish policy of the world, speaking and feeling alone as her own talented heart directed her. Brilliant in her remarks, quick in reply, she obtained the name of being remarkably clever; but there lurked in her soul a more perfect idea of what was necessary to insure greater fame than this simple, though ill-judged flattery might have led her to imagine. But ere I proceed further I will introduce her to my readers.

A select party had assembled at the house of Mrs. Aston, a well known literary character, and a circle had gathered around listening to her elegant discourse. An argument had commenced on a subject of importance, viz., whether wealth and fame brought happiness.

"Who agrees with me?" exclaims the hostess, "I maintain that wealth insures love, honour, respect and if wished, even fame."

"I agree with you," said our heroine, "who would bow down as a slave to one idol, and give up wealth and fame for the love of a single creature, who that ever felt the ecstatic thrill of ap-

plause, well-deserved applause, would do this? I, to insure myself the fame of a Byron or a Buck would live unloving and unloved for ever; then to behold so much or so many at your feet, and know that all waited on your smiles and watched your footsteps, and to feel not one was necessary to your happiness! What a triumph for me, for any one who would cast away all trammels and follow fame alone: wealth and honour must be theirs."

"You will change, Augusta Gerard; such sentiments cannot always exist, indeed they dare not," said two or three voices in tones of solemn warning.

"Change! never," cried Augusta vehemently, "never! I prefer wealth and fame to love, be it ever so warm, or so kind. I shall never love more than I do now; I love for a moment, then it passes, and Augusta Gerard never swerves from her search after fame, nor will she ever. I will attain my darling object, and cast love far from me; let it perish, it is an unworthy feeling, preventing the accomplishment of many great and noble things, crushing the heart and burning the brain, flinging down its own temples and treading on the fabric it reared; never could love bring wealth or fame."

"Child!" said an old man, who had listened in attentive silence, "Child, something brings down and sways a mighty genius, nothing as yet sways thine, but time proves and alters all things; mark me, fame will be misery if love enters thy breast, and wealth will be madness if thy love does not share it."

"My love! What, shall I raise that banner on the ruin of fame, and prefer its thousand miseries to the glittering phalanx of wealth? Impossible! it cannot be. You, sir, know not the love of fame which inhabits this bosom, neither can you ever tell it, years alone will show. If I thought my name would be spoken of as the most sublime poetess of the time, or a mightier musician than Handel, or the greatest historian ever known, I would die to achieve so great a distinction."

"Perhaps we may meet in after years, replied the aged man, "and then, when I tell Augusta Gerard her conversation of to-night, she will own it is forgotten in the one emotion which oppresses her; for, if fame so entirely fills thy heart, love's dominion would be ten times more powerful, and gain a complete, an overpowering mastery."

Years wore on—three only had passed—Augusta Gerard was now in the blush of womanhood, the same bright being she ever was. It was a Sunday afternoon, cold, bleak, and tempestuous; a stillness reigned around which awed the soul to reflection and consideration; a crowd of persons were hurrying from the different churches, and the murmur of their voices had subsided in the distance, low stifled sobs met the ear, issuing from a small, but neatly furnished room; a person in an agony of grief was there.

"God have mercy," said the voice, "spare him yet, once more I beseech thee, but once more to meet—" and the speaker fell on the ground, clasp- ing her hands in speechless agony, then she threw herself on her knees, and sobbed in silence. A

pause ensued, in which the person apparently arose, and struggling with her feelings bathed her face, but the gurgling sound of the water proved that sobs and tears mingled with its cool refreshing tide; but all proved useless, feeling got the mastery, and she slowly walked into an adjoining room, the light of the candles fell upon her pale brow, discovering the features of Augusta Gerard. Oh the bitterness of that smile, which she wore to hide her grief; and the mockery of that laugh, which concealed her deep, unutterable woe. What distressed her? Had fame been denied to her, or wealth been forbidden her, had every hope failed? No. He, her idol, was stretched on the bed of sickness, suffering pain and sorrow; she had been told in the voice of sympathy he was very ill, but when the blight fell on her soul she magnified the danger, and believed him dying. Oh, that hour it can never pass; oh, that agony, when she exclaimed, "We shall meet again on earth!" too well she knew her peace of mind was wrecked.

"Augusta," said a generous friend, as she read aloud a beautiful poem of her own composition, "Augusta, all your hopes will be realized, and fame will be yours."

"Fame," thought the broken-hearted one, "fame, oh, how worthless! wealth I would trample down, with all the proud treasures of the world, to restore him to health, to happiness; I would resign my hopes of all I once proudly thought would make me happy. If I possessed them without his love I should be a wretched, miserable being, worse than I am now."

Genius, mighty, self-devoted Genius, your temple was broken, your proud voice was hushed; silence reigned in your vast caverns; Love, with his tiny bow, had spoiled your kingdom, and Augusta Gerard despised your influence for ever. In mercy the prayer of Augusta was heard, for her reason had otherwise sunk under the blow. They met and stood side by side, and those who looked upon the brow of Walter Lacy saw the deep suffering he had experienced in that short, but dreadful illness; it had bowed down and crushed her wishes; but he was spared, it was sufficient for the devoted Augusta, and a prayer of thankfulness rose amidst the evening silence.

"Silly, unthankful girl, refused him, who could give you wealth and power. Romantic nonsense, to talk to me of striving together—refused the Earl and clinging to a beggar! Are you mad, Augusta? Let me write to the nobleman, and accept him, telling him you laboured under an error since removed; show your wisdom, by casting off Walter Lacy," urged Mrs. Gerard.

"I will die," was the answer, "I will tear my heart from its seat, but never abandon Walter Lacy."

"Augusta, but such distinction awaits you as Countess Malton, such honour and happiness; wed him and make me happy; if you do not consider yourself think of me."

"I do think of you," replied Augusta, "would you be happy in my wretchedness, or rejoice at my misery? Impossible! You are not so unnatural. Mother, urge me not; I cannot, I will not wed the Earl."

Mrs. Gerard quitted the room, and her daughter burst into tears.

"In tears, dearest," said a syren voice, "in tears, Augusta? Oh, am I the cause? Speak! you wish to marry another."

"Walter, I am yours to the end of time, and through a happy Eternity; I will strive with you, toil with you, do all but abandon you. Walter, you wrong me, say you doubt me not."

Large tears gathered in his eyes as he took her hand and covered it with kisses; he did not speak, but gazed on her brow, and folded her closely in his arms. Wealth, where is thy boasted power? where is your mastery? where is your beauty? when affection enters the heart, where is it all gone? To the dust, whence all sordid feelings spring. Ah! what could buy a noble heart, a heart of truth? what could purchase love? Nought, and without it all is valueless. Would Augusta have been happy when she left one heart to desolation? No; then beware those who can trample on love for worldly aggrandizement, beware, for before the grave closes over your heads you will bitterly repent your worldly views, and a life of piety, charity, and remorse, will not atone for the sin of breaking a heart whose only crime was its poverty. Many may read this who care merely for wealth, to them I speak with a warning voice, and say once more beware.

Again a lapse of years and a new scene is presented to our view, different to all the rest, very different, but yet it is a happy one:

"What do you think of it, Walter?" said a low voice, "it is better than I expected, much better, every one seems pleased."

"Dearest, it is more than beautiful, for its greatest charm is its lofty motive, and the pure unsullied life of its authoress; dearest, you have saved yourself and me from deep misery."

"Walter! misery when you are with me? Nay, I will not hear such a word."

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted many voices, as the curtain fell on Augusta Lacy's first tragedy, "bravo, where is the authoress?"

"Take me away, Walter, take me away, I cannot bear all this; they overpower me, bear me home."

"My wife, my noble, generous wife, you have killed yourself to save me," sobbed Lacy, as she fainted in his arms; you who gave up everything for my sake, are dying from your true heartfelt love for one who cannot appreciate as he ought your undying nobleness of feeling for him."

"Can I render any assistance?" said an aged man stepping forward, "your wife seems very ill."

"She has been ill for a very long time, but all will be well I trust; I cannot part with her yet, to give her to a sphere worthy of her; indeed we cannot part."

"Who spoke of parting?" said Augusta, "not you Walter; I am better, and able to leave; let us go."

"Pardon, Madame, you are the person I wished to speak to, I once had the pleasure of seeing you at Mrs. Aston's, many years ago; have you since followed fame as ardently as you then expressed your wish to do, and given up love for the sake of wealth and power?" said the aged man.

"No, no," laughed Mrs. Lacy, "I have reversed it, good Sir; I have given up wealth, power,

and ambition for love, though I am very wealthy, my husband's love is mine. I am powerful—I wish for a thing, and he tries to obtain it. I am ambitious to make him happy; thus, dear Sir, my old feelings are not destroyed, but turned to a better channel."

Now my story is told, Walter and Augusta lived happily together, and the happiest moment of her life was when she presented her husband four hundred pounds, which she had obtained for her play, and felt that wealth, power, and ambition must yield to the masterly dominion of love.

HANNAH.

ALL FOR GOOD.

BY MISS F. JOHNSTON.

"It is all for good!" was the pious exclamation of an eastern sage, as he arrived weary and forlorn before a town, the gates of which were closed for the night. "Whatever is permitted of God must be for the best, whether it seemeth so to us or not," he continued, as he reclined, hungry and thirsty beneath the azure vault of Heaven. Beside the holy man stood his ass, by the side of which burned a small lantern, the insecurity of the region rendering the precaution necessary. The sage slept. A storm arose and extinguished his lamp, and a lion came and tore his ass. The old man awoke and found himself alone and in darkness, and spake, "What the Lord permits must be for good," and calmly he awaited the dawn.

On arriving at the gates he found the town sacked and plundered. A band of Arabs had entered during the night, slaughtered the male inhabitants, and carried away the women and children into captivity; the sage alone was spared. "Said I not all was for good," spake again the man of God, as the early sunbeam found him prostrate before the Creator of Heaven and earth.

Thus do we oft times discern in the morning wherefore the Lord hath denied our request of the evening.

A FAMILY INFLICTION.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

THE AUNT, *loquitur*.

My dear, I'm so glad you are married,
With such comfort in London set down,
So I from the country have carried
Your cousins, to see you in town.

Here's Bobby and Billy, the twins
You remember some six years ago;—
You must not, little darlings, stick pins
In those pretty wax figures, you know.

There! you've knock'd off the tail of that dog
Your cousin brought with her from *Sevres*,
In playing the game of leap-frog—
Children never know what they would have!

However, your cousin *won't* scold,
Her husband *must* buy something new;
Little babies, like these, when they're told
To be quiet, *reverse* things will do.

Here's Kitty, my eldest, who sings
Till your very ears ring with her voice,
And her friend, Miss Amelia Mac Ings,—
By the bye, she's my dear Tommy's choice.

That's Tom, peeping in at the door,
Making fun, with all sorts of grimaces;
I shall die, as I've told him before,
With mirth, if he makes such queer faces.

And yonder are Moggy and Ralph,
Playing ball on the staircase.—Oh, dear!
I hope all the windows are safe,
But a pane or two's broken, I fear!

Such things can't be helped, so don't fret:
We've come *but* for a fortnight, or so—
As 'tis so very long since we've met,
You'll be *highly delighted*, I know.

You must take all off to the play,
The wax-work, the Tower, and Saint Paul's;
Your husband won't scruple to pay,
For my *purse*, love, has so many calls.

This is Mary, now nearly sixteen,
And this is my pin-basket, Neddy;
You must know I lost one child between
Him, and this little darling, dear Freddy.

He's the brightest of all my sweet loves,
Though he has a slight tinge of a squint;—
Darling! Speak Cowper's poem, "*The Doves*,"
Just to give your dear cousin a hint—

Of what you will be when a man,—
An Archbishop, I'm certain—or Judge!
Why, niece! you to smile have began,
And I heard you say something like *fudge*!

I hope you have plenty of beds,
And your sheets, I suppose, are kept air'd;
If my darlings catch cold in their heads,
They'll say for their comforts none cared.

They must have a nice breakfast at seven,
With a hot roll, and cream for my pet;
And they take, between ten and eleven,
A *dejeuner a la fourchette*.

I've brought but two maids, they desire
Not to mix with *your servants*, so pray
Find a parlour, and keep a good fire
In their room all the time that they stay.

My maid with her dinner drinks wine—
Half-a-pint, love, I always allow;
And the *nurse* is accustomed to dine,
When the man cries "*New milk from the cow*."

Of course you will give us a rout,
A supper and ball, for I think
A party is *nothing* without
There is *plenty* to eat and to drink.

'T may be done at a moderate charge!
I would ask you to come and see me,
But my family's really so large
It would be *inconvenient*, you see!

FROM THE HINDUSTANI.

A Moslem and a Bramin were disputing very
hard,
Of Vishnoo and Mahomed, when in there stepped a
bard;
"Alas!" cried he, "what stuff you speak, compared
with Cupid's creed,
The Koran is a rotten rush, the *Shaster* but a weed!"
R. C. C.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A BRIGAND.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF DUMAS.)

BY MISS LYDIA CAMPBELL.

(Concluded from page 147.)

On the following morning, the Colonel, addressing his troops as they stood in parade order, exclaimed :

"Whoever of you can break a bottle, in three shots and at a hundred and fifty paces, to the front?"

Three men stepped forward, recovering their arms. A bottle was placed at the stipulated distance, which the first man broke at the first shot. Two other bottles shared the same fate. His comrades each took three shots to destroy their bottles.

"Your name," said the commandant to the first.

"André," replied he, wiping the muzzle of his piece with one hand, while with the other he adjusted his moustache. "André, ready to do you any service in my power; and he gave one of those indescribable twitches of the shoulders that can only be performed by a man who has carried a knapsack for some ten years.

"Do you perceive yon eagle, right above us?"

The soldier, making a telescope of his hands, raised his head, and replied with a grin. "Yes, sir; thank my stars, I have not the ophthalmia."

"Well, André, here are ten louis for that bird."

"At this distance?" asked the soldier.

"At this, or at any other."

"On the wing?" demanded André.

"Or in the nest, it matters not," said the Colonel. "Watch your quarry, day and night, if it be necessary. I acquit you of all duties for thirty six days."

The soldier smiled, made a salute, first to the commandant, then to the eagle, as if the bird beheld him, and instantly set about arranging the toilet of his fusée, putting in a fresh flint, choosing such cartridges as seemed the most compact, and then filling his flask with eau de vie, and taking with him a loaf of bread, he marched off at a steady pace, whistling a quick step. The Colonel seated himself outside his tent, following with his eyes the man on whose address he had placed his last hopes, until he was out of sight, when he directed his attention to the eagle, which still continued to wheel about in the air, making those circular evolutions which are characteristic of its race, but gradually approaching in its flight the top of the cliff. Suddenly, with the rapidity of lightning, it darted down—appeared once more but with a leveret in its talons, and then retreated with its prey into the cleft in which its aerie was placed. In about five minutes after it flew again from its nest, and rested upon a sharp abutment of the cliff. Scarcely had it folded its wings ere a shot was heard—and the eagle fell dead.

"It is a cockbird, monsieur," cried André, as approaching with a salute, he deposited his prey at the commandant's feet.

"Here are your ten louis, friend."

"Will you give me as many for the hen?"

"Double," cried the Colonel.

"Sacré!" exclaimed the soldier, "Monsieur

has a strange taste to pay so much for such game; it is only good to make soup for a pioneer. But there's no disputing about tastes. My old grandmother always made her omelettes of rotten eggs. Monsieur shall have his bird, and if he stuffs them both, he will have a pair of noble eagles."

So saying he walked away, as stiff as his own ramrod, whistling his favourite quickstep.

He did not, however, return until the next morning, but he had kept his word.

"Ah!" cried the Colonel, with a look of joy, as he placed his purse in the hands of André, who, counting the coins carefully, added them to those already deposited in his pouch.

"You may go, now," said the Colonel, "I want you no longer."

"Had not I better pick their feathers for you Colonel?"

"Thank you, it is not necessary."

"Oh! very well; only I thought I might spare you the trouble; perhaps you like them roasted—feathers and all. Excuse me, Monsieur, but I hope you'll employ me again." And with the customary salute the soldier stalked away.

"Captain," said to Jacomo, a bandit on the following day as he returned from the eagle's nest, "there is nothing in the nest."

The Captain started. "Have the eaglets been carried away?" asked he.

"No; but it would appear that the old birds, finding they eat too heartily, are tired of providing for them."

"Well," cried Jacomo, "we must live as we can to-day,—let the morrow look out for itself."

On the morrow Jacomo had determined to visit the aerie himself. He accordingly went—plunged his hand into the nest—and withdrew it again, not empty;—he held the two eaglets,—*they were dead!* "That villain, Antonio, has betrayed us!" said he.

That day the banditti dined on one of the eaglets; the next day they contrived to satisfy themselves with half of the other, and the third day saw it consumed. After that third meal Jacomo, approaching the edge of the peak, beheld the Colonel, his telescope levelled against the summit of the mountain. By his side stood the surgeon, whom he had released from arrest, when he came to understand how Jacomo and the brigands found their provisions. No sooner did he perceive Jacomo, than attaching a white handkerchief to the point of his sword, he waved it in the air, from which the robber concluded that he demanded a parley. Maria stood near him; he untied her apron, and fixed it to a pole, which he planted on the highest ridge of the promontory. The Colonel seeing that a parley was granted, looked out for a man who was willing to convey his proposals to the robbers. André presented himself. The embassy was not without danger, for Calabrian brigands do not pique themselves on a strict adherence to the rules of honour, current in similar cases between honourable foes. Aware of this, André, requesting the commandant to step aside with him, took from his pouch the thirty louis he had received three days before, and put them into his hands.

"What would you?" asked the Colonel.

"Nothing more, my Colonel," replied he, "than that if these *canaille*, on the rock there, should take it into their heads to make a mince-pie of me, I am not desirous of their becoming heirs to my property. Therefore, my Colonel, I request of you to send twenty louis to my poor old mother,—you know Pelagie Durand; the other ten you will give to—to Lisette, the sutler of our troop; a brave girl who washes my linen, and gives me my dram of brandy on tick, and who—" The soldier stopped; something got into his throat, which impeded his articulation. The commandant promised scrupulously to comply with his request, should any evil befall him, and furnished him with the necessary instructions. He offered life to all the brigands, Jacomo excepted.

André marched off, and began to ascend the mountain with that miraculous confidence which so seldom deserts a French soldier; a confidence derived from two sources,—the courage which he possesses, and the eloquence which he has the vanity to think he possesses. Arrived at the summit, he found himself within fifty paces of a sentinel, who shouted out a Calabrian "*qui vive*?"

"A parley," responded André, quietly, advancing towards him.

"*Qui vive*!" a second time roared the sentinel.

"A parley, idiot!" cried André, raising his voice, and still advancing: "did I not say so before?"

"*Qui vive*!" bawled the sentinel for the third time, raising his carbine.

"Are you deaf?" said André, exerting his lungs to their utmost,—a parley,—P-A-R-L-E-Y—"spelling the word; "do you hear that?"

It would seem that the word, thus lettered by the soldier, failed to penetrate the ears of the Calabrian brigand, for scarcely had the last word issued from the lips of André, ere a ball from the carbine of the sentinel striking his shako, precipitated that portion of military costume down the cliff; its proprietor having omitted to fasten it under his chin.

"Son of a—*she-wolf*!" muttered André, "you have performed your *chef d'œuvre*! A shako that contained more than a score of love-letters from as many pretty girls! You ugly thief, have you a mind that I should eat your very soul?"

At that instant, the sentinel perceiving that his adversary, in his quality of herald, came unarmed, rushed forward to accomplish with his poniard what his carbine had failed to perform. André mechanically put his hand on the place where his sabre should have been, but he found it not. Meanwhile the poniard of the robber glittered within a foot of his breast. By a rapid movement, he contrived to grasp the wrist of his assailant; the menaced blow was thus arrested, and the two men wrestled in mortal strife. The ground on which they struggled was a narrow path, winding round a perpendicular rock, and on the other side sloping down to the precipice—a precipice at least two thousand feet deep. This narrow space, covered with dry grass, and slippery from the burning heat of the sun, was not free from risk for such even as trod it cautiously and alone; so that each of our wrestlers, aware of the danger, employed all the

strength he possessed, all the artifice he could summons, to retreat as far as possible from the edge of the abyss—for there was little chance of escape for one, if the other was precipitated down the cliff. All the robber's efforts, then, were exercised to extricate his wrist from the grasp of André, whilst the latter endeavoured to retain his hold. Each had, meanwhile, flung the hand and arm that were free round the neck of his opponent so closely that these two men—animated with a thirst for each other's blood—seen from a distance might have been mistaken for two brothers, warmly embracing after an absence of many years.

For some moments, thus knit together, they stood motionless, without either having the advantage over the other. Presently, however, the knees of the bandit began to tremble—his back to bend—his head to fall backwards—and then, heavily, like an oak felled by the axe, he sank in the earth, dragging André with him, and in his fall unloosing the tightness of his grasp, from which the poniard dropped, rolling within a few inches of the edge of the precipice. A new strife, for the same object, now began; the robber striving with his feet to push the dagger down the abyss,—André endeavouring to gain possession of it; and both, in the effort to attain their purpose, necessarily approaching the edge of the cliff. Occasionally their fierce eyes were turned towards the hideous gulf to which they insensibly drew near,—then, without a single word, a single threat, they clung to each other more savagely than ever. André still, however, appeared to retain the advantage over his rival, whose throat he clutched with one hand, whilst with the other he almost touched the hilt of the poniard. With a final effort he gained it, and the bandit at length saw that he was lost. With this dreadful assurance upon his mind, he nevertheless resolved that his adversary should share his death. Unobserved by André, he pressed his outstretched foot against the rock, and at the moment when the dagger glittered above his bosom, shoving himself with a sudden jerk of the foot from the rock, he was precipitated with his opponent into the gulf! A terrible cry echoed around; it was the united imprecations of these two men—the last fearful adieu of two sinful creatures to creation! The brigand and the soldier fell—together!

But another cry was added to theirs; it was that of Jacomo. Alarmed by the report of the carbine, he hurried from a distant point of the mountain,—saw the struggle, still remote,—and reached the spot just at the moment that witnessed the dreadful termination of the horrid contest. Extending his arms, as if the very act could have arrested their fall, he beheld them disappear down the abyss, and bounding with the agility of the jaguar on the pinnacle of a rock which overlooked the gulf, he perceived down—down—far down, the shattered body of the bandit, as it floated away on the whirling waters of a rapid torrent!

"Comrade!" exclaimed a voice, not far from where he stood, exactly below him.

Jacomo turned his eyes towards the place whence the sound proceeded, and beheld, with an amazement that could not be controlled, André, clinging to a tree which grew 'midst the fissures of the rocks!

Separated from each other at the commencement of their fall, the two adversaries shared a separate lot. The bandit was dashed to pieces, as has been seen, whilst André had the good fortune to be intercepted by the branches of this mountain pine,—having however ten feet of naked rock which he could not scale, above him—and below him the terrible abyss that had already received his foe!

“Holy Saints!” cried Jacomo, “who are you?”

“Pardi! one who can speak French,” said André, settling himself more comfortably on the bough. “I am André Durand, Voltigeur of the 34th Regiment, surnamed by the emperor, ‘*the thunderers*!’”

“What brings you here?”

“I come from my commanding officer to bring you his final decision.”

“It is well!”

“If it be well,” said André, “be so obliging as to make it better by sending down here the least thing in the world to expedite my ascent—a rope, for example; and then you can drag me up, like a bucket from a well.”

Jacomo retired a few steps to the bush, where the now useless cords lay which had been employed in their descent to the eagle’s nest, and flinging them down, André carefully fastened them about his body,—gave the signal,—and was dragged up—swinging round like a ball—by Jacomo, who extricating him from the ropes, placed him in safety beside him.

“Thank you, comrade,” said André, adjusting his disarranged stock and collar, “should you ever be in similar circumstances, call out for André Durand, and if he be within hail, count upon his assistance.”

“Now for your commandant’s message,” cried the Captain.

“Ah!” said André, “my instructions were with my love-letters, and *they* were in my shako, which has gone to the devil,—where no doubt your friend the sentinel has gone to look for it. I very much fear he will not bring it back.”

“Cannot you recollect what they were?”

“Let me see,” said André, assuming the gravity of an ambassador. “They promised that the lives of all the brigands should be saved, with the exception of that of their Chief!”

“Are you sure of that?”

“Am I sure of it? To be *sure*, I am!”

“Follow me!”

André obeyed, and in a short time they reached the platform which has been described in the early part of this story, where they found the brigands reposing, whilst Maria leant against a rock, suckling her infant.

“Good news, my friends!” cried Jacomo, “the French offer you your lives!” The men started on their feet—Maria raised her head, sadly.

“All our lives?” asked a robber.

“All!” answered Jacomo.

“Without *any* exception?” softly demanded Maria.

“What signifies it to these brave fellows whether there be an exception, so long as it does not regard them?” replied Jacomo, impatiently.

“It is well,” respired Maria, again bending her head over her babe.

“There is an exception, then,” said one of the banditti, “and that exception regards our chief!”

“Perhaps so,” said Jacomo.

“And this man has conveyed the proposal hither?”

“Yes!” said Jacomo.

The bandit who had spoken cast a quick glance at his comrades, and perceiving from every countenance that their thoughts were in unison with his own, smartly recovered his carabine, and levelled it at the breast of André.

“What the devil are you about?” cried Jacomo, placing himself before André.

“I merely wish to pay this messenger his wages for bringing such an errand,” rejoined the robber.

“What is the matter with the buffoon,” asked André, coolly looking over the shoulder of Jacomo who stood before him, “is he often seized with these fits?”

“Tis very well, Luigi,” cried Jacomo, waving his hand authoritatively, “and I thank you; down with your carabine,—it may so happen that your opinion may not coincide with that of your comrades.”

“It is the opinion of all, is it not?” asked Luigi, accosting the troop.

“Of all! of all!” shouted the men, “we live or die with our chief!”

Maria did not utter a word, but two grateful tears coursed down her woe wan cheeks.

“You hear?” said Jacomo, addressing André.

“I hear, but I do not comprehend, was the reply.”

“These men declare,” said Jacomo, that they will live or die with their chief—with *me*, I am their chief.”

“Pardon me,” exclaimed André, drawing his legs close together, raising his hand to his head, and making a formal military salute, “I was not aware of your rank. Pardon me, *sir*!”

“It is well,” said Jacomo, with a gesture of dignity that would have done honour to a prince “and now that you know who I am, return to your Colonel, and tell him that in the band of the robber Jacomo, dying with hunger as it is, there is not a single man who would save his life at the expense of that of his captain.”

“Well!” rejoined André, “is there anything wonderful in that? It only proves that there are good fellows to be met with everywhere—that’s all!”

“Now, then,” continued Jacomo, examining with some anxiety the countenances of his troop, “I have but one word of advice to give you,—it is to leave this place as soon as you can, or I will not answer for what may happen.”

“Oh, by all means,” said André, with an air of contempt, “I have no wish to be billeted in your barracks, where the rations are apparently scanty.”

The Captain of banditti frowned.

André stared coolly at him, went to the right about in precise time, and marched away, whistling his quick step.

Some minutes had elapsed since André had disappeared, yet the banditti remained mute and motionless; at length Jacomo, without a word, withdrew. Then, indeed, every one tried to satisfy the craving hunger that devoured him as best he

could; some dug for wild roots—some gathered a few wild berries,—others endeavoured to chew young shoots of the trees. Maria alone continued sitting against a rock, she knew that she still possessed a fountain of sustenance for her infant.

After two hours Jacomo returned, bearing in his hand one of those iron-shod poles, with which the Italian cowherds and goatherds chase their cattle; nor had he forgot to appropriate that same coil of ropes which has already played so important a part in our history, and which seems to be one of those accessories that are necessary to its denouement.

"Get ready," cried he, "we depart."

"When?" said the brigands.

"To night."

"Have you discovered a passage?"

"I have."

Joy shone on every visage, for no one doubted their chief. Maria arose, and presented her babe to Jacomo:—"kiss him," said she.

Jacomo embraced the child with the air of a man who is afraid of betraying the latent principle of human love that lurks in his heart, then pointing to the sky, he exclaimed, "it will be dark in half an hour." Every one busied himself in examining his carbine, his ammunition, and his bayonet, or poniard.

"Are you ready?" asked the captain.

"We are."

"Let us depart."

Jacomo led the way, over a track opposite to that by which André had come. A tiny track, so narrow that one man might have defended it against ten, conducted to the bottom of the mountain. It had not however escaped the vigilance of the Colonel, who had accordingly placed a guard at its extremity, with a sentry a hundred paces in advance of it. As they advanced, Jacomo turned round to his followers, and commanded perfect silence, in that decisive tone which implies peril to whosoever disobeys it. The brigands scarcely permitted themselves to breathe. At that moment the infant uttered a faint cry.

Jacomo turned round, his eyes glittering through the gloom like those of a tiger. Maria unloosed her boddice, prest her babe to her bosom, and it became silent. On they continued to proceed, slowly, steadily, silently; in a few minutes, the child, finding no longer the accustomed draught, murmured aloud.

A sort of growl escaped Jacomo, which, had it been heard, could not have compromised the safety of his troop, for it sounded more like the cry of a wolf than the voice of a human being. The trembling mother fastened her lips to those of her offspring, and they advanced some paces in silence; but the poor infant, tormented by hunger, began to wail aloud.

Upon this, Jacomo with one bound sprang towards Maria, and, before she could either prevent or repel him, he seized the babe by the legs, tore it from the arms of its mother, and whirling it in the air, dashed out its brains against a pine tree that skirted the path.

For an instant, mute, pale, her hair on end, her eyes fixed, the hapless Maria stood rooted to the spot; then stooping, with a rapid movement like

that of a piece of mechanism, she gathered up the mutilated corpse of her child, placed it in her apron, and continued to follow the brigands, of whom Jacomo had again taken the lead. He had now quitted the track, taking advantage of a part where the mountain was accessible, and with the instinct of a beast of prey, he led the men amongst masses of rock, stretches of low brushwood and heath, which seemed to deny all passage unless for the serpent or the lizard. For an hour they proceeded thus, and then, reaching a place where the mountain was perpendicular, they found themselves on a sort of platform which ran round the perpendicular precipice,—standing in the centre, as it did, like a monument erected to the deity of the Earthquake; for by some terrible convulsion of nature it had evidently been torn from the adjoining mountain. Not one, however, of the men remembered to have seen the place before. After a moment's pause, they began to recognize the spot, or rather its location,—they recollected that during their isolation on the cliff, they had occasionally peered fearfully down into the gulf in which they now found themselves, but had instantly retreated, pensively thinking that it was impossible for aught save the chamois to gain the bottom of that dreadful abyss. Nor had they yet reached the extent of that abyss, but the platform on which they stood seemed at least half-way down, whilst far, far below them, obscure and gloomy, the gulf appeared to descend. Yet, on its very margin, Jacomo halted. The brigands formed a circle round this daring man, whose ingenuity had discovered means of preserving their lives which otherwise would never have been revealed to them, and who, they doubted not, at this very moment, had some project in view whereby they might be saved. In fact, Jacomo seemed perfectly free from embarrassment; he unrolled the coil of ropes, called one of the men, round whose wrist he tied one end of the rope, whilst fastening the other securely to the middle of the iron pole, he balanced that useful instrument like a javelin above his head, and launched it across the abyss; where, habituated to distinguish objects by night almost as well as by day, the banditti perceived that, passing between two oaks on the opposite side, it became firmly fixed in the earth. Jacomo then unloosed the end of the rope from the man's wrist. With a sudden wrench, he tore the iron-pole from the earth, and carefully worked the rope until he got the pole stowed between the two oaks, which grew within a foot of each other. Here the pole was arrested by the transverse position it had taken betwixt the trees. Jacomo pulled the rope violently, but the pole resisted, remaining fixed; it was just what he desired.

He then tied that end of the rope which had been twined round the man's wrist, and which he had not since let go, round the trunk of a pine tree, with many strong knots and twists; then, seizing between both hands the cord which crossed over the gulf, like a bridge, he seated himself on the edge of the abyss, and with his legs dangling down that terrible chasm, he began, hand over hand, his strange passage across the gulf.

The banditti watched his progress, breathless, and with open mouths. By the mere strength of

his wrists, hand after hand, he proceeded, as easily to all appearance, as if his feet trod a solid substance. At length he reached the opposite side, clutched at the root of one of the oaks, gained it, and, with one remaining effort, found himself safe beneath the boughs of the tree. His first act was to examine the iron-pole to which the rope was fastened; he found it firm and solid, and turning towards the group on the other side of the chasm, he beckoned them to come on.

These brave mountaineers, did they shrink to follow? No! not for a second! where one had succeeded all might succeed! *All did!*

Last of all stood Maria,—when her time was come, she hesitated not, but with the ends of her apron clenched between her teeth to preserve her precious but ghastly burthen, she seized the cord, and without evincing apprehension or weakness, passed across like the others.

The chief breathed freely once more, for all his men were around him, safe and sound; preserved by him for whom they had dared the most dreadful fate. Casting one glance of bitter scorn towards the encampment of the military, where a few straggling fires threw up sparks of flame, he uttered the words "*come on!*" and their march was immediately resumed. In about an hour a village appeared to which they descended; calling to a man who stood at a cottage door, whose expression betrayed acquaintance with the new comers, Giacomo said that they were hungry. Food was instantly set before them, which they ate in silence, and departed. Another half-hour found them again amidst the hills, beyond all danger, and fearless of pursuit. Giacomo halted, looked around him, and exclaimed, "we shall pass the night here." Every one looked rejoiced, and all prepared to rest their weary limbs, when suddenly starting, Giacomo glanced wistfully around, Maria was not to be seen!

He flew a few paces in the direction whence they had come, then stopped as suddenly as he had advanced, for he beheld Maria at the foot of a tree. Her long hair had fallen down over her shoulders, she was kneeling, digging a hole with her hands in the soft earth—a grave for her murdered infant!

Jacomo rushed into a thicket—flung himself on the earth—and hid his face between his hands. When he returned to the troop, his eyes had a strange fiery expression, as if the lightning had scorched them, and his lips were gnawed and bleeding. He was the first to set his men the example of seeking repose,—he flung his mantle on the ground, and all were, or seemed to be, asleep in a few moments—all, except the sentinel whose watch it was, and Maria.

The sentinel, overcome by fatigue and sleep, with difficulty kept his eyes open, and staggered from sheer drowsiness as he paced up and down. Suddenly a voice, sweet but sad, pronounced his name. He started, turned round, and beheld Maria.

"Luigi," said she, "fear not. It is I."

Luigi saluted her with respect, for she was revered and beloved by the banditti.

"Poor lad," said she, "you are ill; you are ready to drop with fatigue, and yet you must keep watch for another long hour."

"Such are the orders of the captain, Madonna."

"Listen," whispered Maria, "I try in vain to sleep—this sad sight banishes all inclination to rest. She held up her apron, dabbled with the gore of her child. "My infant's blood keeps me awake. You know how quick, how careful my sight is—give me your carabine—I will take your post, and waken you when the dawn begins to break."

"Should the Captain know it?" urged Luigi, who was dying to accept her offer.

"He cannot know it."

"Will you promise never to tell him?"

"I will—I do!"

The brigand placed his carabine in her hands—found an adjacent clump of heath that served him for bed and bolster, and in five minutes his hard breathing was added to the other proofs that the God of Sleep reigned omnipotent over the bivouac of the banditti. For a short time Maria remained motionless at her post; she then left it—stealthily glided, spirit-like, amongst the troop, assured herself that all were asleep, and with a step, that had scarcely the weight of a snow-flake, stood beside the sleeping Giacomo. She stooped over him for a moment, the next, the muzzle of the carabine was at his heart,—the next, she fired.

"What is that?" cried the brigands, leaping up, and half awake.

"Nothing," answered Maria, in a deep, quiet voice, "Luigi, whose watch I keep, forgot to tell me that his piece was loaded, and I inadvertently drew the trigger."

The men again lay down, and went to sleep.

As for Giacomo, he had neither uttered a groan or breathed a single sigh. The ball had penetrated his heart.

Maria laid the carabine of Luigi on the sod, cut off the head of Giacomo with his own knife, placed it in the apron stained with her child's blood, and commenced her descent from the fastnesses of the mountain.

On the following day it was announced to the Colonel that a young woman, who boasted of having slain Giacomo, demanded an interview. She was admitted. Maria stood before him—unbound the strings of her apron, and the head of the bandit chief rolled on the ground.

Accustomed as he was to the horrors of carnage, the Colonel yet started at this sight. Raising his eyes to the pale, grave-looking woman, who stood statue-like before him, he said,

"Who and what are you?"

"Yesterday I was his wife,—to-day I am his widow!"

"Give her three thousand ducats," cried the Colonel, opening his snuff-box.

* * * *

Four years after the above scene took place, a Nun of the Convent of the Holy Cross, at Rome, died in the odour of sanctity. She was not only famed for her penances, her piety, and her saintly conduct, but also for her liberality to the order, for she had bestowed three thousand ducats on the convent when she took the vows. Of her previous life nothing was known; all they knew was that sister Maria was a Calabrian by birth.

A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

During a recent visit to my native province chance enabled me to collect materials, from considerable personal testimony, for the subject of this sketch, and to narrate the incidents in the order of their occurrence, while fresh in my memory, will materially assist to lighten my labour.

The morning presented an azure aspect, which prognosticated an uncertainty of weather; and, notwithstanding a heavy fall of rain, the afternoon was beautifully fine. The vehicle of my friend, in whose habitation I was on a visit, was not capable of containing the full number connected with the household; modesty prompted me, in conjunction with the next male aspirant to hereditary worth, to move on our own useful and obedient pedestals, to a house of worship, whither we were wending, about a mile distant. On our way I was particularly pleased at observing many individuals, of various sectarian tenets, harmoniously mingling, while progressing to their respective conventicles. This is a convincing proof that their pastors, although they essentially differ in their creeds, do not, as in too many places, frequently through the medium of the press, the pulpit, and the platform, vehemently declaim against each other's doctrines; in this quarter, through Christian charity, and wishing well to one another, the hearers zealously espouse their opinions, but do not virulently follow them up. The neat attire of the peasants; their demure and religious aspects; their profound attention to the prayer and preaching of a talented divine, were models of excellence. A stranger will, in some respects, command either ocular or oral observation; while he, to gratify curiosity, will not be an inattentive spectator. My organs of vision could not bring to view the choir, but those of my hearing actuate me to criticise on their inefficiency. Sacred music should be sung by persons whose competency fits them to know the divinity of the language, and the appropriateness of the score; but when you hear voices mistaking sonorosity for sublimity, there is reprehension somewhere which should be remedied, by having a competent professor to impart a skilful knowledge of this enchanting science. A want of that fine instrument, the organ, made the defects more grating to my ear. After the ordinances were over, the numerous congregation moved homewards; and it was perceptible that the solemnity wherewith their visages were diffused before prayer, was substituted for a cheerfulness of countenance that was an omen of a good and Christian people. The children of the parish, from two till four, receive gratuitous instruction, and it was delightful to behold several respectable young men devote their time in instilling the rudiments of education to a considerable number, whose parents, from want of pecuniary means, exultingly avail themselves of their offerings receiving this invaluable acquirement.

My last paragraph being on the subject of education, let me amuse your readers with a copy of a card,* that is posted against a window, in

manuscript, in a neighbouring townland, and was given me by an eminent engineer, of a literary teacher, whose eccentricity and enthusiasm equal his presumption, and that "bangs Bannagher."

Leaving the pew, accompanied by my friends, we left the house of prayer, and got on the path, which was exceedingly slippery, paced slowly down a steep hill, till we reached the vehicle, and being more fortunate than in the morning, found there was "room for one;" got perched, when the steady driver, to avoid a round-about, took a diagonal near cut till we got on the main road; then the noble animal most spackingly performed his journey with railroad velocity to the mansion of a gentleman whom I have known since my boyhood, but never before had the felicity to receive his invitation, and accept his liberal hospitality. Country roads, in many districts, require the vigilant watchfulness of a county surveyor; that over which we trampled was sadly neglected, particularly convenient to an overgrown curiosity, known as "the Ash Tree." Passing this solitary majestic vegetable, and admiring its foliage, an angle to the left indexed the progression of our journey, and crossing two or three rivulets, without those convenient *waterproof* commodities, yclept bridges, the steel seemed to divine that the track was familiar to him. Getting into a narrow avenue of unpretending neatness, hedged with the useful hawthorn, studded with surpassing taste, the ground possessing a peculiarly brick-coloured sandy clay, the wheels moved as smoothly as if gliding on a carpet. Our jaunt having terminated, we entered the house, which from its prominent eminence and solid architecture created, at the first glance, a favourable impression; the interior improved on acquaintance. Surrounding it is a rising plantation, in which is heard the delicious warbling of the feathered songsters. From the drawing-room window, with the aid of a telescope, I could form expansive views into four counties, and the landscape scenery, contiguous, cannot by description be overrated. Established custom fixed the dinner-hour at five o'clock, and having upwards of sixty minutes to wait in suspense, occupied my time in the garden and orchard, with feelings of admiration, ruminating what art had done to heighten the beauties of nature, and was tempted to cull a few fragrant flowers, as well as try the merits of the fruit; the latter particularly, my favourite currants, yielded rather a scanty crop. While perambulating over the extensive pleasure-grounds I got into conversation with some

his grate larning, will open a school in Neddy Boyle's, the nailor's, till he gets a place of grater convainancy; but as the scool will not be kep in the forge, there is no fear of the scollars being burned by the sparks. He teaches the follying scy-entific branches, viz., that is to say, addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, and the rule of three. Note a bany—dozint tache frack-shuns. Paddy Breen, who was here from some county in Munster, pertended to tache all these things, but it is well known he could not tell how many bones made five. Mister O'B. also teaches manners, which he larned from his father. Terms a penny a week, to be bring every Munday with a mud turf. God save the Queen, and no mistake.

* A NEW SCHOOL.—Mister Peter O'Brien, grandson to the famous Denis Taylor Daly O'Brien, who wint by the name of the wonder of the world, from

of the company, one of whom, to please the taste and give fashion its effect, regardless of the damp, wore a pair of lavender-coloured boots, the soles thereof being about as *thick* as the thinness of a wafer. This gave rise to some satirical jesting, and ended by her jocularly expressing—

"You may sneer at the *lightness* of my *understanding*, but I laugh at the *courseness* of your *brogue*."

In conversing with this northern specimen of beauty, I could indicate that she possesses colloquial powers of more than moderate merit, while her fascinating accomplishments are calculated to enrapture every beholder. Her figure is of the medium stature, formed with exquisite symmetry, having an attractive concomitant, to surround her expressive features, glossy auburn hair, curled with an apparent carelessness, in the richest ornaments of fancy, approach perfection. Another of the same flock, a junior in years, had a nervous diffidence in her manner, as if a delicacy of constitution deteriorated her health; this should be looked after, and by the aid of solid instruction from an experienced teacher, her mind would be enriched with information, when she would become an improved acquisition to her associates.

The wished for time, five o'clock, had arrived, and sumptuous fare was provided. An unexpected increase to the company caused the *dessert*, excellent in *quality*, to be limited in *quantity*; the deficiency of this dainty luxury occasioned a petted youth, whose temper, when ruffled, is not of "honeyed sweetness," to come in for a small supply; his eagle eye pierced on the plate with intense earnestness; a visible change of hue spread over his cheek; lifting up the spoon, again eyeing the "finale to the feast," he was inclined to partake thereof; but no, suppression of his sentiments was impossible, he uttered in tones both deep and loud, "is that all!" This exclamation of discontent excited the attention of a lady whom he sat next, when she, with a soothing kindness that was exhilarating to witness, "suiting action to the word," said, "here, child is part of mine." When the cloth was removed the usual topics incidental to private society occupied our attention, and each took part, more particularly, according as the ideas were congenial to his feelings.

A dialogue, concerning a fair in the locality, took place, and when those interested were stored with an accurate analysis of the "prices current," the following, happened at it, was told with much gusto:—

A distributor of "justice" and a practitioner in "the healing art" came in collision at an hour that was bordering the "little one," next to the "round dozen;" "and," said the mighty Squire to the follower of Æsculapius, "this is beyond the prohibited time, why appear in the streets at this period of the night?" The doctor was unnerved—an elbow companion who expected summary incarceration in the comfortless apartments of a prison's cell, had presence of mind to use special pleading, in a cadence incomparably subdued, uttered evidently with an uneasy struggle of expression, "mind your business, Sir, as a magistrate, and I'll mind mine as a medical man." The knight of the pestle and mortar was determined, if

this adroit explanation should not be sufficient, to have a *morning* at the *pistol* and *ball*; however, the village I. P. knew his licentiate opponent, and the matter dropped. The calm serenity of a Sunday evening in summer enticed groups of grissets to muster in little clusters, and take a walk anterior to tea-time; there is in their faces a ruddiness of complexion, one in particular whom I recognized, evinced in her prettiness of costume an emulation to eclipse every competitor. It is said of her that she has ten brothers, every one of whom has a sister; she is *the* sister. Our day having come to a close, we left my friend's mansion, and the horse got the whip to move: a juvenile screamed most boisterously, "stop! stop!" The reins were pulled in, and the animal to anchor, when the little hero, pointing his finger with a laughing "ha! ha! ha! I won't go with you." The youth's successful attempt to play a joke caused us to use an ironical threat; having adjusted our muffling, on we went, discoursing about the fineness of the night, and recapitulating the pleasures of the day, till we reached the place whence we left in the morning, and thus ends my description of "a Sunday in the Country."

Dublin.

A SABBATH THOUGHT.

(WRITTEN IN FRANCE.)

BY FLORENCE WILSON.

Where is the Sabbath blest?

Alas! not here;

Here is no sacred rest

The soul to cheer;

Here Mirth with ready feet

Folly's gay pageant swells,

While in the crowded street,

Reverly dwells!

Where does the Sabbath reign

With hallowing power?

Where the neat rustic train,

At noontide hour

Beneath the moss-grown porch

Thronging is seen;

Where the old village church

Stands on the green!

Where is God's Temple found?

Where do we feel

His presence shed around

Sin's wounds to heal?

Is't in Cathedral proud

Where choral voices blend,

And in Hosannas loud

To Heaven ascend?

Or where the deep-toned bell

Booms on the air,

Calling with sullen swell

To midnight prayer?

Where the dim-lighted shrine

A pale gleam throws,

Mocking the light divine,

Religion knows!

God's Temple is "all space"—

Through earth, sea, air,

His presence we can trace

His Temple's *there*!

There may Devotion kneel,

There may the Christian pray,

And all the comfort feel

Of this blest day!

THE AGED SUITOR;

A TALE,

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SAROFANT.

Thus, when life hath stolen away,
And the wintry night is near,
Thus shall Virtue's friendly ray
Age's closing evening cheer.

KIRKE WHITE.

"What a form! what a sweet expression of countenance! what gracefulness of motion! Oh, would that I were five-and-twenty years younger, or that these locks had not so prematurely become grey."

This was the soliloquy of a gentleman who had numbered above fifty summers; he stood at one of the windows, opening upon the lawn, of a splendidly furnished apartment in the house of his friend, Mr. Berkeley, watching the light aerial figure of that gentleman's eldest daughter, as she gambolled with child-like gaiety with her sisters on the smooth shaven grass. Turning from the contemplation of a scene which seemed calculated to ruffle his usually serene temper, he paced the room with uneven and impatient steps.

It was a matter of surprise to every one with whom he was acquainted, that Sir Charles Alfer-ton should have been an inhabitant of this earth for so many years, and not yet bound himself with the silken cords of hymen. It was impossible to deem him insensible to the charms of the gentler sex, for he was ever one of their most zealous advocates; nor could it be supposed he was averse to domestic life, for none could love more fondly the sweet joys of home. The serenity of his brow and benevolent expression of his still fine eyes were altogether at variance with the idea we form of an old bachelor; yet such he was, gentle reader, paradoxical as it may seem.

"Are you not well, Sir Charles?" enquired a soft, silvery voice, and the bright blue orbs and rich flaxen tresses of Grace Berkeley were seen at the window he had just quitted.

"Quite well, my fair young friend," was his reply, and in an instant the querulous aspect—which indeed but ill became him—was exchanged for a bright smile.

"I was afraid," Grace pursued, at the same time entering the apartment, "I was afraid you might have had an attack of the gout, my papa often suffers from it."

"Gout!" repeated the Baronet, in a tone which caused his young companion to start, "you do not suppose I am gouty, Miss Berkeley?"

"Pardon me, Sir Charles, if I have offended," she faltered, but I thought—I thought elderly gentlemen were all subject —"

She stopped, hesitating whether her apology had not been worse than her fault.

"It would be difficult to be long offended with you," he made answer.

"To atone for my error I will sing you one of your favourite airs," she gaily rejoined, and the baronet assuring her such a recompense would far overbalance the offence, led her to a harpsichord, which stood in the apartment.

The voice of Grace Berkeley was not powerful, nor did she sing scientifically, but her tones were natural and sweet; she sang a plaintive Scotch air, which Sir Charles had frequently admired, but when she had concluded, asked, looking playfully in his face, if he would not prefer something more lively. "You appear sad this morning," she added.

"I am sad," he replied, "but I love to listen to your plaintive notes."

"Nay, I will not feed your sadness," she cried, "it is almost a sin to be sad at such a time as this, see how brilliantly the sun is shining on the lawn. Listen, how joyously the birds are singing. I could not be sad when everything is so bright and beautiful."

"May you ever be thus happy, dear Miss Berkeley!" the baronet exclaimed, and in the warmth of his feelings he took the fair hand of the young lady from the instrument, on which it rested, and pressed it between his own. Grace turned in surprise—

"Pardon my levity," she cried, observing the seriousness on his countenance, and her own bright face lost its radiant expression, "I am afraid you had some distressing intelligence in your letter from home this morning, and that has made you unhappy."

"No, Miss Berkeley, my sadness proceeds not from home, it has arisen since my residence here."

"Indeed! I am sorry—I am grieved—but tell me from what source, and we will attempt to remove it."

"I dare not tell you from what source, for I fear I should lose your esteem."

"Impossible, Sir Charles. Now that is ungenerous and unkind. I am sure, if it lies in my papa's power to make you more happy, he would most cheerfully do it."

"It is not in your papa's power, but in your's, Miss Berkeley."

Grace looked incredulous.

"Will you answer me one question?" he resumed. "Do you think it possible for a young, lovely, and amiable girl, to entertain any regard for a man who has more than doubled her years?"

"I cannot see the drift of your interrogation, Sir Charles," she returned, "but I should imagine virtue must awaken the regard it deserves, whether it be in youth or age."

"You will not comprehend me, Grace," cried the baronet, "is it possible you can be so blind to the effect of your own attractions as not to perceive how much happiness you have it in your power to bestow?"

Grace now for the first time began to divine his meaning; but the idea of a man of his age making a proposal to a young creature like herself, who had not even thought of love, appeared to her so ludicrous, she could with difficulty restrain her risible faculties, and refrain from laughing outright.

"Dear Sir Charles," she said, with affected gravity, "now I begin to comprehend you; you have been made sensible, during your residence beneath our roof, of the amiable disposition and household virtues of my good aunt Grisilda, and you wish me to intercede for you, seeing I am her favourite niece."

The baronet looked vexed. "Does Miss Griselda Berkeley answer my description of a young and lovely girl?" he asked.

"As to youth," returned the lively Grace, "she is on the right [side of fifty, and I am sure her pretensions to beauty are by no means inconsiderable."

"True—I would by no means utter a word to the disparagement of your excellent aunt, but she is not the woman of my choice. Do not affect to misunderstand me, Miss Berkeley; you may deem me presumptuous—perhaps I am so—in daring, for one moment, to indulge a hope that so much grace and loveliness should ever be mine; but I am in earnest in laying my hand and fortune at your feet."

Gay and vivacious as was the disposition of Grace Berkeley, her mind was entirely free from that spirit of coquetry which delights in giving pain. Although she had at first been inclined to laugh at the declaration of her venerable friend, when she saw how much he was in earnest in his offer, and how much he appeared distressed at the manner in which she had received it, she felt grieved and angry with herself. But she resolved, without a moment's hesitation, on the course she should pursue; she knew it to be out of her power to return any other sentiment than esteem in recompense for the affection he avowed for her, and her nice sense of honour and true feminine delicacy would not allow her to give the least encouragement unsanctioned by her heart. She murmured something of apology for her levity, and proceeded to attest her gratitude—her high value of his friendship, but here her feelings overcame her, and she burst into tears.

The baronet scarcely knew what to understand from her broken sentences, and he was about to renew his suit, when the appearance of Mr. Berkeley at the door of the apartment caused Grace, with a cheek of crimson and in great trepidation, to rise suddenly from the instrument, and hurry from the room.

Her father attempted not to detain her, but turning to Sir Charles, seemed to demand from him an explanation of the mystery.

It was soon elucidated, and Mr. Berkeley gave his most cheerful sanction, provided his daughter should be won to consent. The gentlemen had been fellow-collegians, and Mr. Berkeley entertained the highest esteem for his early friend; but he was not without considerable doubt whether Grace would be inclined to view the offer with equal complacency. He, however, agreed to use his influence as far as he deemed such influence proper to be exercised.

Summoning his daughter to the library, Mr. Berkeley kindly and delicately mentioned the subject, and requested her to give him a candid answer regarding her own feelings towards the baronet.

Grace threw her arms around the neck of her parent, as she answered, "my beloved father, yourself and my kind aunt excepted, there is no person on earth I esteem and entertain so high a regard for as Sir Charles Alferton, but my feelings towards him are like those of a daughter towards a father; I cannot love him as a husband."

"It is enough, my child," exclaimed Mr. Berkeley, straining her to his heart;" and you may depend upon it, my beloved Grace, you shall never be urged by me to act in opposition to your inclination in such a point."

Grace wept forth her gratitude, and begged her father would communicate her decided refusal to the baronet, and excuse her appearance that day at the dinner-table.

The former request, he replied, he was most willing to gratify, but the latter by no means. Her absence, he said, would cause enquiries to be made, and as she did not intend to accept Sir Charles Alferton's suit it was a duty on her part to conceal from all parties, except himself, that he had made the offer.

Grace saw the matter in the same light, and resolved, if possible, to meet her venerable suitor with the same frank, unembarrassed air she had hitherto done.

The baronet listened to the decided answer given him by his friend with concern, and some little disappointment; he had entertained some degree of hope that his large fortune, his title, and his by no means unpleasing, though not youthful, form and features, might have overbalanced the objection of his age; but when he began to consider the subject with coolness, and he was not in the habit of forming hasty conclusions, he felt his esteem for the young lady increase as his hopes declined. He met her at the dinner-table with his usual serene aspect, but spoke of his intention of quitting their hospitable mansion, the following day, pleading some affair on his own estate requiring his presence. This was indeed the truth, but it had not been a sufficiently powerful motive to recal him till the rejection of his suit by Miss Berkeley had induced him to depart.

During the evening the baronet in vain sought an opportunity of speaking with Grace Berkeley alone; he made several attempts to do so, but she as strenuously evaded it. The morning came, and Sir Charles Alferton's carriage was in readiness to convey him home as soon as the breakfast was concluded. It was an unusually silent meal, all parties appeared out of spirits, the baronet in particular; and as he cordially thanked his friends for their earnest good wishes and entreaties that he would favour them with another and a longer visit the earliest opportunity, he slipped into the fair hand of Grace a little note, which she adroitly transferred to her reticule unnoticed. Adieus were sighed forth on every side, and he was gone.

A note does not often remain many minutes unopened in the hands of a young lady of nineteen, even though it is not from a *youthful* suitor; and Grace, who was not without some share of the curiosity imputed to her sex, flew to her own chamber, and breaking the seal read as follows:—

"MY DEAR MISS BERKELEY,—Although I have been so unfortunate as to receive your decided negative to my suit as a lover, I trust you will not reject my friendship. You are still the object of my highest regard, and your refusal of my hand, so far from diminishing my esteem, has heightened it, since it has proved you incapable of all ambitious or mercenary views in forming an engagement which ought indeed to be based on affection alone. Believe me,

I shall rejoice in hearing of your happiness, though it may not be my fate to augment it, but should you ever stand in need of a friend remember, dear Miss Berkeley, there is one who will feel it the greatest felicity he can experience to serve you,

C. ALFERTON.

"Dear kind old gentleman!" cried Grace folding up the note and putting it carefully aside in her letter-case, a tear or two dropped as she performed this little action. "Dear kind old gentlemen," she again repeated, "what a pity he has taken a fancy to me, I wish it had been Aunt Grissilda—and I don't think she would have rejected him, I should like to call him Uncle Charles, but I shall certainly value his friendship, and I hope I shall always deserve it."

And with this short soliloquy, the light-hearted girl bounded down the stairs to join her more youthful sisters in their gambols on the lawn.

Two years had glided away since Sir Charles Alferton's visit to Berkeley Hall, and what changes had that period wrought! The first twelve months had witnessed the betrothment of Grace Berkeley, with the son of a wealthy neighbour, but their marriage the following year was postponed for a season, on account of the general distress into which the family were thrown by the demise of the worthy maiden sister of Mr. Berkeley, who had been since the death of his wife as a mother to his children. But a heavier calamity was yet in store for them. That gentleman was suddenly seized with a fit of apoplexy, and left his bereaved children overwhelmed with the deepest anguish of mind, and his affairs in a very embarrassed state, owing to some failures in an extensive speculation in which he had engaged. Thus the once light-hearted and happy Grace, at the age of one-and-twenty, found herself bereft of her natural protector, with four young sisters, who looked up to her as their only hope and consolation, and involved in such pecuniary embarrassments which altogether baffled her inexperience to arrange. To add to the distresses which thus suddenly encompassed her, her lover was absent from his home, making a tour of Scotland, and the elder Mr. Conningsby, like many other prudent fathers, began to think that as Miss Berkeley had now no prospect of a fortune, his son might make a more eligible match. This he had the indelicacy of hinting to the young lady herself, when she sent for him to advise with him, concerning the state of her affairs.

It is impossible to describe the feelings of the sensitive girl when this unfeeling remark dropped from the lips of him she had looked up to as a father, to supply, in some degree, the loss of the beloved relative she had lost, but her still unbroken spirit made the resolve that she would never enter penniless into a family where she would be looked upon with scorn. She did her lover the justice to believe, he would not be less willing to accept her as his bride, but even love was not sufficiently powerful to induce her any longer to wish that she had heretofore so ardently desired. Mr. Conningsby said he pitied her forlorn situation, he thought it very imprudent in Mr. Berkeley to enter into any speculations with his property, when he had children unprovided for. He wished it was

in his power to serve her, but he was not a man of business, she must employ an attorney, he would advise with her and act for her. Here he coldly bowed and quitted her. Grace burst into a passion of tears.

"Why do you cry, dear Grace?" enquired the soft voice of Fanny Berkeley, the younger of her sisters, and she threw her arms tenderly around the neck of the sorrowing girl. "Has that cross old man said anything unkind to you?" she pursued, "I never liked him half so well as good Sir Charles Alferton."

Grace started at the mention of her *ci-divant* suitor; since the death of her beloved father, he had never once crossed her thoughts, but now his name appeared like a bright vision, which seemed to dispel, in some measure, her difficulties; she remembered his generous disinterested conduct at parting, and felt assured he would not now desert her in her hour of need. Dismissing her little sister with an affectionate embrace, she sat down to pen a letter to Sir Charles, acquainting him with the irreparable loss she had sustained, and a candid acknowledgment of her present embarrassments.

The Baronet was sitting in his easy chair in deep rumination, and wondering he had not heard for such a length of time from his old friend Mr. Berkeley, when the letter was put into his hands. He recognized in a moment the delicate handwriting of Grace, and trembled as he surveyed the seal of black. Opening it with eagerness he ran over its contents, then resting his head upon his hand, paid the tribute of a tear to the departed; yes, the manly cheek of the firm serene Sir Charles Alferton, was deluged with tears, but they were not shed alone to the memory of his early friend, they flowed also for that gentle lovely being, who had been, and who continued to be, the object of his fondest affection.

It was evening, and the aspect of the weather was by no means favourable for travelling, yet the Baronet immediately ordered his carriage, and made a few necessary preparations for a journey. His estates lay in a distant part of the country to that of Mr. Berkeley's, but he rested not night nor day till he reached the mansion which held the sorrowing girl. It may be supposed by some that he anticipated an acceptance of his suit, now that she was in a destitute situation, now that her sisters as well as herself required a protector, and the father of her youthful lover had put an negative on their union; but such persons, but ill-conceive the noble disinterested affection of Sir Charles Alferton. It was on the evening of the second day when he arrived at the hall; he found Grace not as he had expected, overwhelmed with her own sorrows retired to the solitude of her chamber, but in the midst of her family, trying to divert and console her less philosophical sisters; as the Baronet entered, she, with an impulse of gratitude and esteem, rushed towards him, as she would have done towards her father, and threw herself into his arms.

Sir Charles was for some minutes incapable of speech, but respectfully kissing the tearful cheek of his fair friend's, he entreated her to henceforth look upon him as a parent, assuring her she would

not find him less ardently devoted to her interest, than the beloved departed had been.

By the prudent management of the worthy Baronet, a few days witnessed the arrangement of the late Mr. Berkeley's affairs, very little remained for his children, but the deficiency was made up by their generous friend; his property he averred was only valuable to him, as it contributed to the happiness of Grace, and to see her beloved sisters amply provided for was a considerable relief to her mind.

"And now Miss Berkeley," said the Baronet, with one of his own quiet smiles, "and now I have settled your affairs thus far, I have only two things to arrange ere I return home; the first is, to beg your acceptance of this trifle for your own use," and as he spoke he placed a folded paper in her hands. "And the next is to make a request which I hope you will not refuse."

Grace trembled—could the Baronet intend to renew his former offer? if so how could she refuse after the many obligations she had received from him, yet her feelings revolted from the thought.

"Nay do not tremble," he pursued, "it is not a very difficult thing to grant, though I shall value the favour beyond all else. It is that you will permit me to witness your marriage with Mr. Henry Conningsby?"

"My marriage!" faltered Grace. "It will never take place Sir Charles," and she spoke with difficulty.

"Pshaw, that paper contains a passport to the heart of the old man, and my dear Grace must not lose a worthy husband, because his father has acted an unworthy part."

Grace fell on her knees before her generous friend—she grasped his hands, and pressed them to her lips watering them with tears of gratitude, but she could not utter a word.

Here the door opened, and Henry Conningsby entered the room. He started at the sight of Grace but rushed forward the next moment to embrace her. She motioned him to kneel beside her, and placed his hand within that of the Baronet, who with emotion, almost equal to that felt by the youthful pair, joined them together, and pronounced a blessing.

At the altar where the gentle Grace Berkeley gave her hand to him who was her first and only love, Sir Charles Alferton was seen, and his features were not less radiant with delight than that of the bridegroom. To see the lovely being, who was still dear to him as ever, happy, was his only wish, and he harboured no selfish or jealous thought when he saw the sweet smile of tenderness with which she regarded his rival. His was the noble disinterested affection, which seeks the welfare of the object in preference to its own, and his was the sweet satisfaction such conduct deserves.

QUATRAIN FROM THE HINDUSTANI.

Who loves thee for thy face, parted, may bear
Sweet consolation in thy portrait fair,
But 'twas thy voice and converse caught my heart.
And ah! to paint a sound defies all art.

CALDER CAMPBELL.

A LYRIC.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Thou hast ta'en thy last farewell,
And I hear the passing bell,
That says thy love is dead; and tells me thou art free
From the chains that would enthrall
Thy heart to one, whose fall
Hath been his own mad act! Farewell, farewell to thee!

The lark may gaily float,
With music in its note,
On the merry breeze of spring; and sunshine on each tree
May bid the buds unclothe
From their winter-cold repose,
But love no more shall come to this broken heart from thee!

Oh! that heart with woe is fraught,
For a lesson hath been taught,
That long as life may linger will bring a pang to me;
So I wrap myself in gloom,
For mine eyes can see no bloom
In the flowery world around, bereft of hope and thee!

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

Let our parting be in silence; without a look—a word—

Let no tear be shed, no sigh be breath'd, nor sob of anguish heard;

For the lone and leafless desert of the future's joyless years

Alone should tell the anguish, of a grief too deep for tears!

Let our parting be in friendship: without one thought unkind

To add its rankling fester, to the wound no time can bind;

Let our parting be eternal, till we meet upon that shore

Where gold, and gems, and earthly wealth, can sever hearts no more!

And when before the altar, with another thou shalt kneel,

If thy quivering lip should falter, those sacred vows to seal,

Think only of the splendour that awaits thy future lot

And be the mem'ry of the past, in that bright dream forgot!

TIME has no power to obliterate the memory of wrongs. Anguish leaves its imprint too deeply to be eradicated, even by returning tenderness, and the first affections of the heart, when once blown upon by the bitter breeze of disappointment, never bloom with that brilliancy which marks the first faint blossom of happier hours.

COMING OUT.

The presentation was over, the most illustrious personage in the land had uttered words of encouragement and condescension that sounded sweetly to ears unused to courtly flattery, and I passed on. The court-dress was laid aside, the first ball at Almack's was over; all the world, as the phrase goes, pronounced me the most lovely débutante of the year. Surely I, who for the last few months had looked forward to this as the crowning triumph of my existence, was happy—yes, there were times when I thought myself so. I remember one evening, that, attired for the Duchess of L——'s soirée, I listened to my father's proud encomium upon my tournure, and saw the pale sweet countenance of my mother illumined with a smile—alas! that was rare; but I saw she too was proud of the success of her daughter; that night I retired to rest truly happy.

The season wore on, and pleasure was already beginning to lose the charm of novelty, I sickened of the atmosphere of crowded rooms, grew wearied of being feted and admired, and listened with a listless air to the rapid nothings uttered by some one of the many who worshipped the idol, fashion had set up—the excitement was gone, and I longed for the termination of the London season, and for the tranquil pleasures of the country, and looked forward with delight to the odours and brightness of summer, that was to be the sweet token of a return to the haunts and companionship of my youth. My heart was then warm, for I was but just “come out.” That magic word, so often heard by me, and so little understood—in childhood I had fancied its excellence had consisted in a reprieve from the school-room, the Governess I did not love too well—back-boards and music lessons I hated; and as I grew out of these restraints, womanly notions of vanity and conquests succeeded to the former childish ones; it seemed, by the consequence attached by my family, as if the happiness of a life depended upon the impression made at the first introduction in society, and it was for this end I had been carefully educated, and care had been taken that I should excel in those, showy accomplishments that add grace to youth, and throw a lustre around loveliness—although scarce a day passed but what I heard some allusion made to my coming out, by my parents; my own ideas of the vast importance of the matter were almost as vague as they had been at an earlier period of life. But now the ordeal was passed, the beautiful Agnes Stanly was the fashion of the hour, Sir John and his lady were proud and well satisfied with their child.

I was seated one day in my dressing-room, an open letter was in my hand, it was from a dear friend, a country neighbour; there was a little gossip village news, in which I was but little interested. Then it went on to tell of the arrival home of the brother of my friend, and the being who of all others I most loved—it was secret from the knowledge of all but its object, but it was not the less true and earnest. Harry Vane was the youngest son of a family of some consequence in our neighbourhood. He had the usual inheritance of younger brother's—good birth with a limited income. He was destined for the Navy, and was

as handsome and daring a youth as ever wore the uniform of a Midshipman, and I thought of him as I had last seen him, when he paid his visit of leave-taking ere he joined his ship—and the last conversation we had held, recurred vividly to my memory—again we had sauntered into the conservatory, and he was urging his passionate love suit—my hand rested in his—I forgot to chide, as making some sportive allusion to the happy future, he placed a sprig of orange blossom in my hair, and I did not note too heedfully that one golden tress was missing, and thus after many protestations of eternal fidelity we parted. He had promised to write home often, and he did write, but not often, for a sailor's life is not an idle one; and I was suffered to read his letters, for I had not then Come Out. I was musing upon the past when I received a summons to attend my father in the library; reluctantly and with a dread that seemed strange even to myself, I obeyed. Sir John Stanly had been an indifferent husband—a severe father—he inspired awe, none of the loving confidence that usually exists between parent and child. His voice was stately, his manner reserved when he addressed me, and his eye rested coldly upon me, and yet I was an only child, the pride and hope of his house. On the present occasion he received me kindly, and proceeded immediately to felicitate me upon my good fortune in captivating the most fashionable man of the day, the Earl of B——, who had that morning waited upon my father, and proposed for my hand. Without appearing to notice my surprise and confusion, he went on to descant upon the eligibility of the match, and the good qualities of his intended son-in-law. He waited my answer—then the candour of my nature overcame my natural timidity. I told him of the promise I had made to become the wife of Harry Vane, of the love I bore him, and the aversion I entertained for my present suitor. My reply drew from my father such a burst of furious passion, as I had never before witnessed, and harsh invectives fell from lips livid with anger.

My gentle mother's hand was icy cold as she pressed mine, and she conjured me for her sake to submit to my father's wishes—nineteen years of tyranny had broken her spirits, she had learnt to fear for herself. I looked into Sir John's countenance, listened with a shudder to his bitter reproaches of my mother for her weak indulgence. That decided my fate—it was for her dear sake, and as I threw myself upon her bosom, faltered out my consent.

The rest is soon told—I became a wife; I had a kind husband, lovely children, and the world pronounced me happy. Years passed away, but once since my marriage had I met my former lover, and his cold averted gaze wrung my heart—he resented my fickleness, he never knew the motives of my conduct. We never met again, he was mortally wounded at Navarino, and closed with honour a short but noble career. The brother officer who brought the sad tidings to his family, spoke of the sailor's resigned end, and his last wish that they should renew friendship with the object of his first and only love. His prayer was granted, and for the sake of their dead son they have received me into their hearts again.

Years have gone by, the sober garb of widowhood is upon me. I am seated on the same spot where I had formerly listened to the vows, and had last parted from poor Harry Vane, and the tears are rushing to my eyes. The young Earl, my son, has bounded away from my side in the gleesome spirit of childhood—one fair chubby girl has left her toys, and with arms resting on her mother's lap, is looking up with innocent wonder into her sad pale face—who as she bends down and parting the shining curls, and kisses that sweet child, feels the truth of the holy promise,

"Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted."

MATILDA BROWN.

SERENATA.

The morn serenely breaks love,
And yet thou dost not rise,
The lark pours forth his song love,
And brightly beam the skies.

All nature's deck'd in smiles love,
And all abroad is gay,
The minstrels of the wood love,
Are warbling forth their lay.

The village chimes have told love,
The hours of rest are o'er,
But thou still slumb'rest on love,
Unheeding joys in store.

The sun is shining bright love,
Transcendent is his ray,
Arise and greet the sight love,
That waits thee with the day.

RYCROFT. R.

LIFE AND DEATH.

How vain, how fleeting is this life,
A momentary breath :
A span with endless sorrows rife,
A spark cast out by death !

For death, stern death ! is every where
Roving this changeeful world,
E'en these, the young, the brave, the fair,
His well aim'd shafts have hurl'd.

The infant in its mother's arms,
The youth whose valour's shown,
The maiden decked with beauty's charms,
Death claims them for his own.

The monarch on his throne of might,
The slave who mourns his fall,
The victor of the blood stain'd fight,
This Tyrant levels all.

Another land there is more blest,
Where death can never come ;
A land of glory, and of rest,
An everlasting home.

Oh ! happy those the path who take,
Which leads to that blest shore—
The Haven gain'd, to life they'll wake,
Whose joys are ever-more.

CLARA PAYNE.

TO MY MOTHER.

Mother I need thee and thy cheer,
'Tis now I feel how blest 't must be,
To have such tender ties as thee ;
For thou wouldst help me ill to bear,
And gladly all my troubles share.
Faint is my memory of thee,
I cannot recollect thy smile,
Thy soothing tone my hours could wile.
Oh ! would my thoughts were far more free,
Or I thy blessed form might see.
I miss thee mother sadly now,
Fate presses hard upon my brow ;
Oh music sweet thy voice would be,
(A mother's voice is melody,)
Nor should I wish abroad to roam,
For where thou wert I'd fix my home.

Mother they tell me thou wert young,
Scarce thirty summers mark'd thy course,
When death could mock us with thy loss.
Oh what a pang it must have wrung,
A dark veil o'er the future hung !
For well I know that heart must feel
Depriv'd of all it holds as dear ;
Of her who could life's drear path cheer ;
Domestic sorrows quickly heal,
And share their fruits mid woe or weal.
And thou wert such a one they say,
Bred up in Honour's bright array,
Couldst nobly act another's part,
While radiant with the virtuous least.
I miss thee mother and thy cheer,
I need thee mother—life to bear.

But thou canst gaze from Heaven's bright sphere,
And watch thy offsprings' growing forms,
How nature moulds them—how youth warms.
With heav'nly smiles their spirits cheer,
And whisper hope for heav'n is near.
Yes mother, often thus I think,
But most, when I have laid my head
At night, upon my lowly bed.
Unknown, I stand on death's dark brink,
'Tis thou, my mother, art that link ;
That bids me close mine eyes nor fear,
Since thou art ever hovering near ;
That listeneth to my ev'ning praise,
When I to God my poor voice raise.
And gladly I can yield my breath,
Since I shall meet thy form in death.

THOMAS AILES.

THE WIDOW'S THIRDS.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

Two husbands, in boxes most safely secured,
Mistress Ogle had vaulted, and married a third,
Who of love, ere the honey-moon flitted, was cured,
And each wished that the other was duly interred.
"Oh ! why don't you leave me ?" in passion she cried,
"For each might be happy, if one was away !"—
"What ! quit you, my dearest !" the husband replied,
"No—not while your BANKER's a shilling to pay.
You chose me yourself, so a truce to ill words,
For a widow, by Law, has a claim to her thirds."

STABILITY.—"Time hurries on without stopping."
"He seeks constancy : be steadfast, and thou bindest
him with eternal fetters.—Schiller.

A SKETCH.

The cottage door was open, and the rich sun of a summer's eve shed its glorious light through the lowly portal, and tinted the white walls, where the rose and the jessamine twined luxuriantly. It was the quiet Sabbath; and the summer sky seems most holy, as it gradually fades from its glowing hues, to calm serenity as the day of devotion sinks to rest. An old man sat by the door of that lowly abode; his long grey hairs fell upon his shoulders and years had deeply marked their course on his pale and time-worn countenance. A large and long used bible lay open on his knees, but his eyes wandered from the sacred page, and were turned with melancholy earnestness within the cottage. Near the door was placed a low, and humble couch, and on it, lay a young girl, whose sands of life were evidently nearly run. Her fair auburn hair, was braided far off the pure pale brow, where the damps of death were already gathering, and in the attenuated cheek, the faded lip, one could only trace the beauty that was withering in death. The eye alone retained its charm, and oh! how holy, and lovely was its expression, where deep and fondly rooted affection, strove with pious resignation. Those large pure orbs, shaded by the long and silken lash, were turned up to the tinted heaven, and though the lips moved not, yet it seemed as though the still small voice of prayer was there, the prayer of a pure and departing spirit, that had already cast off the bonds of sin and earth. She lay in the beauty of holiness, waiting for the coming of her Lord. Close by her side sat her mother, watching each change of that long loved face, as only a mother can watch. Long had she kept her weary vigil there. Long had she watched with the sickened heart of hope deferred, her daughter drooping in the spring time of her days. The young, the beautiful, whose witchery had twined around the old man's heart, the pure glad smile that gave a Heaven to the mother's breast, the shrine where their all of earthly love was poured out, was passing now away. There was a holy silence in that dwelling, unbroken, save when some lonely bird broke forth into a few, but solitary notes ere it sank to rest.

"Come in," said the old woman to the father, down whose cheek the large, long suppressed tear was stealing, which he vainly endeavoured to conceal, as he bent his head over the holy volume. "Come in; the air is getting chill, and it were better she should rest."

The old man rose to comply, but was stopped by the low voice of the invalid, as in weak, but singularly clear and soft accents, she said—

"Not yet dear mother, shut not out yet the last of the bright sun's light that I shall look upon; come near me father and lay your hand on mine. How beautiful the day goes down, the bright sun is sinking fast, yet ere his course be done, my heart will be at rest. Weep not for me dear mother, grieve not my beloved father—(the tears of the aged mourners fell like rain upon her bed) I go where I shall be happier than even here, where I have loved to linger, sharing your joys, and sorrows, and gazing on the beautiful world that God has spread around. Ye will not linger long, and soon very soon shall we again meet, where the

tears of the mourner are turned into joy, and the yearning heart shall be at rest. I cannot thank you now for all the many comforts and blessings you have given me, but the latest early prayer of a dying child for your welfare will find acceptance at the throne of our God. It is growing dark and cold—come nearer, I cannot see you, kiss me mother, father, farewell! dear, dear, mother!"

The sun is going down brightly as on the eve when that pure spirit passed away. All, all, is still in that quiet churchyard, where the green grass waveth over the dead. There is a simple tomb, and by it sit two aged mourners. The traces of tears are on their cheeks, yet are they the signs rather of a chastened and holy sorrow, than of bitterness. Sweet flowers are blooming o'er the grave, and the simple stone telling the plain, but touching record of the lost, bears for its epitaph the words of Scripture, "Return unto thy rest, oh! my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." The sun had sunk low in the heavens, ere that old couple rose to depart.

"Kate," said the old man, as he supported his ancient helpmate through the lowly graves around, "It is just a year now since she left us, God has been merciful to us in this our affliction!"

"Most merciful, dear William, I thought when she, our last and beautiful, was gone, my heart would break, but He knoweth best what is good for us, and He is mindful of his people, and will not visit them more than they can bear." And they returned to their house and did praise the Lord.

EDWARD KENNEDY SILVESTER.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. HASENCLEVER.

Were I some bird of life and light,
Of azure wing and crimson breast,
Skimming the air in mazy flight

From north to south, from east to west;
Ah! then I'd wish with one to flee
Into yon blue Immensity.

Were I a swallow (fickle thing,
Which, like the world, from grief doth go,
And hastes to climes where balmy spring
And genial gales inviting blow)
Oh! then I'd wish that one might share
My flight into yon realms of air.

Were I the rainbow butterfly,
Playmate of Zephyr, Flora's child,
Living on Summer's perfumed sigh,
When incense fills the breezes mild;
I'd wish that one at evening close
With me might woo the spicy rose!

And were I e'en an eaglet bold,
With plumage rare and eye of fire,
Fixing my daring, fearless hold,
On tottering crag, or dizzy spire,
There's still but one that I would care
My wild and dauntless home to share!

PECULIARITY OF GENIUS.—Genius seldom experiences the pressure of any images of great pleasure, any of its wild creations, or those overflowings of the soul which are its characteristic attendants, without an instant desire to clothe its fancies in language, and perpetuate the picture with which it is so fascinated.—Sir E. Brydges.

FIRST LOVE.

First love will with the heart remain,
When its hopes are all gone by;
As frail rose-blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die.

J. C.

The glorious rays of Phœbus were fast declining and sinking into the western ocean, about to bid the world a short good night, after a day of brilliant toil. The soft dews of evening were lightly falling on the parched earth, refreshing the flowers with its cooling moisture. A thin mist was gradually obscuring all distant objects, curtailing the view of those who wandered through the scented fields and groves, to things more appertaining to their own vicinity. No boisterous breeze disturbed the calm, serenity of nature's quietness, every flower assuming a languid heavy posture, as night imperceptibly covered the heavens with his sombre cloak of obscurity. The lofty spire of D—s church peered boldly pre-eminent above the less conspicuous dwellings that surrounded it, adding a degree of greater magnificence to the already sublime scene; this, together with the faint echoing of a small meandering stream that forced its way, an artificial cascade at the foot of the venerable fabric, completed the luxuriant picture we have attempted to describe.

"You appear extremely dull this evening, Alfreton," said a gay looking youth, attired in a military costume, to his companion as they emerged from a path that led to the more open scite of the stream, "come, come," he pursued laughing, "Captain Sir Doleful, the cause of this unusual seriousness?"

"Only that you possess a greater share of patience than the generality of mortals, Don Felix," replied the other in the same strain, "I should think there was no occasion to ask such a question."

"How?"

"How! Is not our present inactive situation, together with the unchanging quiet of this place, sufficient to tire the most placid temper; 'fore Jupiter, I never felt more eager for marching orders than I do now."

"Really Maurice, you are fickle," interrupted the first speaker, "for I have often heard you observe of a country life as being the most happy, the most domestic, in short there could no real joy exist that was not concentrated in a rural residence."

"Pshaw!" reiterated the discontented soldier, "those were but the senseless expressions of a boy."

"Indeed," replied his merry comrade, "how long has your antiquity escaped your childhood? for so many months have elapsed since you came of age, that my memory fails to acquaint me as to the precise period."

"Your humour is exceedingly light, methinks," said his friend, smiling at the levity of his companion, "but jesting apart, Felix, has your Uncle given you the slightest hint in regard to our removal from D—s?"

"You can glean no information from my store

of news on that point," was the reply, "for Colonel Tavistock is rather silent concerning his movements in military affairs; so you see," he continued, in pretended melancholy, "the confidence of your worthy chief is not extended to his hopeful relative; 'pon honour, such conduct crushes every hope that would aspire —"

"Hush!" cried Alfreton, grasping the loquacious Felix by his arm as they approached a small but elegantly built villa, whose garden walls reached the water's edge.

"A Naiad by your favourite Jupiter," whispered the latter, as they stood listening in breathless admiration to the soft, quivering notes of a female voice, that broke upon the stillness of the night with such sweetness that it caused the hearts of the young men to think with delight, as the sounds floating tremblingly on the gentle air, slowly passed their enraptured ears, until distance absorbed the dying swell; the fingers of the hidden musician fell listlessly over the strings of her lute as she concluded the strain that had attracted the attention of our heroes.

"Think ye not, dear George, I am an apt scholar in so soon learning this song of your choice?" exclaimed the lady in a tone which caused the quick imagination of Maurice to picture a lover of the fair unknown; but the answer of the gentleman addressed chased this momentary doubt off his mind.

"Yes," dear sister, he replied, "and happy would I be could I always find such willing pupils."

"We are intruders," said Felix, reluctantly quitting the attentive position he had retained, "what," he enquired, "are your worship's ideas of a country life now? On my honour I would pass my pilgrimage below in banishment with such an enchantress. Heigho!" he continued, in a more thoughtless manner, "I must not indulge such dangerous dreams, for mine is a roving commission."

Alfreton was silent, for whatever were his mental conjectures they remained hid within his own bosom.

"I have received an invitation for ye, young gentlemen," said Colonel Tavistock to his nephew and Alfreton, the second evening after the villa scene.

"Happy to hear it, dear uncle," responded the delighted Felix, "hope there will be plenty of mirth."

"I don't doubt but that there will be sufficient company," rejoined the Colonel, "Mr. Hastings generally keeps a good table, and being of a social disposition, seldom wants for those to indulge his humour. But, boys, ye loiter," pursued the old gentleman, as he turned to leave the room, "spend little time at your toilet, for be assured I shall not wait for ye."

The trio soon after departed, and then it was that the breast of Maurice beat high, on recognizing in the residence of Mr. Hastings the abode of her who, though not seen, had charmed his youthful fancy; nor was he deceived on beholding the living image of his midnight visions. A beautiful blush of timid confusion suffused the Hebe

countenance of Elizabeth Hastings as her eye sank beneath the ardent gaze of the handsome young officer; her long dark eye-lashes modestly shaded the sparkling jet, that, conscious of their influence, sought the ground. Several ladies graced the assembly, but Miss Hastings was the only one that required the attention of Maurice Alfreton; in her his enthusiastic mind had found all that was requisite to complete his romantic idea of woman's excellence; the opportunity afforded him of observing her in private a few evenings ago conquered his, till now, obdurate heart; and he secretly resolved to offer himself to her acceptance. That night Elizabeth repeated the song that had entranced the soul of Maurice and his companion with ecstasy, and again she charmed her hearers with the melody of that sweet voice. Dancing commenced, and Alfreton considered himself the happiest in the villa as he led the daughter of his host through the mazes of the dance. The particular attentions of Major Alfreton attracted the notice of many present, and from that time he was spoken of as the professed admirer of Miss Hastings. Two months rolled imperceptibly away, when the —th received orders for a removal. Alfreton was busily engaged in preparing himself to accompany Elizabeth, when the buoyant Felix rushed into his apartment with this intelligence.

"Oh, Heavens!" gasped the Major, at the unwelcome information, "what an unlucky planet presided at my birth."

"Indeed!" cried the diverted Tavistock, "you are the most chameleon-like fellow I ever was so fortunate as to become acquainted with, for not long ago you were willing to quit on a minute's warning."

"Cease with this nonsense," peevishly retorted the other, "it is not friendly on your part, Mr. Tavistock, thus to scoff at my misery."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Felix, "the misery of a lover, by Cupid's rosy self. Well, well," he pursued, observing the rising anger of Alfreton, "after all, sincerely speaking, I feel a sort of regret at leaving this really beautiful spot of earth."

With a heavy heart the disconcerted Major wended his way to the villa, inwardly cursing the unsettled life of a soldier.

"Aha!" truant, you are come at last," said the happy Elizabeth, as she met him at the door, ready equipped for their walk.

"Yes, dearest," he returned, "and be assured my prolonged stay was unavoidable on my part."

"I believe you," replied the warm-hearted maiden, "but see, the weather invites us not to tarry within. Think ye we could have a more delightful evening for rambling?"

"No. Yet still it pains me," he pursued mournfully, "for I must soon bid both you and this now endeared scene adieu."

"Maurice! what mean you?" hastily interrupted his surprised companion, fixing her dark eyes upon the Major's speaking countenance.

"I mean, dear Elizabeth," was the latter's reply, "our regiment is about to leave England in a few short days. Oh! how," he continued despondingly, "can I quit all I love?"

Elizabeth was silent; she dared not raise her

eyes lest she should betray the deep emotion that struggled within her saddened breast. The fatal vicissitudes of war in all their terrors fitted through her mind with the lightning's rapidity; 'twas enough to repress the exclamation that was rising to her lips at this disclosure, and she spoke not.

"You appear abstracted, Miss Hastings," returned her companion. "Oh! say that it is not indifference that is the cause of this silence. Nay, leave me not in doubt," he entreatingly pursued, "tell me that I am loved, and my suit will not be in vain, should Heaven spare me to return?"

"Stay, Alfreton," faintly interrupted the agitated maiden, "dwell not on the painful subject; you see I am but a coward when dangers press."

"Nay, dear Elizabeth, answer my first question and I will rest satisfied with your candour, for I know you would not willingly tamper with the feelings of one you respect. Speak, I implore—"

"Finish not the sentence; why seek an explanation of that with which you are acquainted," responded Miss Hastings, with an effort, "must I again repeat?—fancy my answer as you would wish. Why so stubborn in believing the truth?"

"Kind girl," exclaimed the delighted Maurice, warmly pressing the hand he retained, "'tis thus you ever deal leniently with my bold spirit."

"That evening he solicited the consent of Mr. Hastings to their future union, and was made happy on receiving that, together with the worthy old gentleman's sanction to hold a correspondence with Elizabeth, as her intended husband. In a week D— was deserted by its late gay inhabitants, and once more restored to its own peaceful quietness.

"What news, George?" enquired Mr. Hastings of his son as he sat at breakfast one morning, some weeks after the departure of their friends.

"The papers state," was the young man's reply, "that there is likely to be a general engagement between the allied powers and Napoleon."

"When are we to expect this probable conclusion to the disgraceful carnage that now exists in Europe?"

"Towards the end of June," proceeded his informant, "it is conjectured peace will once more be restored. The paper likewise," he continued, "gives us a list of the separate regiments about to take a conspicuous part in the field; the —th, I see, is nearly first on the roll."

A faint sigh from his sister interrupted his further speaking, and her father just reached in time to prevent her falling to the ground.

"Pardon me, dear Sir, for alarming you by my weakness," murmured the latter as she recovered, "I feel you will be displeased at my foolish terrors."

"No, my child, I cannot chide your conduct, but strive to overcome feelings so inimical to your peace; God is merciful to all his children, and it is by these anxieties that we are led to place implicit reliance on his superior wisdom, for were we allowed to pass through life without trials we should become presumptuous in our own nothingness, and neglect the duties laid upon all Christians." Thus reasoned the amiable parent, but we might say with the poet—

"She hears and heeds it not, her eyes
Are with her heart and that is far away.

"George," he pursued, "having nothing particular to engross your time this morning, I think you and Elizabeth had better call, with the phaeton, on Miss Thorburn, and take a drive round D— Wood, it will revive the drooping spirits of your sister."

With a light step and willing heart George hastened to obey the injunctions of his kind father, happy of the pretext for visiting one in whose presence his every wish was gratified; but no attentions from those she loved could dispel the awakened doubts of Elizabeth; the wounded or dying form of Alfreton, in perspective, filled her mind with dread at the approaching combat.

"Oh!" she mentally sighed, "would that it were past, then my fate were certain; but this horrible suspense is distracting."

The 16th, 17th, and 18th of June at length arrived, and in their train brought many a bereaved heart: ambition's career had ceased in Napoleon never again to revive and shake the peace of nations. Not long after the conclusive battle between the rival powers, Mr. Hastings received a letter from Colonel Tavistock, together with a small packet addressed to his daughter. The heart of the father trembled on beholding the ominous seal.

"My poor child," he sighed as he tore open the fatal scroll, when his worst fears were realized. The tears of the worthy old man fell fast as he read the glowing manner in which the warm-hearted soldier spoke of his departed young friend—

"My favourite boy," wrote the Colonel, "fulfilled my most sanguine hopes, and proved what I long prophesied—a brave soldier in the field of war. On the evening of the 17th," pursued the writer, the Major requested a private interview with me. 'My dear Colonel,' said he, on our being left alone, 'you have always been a friend to me, I would therefore solicit one more favour to the others before granted.' 'Alfreton,' said I, interrupting him, 'why this preface? You know my power, state your wish; but why this ominous prelude?' 'I am afraid Sir,' he continued, 'you will laugh at the presentiments which weigh heavy upon my mind, for I inwardly feel convinced to-morrow's sun will not leave me unscathed; should my supposition prove true, I would wish you to forward this packet to D—, it contains a small trinket and letter to Miss Hastings; however, if I am so fortunate as to escape unhurt in a conflict that will be fatal to many, I shall expect to receive that which I now intrust to your care.' 'Rely upon my fulfilling your injunction, Major Alfreton, should I myself survive,' was my answer; 'but come, come, cheer up, boy, I certainly must acknowledge to-morrow will be a perilous day for us that trade in war, but I trust these are false misgivings; remember ye not the old song—

Heaven will shield the faithful lover.
Zounds! methinks I see myself dancing at your wedding, with all the happy faces surrounding me that generally attend such occasions.' But suffice it to say," concluded the Colonel, "the 18th came, and my gallant boy fell covered with wounds. All our efforts, after the carnage was over, to recover the body of the Major proved unavailing, and it is the prevalent conjecture that, being stripped of the ensigns of his rank by some French refugees, the brave youth now shares a private's humble grave."

No tear escaped the eyes of the wretched Elizabeth, as her father cautiously disclosed the agonizing truth, but with an apathy bordering on insensibility she received the dying gift of her first, her only love; her gaze remained abstractedly fixed upon the curling lock of chesnut hair that lay encased before her, that beautiful curl that had once graced the manly brow of her own Alfreton. Oh! who can paint the intense grief of that moment? It can only be conceived by those who have felt disappointment and bereavement in their cruellest forms. No outward show of repining told the grief of Elizabeth Hastings, but the cankering worm of unavailing regret preyed upon her youthful constitution, and chased the roseate bloom of health from her once joyous countenance. The summer wore away, and autumn's falling leaf proclaimed the year's decline; the genial rays of a departing sun reflected their warmth on the picturesque scenery near and about D—, forming to the eye of a philosophic reasoner a beautiful sight of fading grandeur, even nature bearing out in simile the well known fact that all things shall fade from our view as if they had never been, leaving us nought but memory to dwell on the past. "Twas on the evening above mentioned that Miss Hastings, supported by the affectionate arm of her brother and Miss Thorburn, with difficulty gained the neat summer-house at the water's brink.

"We will rest here, dear sister," said George, observing her flushed appearance, "you seem tired at the exertion of walking."

A smile of thanks moved the lips of the suffering maid at the extreme solicitude displayed about her comfort by her anxious relative, and in that smile he was amply compensated for his trouble.

"Shall I sing your favourite song, Elizabeth?" exclaimed Miss Thorburn as she handed down the lute which had so often responded to the magic touch of its lovely mistress.

"You are very kind, dear Julia," replied the affectionate girl, "how shall I be sufficiently grateful?"

"By listening," interrupted the other, as her fingers touched a few harmonious chords preparatory to commencing, "I know you are fond of music," she pursued, addressing the gentleman, "so therefore shall begin without asking your liberty."

A courteous inclination of the head informed her a willing permission was granted; she had not proceeded far in the enchanting strains when Elizabeth, whose quick ear was bent in the direction of the villa, exclaimed—

"Hark! what means this distant hum of bustle at the house?"

"My father is hastening hither," cried George, as on looking out he beheld the approaching figure of his parent.

"I fear," said the father as he drew near, "the damp air of night will be injurious to your already delicate health, Elizabeth. George," he continued, "your presence with Julia is wanted at the villa, your sister and I can follow slowly."

"Something unusual agitates you, dear father, I am sure," said Miss Hastings, as she took his proffered arm and felt the tremulous motion that

moved it. "Oh tell me, you are sure I can bear any information since that dreadful shock."

A choking sigh interrupted her half-finished sentence, and she paused overcome with the recollections raised by those short words.

"I don't know that, girl," quickly replied Mr. Hastings, "but did you assure me you could hear calmly what I might relate I could say something."

"I can bear anything but suspense," gasped his daughter.

"Well, well," responded the former, "if I should say there is one at the villa who can tell you how vain have been your repinings, and that he for whom you mourned will ere long visit our humble dwelling."

With difficulty he supported the fragile being by his side to the house, where, on their entering, the sitting-room, a gentleman, who rose to meet them, was introduced to Elizabeth as Major Lynn. The deepening gloom of night precluded her from recognizing the features of the stranger; but with evident emotion she gazed upon the figure of the unknown.

"I am thus allowed the pleasure of speaking personally to Miss Hastings," said he advancing towards her, by permission of one —

"'Tis he! 'tis he!" screamed the now convinced girl, rising abruptly from the seat she had taken, "think ye I am so easily deceived? No, no, that voice could raise me from the dead. Alfreton, Alfreton, why stand ye there? 'tis he! 'tis —" burst hysterically from her livid lips as she sank senseless into his outstretched arms.

In an attitude of extreme agony the fond lover bent over the unconscious form of his beloved, bitterly lamenting the folly of appearing before her unannounced, and imploring her by the most endearing titles to awake once more and bless his sight with recovered health. Long, long was it ere the fainting maid revived from the shock of joy she had received.

"Surely, surely it must have been the vain, delusive ramblings of a dream toying with my feelings," she murmured, looking cautiously around her, "yet still I wander," she continued, with increasing emotion, as her eyes rested on the anxious countenance of the once handsome youth.

"Not so, Elizabeth," said Maurice, for 'twas he.

"Then it is sure reality," she rapturously responded, fixing an enquiring gaze upon his scared features.

"You see I am sadly altered since last I was here," he pursued despondingly, observing her manner, "yes, Miss Hastings, it is out of my power to offer an Adonis to your acceptance, my heart alone has escaped uninjured from that glorious field that crushed the proud, presumptuous hopes of an ambitious man; but I stray," he proceeded, with deep feeling, "perhaps ere now you are thinking of a rejection to the lacerated soldier!"

"Oh! Alfreton, how can you wound me by such a supposition; does my present appearance say you have been forgotten, or think ye such deep feelings can ever be erased? No! never, never!" she emphatically concluded, as she faintly repelled the warm embrace of the now happy Alfreton:

Some evenings subsequent to this interview

happiness had attained its acme at the villa; for, seated around the social hearth of Mr. Hastings were Colonel Tavistock, Felix, and Maurice, now Colonel Alfreton, who, at the united entreaties of those present, was briefly relating the adventures of his rather singular escape, and in the relation of his story he plainly narrated the apparent mystery by attributing his safety to the grateful exertions of a French girl, whose father's life he had spared the day preceding the one so unlucky to himself; fever had been the consequence of his wounds, and since their infliction he had lain the greater part of the time deprived of reason; however, by the unremitting attentions of these kind but poor people, he at length was restored to convalescence, in which state he hastened to greet those most dear to him.

One morning, towards the end of May, the sun had risen in all his splendour, and speedily chased the misty vapours of night from the face of the earth, the full swelling notes of a lark, as he rose to meet the glorious luminary of day, echoed through the woods that lay within the precincts of D——; the fanning zephyrs that played through the air sufficiently cooled the morning breeze, making it delightful and refreshing to those who, fond of the beauties of nature, willingly shake off the heavy chains of Morpheus to welcome smiling morn; the waters of the stream quietly reposed beneath the rays of the sun, looking like a lake of burnished gold studded with myriads of glittering gems; in short, there was nothing wanting to add to the beauty of the scene, for the minor objects of creation leisurely unfolded their natural perfections as the hour advanced when busy mortals resume their daily toils. The deep-toned clock of D—— church had chimed the hour of eight, when the merry bells of that ancient pile struck up a lively peal, an unusual stir of bustle pervaded the village, happy groups of gaily attired youths and maidens passed to and fro in hurried succession, proclaiming in their joyous countenances the pleasures likely to ensue from the day of jubilee.

"Give me credit for a good prophet, lad," exclaimed Colonel Tavistock to Alfreton as he, with his nephew and Maurice, repaired to the villa.

"Faith, thou deservest praise," was the latter's lively reply, "and for thy correctness in this same fortunate prognostication I shall have thy name inserted in the immortal roll of soothsayers."

"Well, well," interrupted the other, "I see thou hast gratitude, but I believe my powers of foresight were rather obscured, for I spoke not of a double wedding; zounds," he continued in an elevated tone, "it does my old heart good to be made sharer of so much happiness."

An audible prayer of blessing greeted the bridal party as their splendid equipage slowly moved toward the church, the unsophisticated hearts of the villagers prompting them to arch the way from the villa with beautiful garlands of May's sweet flowers. The ceremony commenced, and with a grateful feeling to the Almighty author of his bliss, Colonel Alfreton received the trembling hand of his beauteous bride, whilst the delighted George plighted his vows at the foot of the altar to Julia Thorburn; a few minutes sufficed to conclude that contract which no mortal can rend asunder, and

the happy party returned to partake of a collation at the villa. The good cheer of old England was plentifully supplied to the rejoicing tenantry of Mr. Hastings; an ox, roasted whole, adorned the feast, its savoury food being aided by the most luxuriant viands, to regale the various Epicurean tastes of the numerous guests in the afternoon.

Colonel Alfreton, with his lady, left D—— for his paternal seat, near Cranbrook, where they intended to spend the honey-moon.

There in a calm retreat so richly fraught
With mental light and melody of thought
To pass their happier hours.

Liverpool.

J. STEWART.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF PARABLES FROM THE
GERMAN, &c., &c.

The Creator of the world summoned in consultation the chiefs of the heavenly hosts, the subject was the creation of man. Then spake the angel of Justice: "Ah! create him not! he will deal unjustly towards his brethren, oppress the helpless, and cruelly entreat the weak and feeble."

"Create him not!" spake the angel of Peace, "he will defile the earth with human blood, the first born of his race will slay his brother!"

"Thy sanctuary with falsehood will he profane, even though thou stamp thine hallowed image on his form!" spake the angel of Truth.

Thus they prayed, when Mercy, the Eternal Father's youngest, best-loved child, approached his throne, and embraced his knees: "Form him," thus she spake, "Father! to thine own image, a child of thy bounty and love; when all thy servants forsake him, then will I seek and with affection succour him, and even his errors overrule for good. The hard and un pitying heart will I teach to sympathize and incline to mercy, and when he strays from truth and peace, when he offends against justice and equity, the consequences of his faults shall return upon himself, and with love correct and amend him."

The Father of mercy smiled upon the gentle supplicant, and formed man, a weak failing creature, but even in his error, a child of his bounty and kindness, a son of love and mercy, whom he corrects but to amend.

Remember then, O man! thine origin, and when tempted to severity and injustice, forget not that of all the Divine attributes it was Mercy that elected thee to life, bears still with thy folly and ingratitude, pities thee, and corrects but to save thee!

THE IRISH GIRL'S LAMENT FOR HER EXILED LOVER.

The blue sea rolls between us,
Thou pulse of my young heart;
And my morning star has faded
Since thou and I did part.
Alas! it rose in brightness,
Too brilliant long to last;
The flower that blooms the soonest
Is soonest overcast.

The blue sea rolls between us,
And bears upon its breast,
Each flower of hope I cherished,
And cherished still the best.
Like those of Summer withered,
Where not a trace is seen,
They leave but a remembrance
Of what they once had been.

The blue sea rolls between us,
The branch is on the shore;
But the heart that once was in it,
Can bud with life no more.
The spirit dwells in other climes,
In a land for o'er the sea;
Its rest is there where e'er thou'lt go,
My Connor Bawn with thee.

The blue sea rolls between us,
Yet I don't love thee less,
Because the cloud of sorrow passed
O'er all our happiness.
I could not love if I had thought
On thy brow the spot of sin;
Oh no! however dark without,
Thy heart is white within.

The blue sea rolls between us,
Yet do not think that I,
Am like the birds of summer,
To fly with Summer's sky;
Or when the mountain torrent,
Shall pass of yellow dye,
Forget the bright white pebbles,
Which 'neath its waters lie.

The blue sea rolls between us,
Each billow in its might,
Which breaks upon the golden strand,
With many sparkles bright.
Oh do not think thy Kathleen's love,
Is like that glittering shore,
Not bearing on its bosom
What there was traced before.

The blue sea rolls between us
Now—thou star upon my heart;
Yet when Death's waves shall bear me o'er
To thee, oh ne'er to part;
Then shadowed o'er her Connor Bawn,
Shall Kathleen's spirit be,
And they who parted were in life,
Shall meet beyond that sea.

ORINDA M.

HARTZ MOUNTAINS.—The mines of the Hartz mountains in Hanover produce annually from 9 to 11 marcs (4 to 5 pounds English) of gold; about 5,000 marcs (2,540 pounds) of silver; upwards of 80,000 quintals of iron; about 3,000 quintals of copper; 50 quintals of tin; 100,000 quintals of lead and litharge; 200,000 quintals of salt; 2,260,000 bailles of coal; and 1,500 quintals of sulphur.

THE TWO PATHS OF VIRTUE.—There are two paths by which man strives to ascend to Virtue: if the one is closed to thee the other is open. The fortunate acquire her by the struggles of action, the unfortunate by the pains of suffering. Happy he whose friendly fate has conducted him through both.
—Schiller.

ALICE DE BOUVERIE—AN OLD MAN'S TALE.

EDITED BY "CLEON."

Reader, I am an old man,—one who has seen much of the world, and known much of the trials of this life, and the following tale is but a record of circumstances which occurred many years ago. Names and places have been carefully altered, and I am not aware that there are any living who can recognize the personages which figure in the narrative. I give it to the world, because I believe that it contains an important moral, and is therefore calculated to do good. Should I live, and should you yet be desirous of hearing another of the recollections of an old man, at no distant time I may be enabled to satisfy your wish. Reader, one who is near the grave, and to whom the pomps of this world are as nothing, bids you a kind yet solemn farewell.

I.

By the expiring embers of a fire, which cast a dull and flickering light on the carved wainscot of a small but lofty room, sat one whose face, red and bloated, bore marks of a recent debauch. To the truth of which, two empty and one full decanter placed on a gilded table with the usual accompaniment of wine glasses, gave an undeniable testimony. It was a gloomy apartment, such as may be found in every old country house—lighted by one gothic casement of painted glass, in which the family arms and the proud crest of an eagle were everywhere apparent. But now, the little light that usually penetrated through its dimly-coloured panes, was almost totally obscured by curtains of rich crimson damask, which proceeding from the antequely-carved cornice, half shaded the window, and swept the floor with heavy folds. And gloomy as was the room, it was made yet more drear by the wailing music of the November breeze, which howling in all its fury, dashed amongst the leafless boughs of the adjoining park, and ever and anon came down the ancient chimney in fitful gusts. The gentleman who occupied the chair, was yet young, and had once being eminently handsome, although his features were now brutalized from a life of constant dissipation. Apparently he was dozing, but he stirred at the approach of a richly liveried domestic, who now entered the room.

"My Lady, Sir," said the man, "desires to speak with you."

"Did not she know that I was in my own room, where I never wish to be disturbed by any foolish errand sent by a foolish woman?" interrupted Mr. Clifford, in no gentle tone of voice.

"Yes Sir, but my Lady has received bad news from St. Julian's Priory, her aunt is alarmingly ill."

"Indeed—well Johnson, you may go and tell Mrs. Clifford that, although I never leave this room till an appointed hour, yet, for once, I will break through my rules, and attend her in the library,—and, Johnson, how did your Lady hear from Cornwall?"

"By the post, Sir, it was later than usual to-day, and is only just in," answered the man.

"Well you may go now, and give my message—

but stop, has Cooper sent the Burgundy in to-day? and Harris, the gamekeeper, has he been here?"

"I do not think Harris has been, but I will enquire; the wine was sent this morning."

"That will do," the man bowed and retired.

"And now," muttered Mr. Clifford as the door closed, "what can have happened? Is that old fox, Lady St. Julian, ill? she cannot mean to go off just now. By Jupiter! it would be a lucky thing—I cannot go on much longer—the estates are mortgaged, and some of her thousands would be very acceptable. I always hated her—an old miserly woman—but I always had affection for her money bags. However, she may get well, and disappoint me yet. But adieu, oh thou bright wine! thou god of joviality! I must now attend my whining wife." Mr. Clifford rose, yawned, and left the room.

II.

In the library of Marston Manor House, sat a lady whose exquisite beauty, though clouded with deep sorrow, was such as would enchant the most casual observer. She was very sad, for she was bitterly weeping, and she held in her hand a letter blotted with tears. A step was heard in the corridor, the door opened, and Mr. Clifford entered with a gloomy brow, which darkened when he beheld her excessive grief.

"Really," said he in a cold tone, "this is a most extraordinary appearance—to what am I to infer this display? Is it that you imagine your beauty looks more entrancing when melted in tears? or is it merely that you know, and are daily told that I detest weeping above all things? I am aware that the last reason were quite sufficient to explain this disgusting scene."

"Henry," said the lady, calmly, for she had dried her eyes, and by a strong effort restrained her anguish, "the cause of my grief is, as you well know, very different to what you are pleased to impute it. But my aunt is ill, very ill, her lawyer writes word that there is but little chance of her recovery, and wishes me to hasten there with the utmost dispatch. I sent for you—and I am sorry that my message should have interrupted you—to say that if you have no objection, I shall set off directly, and even then I may be too late. But be so kind as to read the letter, and you will then perceive that I have not exaggerated the necessity of my speedy journey."

Mr. Clifford took the letter and read it. At one time he thought of refusing permission to his wife, of obliging her to remain at home, on the plea that her company was not needed at St. Julian's Priory,—but he remembered, that should her aunt by any unlucky chance recover, she might be offended at his wife's absence, and alter her will—a circumstance not to be thought of without trembling, as he full well knew that money, if possible, must be had some where, or else his total ruin must take place. At length, however, an apparently reluctant consent to the journey was given, and after a cold farewell on his part, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford parted—he to the society of his bottle, she to prepare for her hasty and unexpected journey. In half an hour's time from the scene

related above, Mrs. Clifford with her own servant was on her way to Cornwall.

III.

Alice de Bouverie was the only child of a proud but poor and disappointed man, of a high Irish family. Mr. de Bouverie, at the age of five and twenty, found himself with a wife and child reduced to a state very nearly approaching to penury. He had relatives of high rank and fortune, but they were far too mean to assist, or even to know their poor relation, and he was far too proud to solicit their aid. His mother's brother, Lord Delmere Seaton, had indeed some years ago proclaimed his intention of making his nephew his heir; but he was a man who, when once offended, never condescended to forgive, and whose opinion, according to himself, was infallible. Such a man could have little sympathy with the generous, yet rash youth, and unfortunately an event occurred which for ever deprived Edward de Bouverie of his uncle's patronage. The young man fell in love, and what was more, married, and that too without waiting for Lord Delmere Seaton's permission. Such an offence could never be expiated, never forgiven, although the lady was beautiful and of good family, wanting nothing save, alas! in many people the most important thing—money. An angry interview succeeded the marriage, and uncle and nephew parted, each exasperated with each other, never to meet again.

His wife, the daughter of a General, was indeed most beautiful, and Edward, when he pressed her to his own arms, as his own Gertrude, his own wife, felt that he was possessed of a far greater treasure than all his uncle's wealth. But change is ever taking place in this transitory life, the grave is for ever enclosing in its cold embrace, the forms of the loved and cherished, and those who are the happiest in the morning are frequently the most miserable at night. Gertrude de Bouverie, in the second year of her marriage, died in giving birth to a daughter. It were vain to attempt to describe the agony of the widowed husband as he looked upon the dead; it is sufficient for the purposes of this paper, to state that, in a desolate cottage on the Irish coast, Mr. de Bouverie, a heart-broken man, with his orphaned child and her old nurse, retired to dwell in almost unbroken solitude.

There, then, in a state of rigid exile from the world, the smiling infant grew up into a beautiful girl. Happily, Mr. de Bouverie's hatred of man did not prevent him from educating his daughter with the utmost care. Accordingly, at the age of fifteen, Alice was not only lovely, but well informed, and conversant with the sterling literature of her country. Accustomed to hear the world spoken of as a scene of vanity and suffering, where the rich trample down the poor, and where the vicious trample over the good, she had no wish to leave her mountain home, no desire to mix with the great and proud, and no inclination to change her situation of life. Contented with the sterner beauties of nature, the mighty ocean, and the eternal hills, she sighed not for the soft charms of a more congenial climate, and had no thoughts of roving amid the orange bowers and marble temples of the luxuriant South. And she was happy, for she dreamed not of change, nor thought that the hour

was at hand, when she should be obliged to part for ever from her father, and to bid adieu unto her quiet home.

It was on a soft and warm May morning, that Mr. de Bouverie complained of illness. Every remedy that the old Kathleen could suggest was tried in vain, and he rapidly grew worse; whilst it was with a faltering tone and weak voice, that he told his daughter that she must prepare for his speedy death. By his directions, a letter, which he had some time before written, was sent to the next village, and put in the post, and Alice observed that it was directed to Lady St. Julian, St. Julian's Priory, Cornwall, an aunt of her's, of whose existence she had but lately been made aware. Her father thought, and as it afterwards appeared thought correctly, that an appeal to the only sister of his wife, who had herself lost a husband and son, would not be in vain; that Lady St. Julian would receive the daughter of her sister Gertrude with affection, and that Alice by the engaging manners, warm heart and excellent disposition, would speedily fill the place of her lost child. Fortunately, it pleased Providence to comply with the prayers of the afflicted Alice, and to permit that the hand of death should be averted for a few weeks. A week had not elapsed before she was made comparatively happy by the presence of her affectionate aunt, who neglecting her own sorrows, and deserting her strictly kept retirement, hastened to soothe the last hours of her Gertrude's husband. Consoled by the knowledge that Lady St. Julian would with gratitude accept his precious charge,—that Alice to her would ever be as an only daughter, Mr. de Bouverie calmly expired in the arms of his child, just one month from the day he was taken ill.

Sacred be the grief of his daughter, the regret of her aunt, and let no one presume to draw the veil that shrouds their affliction.

IV.

It is necessary to explain the reasons, which prevented Lady St. Julian from before assisting Mr. de Bouverie and her niece, and in so doing, it will be furthermore necessary to relate some of the events in Lady St. Julian's life.

Florence Malcom, the daughter of General Malcom, and the sister of Gertrude de Bouverie, some years before the marriage of her sister, had given her hand and heart to Percy, ninth lord of St. Julians. There was but one thing which dimmed the brightness of her bridal, and lessened the exultation of her relations at her truly fortunate marriage, and this one cause of sorrow, was the necessity which compelled her to leave her native land, and the protectors and friends of her youth, for the distant shore of a more sultry clime. Lord St. Julian held a high official situation in the East, and he was obliged immediately after his marriage to hasten to his post. It was therefore with many forebodings, that his youthful bride parted from her home, for it was not in the course of human probability natural, that she would ever see many of her friends again. It was of course only through a precarious correspondence, that she could hear from England, and from those she so dearly loved. It was therefore with earnest sorrow, that she heard from time to time, of her father's death, and her sister's marriage. But this last event gave her

much less cause to grieve, for a long letter from the newly-made wife, assured her sister of her own happiness, and of the good qualities of Edward de Bouverie. Greater sorrows were however destined to cloud her life, and to try her fortitude, for at nearly the same time, she heard of her sister's death, and that too communicated by a comparative stranger—she lost her affectionate husband, who to her had ever been kind and attached. Thus afflicted, what remained for the widowed Florence, save “to weep perpetual tears,” and to sanctify the memory of the departed by endless sorrow, and unceasing regret. Truly Florence St. Julian had not read her Bible in vain,—had not done her duty to her Creator, and reaped no recompence,—for remembering that the past was irrevitably gone by, and that it was the duty of all to bow unrepiningly to the decrees of Heaven, she turned to her only child, the image of the beloved dead, and sought comfort in the affection of her son, who, already grown up to manhood, had imitated the example of his parents, and was therefore all that was good and desirable. But little time elapsed from the death of her husband, till the widow and orphan set sail for the distant shores of happy England. Once arrived in Cornwall, Lady St. Julian, assisted by her son, sought eagerly for Mr. de Bouverie and his daughter. Enquiries were made of the Delmere Seaton family, but he who had succeeded to the title and the wealth that once was to have been the possession of the disinherited, knew not his retreat, nor cared to know. Advertisements were inserted in numberless papers, but to no effect, and Lady St. Julian was at last compelled to believe that Mr. de Bouverie and his child were either dead, or had emigrated to America. Was she at length destined to know peace? was the hand of Death stopped from seizing any more of those dear to her? alas! no! The new lord, now the only one she had to care for in the world, was rapidly sinking under a decline, and too soon those bells which had chimed so merrily at the approach of their lord to the seat of his ancestors, tolled sadly and deeply, as he was slowly borne to the family vault, there to rest in death's quiet till the day of Judgement. And then, what did Florence St. Julian? she sought consolation, and it was mercifully granted, she prayed for help, and she prayed not in vain, and her words were taken from the Holy Book, for she murmured—

“And now Lord, what is my hope? even in thee—yes in thee do I put my trust.”

Time passed on, till one memorable morning, when she for the first time knew that her niece, the daughter of her Gertrude was alive, and wanting her assistance; till she learned that there were yet living those whom she might love, and who would return her affection, and then, as it has been before related, she hastened to attend the sick bed of Mr. de Bouverie. Reader, if I have continued too long over this part of my story, if I have exhausted your patience in lingering over what you perchance may deem a tissue of imaginary sorrows, I pray you pardon me, for I am an old and weak man, and my soul delights in thinking upon her who was my greatest benefactor. Yes, Reader, Lady St. Julian was my beneficent friend, my kind

patron,—and therefore to her memory is very dear.

V.

It were not meet in an old and ignorant man to attempt to paint the sorrow of Alice de Bouverie, when she lost her father, nor the unceasing kindness with which her aunt endeavoured to lessen her excessive grief. Rather would I speak of the happiness which the orphan gradually regained, when the appointed season of mourning was over, and when the portals of St. Julian's Priory were once more opened to an admiring world. I say admiring, for truly none could look on the faultless form and beaming countenance of Alice, and not feel struck with her entrancing appearance. At the death of her son, Lady St. Julian had come into possession of the Priory; for, although it took its name from the family, it was not their principal seat. Manvers Court, in Yorkshire, had for many years been the residence of the St. Julians, and at the decease of the young lord so soon after his father, it, with the immense estates, fell to a distant branch of the family, whose chief took the title, and who was therefore—Jasper, eleventh Lord of St. Julians. With this family, the aunt of Alice was little acquainted; she had indeed, received many kind civilities from them at the time of her son's death,—and had admired the frank bold character of the new lord, but from that time she had closely secluded herself in her own domain, and had neither received nor made any visits. Now, however, it was different, the principal families of the county hastened to pay their respects to Lady St. Julian, and to look at the youthful heiress; whilst parties were given, balls announced, and excursions proposed, of all of which she was the chief ornament. Willingly would I dilate on this happy time, but I may not linger, and I have yet much to say before my story is finished.

Amongst all the young men, who bowed in adoration, either to the beauty, or the supposed wealth of Alice, none were so engaging in form and manners as Henry Clifford. Himself possessed of the lands of Marston Manor, and the heir of an old and wealthy uncle, the riches of the maiden, it was supposed, could have little attraction for him. He had mixed much with the world, had enjoyed the privilege of entering in the highest circles of society, and was generally liked. Yet he was dissipated, and almost without principle, although he managed to conceal his evil traits most carefully when in the society of St. Julian's Priory; for he well knew that the pure mind of Alice would shrink from the least appearance of vice, with the greatest horror. Such was Henry Clifford, concealing a depraved disposition under a most fascinating form, and to the eyes of the world, a young man possessing the greatest attractions, though in reality a thoroughly vicious rake. He had seen many lovely women, but none so lovely as Miss de Bouverie,—at least so he said, and this and much more, of which the young themselves can well tell, he whispered into the ears of the unworldly, and therefore artless girl. Alas! his vows were believed, his protestations listened to, and after three years had passed away from the time of her father's death, Alice, with the full consent of her aunt, and with the good wishes of all who

knew her, became the wife of Henry Clifford, and the mistress of Marston Manor.

VI.

It is not my intention to trespass much longer on your patience, most courteous reader, and therefore, I shall enter into no detail as to the married life of Mrs. Clifford. It has been said, and to me it appears with much truth, that marriage is a lottery, that it is a chance if it turns out fortunately, and that to one happy pair there are many, many miserable couples, and Mr. and Mrs. Clifford formed no exception to the general rule. Even before the honey-moon was over, many little circumstances had occurred, which made Alice tremble for her future happiness, and for the good qualities of him who must be her partner for life. It would, however, be a mournful task to enlarge upon this part of my narrative. One cause, which undoubtedly influenced Mr. Clifford's proceedings, was the disappointment he experienced when years passed away, and his lady bore him no heir to continue his ancient name and to inherit his family honours. This indeed, was a cause of much sorrow, both to him and Alice, and it required much to prevent her from openly repining at the decree of Heaven, which debarred her from enjoying so great a bliss. Another cause of sorrow too, existed in the avowed dislike of her husband to the company of Lady St. Julian; her simple manners and stern condemnation of vice and dissoluteness, were indeed little suited to one who daily practised what she condemned. Thus, Alice was almost totally deprived of her aunt's society,—and bitterly did she lament that a husband's tyranny should cause a separation from the being she loved best on earth. Enough however, has been said to show, that it was a sad day when Alice de Bouverie became Alice Clifford,—when she left St. Julian's Priory for Marston Manor.

Thus have I attempted to explain the events which led to the scenes developed in the first and second chapters, and I will now rapidly conclude this protracted narrative.

VII.

On a chill raw evening, in November, a carriage splendidly blazoned with the arms of the Cliffords, but bearing evident marks of a hasty journey, drove up rapidly to the portals of St. Julian's Priory. The door opened, and Mrs. Clifford enveloped in a large cloak, sprang out.

"Am I too late Wilders, am I too late?" said she hoarsely, "is my aunt yet alive, and can I see her?" But she stopped not to hear the old servant's answer, but rushing across the marble hall, and springing up the oak staircase, she arrived at Lady St. Julian's room. The door was closed, but it yielded to her eager touch, and she entered the apartment.

On a lofty bier, covered with a velvet pall, was placed a coffin blazoned with the armorial bearings of the families of St. Julian and Malcom, whilst eight waxen tapers in massive silver candlesticks, threw a bright radiance on the features of the dead. The lofty walls were hung with black cloth, festooned in draperies, ornamented with "proud eschutcheons" placed between silver sconces, and it was indeed a splendid, yet solemn scene. Alice

however, gave but one look, and then fell in the arms of the terrified Wilders, who with the other servants had followed her hasty steps.

VIII.

I have many old letters in my possession, and I shall now select one, which will save me the task of explaining the last chapter. It was written by the son of Lord St. Julian, who with his father had attended the last moments of the late lady, and it was addressed to his sister Helen, the day after the arrival of Mrs. Clifford.

SEYMOUR ST. JULIAN TO HIS SISTER HELEN.

"I related in my last hurried letter, the death of the excellent Lady St. Julian, and I now, dear Helen, proceed with my narrative. My father and myself only arrived a few hours before her death, but we were permitted to enter the chamber, and we remained till all was over. Her dying wishes seemed to relate to Mrs. Clifford, or as she called her, "her dear Alice—her loved daughter,"—and much did she lament that she could not possibly arrive in time. Her last moments were tranquil, and I trust, my dearest sister, that the sight of the peace and resignation with which the good can meet the last summons, has not been without its effect,—that it has left a lasting impression on my mind, and that it has confirmed my desire to attend to the dictates of virtue alone through life.

"Well, the next day passed over gloomily enough, and as the evening approached, we all anxiously and forebodingly awaited the arrival of Mrs. Clifford; well knowing the sorrow she would experience, when she should find that she was too late to receive her mother's (for Lady St. Julian was indeed a mother to her) last blessing. Unfortunately the carriage drove up, just as my father and myself were engaged with Mr. Manx, the solicitor, or we might have avoided what immediately happened; for Mrs. Clifford, disregarding the servants, sprang out and hastily reached the door of the apartment in which the body reposed. The consequences were most alarming,—she fell senseless in the arms of Wilders, as soon as she perceived the bier and the open coffin, and in that state was carried to her own room. Doctor Lee's assistance was engaged with the greatest dispatch, but she is still far too ill to leave her bed. Alas! my sister, how changed is Alice Clifford from the beautiful Alice de Bouverie we knew and liked so well a few years ago. Her countenance is yet beautiful, but oh! so different. Her eyes still gleam with all their radiance, but her cheeks are sunk,—deprived of the peachy bloom which when last we saw her, we admired so much,—and her form is wasted from its symmetrical proportions. She is evidently sinking under the doomed touch of consumption,—and I much doubt, whether she will live through another spring. And must not he be a detestable villain who has caused this change; who has treated the jewel confided to his care with such neglect tyranny,—and who could glory in adding to his wife's sorrows by preventing her from ever seeing her beloved aunt! Yes, dear Helen, I can scarcely contain myself, when I think upon this man—this Mr. Clifford.

"When the funeral is over, I will again write to you, in the meantime, believe me to be your most affectionate brother,

"SEYMOUR ST. JULIAN."

IX.

SEYMOUR ST. JULIAN TO HIS SISTER HELEN.

DEAREST HELEN,—The mournful solemnity is over, and I am glad that it was conducted

with all due decorum. It is now past midnight, but I feel no inclination to sleep, and therefore I again write to you. As soon as the procession had returned from the church, Mr. Manx invited us to retire to the library to hear the will read. Our party consisted of our father, who was chief mourner; Mr. Clifford in the place of his wife, who has not yet left her room; Sir Henry Malcolm, a cousin of the deceased; and myself. As Mr. Clifford has been here for the last two days, I have had an opportunity of viewing his conduct; and it has disgusted me greatly; although he has endeavoured to conceal his natural baseness under a cloak of wit and good humour. Wit and good humour at a funeral! But dearest, it would have shocked you to have heard his imprecations and curses, when he learned from the will, that Lady St. Julian had left the property to his wife, but had so left it, that he himself could have no controul over the estates; no voice in the management of the wealth. Cursing the departed lady, as a fanatical miser, and his wife as a wheedling fool, he abruptly left the apartment, and soon after the house; leaving a note addressed to Mrs. Clifford, the contents of which I have not heard, but I understand he therein expressed his admiration at her "consummate duplicity," and informed her, that as she had by her "exquisite mamage" obtained the possession of her aunt's wealth, and would no doubt wish to reside at St. Julian's Priory, he for his own part, should not desire her to trouble herself to visit Marston Manor again. Thus, dear Helen, a separation has for ever taken place, and Henry Clifford has by his own misconduct for ever parted from his wife. Handsome, very handsome legacies are left to both of us, and to General Malcom. The old servants have all been left presents, some of them annuities, and the poor have not been forgotten. But the estate of St. Julian's and a large sum of money, have of course been left to Alice Clifford, or as poor Lady St. Julian in her will says, "to my beloved foster-child, Alice, the wife of Henry Clifford." Alas! she will not be his wife long, nor the possessor of St. Julian many months. Thus, I think, I have told you every particular, and I am sure that whilst you feel grateful to the deceased for her kindness to yourself, you will join me in saying, that few women have suffered so many mental afflictions, and yet have borne them with such resignation to the will of God.

"Ever yours,"

"SEYMOUR."

"I trust, dear mother is well; tell her my father will write to-morrow, but that at present he is much engaged. Poor Mrs. Clifford remains very ill, and I wish you, dear Helen, were here to attend to her. Perhaps it may be managed so. Tell Henry de Greve that he will hear from me soon, about our journey to Scotland, whether he means to go to spend the Christmas with his father?"

X.

Lady St. Julian died in November. In the April of the succeeding year, the following appeared in the county paper:—

"Died,—lamented by all who knew her, Alice, the wife of Henry Clifford Esq., of Marston Manor, Hants. She was the heiress of her aunt Lady St. Julian, of St. Julian's Priory, in this county, who died at the commencement of last winter. The loss of Mrs. Clifford will be much felt by the poor on her immense estates, and indeed by every one who had the honour of her acquaintance. Her disease was a decline, accelerated by the sorrow she felt at the decease of Lady St. Julian, with whom she had lived

before her marriage—when Miss de Bouverie,—and whom she regarded with the greatest affection. The estates, burdened with an annuity of one thousand pounds to the testator's husband, are left to the Hon. Seymour St. Julian, only son of the present Lord St. Julian. Mrs. Clifford was the only daughter of Edward de Bouverie, Esq., (who was a nephew of Lord Delemere-Seaton) and of Gertrude, the daughter of General Malcom, and the sister of the late Lady St. Julian. Her premature death will be sincerely mourned."

Reader, I have done. There is a moral inculcated in the foregoing narrative, but I leave it untold, conscious that it may be easily discovered. In conclusion, I wish you all happiness, and once more say, farewell.

A SKETCH TAKEN IN THE YEAR 1834.

"Have you heard the news Mr. Oldforth?" exclaimed Mrs. Puff, with a most dolorous expression of voice, and feature, as she intercepted the approach of the itinerant divine, at the door of the apartment, in which her visitors were seated.

"News! ma'am," he repeated, "I cannot say that I have—pray what is it?"

"Oh! Sir, shocking! the troops are ordered for to-morrow morning, to prevent the influx of the trades-union; and six great guns have gone off this morning!"

"Dear me Madam, is this correct?"

"Come in Sir, come in, here is a lady who has seen the orderly book, and such is the fact I assure you."

"Well, well Madam, I can only say that God is able to shelter Lebanon to its centre," so saying the speaker, in compliance with the invitation of the hostess, entered the parlour, and with a recognitory "Ah friend Puff!" to the Artist, and a stiff bend of the head to the remainder of the circle, slowly seated himself. The portentous words that had heralded his entrance, and the harsh tones in which they were uttered, had drawn the attention of the widow and her daughter upon him; he was a short thick-set man with a very large head, and heavy repulsive features, over which an evasive and sinister smile wreathed itself with a doubtful and even disagreeable expression; his manner was at once cringing, yet overbearing; and distinctive of ignorance, and vulgarity; he looked towards the widow for the confirmation of Mrs. Puff's intelligence, and thus called on for its repetition she rejoined

"Tis too true Sir, I assure you, every officer and private not on duty here, is to be in readiness on the parade to-morrow morning at ten o'clock; the horse also, Sir, and a detachment of marines are under orders."

"I thought such would be the end of it," returned Mr. Oldforth, "now then let Church and State look to itself; this will prove to demonstration I trust, which is the strongest, the people or the oligarchy."

"Oh! my good Sir, it is really awful, the country is in a dreadful state," replied the widow, not questioning the loyal feelings of the speaker. "We want a few clever men to set all to rights—two or three like Pitt or—"

"Alas! alas for Balaam's ass!" interrupted the local preacher, in a voice rendered more than naturally discordant from excitement, "it had a very long head, but little brains to boast of—he madam! a selfish, crafty statesman! what would he do for us at this crisis, except in the arbitrariness of power to put a broader seal on any instrument that would enslave and impoverish the people—the day is gone bye when his art could enthral and controul this nation—and was it possible to find such another incarnation of satanic venom and cunning, what would he avail against a whole kingdom, struggling for independence as this, thanks to the dissemination of that enlightening religion, which is daily throwing off the impositions put upon us, by that most detestable, and d—m—n—able coalition of Church and State."

The orthodox widow raised her eye brows to their utmost extension, and the Tory girl on the opposite side looked lightning at the bigoted and presuming malcontent, who thus blasphemed a sacred union she had been accustomed to regard, with something allied to reverence. Here the colloquy was interrupted by the return of Mr. Puff, who had left the room shortly after Mr. Oldforth's entrance, and the widow seizing the opportunity arose to go.

"Oh! stay a little longer," exclaimed the former, "it is beautifully moonlight, and you are so near home—I have not seen you for a length of time—what have you been doing with yourself?"

"I should certainly have stept in before," said the widow, smiling, "but as I have been telling Mrs. Puff, I have been suffering a great deal with rheumatism."

"Indeed! I'm sorry to hear it—I am at the first of it I assure you."

"Oh! it is not likely my indisposition should make much stir in the neighbourhood; it would be another thing if I was young and beautiful," returned the widow, with a sigh for "bye gone years."

"I don't know what difference those circumstances could possibly make to me," rejoined the Benedict, with a glance of suffering resignation towards his better half, and the numerous small fry, that garnished the back, and elbows of his chair.

"Why!" said the lady, rather at a loss from the very literal way in which her words had been applied, "those are objects of very general interest, and consequently of—"

"Ah! ma'am, they have lost their interest for me except in a very general way," interrupted the Artist.

"But not for me!" cried the exclaimist against Church and State, in a sudden and loud tone,—"I am an admirer and follower of beauty in every one—at all times, and all places."

The widow, a little conciliated, turned upon him a look of condescending sweetness, and halted in her progress towards the door, as if to listen to the remainder of so flattering a declaration, (she had been a fine woman, and like Elizabeth of old, at sixty-five her good opinion was easily obtained through the medium of a compliment, expressed or implied).

The man smiled grimly at her in return, as he

rejoined, "Perhaps you are not acquainted with the sort of beauty I allude to madam?"

"The beauty of the mind sir, doubtless," replied the lady with the same benignity of aspect, (for she prided herself on her mental attainments.)

"The beauty of holiness madam, the rose of Sharon! the lily of Mount Lebanon is the unfading beauty that I reverence—all other is but filthy rags in my sight—behold it is as the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is not—and I question if the earth-worm finds it a daintier morsel than plainer or coarser flesh."

To this unexpected tirade, uttered with a malignity of countenance that suited with the rancour of his expressions, although veiled under the masque of religious zeal, the widow appeared at a loss for a suitable reply, and the self-elected preacher observing her at a nonplus, was just about to follow up his triumph and strip her of whatever pretensions the thread bare morality of her profession might wrap her in, when the good lady finding herself no match for him in the weapon of his attack, (which indeed she had ever regarded as a source of consolation and instruction, and not as the engine of contention and party spleen), moved quickly towards the door, and making some common place remark on what he had said, bowed distantly to the controversialist, and bidding the family a good night, placed her arm in that of the tall proud-browed girl by her side and departed.

After they were gone, a perfect torrent of abuse was poured out on the haughtily named coalition, and its erring and foolish supporters, and many bitter things were said of its reign being now about to close, and that tithes and intolerance would both come to an end together. The Artist in the heat of his argument, and animosity, offered to bet his brother leveller that the Bishops would be kicked from their benches in the House of Peers, before the next Session of Parliament; but of this the other was so assured, that to accept the bet would be to bet against his own judgment, and therefore this decision was agreed to *nem dis*. And there sat I, the lineal descendant of one of that storied seven, who had braved the dungeon, (and doubtless would the block,) to prove their earnestness in the defence of that church, that was thus grossly vituperated by these seceders from it, by one of those strange, but frequent alternations of fortune, a poor dependant, obliged to hear all that I had looked upon as holy desecrated and abused, yet without the possibility of replying to, or refuting the imputations cast on the religion of my fathers, and the principles of that constitution, that has hitherto found its safety in upholding it.

I almost forgot that a governess cannot safely impugn the opinions of her proprietor's, any more than Van Amburgh's lions can the point of superiority with him. And I was delighted when a long, and very loud prayer from Mr. Oldforth, left me at liberty to retire to my own apartment, and my own reflections. The sentiments I had heard this evening, were new to me, and as strange as they were novel, and broached with all the rude coarseness of vulgar fanaticism sounded repulsively, and little less than awful to one accustomed to that devotion to king and constitution, synony-

mous with protestantism in Ireland. I drew forth my diary, and having nothing else to write, I transcribed the conversation as it appears; I had just penned the departure of the widow and her daughter, when Mrs. Puff entered the room and inquired for a book in which the children had been reading. I wholly unmindful of open manuscript, hastened to the school-room to procure it, and on my return instantly read, in the reddened forehead of Mrs. Puff and the pointed rudeness of her manner, that she had read my manuscript. Unfortunately the likenesses were too faithful, and the details too minute, to be for an instant mistaken; and I felt, as she most ungraciously snatched the book from me, and flounced out of the room, that I might exclaim with Othello, "my occupation was gone." Indeed had any doubt remained, the sudden accession of annoyance I met with, not only from Mr. and Mrs. Puff, but from all the little Puffs, fully convinced me, that the sooner I evacuated my governess-ship the better. And thus was my first attempt at independence frustrated by that mania for scribbling, that without any given purpose, has occupied every leisure moment of my existence. And here with the authority of experience, let me counsel the young of both sexes, to eschew pen, ink, and paper; there is a lure in every line, that will wile you on from page to page, till you are lost in a labyrinth of waste paper of your own compiling. Worldly advancement will be lost sight of; your health, and eye-sight, will both suffer; and by-and-bye when common sense gives you an appetite for the things of this world, you will regret as I do, the little Puffs that were so foolishly left unfinished.

Purfleet, Esser. ALICE WARNCLIFFE.

MY GIRLHOOD'S HAUNT.

It is as if but yesterday, I trod that lonely track,
So life-like, and distinctly does memory bring it
back;

I fancy now the hill's dark brow
With yellow broom flowers crowned,
As if a golden circlet on a Nubian's head were bound.

And that sweet rill so clear and blue that rippled
at its base,
And seemed all sportively to dare the sunbeams to
a chase;

Now stealing 'neath some leafy wreath,
That o'er its margin grew
Acanthus, or veronica with upturned eyes of blue.

And then anon, all dimpling, as if with infelt laugh-
ter,
It darted from its hiding place with sunshine spark-
ling after;

Oh! even now, when on my brow,
The summer sunbeams glow,
I fancy back the freshness of that brooklets ceaseless
flow.

Tall sedges fringed its margin, and on the side bank
there,
The first pale primroses of spring, the first blue vio-
lets were;

And votive June, at summer's noon,
First there her garlands hung,
And wreaths of tawny woodbine, to the wild white
roses clung.

And all around me and about were waving corn-
fields spread,
With poppies flaunting here and there, their showy
flags of red;

While far away, like shadow's grey,
The distant mountains rise,
(I used to fancy that from them one soon might
reach the skies.)

One shadow only rested there, where all was fresh
and bright,
One gloomy relic to recall the spirit from its flight
Of joy and love, that rose above
All earthly feeling there,
Where God had shadowed forth himself in things so
pure and fair.

Yet 'midst the sunshine, and the flowers, one object
dimly rose,
To make the landscape tenderer, and deepen its re-
pose;
Though strangely there, where all was fair,
Its shadow darkly fell,
Solemn as if 'midst revelry was heard a passing bell.

It was an ancient ruin, with its walls of dismal grey,
And round about were scattered graves in saddening
array;
Not trimly kept, as if there slept
Loved forms beneath each mound,
But all distorted, grim, and gaunt, they cumbered
the ground.

No sexton there, for many years had delved with
pick or spade;
The carrion crow had fled to ply, in other fields his
trade;
For nought but stone, and gristly bone,
Remained of the crowd
That for centuries of bye-gone years, to the scythe
armed king had bowed.

Within that roofless pile, all things had fallen to
decay—
Tablet, and fount, and altar stone, had crumbled
away,

And by the mass amid the grass,
Its tripple cross lay low,
And in its place, an ivy pall was fitting to and fro.

Yet here beneath the aspen's shade, that trembled
tho' no breath,
Stir'd through the grass that carpeted this ancient
hall of death,

I loved to sit, in musing fit,
Till warned by some bright star
That twilight soon would merge in night, and home
was still afar.

Purfleet. ALICE WARNCLIFFE.

Frederick the Great, of Prussia, was informed that, during the carnival at Berlin, one of his officers who was on duty at Potsdam, was in the habit of absenting himself from his station to enjoy the gaieties of the masked balls at the theatre. As his information was particular respecting the costume of the officer, the King went to the assembly *en masque*, and discovering the intelligence he had received was correct, he went up to him and whispered in his ear, "I am told, Sir, in confidence, that you have left your post." "Then," replied the officer, "I am sure you would not be such a scoundrel as to betray me."

BEADS FROM THE ROSARY OF A FRENCHMAN.

No. II.

SUICIDAL INTENTIONS.

GEORGE D'ARCY arose one morning after a sleepless night, in the worst of all possible humours, swearing like an omnibus cad, and denouncing hot kidneys and cold champagne as the prolific parents of a hundred incubi! He rang the bell, received his obsequious valet with a volley of abuse and a kick, and then took refuge in a brown study, whilst he absently went through the evolutions of the toilet.

"By Apollo," said he, though being no poet he had no privilege of swearing by his godship, "life is a strange invention. I am tired of what I have seen here of its follies, and have a mind to see what is beyond it, if I could but discover the best mode of quitting it. Let me consider how I can best discard the envelope of life that now shrouds my spirit. All sorts of minerals and metals,—poisons derived from earths and petals,—and every chemical auxiliary to destruction are in my power. Swords, pistols, pills, powders, potions, fire, water, and (if I go to London) the Monument."

Calculating on the individual advantage that appertained to each separate sort of suicide, his mind floated for a long time in a sea of indecision. Suddenly, giving himself a fisty-cuff on the forehead that would have made the fortune of a Surrey theatre tragedian, he exclaimed,

"I have it! I shall starve myself to death! 'Tis not vulgar."

So saying he ordered an enormous *potée*, and with that forgetfulness common to those who are bent on committing *felo de se*, began to devour it greedily. He washed it down with a pint of Madeira, and then lit a cigar. Whilst the smoke of the Havana whirled upwards capriciously to the ceiling, George following with his eyes the fragrant vapours as they ascended cloud-like above him, sank again into a deep reverie. He thought of the past, and of all the cares that had accompanied the gift of existence, bestowed upon him by his mother. These may be very nearly recapitulated in the following terms:—"I am young, rich, in robust health, and just deeply enough plunged in debt to make me fashionable. I have lots of horses, a myriad of friends, and more than a myriad of mistresses. The latter are faithful, my friends love me almost as much as they do my wine, and my horses win every race.—I certainly don't see why I have not good reason to kill myself by a fast."

"What horse will you please to ride to-day, Sir?" said the valet, keeping a respectful distance, for he had not forgotten the *matin salut*.

"Come here, Bob," cried George, and listen to me. Hasten to the nearest church, and order them to toll my passing bell—the *agonie*! Here is a purse! If in ten minutes all the bells do not ring my knell in full volume, I'll make you a present of half a hundred kicks that will astonish your scientific mind!"

The valet opened his eyes, shut the door, and disappeared. In six minutes thereafter George solaced himself by drinking in the lugubrious toll-

ing of the bells, that sounded loudly for his death. In his ecstasy, he filled a glass with pure rum, drank it off, and smoked another cigar.

"A letter for Monsieur," said the Concierge, entering the *salon*. George opened it, and read as follows:—

"Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that Mons. Delille, the Banker, has absconded with his cash-chest, and without his wife. It is suspected he has fled to Flanders."

"Ah! ejaculated George, for the Banker had carried off two-thirds of his fortune,

He swallowed another glass of rum, and relit his cigar.

"Do you know what has happened, George?" said a young man, entering abruptly.

"Has the terrier pupped?" asked George.

"No!" replied the other,—"Heléne is off with Rodolphe, on a tour to Italy!"

"The devil she is!" cried George.

Heléne was his favourite nymph, Rodolphe his dearest friend.

George threw down the cigar, and contented himself with swearing a little.

"Saddle Brilliant!" said he, to the valet, who had just returned. Brilliant was his pet steed.

George hurried down, advanced to the proud and snorting courser, and began to tickle him carressingly, as was his custom.

"Ha!" shrieked he, falling back on the pavement. Brilliant had broken his master's thigh-bone with one kick. The valet considered himself avenged.

Many years have passed, but George D'Arcy has now no wealth, no horses, no mistresses, no friends. He is lame, a cripple, and married to a woman nearly double his age, pitted with small-pox, and who has six fingers on her right hand. She is a kind nurse, and a judicious wife, and her heart is true woman's—gentle and fond. George never, by any chance, thinks of committing suicide, and least of all, by starving himself to death!

C. C.

LONELY MUSINGS.

"Oh! sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company."

COLERIDGE.

There is a strange unacknowledged influence in every thing that time has hallowed, to control and colour our opinions and habits. The endeavour to shake off this feeling, in many of its more striking and prominent instances, but even where our reason and self-love, lend their aid, to the change and improvement of our ideas and habits; there is no barrier so difficult to surmount, no distaste so stubborn in its resistance, as the clinging prejudice to our early instilled and long cherished notions.

In the minor affairs of life, such as relate more to our private affections and emotions, than to our intercourse with the world, and our fellow-men; this predilection for the monuments and customs of old is peculiarly strong, and though often enervated by fashion and concealed by affectation, its

power is strong within us, and will betray itself on many occasions, when the mind, obeying its natural impulses, shines out unrepressed and unconcealed.

There is to me something peculiarly impressive in the contemplation of our old country churches. I love well to muse through their solemn aisles, to gaze on their ancient monuments; to wander around their time worn walls, where the green grass that shrouds the departed, waves laughingly around the moss-grown stone, that hath for centuries watched it wither in the blast, revive and freshen in the summer breeze.

Their quaint, irregular architecture, their grey and mouldering appearance tend to inspire us with veneration. They awaken thoughts within us that lead us as nearly to the contemplation of God, as the chaunted service, and the homily of the preacher. It suited well with my tastes and dispositions, to seek these holy habitations on the quiet sabbath; when verdure and bloom are upon the earth, in their peaceful secluded beauty, for the innovations of man, have, for the most part, still left their sites lovely and lonely.

We are too early for service, and whilst the melancholy, yet soothing, bell, is summoning the worshippers of God, let us look around; we shall find something that will afford us food for meditation and improvement, and perchance inspire us with a yet deeper and more solemn feeling.

How gladly is the beauty of nature rejoicing over the mouldering relics of mortality! How smilingly the sky looks down on the narrow tenements of earth, freshening their verdure with its early dew and noontide beams, while death and corruption sleep below! Is there not something awful in the light carol which that glad bird sings o'er the newly-covered grave, the yet unsullied stone, that mark the spot where youth and loveliness are mouldering in decay? And yet why does it jar on my awakened feelings? Behold! the young and lovely who yet adorn the earth, those with whom but a few short weeks she, "the loved, the lost," sported with all the graceful, but unthinking merriment of life! Behold them come, the smile upon the lip, the glad emotion beaming from the eye—they pass her grave, a passing shade o'er one young brow, and all beside is buried in the deeper tomb of forgetfulness.

How utterly lonely would life be rendered by the contemplation of death, unrelieved by the hope of an hereafter! How desolate and chill to deem that the bright world, made yet more bright by the warm hearts and kind affections that cling to it will shortly fade away, and leave us nothing but the lonely unremembered grave! How cheering the reflection, while we see friends and kindred falling from us, and fading from the hearts of those where their earthly home of love was made, that there is another meeting, a re-union of hearts and affections, when in purer essence we put off corruption, and are arrayed in immortality!

And the soft summer sky is smiling on the thronging worshippers who are passing among the verdant graves of those who once like them adorned the earth. A few years since, and the father who sleeps beneath the sod, looked calmly happy as he led his young and smiling children to the house

of God. When the chastened smile beamed on the mother's lip as she watched the placid serenity of holy feelings, steal over the happy and buoyant faces of her loved and treasured. When the lonely sought communion with his God, and returned with heart attuned to the kindly charities of man. When the lisping infant, and the bounding heart of youth, the sober brow of manhood, and the tottering step of age were mingled here, with the beauty of nature around, and now

"The many men so beautiful,
And they all dead did lie."

How wonderful is life! how rife with warnings from the past, with lessons for the future!

Another race of men are walking there; many, perchance who well remember those who have made it their last long resting place. And yet with memory ever calling its awful shadows around us; with the fearful experience that brings us so often in actual contact with death, yet how small a portion of our meditations, does its deep and thrilling interests command! We hear of death, and grieve o'er the parent's loss, the widow's loneliness, the friend's bereavement, and the orphan's desolation. The kindly charities awake within us and we weep and sorrow o'er these sad effects of mortality. Perchance we turn over our thoughts within, and say, it is our common lot, and we too must fall like the bud in its early blight, or fall like the shock of corn in its ripeness.

But the thought is painful and transient, and life with its pleasures and sorrows, its busy cares and sunny joys, soon hurries us from the consideration of its end, making the enemy who dogs our heels, appear but as the shadow of a far off cot.

Even here as I walk amidst those silent preachers of mortality, the verdant grave, the mouldering tomb; even here I feel my thoughts are turning towards the living rather than the dead. Even here, amidst the quite solitude, thoughts of earth and its endearing ties awaken in my heart; coloured by the pensive and melancholy hues, which the scene and its hallowing loveliness are so calculated to inspire. Old familiar faces, loved and cherished hopes, scenes of vanished happiness are thronging round me. Of faded pleasures and griefs subdued "returns a token;" but its sting is not all of bitterness, for there is deep wisdom in the voice their recallings breathe. The pensive thought which the melancholy of the place has inspired, is the fitting tone of mind in such an hour to contemplate life, its interests and dependencies. And the house of God that stands so calm and lonely in its peaceful beauty, and whither we are invited to draw nigh to seek for balm for our sorrow and to pour our praise and gratitude for the fruits of mercy and love, is but the emblem of that purer temple, not made with hands, which the spirit shall enter, when earth and its vicissitudes fade; when corruption putteth on incorruption, and the hearth ceaseth travelling, and is at peace.

E. K. SILVESTER.

THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE.—Happy baby! Thy cradle is still to thee an endless space: become a man, and the vast world will be too narrow for thee.
—Schiller.

WOMAN.

Oh, Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you;
Angels are painted fair to look like you.
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love!

OTWAY.

So says the poet, to which I give my hearty
consent, for Woman has been the soother of man's
troubled spirit through all ages.

Woman, like sweet Maydews on summer drougths
Breathes her all softening influence; peace and rest
Are woman's gifts to man; when toils and cares
Have worn our weary souls, woman, dear woman
Is nature's downy pillow of repose!

I have seen her, when with the bloom of health
and grace on her cheek, bright as Hebe's self,
with a virtuous mind, a pure unsophisticated heart,
and as yet untrammelled with love. But such a
heart could not long remain thus free; she looks
with favour on a son of man, and Love draws her
in his silken net: and here again I have seen her
living with the partner of her cares, surrounded
by sweet smiling children as happy as them-
selves, and a sweeter sight there cannot be than
this; these are the grand comforts of home, but
where would these be if woman was not there to
cheer the blazing hearth, and by her benign in-
fluence make us forget the world and its woes,
and bids our troubled bosoms be at rest.

But alas, too, I have seen her drawn in love;
her virtue blasted and her innocence deceived:—

The maid that loves,
Goes out to sea upon a shatter'd plank
And puts her trust in miracles for safety.

But ah! cursed! doubly cursed let that villain
be who dares to destroy such innocence; let him
think of *her* feelings, the gnawing worm that's
cankering *her* heart, for—

One false step entirely damns her fame.
In vain, with tears the loss she may deplore,
In vain, look back on what she was before;
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more!

Let him think of this, and oh! cold, callous, hard-
ened heart, if thou dost not relent, and still will

Crop this fair rose and rifle all its sweetness,
And then cast it like a loathsome weed away!

Fellow mortals, have pity on an erring sister's
shame; soothe her, endeavour to comfort her, and
relieve her. Ah! how many would, but for a
parent's bitter curse, have still lived on and sunk
to her grave in peace? But no! e'en this is de-
nied, and she is made an outcast from her home;
and then, where shall she lay her head? Amongst
the lowest of the low, and become an abandoned
character; or, perchance, o'erwhelmed with mi-
sery, commits self-murder! Oh, what extreme
rigour on the part of parents: let sympathy take
the place of anger, and shelter the poor sinner in
your breasts.

I too have seen woman in widow's weeds, and
wrinkles on her brow; her husband has gone to
his rest; her children are happy, and she prepares
to leave this weary world and go to *her* ever-
lasting rest; or, perchance, her children are ungrateful,
poverty-stricken, debauched, and ungrateful; and
this brings her "grey hairs with sorrow to the

tomb." Oh! unfeeling children, can they have a
spark of affectionate feeling? How often has
their mother watched at the midnight hour over
their sick bed? How often has she denied her-
self comforts, and given them to her children? A
mother's love is far surpassing all others, but yet
they neglect, they despise her monitory warnings,
and herself, but—

When that mother's in the grave,
Remembrance calls her forth,
'Tis then they think with weeping eyes
On *her* departed worth!

I have seen woman also matchless in beauty,
and in strength of mind, fit to be heroines, shed-
ding happiness and joy where'er she went; for
Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased in doing good.

But I have seen her also jealous, vindictive, pas-
sionate, and weak, for—

Women, like summer storms, awhile are cloudy,
Burst out in thunder, and impetuous showers;
But straight the sun of beauty dawns abroad,
And all the fair horizon is serene.

But,

When strong jealousy inflames the soul
The weak will roar, and calms to tempests roll.
And,

Woman's passions,
More violent than ours, and less controll'd
By reason, hurry on; and often find
Prodigious means to act prodigious ills.

But these all, all are outbalanced by her virtues;
women are, for the most part, the making of the
men; they soothe them, they comfort them, and
by their influence make men's hearts more mild,
more generous, and more happy.

Sure there is something more than witchcraft in them
That masters even the wisest of us all.

Now, after speaking of your peculiar qualities,
Ladies, allow me to bestow, in the words of a poet,
some good advice.—

Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom you trust,
Did you but think how seldom fools are just,
So many of your sex would not in vain
Of broken vows, and faithless men, complain;
Of all the various wretches love has made,
How few have been by men of sense betrayed?
Convinced by reason, they your power confess,
Pleased to be happy, as you're pleased to bless,
And, conscious of your worth, can never love you less.

And pray excuse me—

Let not that devil which undoes your sex,

That cursed curiosity { seduce } you
 betray

To hunt for needless secrets, which, neglected,
Shall never hurt your quiet; but, once known,
Shall sit upon your heart, pinch it with pain,
And banish the sweet sleep for ever from you.

And now, to conclude, I must make an apology
to you, Mademoiselles, for taking the liberty
of portraying you in all characters; but I know
you are not difficult to please, and if they afford
a few minutes pleasure in reading I shall be re-
compensed.

I believe there are some, yea many, young men
who read this work, to them I would say, gallants
ever take care of the ladies; they are sure to repay
ye in the sweetest manner possible; be polite,
gentle, and affectionate, and recollect—

Man is a staff for your soft sex to lean on;
The prop your beauty's tender stalk is bound to;
The wall, to yield your branching vine a shelter;
Man is the circled oak; woman the ivy.

ELIA.

OUR BOUDOIR TABLE, OR GLANCES AT NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"—Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE KENTISH CORONAL, No. 1, March.*—This is the opening number of a very pleasing little periodical of local interest, chiefly for "the men of Kent." It contains some well written articles both in prose and verse, amongst which we would particularly point out those of W. H. Prideaux and Mary, and a paper, entitled "An Address to Young Authors." We wish every success to this little work, to whose well-edited pages no writer need blush to contribute.

HOURS OF THOUGHT, (Pocket size).†—A beautiful little volume, full of pleasing reflections and moral ideas. As a gift for the young it has not its equal.

FLOWERS OF MY SPRING.‡—A volume of not bad poetry, yet whose merits receive a drawback in the truly arrogant preface of the young author. When Poets of seventeen talk about the "small fry of critics" who try to assume greatness, as the frog in the fable tried to be as huge as the bull which he envied, and add "all who have struck the lyre are worthy of immortality," we think, to use a well-known proverb, as critics, "the less said the soonest mended," and that silence is the most merciful judgment we can bestow on such sentiments.

A VISION OF FAIR SPIRITS, &c., by John Graham, Wadham College.§

GEOFFREY RUDEL, OR THE PILGRIM OF LOVE, by John Graham.||—Two very classical and well written poems, not new, we believe, to the public. Mr. Graham is a writer of no common genius, and his works will always be read with interest, and claim respect.

THE FRIGHT, a Novel, in 3 volumes, by Miss Ellen Pickering.¶—We have already noticed this novel, and can highly recommend it to our readers as a work in which the graces of fiction are blended with the sterner truths of morality.

THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD, which have just issued from the press, in six volumes, will be found highly interesting, and the portraits, executed by Greatbatch, are of a first-rate description. As a suitable introduction, prefixed to the whole collection of letters are the

author's admirable "Reminiscences of the Courts of George the First and Second," which were first narrated to, and, in 1788, written for the amusement of, Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry. To the former of these ladies the public are indebted for a curious commentary on the Reminiscences, contained in extracts from the letters of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, to the Earl of Stair, now published from the original manuscripts. Of the Reminiscences themselves it has been truly observed, that, both in manner and matter, they are the perfection of anecdote writing, and make us better acquainted with the manners of George the First and Second and their Courts, than we should be after perusing a hundred heavy historians. A great number of original letters also appear in this new collection, and it will form a valuable addition to the store of epistolary information.

LIVES OF CELEBRATED MUSICIANS: Beethoven. By George Hogarth, Esq.—This is the first of a series intended to include the names of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Purcell, Matthew Lock, Dr. Arne, Gluck, Rossini, &c., each of which will be published uniformly at one shilling. The author's personal acquaintance with the greatest musicians of his own times is only equalled by his knowledge of their works, as well as of those of their predecessors. The life of Beethoven is a gem. In thirty-two pages of writing we become acquainted with the writings, habits, and public and domestic character of that great man.

LETTERS FROM THE OLD WORLD, by a Lady of New York, is rather deficient in interest. We think the fair writer could have done better. There are some romantic incidents narrated; the following is touching, and too true.

"While we were in quarantine, in the garden on the north side of the city, we were several times visited by a young French gentleman who was connected with the health office. We brought a letter of introduction to him from his friends in Alexandria. This letter could not be opened and read by him without the precaution of taking it to the health office in a tin box, and then having it regularly smoked, according to law. This precaution, however, was evaded by our opening the letter for him, and spreading it upon the ground, and then retiring a short distance. He placed his cane upon the letter, in order to prevent its being blown against him by the wind, in which case he would have been obliged to perform quarantine with us until our term expired. It would have been well for him had he continued thereafter to be equally cautious in opening letters. He would probably have been living on our return; and we should, in addition to his pleasant society, have received some farther facilities during our last quarantine.

"The circumstances of his unfortunate death were these. He had formed an attachment to a young lady at Beyrout, and, like all dutiful sons, he had written to his father at Alexandria for his consent to a union with his fair innamorata. By the next steamer the father's answer arrived. The contents of the letter-bag were, as usual, emptied into the tin box, in order to be taken to the smokehouse to be purified.

"Too impatient to wait the tardy process of law, the impetuous lover, taking advantage of his official station, opened the tin case—to him the fatal box of Pandora—seized the packet which was to reveal to

* Simpkin and Marshall.

† Darton and Clark, Holborn-hill.

‡ R. Groombridge, Publisher.

§ J. and W. Boone, New Bond-street.

|| Boone, Publisher.

¶ J. and W. Boone, New Bond-street.

him his future destiny; the approval of his choice, or the denial of his dutiful request.

"While his gloating eyes were scanning the lines of paternal affection, in which, to his inexpressible delight, he found a full concurrence with all his fondest anticipations, he little thought that what to him appeared a messenger of glad tidings, was charged with the arrow of death, which, unperceived for the moment, was sped to the inmost recesses of his heart, there to mingle its fatal *Upas* with the stream of life.

"Nor was he yet conscious of the poison which his quickened pulse was driving through his veins, when he flew to the feet of his mistress, to impart to her the joy that awaited him, when she should complete his happiness by joining her hand and heart with his at the altar of Hymen. Unfortunate young man! A few hours after he was a corpse! The fatal plague ran riot through his excited frame; its course was more speedy than usual, and he died a martyr to the cause of love; though, with less indiscretion, he might now be living, and basking in the sunshine of matrimonial bliss with his dark-eyed Greek."

There are a thousand excuses to be made for the heaviness of the modern descriptions of the East—everything relating to it having been written till the subject is threadbare.

THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS; OR MEMOIRS OF THE ROSE, is one of those pretty little illustrated works that are precisely suited to adorn a Boudoir table. The same remark we may safely apply to *Le Bouquet des Souvenirs*, which is really a very delightful work. The "Songs of Home; or Lays of Married Life," are also pretty trifles. *Prometheus Britannicus*, is too much tinged with party feeling to be worth perusing, and the author ought to get his master at Rugby to teach him *firstly* what is poetry, and then how to *scan* his verses.

FITZWIGGINS, a novel in 3 vols.—What's in a name? We say a great deal, and our foot-boy was almost tempted not to take the book in from the want of gentility displayed on the title-page. But with all this, the volumes are amusing, and those who are conversant with the manners of life the author has endeavoured to pourtray, will find that they possess acuteness of observation. The characters of the Marquess of Lancashire and Tibbetts, are true to the life. Wiggins, is a droll fellow, and though not distinguished by any blazing talents, is far from being an every-day personage. His adventure at Bath in the character of a fortune-hunter and fine gentleman, is well told. The scene at the Albion Tavern is also good, and the *dénouement* is not badly managed.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND, by Miss Agnes Strickland, 2 vols. A work of great pretensions, and put forth with a dedication to royalty, but neither so amusing or useful as that by Mrs. Lawrence on the same subject. It purports to be with plates—there are two to each volume, viz., a frontispiece, and a small vignette. This is "keeping the word of promise to the ear" but certainly "breaking it to the hope," for we expected at least fifty wood cuts—and an illustrated volume full of Court Beauties and doughty Knights of the olden time.

BLUETTES POUR AMUSER LES ENFANTS, is a very pleasing little work for the nursery. The

same may be said of *Memories d'une Poupee*. But we must afford higher praise to a work in our own language entitled *The Educator and Children's Cyclopadia*, which is one of the best works of its class that we have lately met with. It will be very useful to mothers who superintend the early education of their offspring, and we advise them to patronize it.

EUTHANASIA; OR PREPARATION FOR A HAPPY DEATH, is from the pen of the Rev. R. Pearson of Bedford, and we think likely to be of essential service to the humble classes of society, to whom it is more particularly addressed.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE METROPOLITAN POLICE, by the Editor of a Weekly Journal, is a very sensible and seasonable publication. There is more sound sense in this little pamphlet than is to be met with in many a larger work, and it ought to be widely circulated. The sooner foolish prejudices are removed the better, and this pamphlet will do much good in setting aside old fashioned follies.

SORDELLO, by Robert Browning. — If Mr. Browning will write, we wish he would write something comprehensible. Sordello is full of hard names, and nonsense. He calls it poetry, we term it trash of the very worst description.

THE POCKET GUIDE TO THE TOILETTE.*—This is a very neat little volume, full of useful information, and one that should be in the hands of every young lady and gentleman entering into society. It is well, and even classically written; and we strongly recommend it to all our young friends of both sexes.

COLBURN'S KALENDER OF AMUSEMENTS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY, FOR 1840.—A work detailing all the National Sports and Amusements, arranged in the seasons to which they are suited. As a volume of reference to foreigners, this little publication will be useful. The idea is not novel, a work called "Time's Telescope," published annually, and a few years since discontinued, was of a similar character.

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

No. 1. " 'Twas sunset ere we parted ;" written by Alexander McCabe, Esq.; music by James Hill. Duff and Hodson, Oxford-street.

2. "Songs and Ballads," written and set to music by their Royal Highnesses Prince Albert and Ernest, of Saxe Coburg Gotha. 1 vol., Colburn.

3. "My Dwelling is no Lordly Hall;" Song from the popular novel of Nan Darrell; by Miss Ellen Pickering. Cramer and Co., Regent-street.

4. "Now hush thee, I'll listen no More;" ballad from the popular novel of the "Fright." Same author and publisher.

5. "Oh! think not that I love thee less!" ballad, written and composed by Mrs. John Holman Andrews. Monro and May.

6. "Hail Royal Prince;" glee for three or four

* Glasgow, W. R. M'Phun, publisher.

voices; words by Tryphosa; music by John P. Barnatt. Ransforth.

7. "Go tell to another;" ballad; poetry by Leigh Cliffe, Esq.; music by J. Young. Monro and May.

8. "The Queen's country dances," as danced at her Majesty's Court Balls; arranged and dedicated to H. R. H. Prince Albert, by R. Guinness. Jeffery's and Co., Frith-street.

1. An exceedingly sweet melody, wedded to very pleasing words. Mr. Hill is a composer of great taste and good judgment, and will soon be one of our most popular song composers.

2. There appears to be considerable mystery attached to the bringing out of this volume, it being at first advertised as published on the author's account, by James Budd and Co., Dulstoe Rise; but ultimately making its appearance with Mr. Henry Colburn's name on a label evidently pasted over that of the original publisher. There are tricks in all trades—*verb. sat.* The poetry is translated from the German of the Royal poets, by G. F. Richardson, Esq., and very well translated too;—some of the verses, as little gems of poetry, deserve to be extracted; and we select one which we think peculiarly pleasing.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

Poetry by Prince Ernest.—Music by Prince Albert.

Hark a whisper o'er the fountain,
Hark a murmur o'er the plain,
Hark a voice from vale and mountain,
Surely 'tis the Zephyr's strain!
'Tis the breath of evening stealing
Over field and over grove,
Breathing sounds of gentlest feeling,
Sounds of transport, sounds of love.

Zephyrs! as ye float o'er roses,
Kissing every flow'r to rest,
Seek my friend where he reposes,
Breathe your balm within his breast!
While your welcome presence cheers him,
While ye float around him free,
Say that absence but endears him,
And bear this song a gift from me.

The airs are of the true German school, many of them wild and beautiful; but their arrangement to the music, is the worst we ever met with. Nothing can be more wretchedly, or unprofessionally done; and to sing the poetry as here arranged, is quite an impossibility. False accentuations, and wrong measures every where abound, and destroy the whole effect, and render it quite ludicrous. The work is very handsomely got up, and dedicated to the Duchess of Kent.

3 & 4. Two very elegantly adapted ballads, in Mr. Balfe's best style. The melodies pleasing, and the couplets easy and flowing. They should be on the pianoforte of every lady of taste.

5. A very pretty little song, composed with great taste and simplicity of style. It has our strong commendation.

6. This is one of the thousand and one nuptial effusions that have been called forth by her Majesty's marriage. It appears to have been sung at the Royal Tradesmen's dinner, but has very little claim to further notice.

7. The words of this song having appeared in the pages of this Magazine, are known to our readers. They have been very sweetly composed by Mr. Young, and sung with applause by Madame Esther Villowen, Miss J. Mordaunt, Miss Rollo, and Mr. Handel Gear.

8. This is a very delightful set of country dances, enough to inspire the dullest votary of Terpsichore to "trip the light fantastic toe." Mr. Guinness is as much "up" in the arrangement of waltzes and quadrilles, as his Dublin namesake is in less sylph-like matters.

OUR SCRAP SHEET.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL AND SELECTED SHORT ARTICLES, EPIGRAMS AND FACETIÆ.

CHARADE.

BY LOUISA HUNTER.

My first, is at "the end," of many a work of man;
In French, my next supports his mortal span;
My whole, Geographers may truly name,
For 'tis a place, which all their maps proclaim.

The besetting sin of the world is the desire of appearing greater and richer than they really are. Of all things the most ridiculous is that of manufacturing a *family tree*, without having any legitimate materials to work with. Such common-place names as Barber, Smith, Taylor, Hobbs, or Jones, look any thing but aristocratic in a pedigree. I recollect one of these family-seekers once giving an account of the numerous clerical relatives to whom he laid claim, and by way of adding his wife's mite to the list, he wisely assured his hearers that she was aunt to the *Dean* and *Chapter* of —, as all her ancestors had been before her.

CHARADE.

BY LOUISA HUNTER.

My first in Cambridge or Oxford you'll see,
For there you must know, I'm quite a Grandee;
And what the strongest hand cannot get through,
By using my next you may easily do;
My whole I surmise, you must certainly be,
If after all this, you cannot guess me!

A young lady asked J—P—, the other evening for a definition of Love. My fair friend, he replied, it is an airy nothing;—in the general acceptance of the passion, a few prettily arranged sentences, without any real meaning, a few score of sighs, a soft pressure of the hand, and two or three ogles, constitute Love.

When you meet with persons who are, as Saint Paul says, "all things to all men," rest assured they are totally devoid of sincerity.

AN ENIGMA.

Of all the Alphabetic train,
 Fair Ladies seek not long in vain;
 Two letters, whose united power,
 Is wasting nature every hour;
 Stealing away the dimple sleek,
 The smiles that beam on Beauty's cheek.
 It taints her bloom of roseate dye,
 And dims the radiance of her eye;
 E'en wild flowers o'er the ruin gray,
 The Tyrant's ruthless aim betray.
 Yes, Heaven and Earth in one dread hour,
 Shall melt away beneath that power;
 But man's immortal part—the soul,
 Disowns its impotent controul.

LUCRETIA H——.

There is no music so sweet as the voice of domestic love; no air so refreshing to the soul as that of home, purified and hallowed by contentment and piety.

Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, was so exceedingly jealous of her consort, the Emperor Francis, that her affection became troublesome both to him and to herself. She had repeatedly insisted that he should never quit the palace without informing her of the precise place of his destination. One evening, however, he absented himself without leave, but his motions were so closely watched by one of her Imperial Majesty's spies, that he had scarcely reached the house of his friend before it was surrounded by a detachment of guards. The Emperor was irritated at this exposure of his consort's weakness. He however, commanded the attendance of the Captain of the guard, and said, "Tell her Majesty, Sir, that where her husband is there can be no danger of treason; and if it be her pleasure to assume the garb of the male sex, she may convince herself that she has no reason to indulge suspicions of her husband's fidelity."

CHARADE.

My first by Nature used to be supplied,
 For the promulgating of good or ill;
 But art will push the generous dance aside,
 And imitate, and supersede her still.
 My second is an instrument that gives
 An edge to pleasure, while the sense of pain
 It can inflict on every thing that lives.
 My whole, I grieve to say, must now remain
 Almost inactive, since my first no more
 Requires an aid its merit to restore.

ISABEL.

Those people who are always endeavouring to lower the reputation of others, will be found to have a dark spot on their own character.

When persons, who have built all their hopes on love, discover that passion is utterly incapable of satisfying the mysterious craving of the heart after happiness, they seldom honestly investigate the causes of their disappointment, but generally shift the blame from self to the object who has failed in realizing the visions of their imagination.

SOLITARY MUSINGS.

I wandered forth upon that dewy morn,
 To where the village church stands sweetly low,
 And there I moralized—I thought on those
 Who lay at rest beneath the grassy sod;
 And sad conjectures shot athwart my mind
 Of all they bore, whilst sojourning on earth.
 There peacefully lay sleeping side by side
 The virtuous—the vicious—and the proud;
 The sons of poverty—and sons of wealth;
 The gay—the melancholy—and the vain!
 And all that now remained to call to mind
 The multitude of those who lay below,
 Was but that little spot of earth,—a GRAVE!

HANNAH.

When Sir Wathen Waller, (then Mr. Phippe), was in practice as an oculist, two ladies from Dorsetshire came to him for the purpose of having an operation performed, the fee for which was one hundred guineas. It was attended with success, and the ladies returned to the country. Some time afterwards Sir Wathen discovered that their circumstances were too straitened to have permitted them to bear the expences they had been at, without the sacrifice of many personal comforts, and with a noble liberality, he enclosed the whole fee in a letter, which was presented to them by the friend who had told him the exact situation of his late patients.

Mr. Capel Loft, the first patron of the poet Bloomfield, was once asked, as he was always anxious to dissuade authors from meddling with the Muses, why he had exerted himself so much to bring forward the 'Farmer's Boy?' "I saw there was genius in the writer," he replied, "and I knew that a *rara avis* in the literary world was more likely to succeed than a properly trained author: therefore I ran no risk in assisting him to climb the hill. Another aspirant of the same description might not succeed so well. I am not satisfied," he continued "whether I rendered him a service, or been the source of misfortune to him; but I think nothing would tempt me to act in a like manner again."

Let the world say what it may, to be satisfied with one's self is a most enviable feeling. A man that is assured that he has talent, and a woman whose glass tells her that she is lovely, has an undying excitement to action.

TO THE MUSE.—I know not what I should be without thee—but I shudder to see what hundreds and thousands are without thee.

THE KEY.—If thou wilt know thyself, observe how others act—if thou wilt understand others, look into thine own heart.

When accounts of Buonaparte's astonishing successes in Italy arrived, a young nobleman observed, that he had gained most of those advantages by the aid of some newly-created generals. "I know of no general he has created lately, but one" said a gentleman present, "and that is *General Consternation*."

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN.

"THE NEW JULIET!"—How often have these words appeared, to awaken hope and curiosity! How often been followed by disappointment! How many fair buds of promise, whom the judicious sunshine of encouragement would have ripened into full blossoming excellence, have been blighted by unkindness! One dextrous hiss, breathed from the lips of malice, or it may be, the casual impulse of thoughtless mischief, careless of all save the inherent propensity to *censure* rather than to *save*—inherent in weak minds—has often blighted the rose of promise, and marred the hope that has cheered many a lonely hour. Our earliest recollections of a Juliet, extend but to Miss O'Neil, and no worthier embodier of youthful passion has since occupied her place. Miss F. B. Kelly, Miss Fanny Kemble, Miss Helen Faucit, each and all have tried, and not failed; for Talent has a thousand ways of showing its success,—yet none of these was dear to us as our first Juliet. A month or two, no more, has passed since a new debutante drew us within the walls of Drury, where we witnessed youth, graced with no mean share of youth's adornment of beauty, win "golden opinions" from the many, whilst with us a feeling of dissatisfaction prevailed, entailing silence on hands and lips. We felt that all was frigid; there was good lady-like enunciation and action, but where was the *passion* of Juliet? Yet the newspaper critics were in general loud in their praises. And now, another fair candidate comes before us, in the person of Miss Jane Mordaunt, who appeared on the 16th March in this arduous character.

Miss Jane Mordaunt's physical powers did not fully correspond with her evidently intense perception of her part,—her voice singularly sweet, and at times varying its intonation with great delicacy and care, was occasionally too weak to reach the back seats. But we fearlessly predicate that her future success rests with herself, for her talents are undoubtedly superior to many debutantes.

On Tuesday, the 24th March, an event in the era of the drama took place, in the re-appearance of Mr. Charles Kemble, on the boards of this theatre, "by the especial command of the Queen."

The play chosen for the occasion was *The Wonder*, and the *Don Felix* of Kemble is too well known to every play-goer to need anything more being said than that his step has lost none of its elasticity, nor his eye its fire; and that he never looked, or enacted the character better. The *Violante* of Mrs. Nisbett was in excellent keeping with the Felix of Mr. C. Kemble, and the whole of the performers, seemed to vie with each other, who should please the most. On the opening of the doors, the house was filled almost instantaneously, and from the "floor to the roof" one mass of faces presented itself. The Queen and her royal Bridegroom, arrived shortly after seven o'clock, and entered their private box, but the audience on this occasion would not permit them to remain in its obscurity, and accordingly they graciously obeyed the wishes expressed for their

appearance at the front. At the conclusion of the drama, and after Mr. Kemble had been called forward to receive the most heartfelt approbation we ever saw bestowed, God save the Queen was called for, and the curtain drew up, with the whole of the *corps dramatique* arranged on the stage. The National Anthem was very well sung, Madame Vestris and Mr. W. Harrison taking the solos. At its conclusion her Majesty and suite retired.

Madame Vestris has revived Cibber's *Double Gallant* in excellent style. The characters are strongly cast, and Mrs. Nisbett as *Lady Sadlife*, by her exquisite performance, elicited the most decided applause. Madame Vestris was an excellent *Clarinda*, but she did not come up to our conception of the character—she was in parts too tame. Farren, as *Sir Solomon Sadlife*, was perfect; it is a treat to see him and Mrs. Nisbett play together. Mr. C. Matthews was a good *Atall*, but G. Vandenhoff, as *Careless*, was decidedly not to our taste. We did not greatly admire the *Lady Dainty* of Mrs. W. Lacy, she was too lack-a-daisical. Mrs. Orger's *Wishwell*, and Mrs. Humby's *Situp*, were the perfection of waiting-maids. The comedy was completely successful.

Miss Montague has made her *début* at this theatre as *Juliet*. She has fewer qualifications to enact the part than any lady we know, and all the influence of the management, combined with the power of the press, cannot render her popular.

ADELPHI.

The *Fortunes of Smike*, and *Poor Jack*, are attracting crowded houses nightly here. Mrs. Keely's touching representation of the crushed and broken-hearted boy, is above all praise. The tears of her audience, is the most genuine applause she can wish for.

T. P. Cooke in the honest open-hearted British Sailor, in *Poor Jack*, is as much at home as ever.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This theatre produces a novelty almost every second night, and a succession of sparkling little pieces have attracted full houses during the last month. *The Ladies' Club*, from the prolific pen of Mr. Mark Lemon, has had an excellent run, and though Mrs. Glover has seceded from the chair to attend her duties at the Haymarket, Mrs. Stirling has filled it, not perhaps so *amply*, yet most *ably*, as the fair president. *The Gentleman in Black*, has made a considerable impression. And a little drama entitled *The Muse and the Merchant*, which first introduced Mr. B. Holl to these boards, has met with deserved success; we must not forget to award due praise to Miss Fitzwalter, whose enactment of the heroine, *Rose*, did her great credit. The *facetious* gentlemen here, has an excellent representative in Mr. G. Wild. The Olympic only wants to be a little warmer, to be all a play-goer can desire.

HAYMARKET.

A *soirée musicale*, got up by a committee of amateurs, took place at this theatre, three evenings

during the recess; much disappointment was felt at the last, on account of the withdrawal of a new version of the opera of *Cinderella*; but the concert substituted in the place of the opera, gave great satisfaction after all, and sent the audience home in good humour and well pleased with their entertainment. The house opened for the summer season on the 16th March.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.

The Wizard of the North, *alias* Mr. Anderson, is nightly exhibiting the wonders of the art of Legerdemain; his sleight of hand is extremely dextrous, and the whole performance well worth a visit of a few hours.

LENT LECTURES ON ASTRONOMY.

Mr. Howell is giving his usual lecture at the Italian Opera House. The Orrery is on the largest and most magnificent scale; and the wind up of the dissolving views, greatly delights the juveniles, and even "children of a larger growth."

For young persons and schools, this species of entertainment is the best that can be selected, where instruction blends so happily with amusement.

PANORAMA.

A new panorama of Benares, has just been opened in the lower circle, at Mr. Burford's exhibition rooms: We need only say the painting is as exquisite and true to nature, as all its predecessors have been from the magic pencil of the talented artist.

COSMORAMA ROOMS.

A gallery of paintings of the fruits of the East Indies, is now open at these rooms, it is well worth the attention of the artist and naturalist, whom we recommend to spend half an hour in the examination of the rare and curious fruits which they will find at this novel exhibition.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

New regulations, which render this society more *elite*, though it is problematical whether they tend to enrich it, deprive the subscribers this season of the privilege, heretofore exercised, of procuring tickets of admission for their friends at the rate of a guinea each, and this arrangement may have thinned the company at the first concert, which took place in the Hanover Square Rooms, on the evening of Monday the 9th. The selection for the evening's amusement was choice—and so far as the instrumental portion of the musical banquet extended, it merited, and won, all fitting applause. But, verily there was a lack of vocal auxiliaries, and the society should have employed the winter solstice in throwing forth musical *antennæ* in search of "Voiced Flowers," wherewithal to delight their subscribers. The opening piece, Spohr's *Sinfonia*, No. 5 (first time of performance here) commenced with a movement that did not quite prepare us for

the rich flood of harmony that followed; we thought the brazen eloquence too potent, but the second and third parts—the former graceful, delicious as summer fruits; the latter, most playful, original, faylike,—wrung smiles and plaudits from every hearer, while the fourth movement nobly crowned the whole. This *sinfonia* occupied forty minutes, and was succeeded by a duet, from Rossini's *La Serenata*, by Mesdames Villowen and Villowen Caton (so in the programme), their first performance in England. This was followed by Beethoven's *Concerto* in C. Major, on the piano forte, by Mr. Bennett, which was executed with his usual blend of science and unartificial purity of taste. Weber's exquisite overture to *Euryanthe*, excellently performed, concluded the first act. The second act opened with Beethoven's *Sinfonia*, No. 1, which excited much attention, and was succeeded by a duetto, by Mesdames Villowen, from the *Andronico of Mercadante*, in which their singing favourably contrasted with their first duet, and was loudly applauded. Blagrove then delighted the audience with a violin *Concerto* by Rode, followed by Spohr's trio "Night's ling'ring shades," from *Azor and Zemira*, by Mesdames Villowen and Miss Mason. The night's entertainment concluded with Reissiger's overture to *Yelva*, (first time of performance), in which we detected nothing particularly pleasing nor ineffably new. It will be seen from the above *precis*, that there was a want of vocal harmony; and though we are well inclined to do all honour and justice to the fair debutantes, as well as to Miss Mason, we consider all three as unable to support the fame of a Philharmonic Society. Madame Villowen (the lady's name is Defay) possesses a supranote voice of great compass, but alloyed by occasional harshness in the high tones. Her sister, Mrs. Caton (whose youth and personal loveliness seemed to make a favourable impression), has a mezzo soprano voice, and sang with a tasteful judgment and sweet flexibility of tone that gave her almost the appearance of being some beautiful, but not mute creation of a poet's phantasy. The critic of the "Times" tells us these ladies are "*wellborn*,"—as if talent were not the true aristocracy. We wonder whence he derived his information. It is enough for us to know that they grace and sweeten the atmosphere of our concert-rooms.

MR. BALL'S LECTURES.

Since our last we have attended two other lectures, given by Mr. Ball at the Metropolitan Literary and Scientific Institution, the subjects of which were on the Comic Literature of the kingdom apart from the drama. The crowded state of the room on both occasions, bore ample testimony of the esteem in which the lecturer is held. The first was on Thursday 12th March, when Mr. Ball's recitation of "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury," and the old song of "Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford," given as illustrations of the ballad literature of that age (from the Norman Conquest, to about 1650) were irresistibly comic.

The lecture was relieved during the evening by the performance of Miss Graves, on the piano,

who executed a fantasia from *Il Puritani* with great brilliancy and effect. This lady, who is very young, is a pupil of Mr. Henry Graves; and gives high promise of future excellence.

The second lecture, on Thursday the 19th March, was equally amusing; and the lecturer's recital of "the Well of Saint Keyne," and song of "John Dory," "The Vicar of Bray," and several other ballads illustrative of the olden style, were received with the highest relish by the company.

On this occasion, Miss Farmer, a pupil of Mr. J. H. Griesbach, made her first appearance as a pianist, and played Moschele's *Au Clair de la Lune* with great brilliancy and effect.

We cannot sufficiently praise these lectures, embracing, as they do, much information on the state of ancient literature, with much to amuse at the present day.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

Mr. Ransford's Concert took place at these rooms on the 2d of last month. Madame F. Lablache gave, with the Signor, the duetto *Senza tanti complimenti* most admirably, but we did not like her so well in "John Anderson my Jo,"—she is not *au fait* in Scotch melodies. Miss Woodvatt sang a cavatina very sweetly, and we never liked Miss S. Pyne better than in *Soave imagine*. Mr. Ransford was very good in the "Thirsty Earth," and the "Oak and the Ivy," and Signor F. Lablache, in *La Danza* and *Largo al Factotum*, was imitatively facetious. The grand feature of the concert, however, was a new grand medley overture, entitled *L'Echo du Concert*, which was well received. The solo parts were finely performed, and the performances met with great applause.

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

The Carnival at Rome has been as gay and silly as usual; the costumes, each day, being different, not only for the parties within the carriages, but for their servants also. Among the most splendid and *bizarre* has been a member of the Bonaparte family, Lady D—S—, married to the brother of a Scotch Marquis. There has been much pelting with imitation bonbons, which this year have been made so unusually large, as to cause some accidents, many quarrels, and great annoyances to the sufferers from this stupid amusement. The Prince of Syracuse, brother to the King of Naples, has been fined four-hundred crowns for pelting the people with such large bonbons as to hurt severely, those who passed his windows. His Highness met with an overmatch in an American, on whom he threw a basket of flour; the Yankee watched his time, and when the Prince walked forth, threw a basket of Maccaroni over the Royal jester, which repayment was less admired by the receiver than the witnesses, who admired the act of retributive justice which none of them had courage to undertake. All foolery and noise is now over, and black fasts have succeeded mad revelry.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

TO THE EDITRESS OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Rue du Faubourg, St. Honoré
à Paris, March 24.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

This season is, without exception, the most brilliant that I remember; indeed balls and fêtes succeed each other with so much rapidity, that we have little time to think of our promenade dresses; our attention will soon be called to them however, by the approach of Longchamps, the glories of which this year are expected to be revived in all their pristine splendour. I need not tell you that you may depend upon my sending you a full account of all that appears there worthy of notice. In the meantime I shall just give a glance at outdoor costume, before I enter upon evening dress, for to say the truth, the details of the latter are so seductive, that if I do not take care they will carry me beyond the limits you prescribe.

Out-door costume is this month always of the *demi saison* kind, consequently however tasteful it may be, and it is this year peculiarly so, it does not afford much room for description. Short mantles made with hanging sleeves, and trimmed with swansdown or chenille fringe, are a good deal worn over silk robes; they are composed of either velvet or satin. I have noticed also a few pelisses of that rich silk called *gros grain*, made in light colours, particularly different shades of green, and profusely ornamented with fancy silk trimming. In some instances it is disposed in a serpentine direction down each side of the front, which is closed down the centre by rich brandebourgs; they are employed also to decorate the *corsage* and sleeves. *Bouillonnée* of the material of the dress is also frequently intermingled with fancy silk trimming; the effect is novel, but in my opinion too heavy for spring. Cashmere shawls, particularly those with blue grounds are very much in vogue; indeed this is a month of triumph for the cashmere, they come in admirably between the rich but heavy mantle so indispensable to a comfortable winter toilette, and the light shawl or *mantelet* adopted in the latter part of spring.

Velvet *chapeaux* begin at last to decline in favour, though they are still in a very respectable minority, but a few fine warm days will diminish their number very much. Satin ones are now predominant, they are composed either of pale pink, or light blue satin; the former are trimmed on the outside with a wreath of exotics encircling the crown in an oblique direction, and terminating in a *gerbe*, which descends on one side upon the brim; they are composed of velvet of a much deeper shade of red than the bonnet; the interior of the brim is trimmed with small lace lappets arranged at the sides in *coques* formed by velvet loops, the ends of the lappets are the *brides*, and float loosely on the neck. Blue satin bonnets are trimmed with white marrabouts shaded with blue, and blue satin ribbons; the bouquet is brought very high on one side; the interior of the brim is trimmed with *tulle* intermingled in a pretty and novel style with small bell flowers. "But Spring *chapeaux* and *capotes*," your fair readers will say, "of what materials and forms are they to be?"

I think I can pretty well answer the first part of the question, as to the latter part it will remain a mystery till the middle of the month, when the new shapes will be exhibited at Longchamps. *Paille de riz* and *paille d'Italie* will be the favourite materials; the first is expected to have quite as much vogue as last season, when it was adopted for the close morning *capote* as well as the elegant half-dress hat; Italian straw will I think be worn for *chapeaux* only. Different kinds of silks, and also of fancy straw, will be brought out, but with what success it is impossible to predict. An effort will also be made to bring in drawn bonnets, but I think it will fail, at least at present; they may come in when the weather is warm enough to admit of transparent *capotes*. Flowers are expected to be the principal ornaments of spring *chapeaux*, and the beauty and variety of those produced this season is really beyond my powers of description. The question of ribbons is still undecided, and I may say the same of lace, though I think it likely the latter will be a good deal employed.

Some *mousselines de laine* of new and very pretty patterns have appeared for *négligé*, but I think their success is very doubtful. Fancy materials composed of cashmere wool of a very slight texture with a satin patterns, or stripes, are expected to enjoy a certain vogue in the early part of the season; but it appears almost certain that summer silks will predominate. I have already seen some very pretty patterns of *foulards*, and also of striped and figured silks. Shot silks of light hues are expected to resume their vogue.

Now for *la Salle de danse*. I have sent you, *chère amie*, some elegant models of ball dresses. It becomes still more brilliant as the season draws towards a close. Although light materials are in a decided majority for robes, there are also several composed of satin, and even of *velours épinglé*, but they are either white or of such delicate shades of pink or blue, and trimmed in such a very light style, that the general effect is very tasteful and appropriate; I own, however, I prefer *tulle*, crape, and *organdy*, though perhaps these gossamer materials do not, strictly speaking, accord so well with the somewhat formal style in which ball robes, like all others in evening dresses, are made, for the points of the *corsages* are still sharper, and the skirt sustained by the *sous jupe*, seems to have acquired an additional rotundity; in short, the *costume de renaissance*, as we call it, approaches every day nearer and nearer to that of our great grand-mamas. Some of the prettiest ball robes are of *organdy* embroidered in cashmere worsted and gold thread; they are made *en tunique*, over an *organdy* robe, the under-dress being white satin. The tunic, and also the bottom of the robe, is bordered with a broad *biais* of the same material; it is surmounted by a wreath of green velvet vine leaves interspersed with gold grapes of a very small size; the *corsage* is cut very low and draped in full irregular folds round the top; they are confined in the centre by a *gerbe* corresponding with the heading of the trimming. A short sleeve, composed of three double *biais*, has the lower one looped with an ornament *en suite*. The tunic form is very predominant, and where they are made of *organdy* or *tulle*; the corners are generally rounded, dis-

playing the under-dress which is of the same material. If the tunic is white lace, then the under-dress is white satin, generally finished round the bottom with a *bouillonnée* of the same. Lace, flowers, *bouillons* and different kinds of fancy silk-trimmings are employed for the tunic, or for the robe if a tunic is not worn. A very pretty style of trimming for the former, is composed of small bouquets of violets of Parma, which loop it all round at regular distances. Embroidery in small coral beads is also much in request; lace tunics are usually ornamented only with bouquets of velvet flowers, which loop the skirt back on each side. The *corsage* and sleeves are decorated *en suite*.

The hair is dressed very low behind in ball-dress, and the knot in which it is arranged, whether composed of platted braids, or soft bows, is rather voluminous. The front hair is disposed in soft bands, the ends forming platted loops for *demoiselles*, but married ladies, with few exceptions, prefer ringlets, which descend very low on the neck. In the first case the ornaments must be very simple, a flower placed carelessly on one side, or a small wreath round the hind hair is good style. A single row of pearls, if preferred, might be adopted, or a very light gold *ferronière*, but any thing showy would be *mauvais ton* for an unmarried *belle*. The *coiffures* for *dames*, on the contrary are generally splendid; diamonds were never so profusely employed as at present, nor mounted in so great a variety of ways; velvet ribbons edged with gold marabouts, ostrich feathers, fancy jewellery, and and flowers of various kinds are all employed. I shall cite as the last novelty the *cordons Algériens*, they are composed of gold, and either black or coloured silk, and beautifully wrought; they are disposed so as to traverse the forehead, encircle the knot of hair behind, and descend in a tuft of tassels on each side of the face.

I must not close my account of ball dress without noticing a very essential part of it, gloves. They have for some time past been diminishing in length, till they scarcely reach half-way to the elbow, and their trimming is now become quite a matter of consequence; double rows of lace, wreaths of flowers, rouleaus of marabouts, in short, whatever is the trimming of the dress, that of the glove must correspond. Another alteration, and I think an improvement, is the having them buttoned or laced up the arm, so as to fit perfectly close to it. Full dress continues in the same splendid style as when I wrote last, but black is more prevalent. Velvet robes indeed are disappearing very fast, but black lace and satin have considerably increased in favour, a good many lace ones are worn over black satin, and a few, but very few, over coloured satin. You will see by the models that I have sent you, that lace, and particularly *guipure* keeps its ground for trimmings, but it divides the vogue in some degree with fancy silk ones, either composed entirely of silk, or of silk intermixed with gold or silver.

I have sent you the most novel head-dresses in evening costume, with one exception of a very simple but extremely pretty kind; it is a *coiffure espagnole*, composed of a fichu of *point d'Angleterre*, *bouillonnée* behind, a green velvet leaf retains each

bouillon, and a festoon of similar foliage confines the three points, which fall gracefully on the neck. The spring colours are not yet decided, but I think I may venture to assure you, that lilac, pale pink, Victoria blue, and some light shades of green, will be among the most fashionable hues, though not perhaps the only ones adopted.

Adieu, ma chère et bonne amie,

voire dévouée,

ADRIENNE DE M.—

Encore un mot pour le bijoutier, I think I mentioned to you in my last that coral was coming much into favour in jewellery, it is now still more so. Garnets also begin to be very prevalent, they are set in gold for ornaments for the hair for looping the draperies of robes, and for bracelets. Several of the latter have recently appeared formed only of gold cord, which passes twice round the wrist, and ties in a knot from which tassels fall over the back of the hand.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY PLATES.

FIRST PLATE.

DINNER DRESS.—Robe of rose-coloured crape over satin to correspond; the skirt is sprigged, and trimmed with three very deep flounces embroidered in a lace pattern. The *corsage* is plain, tight to the shape, cut low at top, and rounded at bottom. Short, hanging sleeve, embroidered and arched in the centre. Turban à la *Rachel*, composed of white crape entwined with gold bands; the ends descending tie loosely on the bosom, and are finished with gold tassels.

EVENING DRESS.—Robe of white figured *gros d'Alger*, the *corsage* is made *en demi cœur*, with a little fullness in the centre, and a lace *ruche* descending in the stomacher style on each side. Short sleeve, composed of three lace *volans*, the upper one ornamented with dahlias, a bouquet of which is also placed in the centre of the *corsage*. One side of the skirt is trimmed with a band of rich broad figured ribbon, upon which knots of ribbon, with a bouquet of dahlias in each, is placed at regular distances. Richly figured *ceinture* with floating ends. The hair is banded on the forehead, disposed in a *naud en couronne* brought higher than usual at the back of the head, and ornamented with lace lappets, and blue velvet ribbon edged with gold; the lappets are disposed in the cap style at each side, and the ribbon twisted in a rouleau descends upon them, terminating on each side in a rosette with floating ends.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No 3. CARRIAGE BONNET.—It is composed of straw-coloured *pou de soie*, a round moderate sized brim, the interior trimmed at the sides with tufts of violets, a *gerbe* of the same flowers, and ribbon disposed in a novel manner adorns the exterior.

No 4. BALL DRESS.—*Tulle* robe over white satin, a low *corsage* draped horizontally, and pointed at bottom; it is trimmed with blond lace disposed in the mantilla style round the back and

shoulders, and forming a stomacher on the bosom. Short sleeve composed of three *bouffants*, and terminated by a blond ruffle; a *gerbe* of roses ornaments the drapery of the bosom, and the skirt, which is raised considerably on one side, at the bottom, where it is looped by a full *gerbe* of the same flowers. Head-dress of hair, decorated with a gold *ferrière*, white ostrich feathers, and *gerbes* of flowers.

No 5. HALF-DRESS HAT.—Composed of white satin, a small oval brim, the interior trimmed over the forehead with ribbon, and at the sides with flowers; a bouquet to correspond, and white satin ribbon adorns the exterior.

No 6. DINNER CAP.—Of tulle, trimmed with bands and knots of rose ribbon, and *gerbes* of velvet foliage.

No 7. EVENING HEAD-DRESS.—Demi turban of white gauze, the front is very low, and terminated on one side by a full *gerbe* of roses with buds and foliage, and on the other by a blond lace lappet, which floats on the neck.

No 8. EVENING CAP.—Of Brussels lace, trimmed with *oiseau* ribbon, and flowers.

No 9. EVENING CAP.—Of tulle, a round shape trimmed with pointed blond, pink ribbon, and a *gerbe* of flowers.

SECOND PLATE.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—*Pou de Soie* pelisse, a red shade of brown, the *corsage* is high at the back, but forms a V in front; heart pelerine, trimmed with two rows of black lace divided by a rouleau; this trimming descends to the waist, and from thence traverses the front of the skirt. Bishop's sleeve. White satin bonnet, a round brim edged with folds, the interior trimmed with sprigs of exotics, and the crown with white satin ribbon. A cashmere shawl is at present worn with this dress.

MORNING CONCERT DRESS.—Green *gros d'Alger* robe, it is made in the *demi redingote* style, the *corsage* very open, and trimmed with a fall of black lace, two rows of which, headed by rouleaus, are disposed in light waves down the front of the skirt. Victoria sleeve. Rose-coloured satin bonnet, the interior of the brim is trimmed with tulle, arranged in *dents de loup*, with a rose inserted in each; a *voilette* of Brussels lace edges the brim, and the back of the crown, which is decorated on one side with tulle and roses, to correspond with the interior.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No 3. HALF-LENGTH CANEZOU AND CAP.—The first is composed of white *fillet de soie*, a heart shape, trimmed with *ruches* of the same. Black lace cap, a round and very small shape, trimmed with blue flowers.

No 4. Gives a back view of the canezou above described, and a half-dress cap of English lace, ornamented with blue velvet and roses.

No 5. DINNER PELERINE AND CAP.—The first is composed of antique white lace, and trimmed with the same; it is round behind, but descends, though not quite in a point in front. The cap is composed of antique black lace, the caul of a small size, is formed to the shape of the head by rouleaus of black velvet; the trimming consists of long lappets, upon which *gerbes* of fruit blossoms are placed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PRIVATE ANSWERS.—THE EDITRESS cannot undertake to write private answers to her numerous correspondents, nor to return rejected articles. Copies should be kept by their respective senders.

A. C. R.—The poems sent by this correspondent will not suit our pages; we cannot decypher the address, or in this instance the request should be complied with. Perhaps the writer will again favour us?

J. P. G.—The tale will appear when our arrangements will permit; the poem now received will require correction ere it can be inserted in our pages, the idea in the last verse is too like those beautiful lines of Dr. Watts—

“Just such is the Christian,
His race he begins,
Like the sun in a mist,
When he mourns for his sins.”

M.—The verses sent by this correspondent are pleasing, and shall appear.

JANE S.—We can assure this lady we have not received the two letters she speaks of; her tale will appear when space permits. We cannot oblige all our correspondents with the quick insertion they desire. All have fair play with us, and we give no undue preferences.

DECIMA G.—The rebus, &c., shall be used.

X. Y. Z.—Accepted. Will this writer favour us with his address?

RYCROFT R.—The serenade is accepted.

CLARA P.—All is right, and as she wishes.

CLEON.—We like the tale far better than the poem received from this correspondent; the poem is too long. The tale shall appear.

LOUISA H.—Has, as ever, our best thanks.

ELIZABETH R.—This lady writes to us in a tone we have not deserved; she had better forward her address, and we will do as she seems to wish. From the mass of articles sent us we consider their insertion a favour shewn, not one received, and are as independent of contributors as they are of us. Our only difficulty is to oblige all, and shew partiality to none.

ELLA.—Writes us in the proper feeling, and we appreciate such correspondents; the article shall receive our best attention.

L. C.—The poem shall appear the first moment we can find space for its insertion.

Mrs. W. Q., Paris.—Has our best thanks.

NAOMH.—Shall be attended to.

M. N. C.—Is informed we never insert poems that have already been in print; therefore, “The Contrast” is declined.

A. H.—Has, we hope, received the packet, sent to the address requested.

ROSA B.—The articles sent by this lady shall have every attention.

Mrs. H.—Shall hear on the subject ere long.

MISS F. J., Brighton.—Is sincerely thanked.

JUSTINA.—All the articles will in due time appear.

ANNETTE.—We regret the request of this correspondent cannot be complied with.

Z. O. B.—We shall be glad to hear again from this correspondent.

E. H. B.—Ditto, ditto.

M. N.—We are puzzled, in the multitude of our papers, to find the article sent by the correspondent who uses this initial—in behalf of a young friend. In future we request correspondents to attach to their articles the same signature and address they give with the notes which accompany them, or we cannot identify to what correspondent they belong.

MOWBRAY.—The tale is under consideration.

S. C. B.—The lines shall appear.

B. J. must excuse us declining such lines as

Lives there a man who doubts that love

At first was sent us from above?

Who thinks it nought but “silly whim?”

I envy nobody less than him.

They may do for the “far north,” but not for the west.

DIANA.—If this lady will look to our number for March she will find that the subject of her letter has been anticipated, and that all the information that can be given at this time of year is contained in our article on the Fashions. As to the novel feature *DIANA* recommends, it is one that would not interest the generality of our readers. When changes in ladies' equestrian costume take place they will be noticed, but they are very rare, and in general very trifling.

FLORA N. is either a simpleton herself or takes us for such. We advise her “first effort” to be her last!

ALICE W.—We are not aware that any of this lady's articles are in our hands; those now received will appear.

O. B. M., Ireland.—The poem sent by this correspondent shall be inserted.

F. and E. are too contemptible to receive any other answer than that such hoaxes won't take with us.

ELIZA W. BAKER.—Any bookseller can procure the number for January, 1839, at the office of our magazine in Norfolk-street.

DAN W. will have an answer when he addresses his articles to the proper party to decide upon their merits.

A WOULD-BE-FASHIONABLE, who makes the modest request of our giving three figures of male costume, is informed that we detect both from the handwriting, and the Tipperary post-mark, the above, *DIANA*, and *A FEMALE EQUESTRIAN* to be one and the same person. We decline to give ourselves in future any trouble on such subjects. Let the party consult a tailor or habit-maker.

L. W. W.—The article arrived too late in the month for perusal; it will either be inserted, or its rejection notified in our next number.

DIEWN.—The “Relic” is received with thanks.

All Communications, Reviews of New Books, &c., to be addressed to the EDITRESS, care of MR. JENKINSON, No. 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where ALONE communications for this Work will in future be received, POST PAID.

Office, No. 24, Norfolk-street, Strand: sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row; and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.



Fashions for May. 1840





FASHIONS FOR MAY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

No. 1. PROMENADE DRESSES.—*Gros de Naples* robe, striped in brown and green; the *corsage* half-high, is trimmed in a very novel style with three bias folds. Bishop's sleeve, the upper part decorated *en suite*. The skirt is trimmed with three bias *volans*, set on with scarcely any fulness. The bonnet is a *capote bouillonnée* of pink *crêpe tissé*, it has a round brim which nearly meets under the chin, and the interior is trimmed at each side with a short white marabout feather; the exterior is decorated with a knot and strings of pink ribbon, and a long white marabout drooping on one side. Black *gros de Indes* shawl lined with crimson satin, and bordered with rich black fringe.

No. 2.—Grey lilac *pou de Soie* robe, the *corsage* made partially high, with a pelerine rounded behind, but descending in the stomacher style in front; it is bordered with a trimming of the dress disposed in full hollow plaits; the upper part of the sleeve has two falls of trimming to correspond, and the front of the skirt is ornamented *en tablier* in a similar manner. A double row of lace, which trims the *chemisette*, falls over the pelerine. The bonnet presents a front view of the one described above.



FASHIONS FOR MAY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

No. 1. MORNING DRESS.—Robe of one of the new materials *pekin écossais*; it is a plaid silk of a new pattern in green, dark red, and grey; the *corsage* half-high, and tight to the shape, is partially covered by a *pelerine* rounded behind, pointed in front, and crossing on the bosom; it is edged with black silk net of an antique pattern. Victoria sleeve, the longitudinal folds at top terminated by a *ruche* of net. Cuffs and neck frill of clear cambric. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces cut bias, and bordered with net. Pale pink *pou de Soie* bonnet, a round moderate-sized brim, and horizontal crown; the interior of the brim is decorated at the sides with roses of a deeper shade of red, and the crown very

full trimmed with pale pink ribbons, and two white, flat ostrich feathers shaded with pink.

No. 2. HALF-DRESS.—The robe is a new spring material, *crêpe de Palestine*, the *corsage* half-high behind, but very open in front, and wrapping across, is tight to the shape, and trimmed with a fall of Brussels lace; the lower part of the sleeve is of the bishop form, but the upper is confined by three folds. Brussels lace cuff. The skirt is trimmed *en tablier* down the front with three bias folds, they turn off at the corners round the back of the border. The bonnet presents a back view of that of the first figure.

THE NEW MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

MAY, 1840.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
CONSISTING OF TALES, ROMANCES, ANECDOTES,
AND POETRY.

THE PAINTER'S BRIDE.

"For it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

There are few maxims so indisputably received as that one which represents human life as compounded of happiness and misery; and I should not have made a remark so trite, were it not that it applies more than any other to my own existence. If the world knew my story, I should be, in its estimation, at once the happiest, and most miserable of human beings. But in a competition of happiness and misery in one's *outward* lot, it generally happens, I believe, that the wretched feelings engrave themselves into the heart, while the joys flutter lightly round the brow, affecting in a comparatively small degree, the inward man. It is, indeed, a most unequal combat, for the majority of the human race open their bosoms readily enough to Sorrow, and easily allow it to grieve and torment them, but Happiness they seem to regard with a jealous eye, cautiously and waywardly close their hearts against its intrusion, and require a double portion of good to enliven them than they do of evil to depress them.

I am the only surviving son of an artist, who was at once an honour to his profession and to human nature. I know very little of his early life, although his character always appeared to me one of those which would repay the closest study that could be bestowed upon it. Enthusiasm, youthful freshness of feeling, long preserved in manhood, and the strong attachment of kindred, were the three most conspicuous qualities in it at the time to which this memoir refers, and at this period he was in his fortieth year. He had married very early in life, for I was at this time nineteen, I was extremely like my father in person, and there was also an important point of resemblance in our tastes. I possessed an hereditary talent for painting, which had already become my

profession, and I had even embraced the same branch of art; in which my father was my kind, and most respected instructor.

I believe no parent ever loved his only son as mine did, unless indeed a mother in the highest excitement of maternal love. The feelings of nature were, in his case, so closely combined with those of companionship, that I know not whether he most loved me as a son, or as a bosom-friend.

In the summer of 1800, I took my departure from Naples, my native city, being invited by the Duke de S—, who had purchased several of my pictures, and took a kind interest in my success, to his Villa on the Lake of Como, for the purpose of painting and sketching for him the picturesque scenery of the environs. I accepted the invitation, to the great joy of my father, whose heart beat quick at the prospect of the Duke's increasing regard for me. I was, myself, highly pleased to go, but I am convinced that my parent enjoyed the pleasure more than I did. Neither his nor my agreeable anticipations were disappointed, for constant association only increased the esteem of this nobleman, and the pleasure he took in my society. Having completed the drawings for my patron, I was preparing to depart, and rejoin the author of my days in my native city; but the Duke pressed me to stay, and paint a view of a particular prospect, which he thought would produce a fine effect, and present it to my parent. I refused for some time, under various pretences, to comply with his request. I had a silly, boyish dislike to mention my real reason, which was, a desire to meet my father, to whom I impatiently longed to relate all my wonderful adventures since I had left (for the first time) the "paterno nido." However the Duke de S—'s solicitations became irresistible, and I consented to remain with him.

His taste for the beauties of nature was exquisite, and the view he pointed out to me formed one of the most admired efforts of my pencil. He bestowed high praises upon this performance, which I heard without elation, though with a feeling of self-congratulation, and of gratitude to him who bestowed them. I burned with impatience to show it to my father, and represented to my mind, in a hundred different ways, the reception I should meet with from him, and what he would say of my picture. At last I contrived to extricate myself from the friendly nets which my noble friend spread around me. I escaped from Bellaria

with a sentiment of joy, mingled with regret, at quitting so kind a protector.

In passing through the Campagne on my way to Rome, the weather being stormy and cold, I thought I had never seen so gloomy a prospect, nor performed so desolate a journey. Suddenly, in the dark mysterious distance, I perceived something flashing as white and as brilliant as driven snow, whilst a halo of light seemed to surround it. Startled by the apparition, I fixed my eyes eagerly on the object, and as the vehicle continued its course, I perceived myself drawing nearer to the unknown and surprising subject of my interest, I imagined it to be an *ignis-fatuus*. I did not, for an instant, remove my looks from the appearance, which advanced rapidly towards me. I felt a shudder gradually creeping over me—I was not superstitious, but my ideas were very susceptible of every kind of excitement, and a feeling of horror seized my heart with a giant's grasp, and paralyzed my faculties, when the object of my attention revealed itself as a female form, clothed in loose white robes, fluttering in the wind. I quickly recovered my presence of mind, notwithstanding the overwhelming effect of the discovery, and still keeping my eyes fastened upon the advancing fair one, I awaited with a mixture of awe and impatience the moment when we should meet. The figure now approached so near that I could perfectly distinguish its shape and dress, but not discriminate the features of the face, I also observed a light in her hand; and as we mutually advanced still closer, an excited voice exclaimed "Stop! For God's sake!" I immediately ordered the *vetturino* to check his horses; the female glided swiftly to the door of the carriage, and I descried a beautiful and slender child of ten or twelve years old. Her person was formed with the most exquisite symmetry, but it was still far removed from all approach to the perfection of womanhood, and her face was still more infantine than her figure. To see this lovely being of angelic innocence alone in this desert place, exposed to the pestilential vapours, and, in all probability to the fury of the storm, which had rent the sky a short time before, raised my wonder to its climax.

"Lovely girl!" exclaimed I, with enthusiasm, and studying her with a painter's eye, and a heart warm with benevolence, "where art thou wandering this dreadful night?"

The child coloured slightly, fixing her large fervent eyes upon my countenance, as if trying to read my soul. "Signor," replied she, "I am sure, by your look you are amiable, and not very fond of joking, (I could not repress a smile at this early disciple of Lavater) some naughty boys have given me, I think, a wrong direction—and now, will you be so very good as to tell me the road to Sienna?"

"Sienna is a hundred miles off!" exclaimed I, in astonishment.

"No matter," returned she, in a decided voice, "will you tell me whether I am taking the right way?"

"May I request you will come into the carriage out of the drizzling rain and misty air? and then I can give you the information you require of me."

"No, I thank you, Signor," replied the young creature, in a polite, but yet firm and steady tone of voice, "you can easily point out the road as I stand here, and then I need not detain you another moment."

"Young lady," said I, gravely, "do you know the dangers of wandering about alone at this time in the evening, or indeed at any time, for one of such tender years? I wish you were safe in your mother's arms."

"Signor," replied the young lady (for such she evidently was) "will you have the goodness to tell me the road to Sienna, or no?" Her black eyes flashed and sparkled, and the crimson tide rose in her cheeks.

"I cannot suffer lovely and unprotected innocence to ramble alone at this hour." So saying, and fearing she might escape in the gloom of the twilight, I burst open the carriage door, sprang out, and clasping the child's waist, hurried her, in spite of her struggles and shrieks, into the vehicle. I allowed her fury to expend itself in screams, tears, and violent efforts to escape from my arms, which still encircled her, in the fear that she might throw herself out of the carriage. I bore all her anger in silence, and at last when nature seemed to be exhausted by her violence, I begged she would forgive me for what I had done, as my conduct proceeded from no other motive than a sense of humanity towards herself, and her parents or relations, who were probably in agonies of suspense as to the fate of the young fugitive.

Her countenance was now comparatively calm, and I thought, as her eyes met mine, I had never seen, in any others, such extraordinary brilliancy. They were "a blaze of light," and the look of spirit and feeling, which they revealed, added irresistible charms to the beauty of her lovely little features. I gazed at her in uncontrolled admiration and wonder—I had never seen any human being who bore the slightest resemblance to her.

"Dear Signor!" exclaimed she, "you appear to take some interest in me. You cannot be a heartless creature I'm sure—there's something kind in your eyes. Will you conduct me to Sienna?—all my peace and happiness depend on going there."

"Where is your present residence?"

"At Rome."

"How happened it that you were travelling to Sienna by yourself, and on foot?"

"I'm going to my mother."

"But who sent you in this manner?"

"Myself!" replied the child, drawing herself up to her full height, and speaking with an almost masculine energy. I bent my looks on her steady commanding eye, and felt convinced that the girl would become something extraordinary if she lived to years of maturity.

"Will you explain the circumstances, Signora, which induced you to take this important step?" I demanded with an involuntary feeling of awe.

She replied, "I have been separated two years from my dear mamma—" her voice shook. "I doubted whether I should ever see her again. She sometimes wrote to me—and said that—circumstances—prevented her from receiving me—I was left with an old wretch—whom I hate,

(grinding her teeth) I was determined I would submit to her tyranny no longer—I will submit to none—my own will shall rule my life!"

"But that's wrong," returned I, "none can say that with propriety."

"I will not see that old hag's face again!" said the girl with childish petulance.

I was in the greatest embarrassment how to act—plain common-sense seemed to point out the expediency of conveying the young lady to her detested female guardian at Rome; but I was not only awed by her manner, my feelings were highly interested in her fate. I enquired her name and age.

"I am ten years old, and my name is Paulina Uberti. I suppose I need not tell you that I am the daughter of a gentleman," said she, with proud, but not vain or haughty consciousness of her own personal elegance.

"Good God!" muttered I, involuntarily, "has this lovely being been allowed to run wild without a parent's care?"

"My dear mamma has, I know, taken all the care she could of me—I have no father—" continued she falteringly.

"And do you dearly love your mother?"

"Passionately!" said she in a low, ardent, smothered tone.

I looked at her with a tender enthusiasm, which I had never felt before: notwithstanding her early years I found that our souls understood each other. I thought of my own parent; I sighed deeply several times, and at last turned my face from her to conceal the emotion that was struggling in my features; she caught my hand, saying—

"I hear you sigh—I'm sure you feel for me—you'll take me to Sienna, I'm sure!"

I hesitated some time before I made her any answer; at last I consented. She took both my hands in her's, and looking up in my face with an intense expression of gratitude in her own softened features, burst into tears.

I was obliged to proceed to Rome notwithstanding Paulina Uberti's dread of being discovered; the horses had performed a long stage, and the vetturino would not agree to set off for Sienna at a moment's notice; I therefore was obliged, reluctantly, to stay a night at Rome, and make the best bargain I could for my young companion and myself. The next morning I commenced my singular expedition.

No symptoms of pursuit overtook us, and we entered Sienna, to the great satisfaction of Paulina. Her pleasure, however, was of rather a trembling kind; for she anticipated with some degree of anxiety the reception her mother would bestow upon her fugitive child. The carriage set us down at the post-house, and Paulina Uberti having informed me of the street in which we were to find her mother's abode, we set off to walk thither.

Having arrived, we were shewn into a handsome saloon, where a lady was sitting, apparently about six-and-twenty. This was the mother of the young girl. Her figure was the most delicate, and her attitude the most indolent I ever recollect to have seen: her hair and eyes were dark and strikingly beautiful: her features had a resem-

blance to those of her daughter, but the general expression of her countenance and her figure were in direct contrast to her ardent and impassioned child. There was an air of sentiment in her face which struck and enchanted me.

At the sight of Paulina she rose hastily from her seat, and flying towards her, pressed her fervently to her heart; she was speechless with astonishment and emotion: at last, recovering from the effects of surprise, I observed the tears quietly coursing down her cheeks as she continued repeatedly to kiss the little girl, whilst her soft eyes might be seen, even through her tears, to be eagerly rivetted on her daughter's face, and seemed ready to devour her with fondness. I was so affected that I could not restrain my sighs, which were at last so audible as to draw the mother's attention from her treasure; for she looked at me, curtsied, and seemed by her countenance and gesture to enquire the purpose of my visit. I then mentioned my name, and related to her all the circumstances of my singular encounter with her daughter. She listened in undisguised wonder to my recital, and when it was over she said to me—

"I must commend your good-nature more than your prudence, Signor; you intended well, no doubt, but you ought not to have lent yourself to the plans of a rebellious child." Then, trying to look severe, but failing lamentably in the attempt, she gave her daughter a lecture, couched in very harsh language, but which was contradicted by the relenting eye, and the quivering muscles of the mouth. It did not impose upon the girl's acuteness, for she was evidently labouring to suppress a smile.

In about half-an-hour Signora Uberti told her to retire to bed, that she might take some rest after the long and hurried journey she had performed. Signora Uberti rose from her chair, gave her several kisses in quick succession on the forehead, and Paulina quitted the room.

"I see," said her mother, "that it will be quite impossible to make my daughter reside with that old woman; she is a relation of ours, and took a violent fancy to little Paulina; and, being very rich, and having no children of her own, I thought it the most fortunate thing in the world for her; and so, I did not make any difficulties about it, but agreed to this lady's proposal of taking Paulina into her house, and adopting her. I attributed all Paulina's complaints to her own quickness of temper, and therefore would not listen to them; but I begin to think now that they must have a strong foundation in truth, or she would not have taken so wild and extravagant a step. I shall keep her with me, for I consider it fruitless, and even, with her unconquerable spirit, hazardous, to send her back to the old lady at Rome."

I approved of Signora Uberti's determination, and soon after took my leave.

I rested a day at Sienna; and, on the following morning, set off for Rome. On my arrival I had the inexpressible delight of finding my father in excellent health, and the pleasure of relating to him all that had befallen me since our separation. With the last part of my adventures he was

surprised beyond measure, and thought my knight errantry the most romantic circumstance that had ever come under his observation. But, before I had been ten minutes in the house, I brought my picture to present to him. I am ashamed to record the praises he bestowed upon it; the recital of them would be quite overwhelming to my modesty! But they gratified more than my vanity; they procured me a tender satisfaction which brought tears into my eyes.

The following year my father and I met Signora Uberti and her daughter on the Corso; I, of course, introduced them to him; I could see he was much prepossessed with their appearance, and as we asked permission to call and pay our respects to the lady, she gave a very gracious consent. She possessed, besides her personal charms, a cultivated mind, polished manners, and that minute and unguarded elegance in everything she did and said, which, unless it is acquired in the first society, belongs to *blood* alone.

Business had brought her to Rome for a few weeks, but our society seemed to detain her; we became more intimate every day—acquaintance led to friendship, and, as I believe is invariably the case in intimacies like ours, friendship led to love. My father grew strongly attached to Signora Uberti, who was in every respect suited to him; in age, in station, in fortune, and in disposition. She appeared to me to return his affection, but not with the enthusiasm of first love; no, there was no halo cast around him which obscured his defects, and illuminated his virtues; and her attachment was so much like friendship that it was only at times a gleam of passion would flash through it, and decide it to be the warmer feeling. My father made her an offer of his hand three months after our meeting on the Corso, and she accepted it.

One day he entered the room where I was sitting, and approaching me with a look of strong emotion he clasped me in his arms, whilst the most tumultuous sighs burst from his heart, and stifled the utterance of words. When he released me he threw himself on a sofa, and hiding his face with his hands, uttered these sentences in a voice of suppressed passion—

“Till this moment I never knew what rapture was. Oh! Antonio, my heart is bursting!”

Astonished and confounded at these words, and at his impassioned embrace, quite pale and trembling, I requested an explanation. He was some time before he could give it; sighs and broken words were for a few minutes the only reply to my enquiries; at last he said—

“Antonio! I have obtained the hand of her whom I love more than life—Signora Uberti!”

My head swam round, my ears rang with confused noises; I felt a sudden weakness, and a deadly chill seized my hands and feet. I had loved Signora Uberti, hitherto, without being aware of nourishing the passion, which I mistook for friendship, or, at most for a passing fancy; even the jealousy which I had occasionally felt of my father had not undeceived me, though I had severely reproached myself with the feeling. But this declaration not only raised my love suddenly to its utmost pitch, bringing on the crisis, but

the conviction of it flashed upon my brain like lightning.

My father was too much occupied with his own emotions to observe mine. I believe (for my memory is not clear) that I uttered a confused congratulation, and hurried out of the apartment. I just recollect that I threw myself on the bed in my own room. A delirium must, I suppose, have overtaken me, for I cannot recollect what followed: whether I remained on my bed a few hours or some weeks I am ignorant; all dates belonging to that time are mixed up in my head in such a confused manner that I cannot, with certainty, communicate them. I heard things without listening to them, and saw them without looking at them.

But my recollection returns. It was a beautiful and exhilarating summer's morning (*to all but me*); I found myself in a fair and solemn temple of the Deity, standing near the sacred altar; there were *others* near it likewise. There was a sylph-like figure in white, beneath whose glistening veil I discerned the features of *her whom I loved and suffered for*. Beside her stood my parent!

“Father!” exclaimed I, with a voice and countenance of heart-broken agony, “if you have any compassion for your unhappy child, spare me this sight!”

So saying, I fell into strong convulsions, which, of course, delayed the ceremony. I was carried into the sacristy in the trembling arms of my father, whilst the rest of the astonished wedding-party followed. A quantity of hartshorn was forced down my throat, which calmed my struggles. I can never forget the expression of my father's countenance. He had, doubtless, penetrated my secret, and looked at me with that fond, unrestrained intensity of affection which marks the attachment of a parent, whilst he was using every effort to recover me from my wretched situation.

The bride looked on with a sort of tender, blushing, and yet half-smiling pity, which seemed to testify that she was aware of being the fair cause of my anguish. When I was sufficiently well to bear the removal, my father led me to the carriage, and, handing me in, placed me by the side of Signora Uberti, while he took the opposite seat. Her daughter Paulina, and another young lady, who were to have officiated as bride's-maids, were also in the vehicle; and thus we proceeded to my father's house. Signora Uberti and he had a long private interview, at the conclusion of which she returned to her own home with Paulina and the other lady.

The following day, when my father and I met at breakfast, after many inquiries concerning my health, and that tender observation of me which I had always been accustomed to receive from him when ill or unhappy, he began to speak upon the subject of my unfortunate affection.

“You love Enrichetta, my dear boy, you need not deny it—I am convinced you do, and all you could say would not remove this belief from my mind; therefore do not contradict me, but confess the truth.”

A deep groan, accompanied by a tearing and contracting of my features, which I vainly struggled

to compose, was the only reply which I could make to this appeal.

My father's eyes filled with tears, and he wrung my hand. After a long pause, he continued, "Do you think she is strongly attached to me?"

At these words, which touched and awakened every chord of jealousy in my heart, I hung down my head, and covered my sorrowful countenance with my hands, in bitter humiliation.

"If I did not think her affection very strong, I do not believe I should be very anxious to claim the performance of her promise," continued my father.

"I have reason to think," said I, with an effort, "that she is sincerely and warmly attached to you."

"Yet," said my parent, in an altered voice, "when you were ill in the sacristy, she blushed and smiled."

I cannot describe the delightful sensation which these words produced. A gleam of hope glanced through me, warming every fibre of my heart.

"I think," continued my father, with a sigh, "if you were to pay your addresses to her, you might have some chance of success."

The tumult in my breast increased at these words. Every pulse beat violently; my father sighed again; but such is the selfishness of love, that at this moment I thought only of myself, or rather, I should say, of Enrichetta, my second self.

"Calm yourself, my dear son," said my kind father, "you will see that all is for the best."

Not one syllable could I utter in answer; I was whirled in such delicious and tumultuous raptures that my being seemed lost in ecstasy. Then, suddenly reflecting upon the slight and uncertain foundation of my blissful transport, I sank into a fit of blackest horror; deep groans followed each other in quick succession, while my torments, driven to a crisis by the conflicting passions of hope and fear, became almost beyond what human nature can support.

"My son—look up—calm that agitated countenance. Dost thou think that I could be happy at the expense of thy peace? No.—What am I—what are all my pleasures and comforts compared with those of my only child? They sink into cyphers by the comparison—I resign all claim to Enrichetta,"—his voice faltered,—"*win her love, if thou can'st succeed. A father's blessing be upon thy endeavours.*"

So saying, he placed his dear respected hand upon my head, and I fell upon my knees before him, bathed in tears, and uttering incoherent expressions of gratitude and fondness.

My father proposed, when I was a little tranquillized, that I should go to Signora Uberti's, and explain to her his resolution, and the reason of it.

"Go now, my dear Antonio—your emotion will be of no disservice to your cause."

I embraced him, and flew to Enrichetta's house. I fear I acquitted myself in a very awkward manner in this most delicate and extraordinary mission. I was so foolish as, inconsiderately, to disclose to Signora Uberti my father's determination not to marry her, before I said anything of my own attachment; consequently, as might be expected, she became extremely angry, which, however, she only

expressed by a scornful curl of the lip, and scarlet blush at the apparent affront; but her anger quickly vanished as I continued my narrative, and before I had finished, the tears which a good and great action bring into virtuous eyes were coursing down her fair cheeks. I feared my father's generous self-devotion had only increased her attachment to him, and that she would not even listen to my addresses.

"Will he then desert me!" said she, in a low voice, "but I will love him alone!"

I dared not say another word to her of myself at that moment, but I could not help hoping that time might work a change in my favour.

In this expectation I was not deceived; she began at length to return my love with some portion of that warmth, which I so fervently desired, and in about a year from the time at which I made her the declaration of my passion, she bestowed her hand upon me. During that interval, my father never saw her, but he thought it prudent to be present at the marriage ceremony. His demeanour was grave, but not melancholy; his cheek was pale, his step less elastic, and he was very much reduced. His conduct to my bride, ever after our marriage, was that of a father and a friend. He had completely conquered his attachment to her, but the effort, and the violent shock, had injured his constitution. He was never again what he had been. I had the grief to see him gradually declining for about two years, and thus sinking step by step into the grave, which I had prepared for him!

Cursed be the fatal day of my birth! Cursed, doubly cursed be the day of my marriage! Can any earthly good compensate for such a parent as mine? Can any consideration ever console me for having broken that parent's heart?

IMPROMPTU ;

Written in "A Volume of Lyrics," presented by the Author* to a Lady, on her departure for Australia.

The simplest pledge will oft recal
The scenes—the friends of by-gone hours;
And strew the gloom of Time's dark pall
With Memory's fairy-tinted flowers.

A single strain of music, heard
Mid careless crowds, within the heart
Wakes Feeling's fine electric chord,
And bids the tear of Memory start.

Thus, Lady, when in distant climes
By thee this parting gift is scann'd,
Some line may call up happy times
Pass'd in thy far-off native land.

And Memory's light will o'er thee steal
Like zephyr's breath o'er summer's sea;
And absence wound the thought will heal,
That Friendship's pulse still beats for thee.

There is a certain medium in all things, and there are certain limits, on either side of which rectitude cannot exist.

Some reproaches are a condemnation, and some praises detraction.

* Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

THE FAVOURITE.

"Frederick, what day of the month is this?" said the still young, (although she was eight and twenty) and very lovely Countess of Delemarr. "Tell me love," continued the lady, leaning her arm on her husband's shoulder, and pressing her soft fingers on his cheek, "you are so absent, and so abstracted."

"And you so gay, so giddy, and naughty," returned her lord.

"Why—how—what have I done now?"

"You ought not to have gone to that ball alone; nor danced all night. And you waltzed, I understand, with Mr. St. Lagziere!"

"Who told you so?—well I shall not go again, nor waltz any more, nor dance if you like, love—so kiss me, and make friends, and don't be looking so grave—well now, the day of the month?"

He told her.

"And when will the twentieth be? And is not that the day on which their vacation commences, for I am so yearning to see those dear boys, especially my sweet darling beautiful Alfred; I wonder how I ever consented to part with him, even to please you."

"And if he be beautiful, is that a reason why he should be uneducated?" inquired Lord Delemarr.

"My dear, I do think that you sent Alfred to school because you thought that your eldest hope would not learn at home, the wild imp."

"And do you suppose that I thought his brother would receive any injury, or that Alfred's health would suffer from being deprived of those perpetual sweets—comfits and confections that he was continually crammed with at home? It is shameful of you Fanny—sinful to spoil that boy,—and doat on him as you do."

"And could any human being, I ask you, avoid loving *him* best, or giving him a preference over all the other children; so mild, soft and affectionate in disposition; and then he is so intelligent, sensible, premature beyond his years; and is he not gentle as a lamb?"

"And his brother," returned the earl, smiling, "as bold as a lion?"

Indeed there never had been brothers born more unlike than those boys in question, unless Cain and Abel; for though Alfred resembled Abel, Adolphus was not a Cain; it was more the dissimilitude presented by Jacob and Esau with the exception of the mess of pottage, the contrast extended to their outward appearance; the second boy was fair as a lily—the first brown as a berry.

"You are fonder of Alfred yourself, Delemarr, you know you are."

"I deny that charge, I may be fonder of nursing and petting him which he seems to require, or expect; my eldest hope, as you denominate him, requires restraint, correction, and discipline. Well, the fates, I'll bestow some *switchings* on him this time—"

"*Switchings*!" interrupted the Countess, horrified, "shocking, but you are jesting dear, are you not?"

"Not in the least," replied his lordship, laughing, "do you suppose my dear, that I will let him go on as he did before? Go on the water, and

nearly drown himself and his brothers—snatch the whip out of the coachman's hand, and set the horses galloping and plunging,—then he was never free from scrapes and mischief of some description—climbing to the top branches of the tallest trees, to plunder a nest of crows. I shall take Adolphus under my own especial care, during this ensuing month—keep a watchful eye on the gentleman. You my dear, may take charge of your second son, and you'll have no great trouble thereby, Alfred will sit quietly by your side watching you at work, smoothing your curls and arranging them, assist you in the stringing of beads, or hold skeins of silk on his hands for you to wind—mild measures," he said musingly, "would suit him—but little short of corporeal punishment or solitary confinement would subdue the proud spirit and fiery temper of his brother."

"Well, fiery as he is," remarked the fond mother, "he is always quiet and gentle with his brother, invariably kind and affectionate towards him, and never showed the least envy nor jealousy of Alfred's being such a pet, and going every where with me."

"You need not give your son and heir the least merit on that score Fanny—he could no more endure the restraint of being shut up in a close carriage, nor of sitting out a morning visit, than he could fly to the moon; no caged bird could feel more completely captive; no, he'd be more in his element in climbing the mountain heights; plunging into the lake, scampering after hares, chasing the deer, galloping on bare-backed horses, and when completely worn out with fatigue, throwing himself on the grass to rest, sheltered from the burning beams of the sun, by the branches of some umbrageous tree—never think of regular meals—glide in quietly in the evening, when all vestige of dinner had passed away, and dine contentedly on a dish of potatoes and a bowl of cream or butter-milk, if he could get no better."

Lady Delemarr laughed at this, as she remarked, "then the boy is seldom fit to be seen, or presentable—he absolutely came in one evening, before strangers, with his dress torn in tatters, and covered with mud, the Miss Beauchamps looked shocked; and the Miss Belmonts laughed rudely. I thought, at the appearance that he presented. Change your dress dear Adolph, I whispered—"

"Well, what was his reply?"

"I quite forgot my dress—looking down. I beg pardon mamma, for coming in to you so, but I cannot change it, I am going to bed, and I wanted to kiss you before I went, I have not seen you to-day before."

"And whose fault was that, Adolph.?"

"Yours in the first instance mamma, for not getting up to breakfast when you were quite well, and papa looking so lonely without you."

"Ha! that was a rebuke for you—you must not, my love, be such a lie-a-bed; begin, and rise early these fine mornings, and have a walk or a ride before breakfast."

Lady Delemarr came down stairs one morning looking very lovely, the bloom of health, innocence and happiness, glowed on her soft cheek and sparkled in her clear dark eye; she summoned

her housekeeper, who was an especial favourite and a distant relative of her own.

"Well, how are you to-day, Mrs. Crawly—quite recovered I hope?" and the lady looked kindly in her face and extended a hand of exquisite fairness, slender fingers, sparkling with gems—her pure and gentle blood flowed through veins, clear and blue as a summer sky.

"Your master has invited company for Thursday; do try and have every thing nice, and make the servants do their duty, you know how careless they are—a whole phalanx of gentlemen and the officers of the detachment, with two or three young clergymen. I must invite the Miss Belmonts and Castledons, and have a quadrille in the evening."

The housekeeper assented to the necessity of her lady's doing so. She loved to hear the sound of music and dancing in the castle, it reminded her of old times; and your ladyship dances so elegantly. I need not ask how you are this morning, I never saw you looking better, nor more beautiful."

"Oh! I am quite well to-day, I have got rid of that nasty tooth-ache. There are players come to town, to Arlington—have you heard? I wish Delemarr would let me go to the theatre to-night. I'm almost afraid to propose it, he scolded me shockingly the other night for not going to bed at ten o'clock."

"Oh! I know his lordship scolds you, and kisses you the next moment I suppose."

"No indeed, he would not speak to me—but I'm sorry to tell you that I have lost my watch, chain, seals and all; I am quite sure that he will blame me for it. I wish you would send and have all the pawn offices searched, advertisements put up, and a handsome reward offered. Would that I could recover it. Oh! there is Lord Delemarr, send and tell him to come in to breakfast—I am in a hurry to get out to drive this lovely morning. I was dreaming of my darling Alfred last night, I am counting the days till he returns. I think I shall go on horse back, the day is so fine. Have my riding dress prepared."

"His lordship will never consent to your going on that mare, after starting with you the other day."

"Pooh, it was not the poor thing's fault; she is a gentle, beautiful creature."

The countess threw up the window, beckoned her husband who was at some distance on the lawn, while she bowed, smiled and kissed her hand to him.

"I have been waiting this quarter of an hour for you, I want to get into the air, and feast my eyes on the beauties of the landscape; will you let me ride on Fair Helen to-day, dear?"

"No, no; I have not forgotten her last prank yet, nor forgiven her."

"Are you coming in?"

"Yes immediately, but I must go and wash my hands, I have been weeding your mount of roses, did you plant them all yourself? They are in full beauty; see here—holding up a splendid bunch of roses in all their variety, forming the most beautiful gradation of colours, from the white provence, the delicate maiden blush, the pale pink moss, to the deepest shade of rich damask, surrounded by

their foliage of vivid green in all their varied hues. "You might sketch those for me, Fanny. Do you mean to give up your drawing altogether," inquired the earl, who was a most admiring husband, and had been not a little proud of his wife's accomplishments. "And your music likewise, I presume; you never touch either harp or piano now."

"How could you expect me Frederick, to do so with a house full of children?"

"And what do you do, my dear, for your children but pet them and spoil them, I must begin myself and drill the little ones."

"Oh! a famous disciplinarian you are, quite a *Martinet*, you know you spoil them quite as much as I do—the little girls and the baby."

"And mamma the boys, so between us we are likely to have a hopeful progeny."

"Breakfast will be cold, my love, do come in."

Lord Delemarr ran up stairs, and his lady turned to the table. Though not in the general habit of opening her husband's letters, the Countess was attracted by the appearance of one, amongst others brought that morning by the post boy; it might have been better if the lady had not given way to the sudden impulse, nor have torn it open, as the person to whom it was addressed was just entering the room—the paper fell from the trembling hands of Lady Delemarr—she uttered a piercing, a terrific shriek as she sunk into the arms of her husband. Those screams continued without her having the power of controlling them, till they gradually subsided, and the lady fell into a low lethargic state, resembling insensibility—but the piteous sighs that she heaved, and the low moans bespoke a consciousness of the deepest woe, there was a sense of some heavy calamity having befallen her, that a death-blow was struck to her happiness.

The shock was indeed overpowering to a being so sensitive, and so susceptible of the slightest impressions, as the Countess of Delemarr, and for days she was supposed to be in the utmost danger. Slowly and sadly had the morning passed with the master of Delemarr Castle; he paced its ample halls, its spacious apartments, and splendid saloon; all was desolate and dreary, and he felt as the most forlorn and wretched of human beings. It was evening, the lady had fallen into a heavy sleep, and her husband was hanging breathlessly over her as she awoke to a full sense of her anguish and bereavement. She talked for some time incoherently; then he distinctly heard her words, though the tones in which they were uttered were low and weak.

"My child, my child, my *dearest*—my idolized one—my beautiful, my beloved."

She raised herself in the bed, gazed wildly in the face of her husband, and feebly extended her hand to him as she demanded,

"Is it true—oh! God—I cannot believe it—dead, torn from me, lost to my sight for ever—Oh! tell me it is but a dream—some frightful vision, *dearest* do!"

The earl replied not, as he stood beside her bed, his cheek was pale, his lips colourless and shivering convulsively, while large tears were bursting from his eyes. He suppressed them however,

checked the heaving heavy sighs with which his bosom laboured, and with as much calmness as he could command, said all that he could to comfort her; every thing that was tender, affectionate, soothing, sensible, or wise.

"But," he added, "you ought to endeavour to controul those violent emotions, make some effort at composure—you'll grieve me to distraction if you go on in this way; pray to God for resignation to his Divine will; I thought that you had some sense of religion, I did indeed my love; for my sake, for the sake of your children, for the sake of *God*, listen to the voice of reason and religion; do you suppose that I loved my child less than you did, or that you could more deeply lament his loss?"

"I do certainly—you had not your heart and soul wrapped up in him as I had; you often told me it was sinful; but have I not been signally punished? Oh! my punishment is more than I am able to bear. Have I been very wicked?—culpable in the sight of Heaven?"

"Oh no, dearest, I hope not—you could not help it, it was involuntary on your part, no one could help loving our poor lost darling. Who could resist his fascinating smile, his many endearing qualities, his blandishments, and beauty; he was so pure, angelic? But he was ever a fragile creature; a less fit inhabitant for earth than Heaven—we shall meet our child there, my beloved, I trust in the Lord's mercy, that we may be permitted; do not mourn as one without hope, reflect on those blessings that you still possess, and the many that may be in store for you; and think how easily you might be deprived of them in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye be robbed of all, your husband, your little ones. There is your poor little Emily far from well; her little hands burning, feverish, fretful, crying for mamma; I carried her about the room in my arms, and tried to get her to sleep, but in vain." Lord Delemarr paused, and when he resumed, the agitation of his manner was considerably increased. "And—" his voice faltered, "and there's your eldest son, very—alarmingly ill—dangerously so I fear, from what I have heard; the shock and grief has nearly killed him; the Doctor writes me, his poor little brother died in his arms—Alfred's head absolutely resting on his brother's shoulder, when he expired."

This, as Lord Delemarr expected, brought tears to her eyes; they flowed in torrents, he did not try to check them, nor interrupt the convulsive sobs that followed. The earl kneeled down by the bed beside his wife, and prayed that with the present paroxysm might pass away her most acute sufferings. Lady D—— turned and looked upon her lord, she saw that he appeared miserably ill.

"Fetch Emmy to me—get home that *living* boy, if he be alive—tell me the truth, I can bear any thing now, nothing in this world can ever grieve me more, if Adolphus be dead too, you may say so."

"God forbid!" fervently ejaculated his father, "I have sent for your aunt and Sir Francis. I expect them to-night—I must go elsewhere, and leave you for a little, I shall not be long away, love, but I mean to set out for England in the morning."

"You do! you do! Oh! surely not, you could not have so hard a heart," she exclaimed passionately, oh stay with me, do not you forsake me."

"I have been, for so far, of little use to you, I could not get you to speak or move, to make the least exertion, nor even prevail on you to take sustenance of any kind."

"I will do anything you ask me."

"Then let me go to my poor suffering boy, who is stretched on a bed of sickness in another land, surrounded only by strangers; I shall travel night and day with the utmost expedition, and be absent as short a time as possible. You consent, dearest, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, say no more, you think me very selfish, I am sure you do."

"Now I want you to take something, a little wine," and Lord Delemarr held the glass to her lips, she swallowed a spoonful; he sopped some biscuit in the wine, and fed her with it, then murmured his thanks in her ears, as he tenderly pressed his lips to her cheek. "Now you'll get up, and dress and sit by the fire, I'll send your invalid little girl to you, and Mrs. Crawley, she is in a state of misery about you; her tears never cease, they flow incessantly; kind, faithful, affectionate creature."

The earl next held a conference with Mr. Creighton, who was more a friend and confidant than a domestic; he acted as house steward, general care taker and Major domo of the establishment; he was foster-brother to Lord Delemarr who had the highest opinion of his good sense and integrity, and the firmest reliance on his fidelity and attachment to himself.

"I have also to tell you," he added, "that I set out for England in the morning, as soon as it is light; have the carriage at the door by day dawn."

"To England," repeated Creighton, in astonishment, "and leave her ladyship, and she so ill?"

"She is now much better; besides her life is not in danger, my child's probably is—you will be careful and attentive to all in my absence. A melancholy journey I shall have of it, and a sorrowful return—heart-rending with my poor ailing son, my first born, and the remains of my second. Well, God's will be done. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

"I check the starting tear, I kiss the rod,
And not to earth resign him, but to God."

Lord Delemarr was at this period in his thirty-second year, and exceedingly juvenile in appearance; he was fair complexioned, with a profusion of light curling hair, luxuriant tresses that glittered like gold. His tall figure was at once graceful and commanding, his countenance noble and expressive. But after the lapse of a few days, when the earl returned, and stopped at his castle door, his whole appearance was altered; his wan cheek and sunken eye shewed the ravages made by grief, fatigue, and anxiety of mind—he alighted with his son in his arms, a tall finely formed boy of eleven years; he was fast asleep, his head resting on his father's bosom, displayed a profile, the finest that imagination could conceive; and though the closed lid concealed a dark and speaking eye, and though

the lustre had fled from it, and the rich brown colouring of the cheek had given place to marble whiteness, looking still more pallid from the contrast of his deep mourning dress, and a countenance naturally bright, beaming, and sparkling with intelligence, now wore a sad, softened, and sorrowful expression; it was, nevertheless, intensely interesting to the beholder. The porter gave the welcome word, the servants ran, the household was in commotion in a moment.

"And your lady is so much better, and up every day, thank God!" said the earl to the servant who flew down the steps of the hall door to assist his master in alighting. "Where is Creighton? call him and Mrs. Crawly to take care of Lord Arlington for me—here Thomas, take him, he's not able to stand, half dead with fatigue, poor boy," continued the father, bending over him, as Thomas sat down with him in the hall, "poor dear, open your eyes darling, till you get something to eat, something to refresh you that you so much need—you are at home now, Adolphus," tenderly kissing him, "here's your kind old friend."

When the young lord unclosed his eyes, looked round and beheld the well-known faces of his father's faithful servants, he burst into an agony of tears on the housekeeper's neck; he tried to suppress them, however, and to overcome his emotion as he heard his own name pronounced in different tones, and the murmurs of applause and admiration that mingled with their welcome.

"Welcome my lord, welcome, God love him, but he's grown tall and clever." "Thank God that he's at home once more." "The jewel but he looks ill, no one would know him, he's so gone; the lovely red cheeks, the sweet smile, and the bright black eyes, how they'd sparkle at the sight of home, lord love him." "Blessings on him, the lovely dear."

"Heaven bless him," said in a choking voice from the companion of his childhood, by the old coachman, caused Lord Arlington to raise his head to speak kindly to his old friend, and to enquire particularly after his health; and then he extended his hand, which was touched and kissed by each domestic, while warm tears fell from the eyes of many on it.

"And is the funeral to be in the morning? at what hour? tell me Delemarr—I'll look at it for a moment from the window."

"Oh for heaven's sake, my dear, stay in bed, don't do those *out of the way* things, do not you add to my misery and perplexity, I have suffered enough one way or another."

"Come with me then till I see his coffin, (shuddering) you need not refuse me for I am determined on it."

"Do not my love, you have been tolerably tranquil all day, and try and remain so—do nothing that may excite and bring on those violent bursts of grief again, you may be sorry afterwards."

"No, on the contrary, I should regret hereafter not doing so, it would be a melancholy satisfaction to me to look on the receptacle containing the cold corpse of my child, when I can have no other—none of his beautiful hair has been kept for me, not one of those bright golden ringlets that so

glittered in the rays of the sun—I am determined to go to that room, Delemarr, when you go down stairs."

"Come then, in the name of God, if you must, take hold of my arm; why you cannot stand, much less walk."

The Countess tottered as she rose from the sofa, and clung to his arm, supported, almost carried by him, they proceeded slowly up one flight of stairs and down another, along a corridor, and passing through the picture gallery, arrived at a door at the extremity of the castle, and entered the chamber of death—an icy chill ran through the veins of the lady as she looked round; the room had been darkened and the tall wax tapers slowly burning shed a solemn light on all within their sombre precincts, the greater part of the furniture had been removed, the looking-glass covered, and many peculiarities observed in the arrangement of the apartment still in use in the south of Ireland; the most conspicuously prominent object was a stately bed of antique form (reaching nearly to the ceiling,) whereon was placed the coffin—a figure in a dark mantle and bonnet stood by it, from whom proceeded bitter, but low moaning cries; she had been nurse to the dear departed boy, and loved him *better* than her own. With others of the domestics she glided out of the chamber as Lord and Lady Delemarr entered it, the latter felt fearfully impressed by the solemnity of the scene, awe-struck, and motionless as a statue, she leaned on her lord.

"I told you how it would be," he said, looking with alarm in her face, "you had better come—" she motioned him towards the bed and drew him to it; she looked at the coffin covered with crimson velvet and silver, and when her eye rested on the plate and she read "*Alfred Arlington*, aged ten years," there was a sudden revulsion of feeling; tears came, and fell in torrents from her eyes; she sank on her knees beside it, concealed her face on the bed and prayed with fervour and devotion for resignation and comfort from on high, for forgiveness of her sins, pardon, protection, and the mercy of God. Lady Delemarr felt considerably relieved, comparative composure of mind as she rose and returned to her own apartment, which was as far as possible removed from the present one.

"Do not let the children go to that room to terrify them, dear."

"They have been, the little boys, and Arlington goes frequently, and says his prayers there."

The earl visited his son on the following morning.

"You slept soundly all night, Adolphus," he said, tenderly kissing him, "you must be rested and refreshed—I want an exertion extraordinary from you, would you be able to come with me and see the last rites performed for your poor brother, his remains deposited in the earth, the portals of the grave closed over him for ever, and hear the sublime service performed by a truly pious and Christian Minister, one who sympathizes in my sorrows as if he were my brother?—it will be a lesson to you for life, make an impression not easily erased, I should fain hope—cause you to reflect on the uncertainty of this world, and how fleeting are all earthly joys."

"I will try, papa," he answered, with great emotion.

"Then get up and dress and prepare, come, I'll assist you."

Lord Arlington described in after life the mingled feelings of solemn awe, grief, and devotion with which he entered the sable coach as chief mourner with his father, preceded by the white plumed hearse, a long line of carriages followed, after which were gigs, cars, &c., and vehicles in every variety—horsemen followed next, hundreds of the tenantry wearing white scarfs and hat-bands, closed the procession, reaching nearly a mile in length.

Time, which softens all our sorrows, and a merciful Father who binds up the wounds of the afflicted pouring oil and balm into them, had their soothing influence on Lady Delemarr, she ceased to think with regret or pain on her lost darling, feeling a firm persuasion that it was for some wise purpose he had been removed from this transitory scene to "another, and a better world." They are living and well in their splendid castle in the south of Ireland; their eldest son, now in his twenty-second year, was lately returned member for the county—he is admired and beloved by all who see him—the earl is one of the most popular noblemen in the province, he is a kind master, a steady friend, an excellent landlord, and a *good man*.

DEJECTION.

The beams of the Day-God have sunk in the west,
And twilight is lingering o'er mountain and grove;

The calm of the hour soothes the wearied to rest,
And the beauty of Heav'n invites young hearts to love.

The voice of the lover is heard from some bower,
While he wakes the first thoughts of his passion in song;

The bark of the fisher approaches the shore,
Where gladly awaits him an anxious throng.

And the sky and the sea seem a garment of blue,
Bespangled with jewels of many a ray,
O'er whose rich-flowing fringes a passing wind blew,
As the stars trembled 'neath where the keel cut its way.

The storms for a season are lulled into peace;
And the ocean as young maid is gentle and bright:
As the darkness advances, its beauties increase,
And it borrows new charms from the mysteries of night.

The hours that have hallow'd such scenes in my heart,

No more may return to life's wanderer now;
And their bright recollection can scarce e'en impart
Fresh grief to my breast, or new gloom to my brow.

Since my heart has been wronged, and can ne'er
beat again

As of old, let it feel not at all, from this hour;
Let it grow like that reptile they torture to gain,
From its life-juice, a poison of deadliest power!

The ardour of love, and the impulse of truth,
I would have replaced by one wordling desire;—
The goblet once fill'd with the nectar of youth
Should be still undefiled, though its sparkles
expire.

The sail I unfurled upon Fancy's bright sea,
Was rent by the shock of the whirlwind of Fate;
And all I now yearn for is restless to be
'Mid the rude blasts of envy, ambition and hate!
NÆMIB.

THE LOVER'S REMONSTRANCE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Glad winds o'er thy young cheek may stray,
(Like Cachmere's od'rous rose, thus kiss'd;)
Or 'mong thy clust'ring tresses play,
And wave each ringlet as they list;
The sunbeam glistens in thine eye,
Exulting in its borrow'd light,
While on thy lip, the rudest fly
May banquet in uncheck'd delight—
The violet, (mocking bashfulness,)
Coily exhale its fragrance round
To woo thy snowy hand's caress;
And whisper where it may be found!
Yet I, who'd joyful lay life down
The meanest of these acts to do
Dare not—lest thy reproving frown
My rashness lessons me to rue!
Would that I were the sunbeam wind—
A new-born kid bereft its dam;
Aught that thy pity-love could find;
Oh anything, save, what I am;
Abhorrent to thy very eyes!
Repugnant to thy very heart;
Too mean to wake compassion's sighs;
Too loathed to share love's dearer part.
How could'st thou love such servile slave?
How could'st thou pity one so base?
Beauty admires the bold—the brave—
Whom valour—courage—honour grace!
I feel them all—yet, oh! the flame
Love kindles in mine heart for thee,
Would Afric's desert lion tame;
Its Puma teach timidity;
Force the proud eagle, on the wing,
To crouch submissive at thy feet,
The Vulture, o'er death hovering
Unsatiate from its prey retreat!
Then hate me not, if I'm a slave,
Conquer'd by charms that Heav'n design'd
To awe the bold—subdue the brave—
And reign triumphant o'er mankind!

SONG—ISABEL.

Why is fair Isabel no more
The life of whim and folly;
The gayest of the gay before,
Why now so melancholy?

It is that love her heart has touch'd
And rest and peace are flying;
Her dearest hope now rais'd, now crush'd,
Now triumphing, now dying.

'Tis that she feels alternately
The wild delirious madness
Of that divine insanity,
And all its pensive sadness.

Thus has she lost the mirth and ease
That once she shar'd so gladly;
Oh! love's a terrible disease
When people have it badly!

X. Y. Z.

THE HEIRESS.

(A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.)

BY LOUISA HUNTER.

"Despair not thou, in thine affliction's hour;
From the black cloud may fall the crystal shower."
FROM THE PERSIAN POET, SADI.

"Well, sister, I have been thinking very much of what we were speaking about last night, and at length I have decided the point," said General Raymond to his relative, as they sat together at the breakfast table, the morning after the arrival of that lady at Raymond Court, where, be it observed, she was ever a welcome guest.

"Yes," continued the General, "my mind is now quite made up."

"And may I ask, dear brother, what is your determination?"

"I have determined to take your advice; your suggestions are always good; your judgment I know may be relied on; in short, sister, you are a sensible woman, and as that is more than can be said for *all* women—why—I am resolved to adopt your advice in this matter!"

Miss Raymond smiled as she replied—

"It is always pleasant to know that our opinions are valued, especially by those we love; but tell me, brother, am I to hope from what you have just said, that you have seriously considered the plan I sketched out for the education of my dear niece?"

"I have not only considered your plan, but I shall profit by it also, and as a proof of it, my daughter shall go to school!"

"And *where* is she to go?" enquired the lady.

"Where *you* recommend," was the reply.

"When do you propose sending her?"

"As soon as you have selected a suitable school for her," said the General.

"But may I ask," continued Miss Raymond, "why you have relinquished the idea of a governess at home?"

"Because, as you say, Harriet will be improved by the society of companions of her own age; she is an only child, she is the darling of my old heart; and in short, as you observed, I should certainly spoil the girl if she were to be educated at home. Yes, sister, you are quite right, I dare say; so to school she shall go."

Much consideration was required, and many were the schools visited by General Raymond and his sister, ere a desirable establishment could be found, which the fond parent deemed worthy to receive this darling treasure; for, Reader, she was an only daughter—an "heiress," and, of course, a sort of "rara avis," a "nonpareil." Never was such a combination of beauty, talent, and goodness united in one little person, as this tender father imagined would dazzle the world when Harriet should be introduced into society. He was proud of his child, he idolized her, and delighted in each perfection as soon as he fancied he discovered them. With such an indulgent papa the young daughter was in no small danger of being completely spoiled by conceit and selfishness; and therefore her aunt had often urged the necessity of

placing the little "heiress" at school, to which General Raymond at length consented, "if," as he observed, "if a suitable one could be found."

At length, however, this weighty matter was satisfactorily arranged, and in one week after the conversation (*detailed at the beginning of our tale*), a splendid carriage and four drove up to the door of a most "fashionable establishment for young ladies," and as all preliminaries had been previously arranged, the youthful Harriet was intrusted to the care of an elegant looking dame, who appeared fully competent to instruct her pupil in every branch of fashionable education, and to perfect those committed to her charge in the most refined tastes of modern accomplishment. Beyond *this* the lady never bestowed a care; but *this* was enough in her opinion, and many a graceful girl had quitted her roof to play a distinguished part on the great stage of society. This preceptress, who was fully aware of the advantages of wealth, and the consideration it can bestow, introduced her new *élève*, to her young companions, as "The Heiress," and as such she was admired, even in her childish days.

General Raymond was the youngest son of an ancient family, and had been sent as a cadet to the East Indies, in those days when fortunes were more easily realized than at present: he married, when he was somewhat advanced in years, but his young wife did not long survive this union, and died in giving birth to Harriet, the General's only child. He left India, with his little daughter, having been summoned to England by letters from his native land, informing him of the death of his two elder brothers, whereby the inheritance of his family, and the abode of his ancestors (Raymond Park) became his undisputed possession. But this magnificent property was the least part of his wealth, as the fortune he had amassed in India, together with other money, enabled the General, not only to settle a comfortable independence on his sister, but also entitled him to consider his innocent little daughter as the heiress to about £100,000 sterling, independently of other personal property.

General Raymond was a worthy, honourable, kind-hearted man; an affectionate brother, a dotting father; *but* (oh! that *but*) he had a great regard for wealth, and considered "gold, glittering gold," as many persons *do* consider it, who have spent much time in securing large sums.

Time passed on, and Harriet grew in grace and beauty; she returned home at the vacations, and her father's eyes glistened as they rested on the pretty creature before him. He was proud of her progress, he triumphed in each bud of promise, and longed and wished for the time when this fair creature should be introduced to the world as the "Heiress" and the "Beauty." Already he began to picture the splendid future, which he doubted not awaited his darling child, and he sighed to think of the many years that must elapse ere the brilliant career of his beloved daughter could be commenced.

But there was another fond relative, whose greetings were as affectionate, and whose hopes were as sanguine, yet far more judicious in their expression than those of the good General; this

kind friend was her old aunt, Miss Raymond, to whose gentle admonitions and mild instructions, Harriet owed all that was good and promising in her *mental* career; for to this excellent and amiable woman she was indebted for the more solid endowments of her education; she it was who taught the young heiress that "where much is given much is also required," and that prosperity should *soften* the human heart instead of rendering our nature proud and callous, as is too frequently the case.

Harriet returned to school, where she had already found a *friend*, yes, a *real* friend, as the result of our story will prove. The intimacies formed at school are generally laughed at, and yet school is a little world, since the variety of tempers and dispositions therein portrayed may serve to prepare us for what we shall meet with hereafter. A school is a miniature picture of society, and is no unapt illustration of life on a larger scale. Characters are displayed even there, and the disposition of the child may frequently be seen to influence its maturer years: some are frank and truthful, whilst others are reserved, or deceitful; some are generous and affectionate, whilst others are mean or selfish; some are passionate, others gentle; some are mild and sweet tempered, others are violent and capricious; in short, 'tis "like the world in some degree, composed of good and bad." And thus it was in the school to which our young heroine had been sent; and, amongst her youthful associates many, and different, were the opinions respecting the "heiress;" of these, some admired her, others disliked her; many envied, and some few really and truly loved her. Amongst the last-named was Julia Harcourt, who though some years her senior in age, yet loved her for herself alone; won by her affectionate and candid disposition, this amiable girl imagined that she perceived the germs of many excellent qualities, which needed but a judicious hand to train the buds of promise to expand into a bloom of virtue and goodness; she felt a peculiar interest for her beautiful companion, who returned the kindly sentiment with all the warm affection of her young and inexperienced nature.

Julia Harcourt was the daughter of a clergyman, of good family, but in limited circumstances. In early youth he had been on terms of great intimacy with General Raymond, for whom he still entertained a sincere regard, although many years had elapsed since the friends had seen each other; the General never travelled farther from home than to visit London, (from whence Raymond Park was distant about thirty miles), and Mr. Harcourt resided so far from the metropolis, that a long journey was little suited, either to his time (which was fully occupied) or his means (which were circumscribed).

We have said that Mr. Harcourt was a clergyman, but his living was very small; and to secure a provision for Julia, and enable his only son Edward to enter the study of the Law, the anxious father had been compelled to turn his talents to account, by taking a limited number of pupils, whom he prepared for the University. He was a widower, and as these students occupied his whole attention he felt how impossible it was to devote

that time and care to the education of his daughter, which, under more propitious circumstances, he would have considered his greatest pleasure and delight. Julia was therefore sent to school, and though, as we have said, she was some years older than "the heiress," yet their affection was sincere, and differed wholly from that insipid mixture of romance and folly which usually characterizes school-girls' friendships.

Mr. Harcourt lived in a remote county, and his slender income compelled him to deprive himself of his daughter's society during the holidays; this, Harriet knew, and earnestly requested her father's permission to invite her friend to spend the period of recreation at Raymond Park.

We need scarcely say that the petition was readily granted, and the warm heart of our heroine glowed with pleasure, mingled with generous emotion, as she witnessed the delight of her companion at the prospect of such unexpected enjoyment.

"Dearest Harriet," exclaimed she, "how can I thank you as I *feel*, and as *you deserve*? How kind of your father, how good of you to allow me to share so much pleasure with you; oh! I never, never *can* thank you enough."

"Thank me, dear Julia," returned her happy friend, "thank me by saying no more about the matter, and by enjoying yourself as much as ever you possibly can; I shall be ten thousand times more happy, because my pleasures will all be shared by you. But see, we have reached Raymond Park; this is the lodge, and there is old Thomas, the porter, opening the gate for us; ah, now we see the dear old house; look, Julia, there is my dearest papa waiting for us at the door, and there is dear Aunt Raymond."

As the happy girl spoke the carriage drove up to the house, the steps were let down, and Harriet was clasped to the bosom of her father, who was quite as delighted as the gay young creature he so tenderly welcomed home.

After this each vacation brought a fresh invitation to Julia, and General Raymond felt sincere pleasure in receiving the daughter of his old friend. Nor was his kindness limited to Julia alone; for, no sooner did he learn that her brother Edward was in London, studying the profession of the Law, than he wrote to the youth, and in the most friendly manner requested him to visit him whenever his leisure time would admit of his doing so.

The student, as may be easily supposed, gladly obeyed the friendly summons, and the young heiress soon learnt to admire, as well as to esteem, the brother of her friend. Edward Harcourt was some years older than his sister; his disposition was candid, affectionate, and sincere; to sweetness of temper and kindness of heart were added generosity and a love of truth, which gave ample promise of future excellence and manly bearing.

Harriet Raymond was scarcely fourteen years old when she was first doomed to taste of the cup of sorrow, that bitter cup which we are all destined, sooner or later, to drink from; and which, though nauseous and unpalatable, is, nevertheless, salutary in its effects, like the unpleasant remedies

of a skilful physician, whose most needful medicines are generally the most valuable.

Our heroine was summoned from school to attend the death-bed of her kind aunt, and the parting injunctions of that excellent woman were thought of long after the beloved lips which uttered them were silent for ever.

Harriet returned to school, and the grief she experienced was fully sympathized with by her friend Julia, who mingled her regrets with the tears of her companion. But in the minds of the very young, sorrow does not leave a lasting impression, and although their afflictions are *for a time* deeply felt, yet the natural buoyancy of early youth soon causes the cloud of woe to be dispersed, and the sun of hope gilds the future with renewed lustre; we must have lived longer in the world, we must have seen our fairest hopes decay; we must have beheld our most promising flowers wither; we must have drained the chalice of suffering, ere we can truly feel that we are miserable.

In a few months the mind of the "heiress" had recovered all its former gaiety, and if she remembered her aunt the recollection was no longer a sorrowful one.

At length the time arrived when Harriet was to leave school, and her young companions, for ever; her young heart beat high with pleasure as she considered the path of enjoyment now opening to her delighted view. Julia was also to return to her father, and though her home was beneath a humble roof, she anticipated her return thither with sincere feelings of gratification. Many years had elapsed since she had seen her father, and she looked forward to a life of tranquillity and peace with unfeigned satisfaction.

"Your home will be a very dull one, Julia," said Harriet to her companion, as, ready dressed, the two friends awaited their respective conveyances to arrive and take them from school; "your home will be very dull, but when you wish for variety you must come to Raymond Park."

"No house can be dull if my father is at home," gently answered Julia, "for where he is I *must* be happy; but you, dearest Harriet, will be so surrounded by gaieties that you will soon cease to think of me in my remote home; indeed—I often fear —" She paused abruptly.

"What do you fear?" enquired her friend.

"That—that—you will *quite* forget me! But oh! Harriet, remember—that, if the time should ever come—if ever you require a *friend* to advise, to assist, to soothe, or to comfort you—in sickness or sorrow—promise me that you will instantly apply to me; promise me this and I shall be comfortable."

Harriet smiled, as she kissed her friend, saying—

"I do promise, but it is more likely that I may prove of service to *you*; and, if ever papa can be of use, you well know his willingness —"

At this moment two carriages drove up to the door of the school, and they were emblematic of the fortunes of those whom they soon conveyed away for ever; the young heiress stepped into the elegant carriage, which, with its four beautiful horses and liveried servants, dashed quickly towards her father's splendid mansion, whilst poor Julia entered the humble stage-coach, that was

destined to proceed on its toilsome journey to the remote village where Mr. Harcourt resided.

Harriet soon reached her magnificent home, where she was greeted by her fond father, who hailed with delight the beautiful and elegant creature that sprang forward to meet his embrace.

Shortly after the heiress quitted school, it was agreed that the period had arrived when she was to make her debüt in fashionable society. A splendid ball was about to take place at the residence of a nobleman in the vicinity of Raymond Park, to which she was escorted by her father and Lady Hartley (a near relation of the General's). This entertainment was magnificent in the extreme, and highly enjoyed by the youthful debutante; but as it is not our purpose to dance every quadrille or waltz in her company, we shall merely request the reader to imagine that ball so perfectly "successful," (to use Lady Hartley's expression), that her ladyship prevailed on the General to repair to London for the ensuing season, when she would gladly undertake to become the young lady's *chaperon*.

This was soon arranged. General Raymond and his daughter were speedily established in a suitable town residence, and the triumph of the youthful beauty was complete; the good offices of Lady Hartley were thankfully accepted, for Harriet was an heiress to £100,000, and her ladyship's only son was an extravagant (*single*) man. To accompany his dear child to one half the gaieties to which she was invited her father soon found impossible, as such continued dissipation suited neither his health nor his inclination; he therefore willingly acceded to the importunities of the gay peeress, and Harriet believed, in the innocence of her heart, that she had secured a sincere and valuable *friend*.

The first ball in London, to which our heiress was escorted by Lady Hartley, was but a picture of the rest; all was novelty, pleasure, and delight; and as she entered the saloon, her noble chaperon listened with pride and satisfaction to the murmurs of admiration which, to her experienced ears, sounded like the sweetest music; and well might she be pleased, for there were numbers of the most celebrated beauties in that gay throng, yet her youthful charge gained, rather than lost, by comparison; and, added to this external loveliness, Harriet was young, highly accomplished, and—heiress to a fortune that any man might covet. What wonder then, if we say, that she became from this moment the fashion, "the admired of all admirers?" No party was complete unless graced by "that beautiful little heiress;" no ball was so thronged as when she was present; no dance so elegant as when she joined its mazes; she became not only the fashion, but the "*rage*!" Caps, and carriages were named *à la Raymond*; music was dedicated to her, and her little head was as nearly turned upside down as ever head could be.

Many were her suitors and innumerable her lovers; for many an extravagant peer was willing to redeem his mortgaged property, through the medium of her wealth; and many an impoverished lordling offered hand, and *heart* (if he had one) at so fair and rich a shrine. Plenty of high-born

fathers would have hailed "the heiress" as their daughter-in-law, and many scheming mothers hoped to ensnare the pretty young bird, to enrich the nest of some darling son. The old, the noble, the poor, and the rich, received the fair girl with the language of flattery, so that many a wiser and older listener might have been deceived; for numbers of sensible persons who would turn away with disgust from common flattery, if the plain dish were set before them undisguised, would readily swallow it as a choice refectation, if artfully served up to their taste. And so it was with Harriet Raymond; she would have turned from the simple draught with dislike, nay her good sense would have caused her to reject the intoxicating chalice; but its dangerous contents were so carefully spiced with adulation, in its most dangerous guise, that the unsuspecting girl drained the enchanted cup, and dreamed not of the poison it contained.

Yet judge not harshly, dear Reader, of our poor heroine, she was very young—she had many temptations; all was novelty and delusion—she was beautiful, admired, flattered, fêted, and above all, she was *the Heiress*! Pity her then, for older heads than hers have been turned, and steadier steps than those of our poor heroine, have been led astray by half the allurements and dangers that beset this young creature. Many a bird has been caught, and will again be ensnared by such temptations as she encountered, and many a youthful lip has drained the Circean cup, to find, what? bitterness and disappointment!

Alas! how many fancy that *pleasure is happiness*! how many are deceived by the hollow smile of the gay goddess, and, misled by her fascinations, follow the bright illusion, until sorrow, misfortune, or sickness assail us, and lo! her mask is flung aside, and in our hour of need we discover that we have but courted an unreal shadow, and that happiness is afar! Experience (that stern monitor!) stands beside us, and coldly tells us that Happiness is never found in the paths of Pleasure; for although we may pursue the brilliant meteor, and fancy we possess its light—yet when the cloud of misfortune arises, the delusion vanishes, and leaves us in tenfold obscurity.

It was in the midst of the London season, and "all the world" (that is, the fashionable world) was anxiously expecting the day to arrive when the most splendid fête of the year was to be celebrated. Lord and Lady — had signified their intention of giving a magnificent entertainment, at their princely Villa, which was only a few miles distant from Town. The day was named, and all those who were fortunate enough to receive invitations, were anxiously hoping that the weather would prove auspicious. Of this number was Harriet, and her young heart beat high with hope and pleasure, as the beams of the morning sun shone brightly down upon the elegant dress, which her indulgent father had caused to be prepared for the occasion.

It is not our purpose to fatigue our kind reader with a detailed account of the entertainment, since all parties of pleasure are very similar; and any imagination can fancy the gay scene a thousand

times better than our poor goose quill can paint it. Enough is therefore done, when we say, that the fête was very magnificent, and as *recherché* as wealth and good taste could well render it.

Miss Raymond was as usual surrounded by flatterers, and all present seemed to vie with each other in pleasing and praising the youthful heiress. As evening approached, a splendid banquet was served, to which Harriet was conducted by the son of the noble host. As she seated herself at the sumptuous board, she heard a voice that caused her to start, and turn in the direction whence it proceeded; it was a well-known sound—the accents of Edward Harcourt met her ear, and in a moment the brother of the friend of her childhood was at her side.

"Dear Harriet," exclaimed he, extending his hand, "dear Harriet, how very glad I am to see you!"

The words were simple, she had heard them hundreds of times, but oh! how much meaning they conveyed—how infinitely more did those few syllables imply, than all the multitude of nothings which she had listened to for many a long day! She blushed as she enquired after Julia—ah! why did she feel embarrassed as she did so? It was not the glow of pleasure that suffused her cheek, it was because she was overwhelmed with self-reproach; for conscience that

"Does make cowards of us all," whispered in accents which *would* be heard, that it was long since she had even *thought* of her early friend, and that amidst the ceaseless dissipation in which her days were spent she had never once remembered the companion of her childhood. Ah Harriet, well might you blush, for who can silence that "still small voice" at the heart, whose upbraidings speak the language of bitter *self* accusations!

After the conclusion of the repast, Edward Harcourt was again at the side of her, whom he thus so unexpectedly encountered. They conversed with animation for a few minutes, but the discourse soon languished, because neither party felt at ease in each other's society. After a few enquiries concerning absent friends, Edward said,

"And are you *happy*, Harriet, really *happy*?"

"Oh yes," she replied with forced gaiety, of course I am—I enjoy every thing; I go to three or four routs or balls in each night, and I am the gayest creature possible."

"And is this your idea of *happiness*, Harriet? or are you one of those who mistake *pleasure* for real happiness?"

"How strangely you speak," exclaimed she, "how odd you are!"

"Are you quite sure," he answered gravely, "are you quite sure it is *I* who am *odd*,—not you?"

But before she could reply the dance was formed, the hand of the heiress was claimed by many a candidate, and she saw Edward no more. The splendid scene around her was changed, the enjoyment of the evening had vanished; her replies were brief to the questions put to her—the music sounded dull, and the dance was no longer lively. For once she longed to be at home—for once she sighed to be alone! Why was this? Why did

the remaining hours seem so to linger in their flight, that she fancied their plumed wings were suddenly robbed of their golden feathers? Alas! she reproached herself for having so long neglected her early friends! and when once we have acted so as to leave room for a reproving conscience, adieu enjoyment—farewell pleasure! for what can compensate for the loss of our self-esteem! She returned home resolved to write to poor Julia on the morrow, and she laid her weary head on the pillow, with the full determination to carry her good resolutions into practice; but, alas! when morning came, she found so many engagements, so many shoppings with Lady Hartley, auctions with Mrs. This, and visitings with Mrs. That—so many drivings and walkings, that she had not a leisure moment at her own disposal. Alas! that we should ever delay to carry a good resolve into execution; since if we put off till “to-morrow” to do what is right to-day, who can say that the “convenient season” shall again arrive? The letter was not written—and days lengthened into weeks, and weeks became months, ere she again met the brother of the neglected friend; so that when she did once more encounter him, she turned away from the companion of her childhood, determined not to afford him even the opportunity of naming Julia.

One night Harriet was summoned from the usual routine of pleasure, by the information that General Raymond was dangerously ill, and desired her instant return home, for which purpose the carriage had been despatched to convey her thither. The messenger was Edward Harcourt, who, in the kindest, and most cautious manner, communicated the sad intelligence. He told her, as they drove home (for she entreated him to accompany her,) that her father had been seized with a paralytic stroke, that he was in imminent danger, and that as he had been with him at the time, he inquired if Miss Raymond should be summoned, to which the sufferer assented. He added, that being fearful of despatching such an errand by a servant, he had determined to unfold the sad news in person, satisfied that Harriet would thus learn the melancholy tidings less abruptly, than from any one else.

We shall not attempt to describe the daughter's unfeigned sorrow, nor shall we tire our readers with her distress and anguish on this unexpected change. Edward did not seek to check the first outpouring of her passionate grief; he was aware that sorrow must have its course, and though young himself he had seen enough of life, to know, that there are some afflictions to which (for a time,) all words of comfort are but folly, and every attempt to offer consolation is vain and fruitless. He also knew the heart of his sorrowing companion, and was convinced that when the first burst of natural emotion subsided, she would exert herself to do all that affection and duty suggested. Nor was he mistaken—for when the carriage stopped at the door of her home, she said, “I go now to my poor dear father; farewell, Edward, and may Heaven reward you for this kindness!”

General Raymond lingered long between life and death, and during his illness Harriet never

quitted his bed of sickness; from morning until night, from night to the return of day, she it was who ministered to every want, and endeavoured by every gentle care to soothe, sustain, and comfort the dying man. Edward was frequently admitted to the chamber of suffering, as his visits appeared to impart comfort and pleasure to the invalid, and never did Miss Raymond seem (to his sight) so lovely, so lovable, as when thus occupied in cheering and consoling her drooping father, whose placid smile spoke in eloquent expression of the pleasure he derived from her presence. And so past many weeks,—until one morning the invalid, declaring he felt better, desired to have an interview with his lawyer, to make, as he said, some final arrangements of his vast property; for, strange as it may seem, he was one of those individuals who had delayed making a will, until the shades of death were actually darker; every sense, save that of anxiety for the sake of his dear child. The lawyer came, the business concluded, the man of parchment departed; and when Harriet returned to her father's side, she was shocked at the change in his countenance.

“My dearest father you have exerted yourself too much,” said she, as she pressed his extended hand to her lips.

“I care not now,” he faintly replied, “all is now settled; and you my beloved child, will find, when my last will is read, that you are the heiress to one hundred thousand pounds.”

The daughter answered but by a flood of tears; her parent's hand was still clasped in hers; and for some minutes she felt its kindly pressure. Suddenly the fingers relinquished their hold; she looked at that dear face; but oh! how fearful was that countenance! The features were rigid, the eyes were glazed, and fixed!

The sufferer was no more! The father had lived to secure the future comfort of his child, and his spirit was now gone to Him who gave it!

General Raymond “slept the sleep that knows no breaking!”

The last sad obsequies were performed, and the day was appointed for the “will” to be read. Edward Harcourt, who had been constant, and unwearied, in his efforts to be of use, or comfort to the bereaved mourner, came on this very day to offer his services; but Harriet would not see him; her heart was oppressed with sorrow,—but how could she ask him to share her grief—him, whom she had treated with coldness, and neglect, in the brief days of her prosperity?

The will was opened—the heir-at-law — (a nephew of the deceased), and a few others, were present. The document was read—clearly and audibly read; could it be read aright? No, it cannot be. Again it was repeated—alas! it was too true, and Harriet, the rich, the courted beauty, she who was the reputed heiress to, at least, one hundred thousand pounds—Harriet was declared penniless! Yes, it was even so! There was a flaw in the wording of the document; and of this unforeseen mischance the heir-at-law, (for reasons best known to himself) resolved to dispute the last wishes of his uncle; and Harriet was declared—destitute, — and she received a formal intima-

tion to quit her home, (her father's house) as soon as possible, because the new possessor of General Raymond's property, intended to occupy the mansion immediately! Here then, was a fresh blow to the orphan's stricken spirit; but the cup of her misfortune, was not yet full!

In this, her new sorrow, she wrote to Lady Hartley, explaining her melancholy situation, and implored the advice and protection of one, who had so frequently been lavish in her offers of assistance, when her services were not required. She never once doubted the result of her application, and having despatched her note, awaited the expected reply, which was soon placed in her hands. But oh! how cold, how frigid, how scrupulously civil were its contents. Lady Hartley presented her compliments to Miss Raymond, and deeply regretted to hear of her young friend's present *unpleasant* situation!! But as her ladyship was at present much engaged, it was out of her power to render assistance whatever; and as to advice, the state of her ladyship's nerves caused her to decline the honour of being consulted any further!!!

Harriet's feelings as she perused this heartless and insulting note, may be better imagined, than described. To one other "soi disant" friend did the poor girl apply, with no better success, and now did she feel the full weight of her affliction.

Not one of those fair-weather companions approached the afflicted orphan, who were so eager to offer homage at the golden shrine of the wealthy heiress! Not one of those who professed "eternal friendship," when she needed it not, came near her to soothe, or to comfort her. She was in affliction, and the gay votaries of pleasure, like not to study the misfortunes of others; she was no longer rich, and poverty is a crime in the world's estimation.

A witty author has said, that "misfortunes, like sheep, are gregarious!" And so it often appears, that no sooner does the dark cloud of adversity lower o'er our horizon, than others seem to collect, from every quarter of the heavens, until they burst in pitiless fury, over the devoted head of the unfortunate! Thus it was with the unhappy Harriet; her father died, and to this affliction was now added, loss of fortune, loss of friends, (or at least those whom she fondly imagined her friends) and now she was compelled to quit her father's roof, at a time when she knew not where to turn, or whom to ask for shelter! She truly knew not "where to lay her head!"

Those alone who have known similar sorrows, can fully sympathize with their suffering fellow creatures; and those "favoured few," who have as yet escaped such sad misfortunes, never can imagine their bitterness; since, we must ourselves have bowed beneath the chastening hand of affliction, ere we can duly feel for "other's woes," and we must ourselves have experienced the terrors of the storm, before we can open wide the door of shelter to the grief-worn heart! Ah—yes! those alone, who have known what it is, to raise the cup of promise to their lips, and ere they could quaff its sparkling contents, have beheld the goblet snatched away and dashed to atoms at their feet. Those alone, who have been raised to the very pinnacle

of enjoyment, to be hurled in one instant to the depths of sorrow, can know the bitterness of grief, and those alone. Poor Harriet was of this number!

The time drew near when our heroine must seek another home, though whither to go she knew not. Sick at heart, and overcome with grief and affliction, she was one evening seated in the apartment which she could call her own but for one day longer, when a gentle tap was heard at the door of this very room. Thinking it might be one of the servants, she neither replied nor raised her head, and the intruder stood for some minutes before her ere his presence was noticed.

Harriet was sitting at a table, her head resting on her hand; she was very pale, her cheeks were sunken, her eyes swollen with weeping, and her whole appearance proved how much she had suffered.

"Dear Miss Raymond," whispered a kind voice, "dear Miss Raymond, I have taken a great liberty in thus intruding on you; but I bring you a letter from Julia!"

The mourner raised her eyes, it was Edward Harcourt who stood before her; he continued—

"I bring you a letter from my sister Julia, and I promised to deliver it to you myself. Will you—can you read it?"

Tears filled her eyes, but she extended her hand mechanically, and received the offered packet: she could not speak, but her kind friend guessed what was passing within that sorrowful mind; and as he seated himself beside her he endeavoured by every soothing word to tranquilize her.

"Will you read Julia's letter?" he asked.

With trembling fingers she attempted to break the seal, but even this trifling action was an effort; her nerves were shattered and her poor heart was full; *it would not do*; she replaced the letter on the table, and hiding her face with both her hands she wept long, and bitterly.

For this agitation Edward was quite prepared, and after allowing this passionate burst of grief to subside, he said—

"Do not, I beseech you, trouble yourself to read Julia's despatch now; I believe I can furnish you with the substance of its contents; my sister has a great favour to ask, and I am sure you will not refuse her."

"Alas!" exclaimed Harriet, "I can do nothing now; I am destitute, I am a beggar!"

Without noticing this exclamation of despair her companion continued—

"The favour is easily granted. Will you come to my father's house? Our home shall be your home; and, under our roof, you will find a cordial welcome and loving hearts."

He then explained, that he no sooner learnt the unexpected information of her altered circumstances, than he left London, went to his father's rectory, and explained to him the melancholy truth, which was no sooner revealed than his worthy parent offered house and home to the desolate Harriet, and as a proof of his further kindness he complied with his daughter's earnest request, that she might be permitted to accompany her brother

to town, there to comfort her bereaved friend, and to whisper the words of kindness and affection, until the preparations for their return could be accomplished.

"My sister is now awaiting your reply, dear Miss Raymond," said Edward, "she is in the adjoining room; will you not see her?"

It was long since Harriet had heard the words of kindness, and she was touched to the very soul by this proof of real friendship. But ere she could reply the door opened, and in a moment she was clasped to the heart of the affectionate Julia; and before a week had elapsed she was a guest at the Rectory, where kindness and goodness awaited her; and where the blessings of peace, and calm, at length poured their soothing influence o'er her troubled heart; so that she could truly exclaim—

"Not my will, but *thine* be done."

Two years had now passed away since the death of General Raymond, and his daughter was still a resident at the Rectory. Time had worked his healing power, and time had wrought still greater changes, for Harriet was about to become a bride, the disinterested kindness of Edward Harcourt had at length won her young affections, and the day appointed for the celebration of that ceremony which was to seal the happiness of the lovers drew near.

The assembled party were one evening seated together around the worthy Rector's cheerful hearth, arranging plans of future comfort, and enjoying present quietude, still more by its contrast with former afflictions, when the sound of a horse's hoofs clattering quickly up to the door of their peaceful abode, caused an abrupt pause in the conversation—as each gazed on the other fearing the messenger might prove the bearer of bad news. The hour was now midnight, and such late visitors were unusual at the quiet Rectory. On enquiry it appeared that the horseman was the bearer of a letter, which he said he had travelled day and night to deliver into Mr. Edward Harcourt's own hands; this document proved to be an attested statement from the very lawyer who had been employed to draw up the, "last will and testament" of the late General Raymond, and many papers were enclosed which unfolded a tissue of villany, such as, we hope, is seldom known, even in this wicked world!

The lawyer had written from his death-bed, and had exerted his last powers to indite this, his confession, for such it might well be called. A few lines from the physician who attended him informed Harcourt that all was now over, he had breathed his last, and his remorse had prompted him to make the only atonement now within his reach, namely, to place such papers in the hands of Mr. Harcourt as might enable Miss Raymond to recover her lost property.

Whilst the party, at their leisure, examine these documents, we shall briefly inform the Reader that this lawyer had been bribed by the nephew of the deceased (who was also heir-at-law) to cause such an artfully contrived "*flaw*" in the wording of the will as would enable him to set the said will aside, in his own favour.

The bribe was heavier than the honesty of the lawyer could withstand, and poor General Raymond's faculties were too much enervated by disease to enable his dying eyes to detect the informality. The result is known; the fraud seemed to the perpetrators perfectly successful, and the principal delinquent (the heir-at-law) escaped to America. But from this time nothing prospered with the man of law, and to crown all, his accomplice refused to pay him the price of his dishonesty; he was at length seized with a dangerous illness, and partly to ease his own conscience—partly to be avenged on the guilty fugitive, he determined (as soon as he was sensible of approaching death) to confess all to Edward Harcourt, placing at the same time such legal documents at his disposal as must ensure the recovery of Harriet's fortune.

Reader, we need not continue further, than to state that the property was recovered, and within a short time afterwards the nuptial blessing was pronounced over the young couple by the worthy and benevolent Mr. Harcourt.

Yes, Harriet, the gay and once frivolous Harriet, is now the affectionate and tender wife; nay, she has even learnt to think that it is good for her to have been in affliction, since she has acquired, from its experience, some hard but salutary lessons. She has learnt to distinguish *true friends* from those gay butterflies, who will gladly flit around to enjoy the sunshine of our *prosperity*, but who are the first to desert us in the hour of *adversity*; and, as she contrasts such heartless conduct with the warm affection and disinterested kindness of the beloved circle beneath her own roof, she blesses even the cloud of sorrow which could thus disclose the radiant beams of such sterling virtues. She has also discovered the vast difference between *pleasure* and *happiness*, and has but pursued the unreal phantom amidst scenes of gaiety and revelry, to be convinced that we can only hope to find peace and rational enjoyment in our domestic circle, and in the discharge of whatever duties Providence may appoint us.

Depend on it, Reader, pleasure is but a sparkling meteor, but happiness is a steady friend. Pleasure is daily seen, happiness is not of every day growth, and every hand is not destined to pluck the bough of promise, since the chilling blasts, and the storms of adversity may blight or wither the bud ere the flower can expand; but peace and tranquillity attend the virtuous in every situation, and these will support us under every trial *here*, until the appointed time, when we may enjoy unchanging *happiness* hereafter.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

BY LUCRETIA H.—

Lady, ere I read it through,
Your riddle I was sure I knew,
Be't ours to look with faithful eye
Upon those things which never die.

CLAUDINE.

BEADS FROM THE ROSARY OF A
FRENCHMAN.

No. III.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Why is it, that, in these our modern times, when a marked improvement has been observable in our manners and our morals, our veal and our vegetables—the former the result of mental, as the latter of experimental, culture—our novelists and poets should sneer, turn up their noses, snub or otherwise, at that sweetest of all words—*Love*? For some time men, and women also, particularly literary ladies, knightesses of the cerulean sock, affect, or feel, a scepticism as to the existence of real, substantial, upright, downright love, as if it were a mere passing cloudlet of the imagination—Love, the most serious, solemn, sacred feeling of the human breast! Ye blue-stocking dames, who send me your prose—ye poets, who sing me your verse, the tiniest tear which has ever visited your eyes, sent thither by Love, is a thousand times more precious than all your volumes! GENIUS is a dwarf beside the giant Love! Talent, after all, is but the small change of the heart, love is its golden ore, its stamped coin of genuine bullion!

A heart incapable of love is a scentless flower—a sunless day—a dawn without dew or the descent of the lark! The heart was made for love, more especially a woman's heart, which, when it suffers from that passion, is to be studied as one would scrutinize the wings of a butterfly, that vary in tint with every motion they make in the sunlight: the effect, in either case, is the same—unsuccessful. Love is the grand secret of Woman, yet how she betrays its existence by each attempt at concealment! She is not aware that the eyes of others detect in her's what her mind is full of, for the sentiment works so strongly within her as to affect her most trivial actions. If she sings, she believes that she sings the first air that comes into her head, whilst all the time she is instinctively warbling the favourite song which another beloved voice has left, like an echo, in her memory. It is, in fact, the air she sings the best, perhaps the only one she can sing at all. Ask her why she wears those ribbons of pale blue, why some part of her dress always displays that colour? Why she caresses with a thousand kisses the linnet in her cage? Why she weaves no other flowers than harebells amidst her hair? Why she loves no other perfume than that of the *patchouli*, of which her garments, her books, her note-paper are redolent? She will answer you at random, with a dozen futile reasons, for women have these at their fingers' ends in such cases. But yielding the next moment to one of those romantic fancies that fill every feminine bosom, she darts away from your side to pluck a harebell from the grass; and, in a few hours, you may note her regarding its withered and changed blossoms with a look of sadness and dismay! Why is this? Because love breathes a spell over her thoughts, that fills everything around with some vague idea of the object beloved. That object has praised, cherished, touched, inhaled, sang or listened to the things, perfumes, flowers, songs, she regards with so much delight; endeavouring to account for her prepossessions in

vain, calling them her "caprices, her fantasies, her nonsense," but at the same time lowering her eyes, and permitting a slight blush to tinge her cheek.

The woman who loves, loves nothing for herself; she is but a shadow, but an echo of the object loved: that object has been exalted by her into a divinity. Alas! too often the divinity becomes a demon! Repaid with ingratitude, treachery, scorn, or indifference, the hand which has pressed the cup of poison to her lips, still leaves on those lips a drop of ambrosia. If for a moment pride and anger raise her spirit to thoughts of vengeance, the swelling sea of her woman's love speedily rushes back to lay it prostrate. And when no longer for her, in this world, Hope gives its rainbow, or Joy its wreath, she then turns her eyes towards heaven, crosses her wasted hands upon her bosom—and, like Virginia in the midst of the shipwreck, full of resignation and devotedness, permits death to approach her without a single struggle, and expires with a prayer on her lips for him who causes her early fall. Love has made her a martyr!

In short, Love is full of incertitude; gay to-day, to-morrow sad, her brow buried between her hands, she who loves is swayed by every passing emotion of the mind; she deals in omens, and lends faith to every presentiment; she consults her dreams with eagerness, and weeps or laughs according to the interpretation afforded her by some silly old crone; she courts by turns the sunshine and the shade—the serene night and the stormy day—solitude and flowers—society and revelry, exhausting all the contradictions of her nature.

In a word, the woman who loves, dies as she has lived, still loving!

C. C.

SONG.

(BY DIEWN, A WELSH BARD.)

Though gaiety win us with smiles,
Its emptiness palls on the sense;
And then it no longer beguiles,
But dies in its own impotence:
Though happiness beam all around,
Shedding o'er us its mantle blest;
Illusive, illusive 'tis found,
And we sigh for the by-gone rest.
But hark! for I'll tell thee of joy that will last,
One that proves neither fleeting nor vain;
It gilds the whole life—future, present, or past,
For where sown 'twill for ever remain.
List, list, whilst I tell ye, this joy never grew,
But in hearts where fond love is ardent and true!

How oft amid splendour we wish
For peace, that once brighten'd our life,
Which Time with his troubles vanquish,
And leave us in darkness and strife;
How oft does the smile of a friend
Betray us, though seemingly fair;
And we grieve that deceit, in the end,
Should rattle our bosoms with care.
But there is a peace, and a smile, yes, and truth,
That will bless thee in life or in death;
'Twill cheer thee in age, as it gladden'd in youth,
Nor depart until life's latest breath!
How many have sought it—yet, found it how few,
For 'tis Love, and dwells but in hearts that are true
Portsmouth.

THE RUINED CASTLE.

'Tis now mild evening's melancholy close,
The setting sun a radiant glory throws
O'er every object, gilding with his beams,
The lofty mountains, and the purling streams;
Oh! this is contemplation's favourite hour,
When mortals feel her deep soul-thrilling power;
When the 'rapt spirit leaves the present scene,
And muses on the days that erst have been!
'Neath the last ling'ring look of parting day
Amidst those ruin'd walls I love to stray,
And conjure up before my spirit's gaze
The scenes that past within their shade in long
departed days.

They pass before mine eyes as 'twere a dream,
Events long sunk in dark oblivion's stream!
Again the silken banner proudly waves
Above the lofty, frowning architraves;
Again the warder's measured footstep falls
Upon the high, and battlemented walls.
Hark! 'tis the bugle's wild and warlike strains,
That echo o'er the mountains and the plains;—
And lo! the castle gates are open'd wide—
Their lord comes forth in all his feudal pride,
Attended by his faithful warrior train,
And greeted by his minstrels high, inspiring train.

'Tis eve, and they return but fain and slow,
Yet triumph sparkles on each warrior's brow;
Yet oh! at what a price was vict'ry won?
The best, and bravest of their troop are gone!
At morn they sallied forth in manhood's pride,
But now, their life-blood stains the green hill side!
But hark! the bugle joyous welcome sounds,
Each warrior's heart with grateful echo bounds.
The vassals crowd around to meet their friends,
Some hearts are glad, and others anguish rends!
While some embrace their friends with sparkling
eyes—

Others in wildest grief do mourn, with bitter tears
and heart-wrung cries.

Again the stately tournament is held,
And knights, and squires come crowding to the
field;
The courtyard doth present a glorious sight,
Of waving plumes, and helms, and armour bright;
Of gleaming hucklers, and of prancing steeds,
Richly caparison'd—and if there needs
Aught to increase the splendor of the scene,
'Tis found behind that bright transparent screen;
It veileth noble dames as pure and fair
As are the fabled daughters of the air,—
But *one* there is whose beauty is so rare,
The looks of all that warrior train are centred *there*.

At length the tournament is haply o'er,
The clang of sounding shields is heard no more!
The victor hastens to receive the prize
From *her*, the maiden with the starry eyes;
He kneels before that elevated seat,
The hard-won meed of valour to await;
The blushing maid removes the silken shade
And o'er him throws the scarf her own hands made.
Then, in a trembling voice she bids him rise
And raise his mask. The youthful knight complies.
The visor rais'd—he meets her anxious gaze—
The long-elected partner of her future days!

'Tis evening, and the sun's last glances fall
Thro' the stain'd windows of that Gothic hall
On gallant knights, and dames in beauty's pride;
And loveliest of them all, the youthful bride.
And near her stands that young and graceful knight
Who won the highest honors in the fight,

He wears the scarf his lovely Edith gave;
Thus beauty ever crowns the good and brave.
The venerable minstrels strike the lyre
From which they draw forth tones of living fire,
They sing the praises of their lord's proud sires,
Each list'ning warrior round that martial strain in-
spires.

But ah! the splendid scene fades from mine eyes,
And gloomy mould'ring walls before me rise;
'Tis true I stand in that same Gothic hall,
But thro' its roofless space the moonbeams fall;
Instead of lords, I hear the screech-owl's cry,
As if in mourning for the days gone by;
Where once the painter's brightest tints did shine,
The ivy now all mournfully doth twine;
Wild weeds now grow, where many a high-born
dame
Moved thro' the mazy dance with sons of fame;
The mirthful voice of music now is fled,
The tuneful bards of old are number'd with the
dead.

I leave thee now to breathe thy mournful tale
To that sweet planet so serene and pale,
Whose beams upon each mouldering turret fall
Gilding each fragment of the time-worn wall;
Full well I love thy deep, yet peaceful gloom,
Peopled with beings from beyond the tomb;
I hear their voices borne upon the blast,
They wail in anguish for the days long past;
But now the dew of night begins to fall,
The shadows deepen on the ivied wall;
From distant town I hear the vesper bell,
Thou relic of departed years! old ruin! fare thee
well!

MARIANNE MADDEN.

Cootehill, County Cavan.

I DARE NOT THINK UPON THE PAST.

I dare not think upon the past—yet oh! it haunts
my brain,
And wearily, despairingly, I droop 'neath mem'ry's
chain;
I've striven long with maiden pride, to live and to
forget
The false hopes, and the falser love, that crush my
spirit yet!

I dare not think upon the past—that wild and dreamy
time,
When Love was like a wak'ning child, all in a
gorgeous clime;
That looks to the bright sky above, the pleasant
world below,
And cannot speak its happiness, though why it doth
not know.

I dare not think upon the past, its very joys have
made,
Now they are vanished, on my heart a deeper, sadder
shade;
For darker grows the darkness, where once hath been
a glow,
Of precious light, it is the change makes me so
lonely now!

I dare not think upon the past—for I can ne'er
again,
Be half so fond, so trustful, so true as I was then;
Oh, after years may wisdom bring—but Love's sweet
dream is o'er,
And the spell that woke my heart to song, will wake
its lays no more.

THE OLD MAID.

(A SKETCH.)

"Dearest Lucy I am only five minutes past my time, so you must not form that pretty mouth into a scolding shape," exclaimed an extremely handsome and fashionable looking young man, as he lightly tapped the cheek of the fair girl who had been anxiously watching his approach.

"Really Frederic, you're enough to make any one cross, you measure time like every common mortal, without considering the age five minutes must appear to me; oh! it seemed very, very long—nay indeed I am not jesting," she laughingly continued, placing one hand with mock gravity upon her heart, and shaking back the clustering curls from her bright and merry face. A face 'twas joy to look upon, so vivacious, quick and intelligent, so constantly changing and beautiful was its expression. The lover extended his hand with a smile of happiness to the lively girl.

"Come, come Lucy, don't be so unforgiving, I will be punctual to-morrow, even to a single second."

"You ought always to be punctual, and I won't forgive you this half hour," she cried as she playfully eluded his proffered kiss.

"Well, since you will not be a good girl, I must *en amuse myself*," he continued, taking a small volume of poems from his pocket and pretending to read. There was a talismanic power in the sight of a book Lucy could not resist, gliding sportively to the back of his chair, she leaned her head over his shoulder.

"Ah! Milton's poems," she exclaimed, and her hand was instantly clasped by her lover; in a few moments the eyes of Lucy were bent to the ground in silent admiration, and her heart beat with delight as she listened to the deep toned voice of him she loved, as in a clear and manly tone he read to her the choicest passages from our immortal bard.

Lucy Bagnal was the only child of a poor, yet industrious tradesman; in early childhood she had lost her mother, and she clung to her only surviving relation with the most devoted attention. It was Lucy's hand that had arraigned their small shop window so tastefully in a morning ere the sun had well risen; it was Lucy's hand that gave so bright a polish to the few old-fashioned pieces of furniture they possessed, and it was her merry laugh which cheered the old man under the numerous disappointments and misfortunes he had met with in business. She was indeed the neatest, prettiest, happiest, looking girl in the whole town, innumerable were her admirers, and many were the hearts that loved her. Though few imagined beneath so gay an exterior, there dwelt such depth of high soul'd thought and feeling, in her bosom beat one deep and holy passion—it was woman's first unbounded love; and he who gained her young heart's pure affection seemed in every way deserving of so rare a gem. Frederic Foster was the son of highly respectable parents, he was already established as an attorney; studious in his disposition, he had early imbibed a passion for reading, with great natural talents and a most retentive memory; he was conversant upon almost every subject, gentlemanly in his appearance, graceful in

his attitudes, with an easy flow of eloquence; he was courted by his own sex, and the idol of all the women who knew him; many were the ill-natured remarks and spiteful looks bestowed upon the pretty Lucy Bagnal, whose devoted admirer he had long professed to be; he thought her the mildest and most amiable girl in the world, and she adored him with all the intensity a woman is capable of, who feels and knows the object of her love is in every way superior to herself.

Time passed on, the clients of Frederic each day became more numerous, for he was considered clever in his profession, and it was expected Lucy would soon become his bride. Poor girl! fate willed it otherwise; there was nothing to prevent their union—he had money, and he professed to love her; but Lucy's father was poor, and Frederic had become ambitious; he fancied money was more conducive to happiness than love; this thought made him selfish, though his heart still clung to Lucy; there were times he wished he had never seen her, or that she had been rich; still he was incapable of deserting the being who had looked up to him with child-like affection and confidence for years; he little dreamed beneath those soft and playful manners, how proudly beat the heart of Lucy Bagnal; love seemed to have conquered every feeling of her nature, he had yet to learn that pride could conquer love.

"Lucy, my darling, draw your chair closer to me, the wind howls dismally without, and we have a very poor fire now, yet soon my dear child I shall have a worse, I am an old man to be sent to prison, and in the winter too! I little thought our creditors would have been so hard upon us. Come Lucy, my child, brighten up, don't let your face look sad because mine does, a bankrupt who has always been an honest man is seldom very merry, child. Fifty pounds, 'tis a mere trifle girl for a man who is seventy years of age to be sent to prison for, after working hard all his life; but Lucy dear, if it was not for you my child, I'd rather be in jail than coped up here with these sheriff's officers, I'll go to-morrow, the expense will be less, and you can go home and keep the shop in order till I return."

Lucy Bagnal raised her pale face to her father's and murmuring "home," burst into tears.

"Well, well Lucy dear, I forgot all about it, I'm an old man and my memory is not so good as it used to be, besides darling it takes time to forget a thing you have had for seventy years; but don't cry Lucy, I cannot bear it,—well, well, every thing will be sold, and I—I am a beggar in my old age, with no home, save the workhouse to shelter these grey hairs, methinks they might have let me die there, where my old wife died! So they will sell all, the easy-chair your poor mother last sat in; but why don't you laugh Lucy? I hate to see you look so gloomy, besides my dear when Frederic Foster returns from the long visit he is making, he will lend me the fifty pounds and liberate me directly; have you written to him to ask him if he will?"

Lucy started from her seat, and pacing the room for a few moments with flushed cheek, and a scorn-

ful smile on her small and beautiful lip, as she murmured, "my poor, poor father, he forgets all."

The old man watched her for a moment, then raising his clasped hands to heaven, he exclaimed, "Forgive me Lucy, forgive me, may the curses of a broken hearted father rest upon thee Frederic Foster, thou hast robbed my child of her smiles, seared and blighted her young heart, banished the roses from her cheek, and ruined her happiness for ever—curse thee, curse thee, from my soul I curse thee."

"Father!" murmured Lucy, falling on her knees at his feet, and raising her tearful eyes to his face, "father, recall that curse if you love me, father recall it; oh be not you a judge of men's actions, let God alone condemn him, and may He forgive him as I do; believe me my heart is strong enough to bear this loss, and God will still strengthen me. I feel he will not forsake me in my trouble, 'tis not for Frederic's love I weep, no, no, believe me, it is to see you thus; then say dearest father you forgive him?—oh do not let me kneel in vain! you who till now never refused me anything!—recall your curse, if not for his sake for mine, for mine father, for mine!"

"Lucy you have conquered, I do forgive him, for your sake my poor unhappy child, he has sold himself for gold, and he hath cast away a gem beyond all price; fool, fool that he is, bitterly will he repent it; for from my heart, Lucy, I believe he loved thee."

"I hope not, father, I hope not; if he loved me with one spark of the affection I had for him, I would not be that man to inherit a kingdom." And the young girl kissed the cheek of her parent and wept upon his bosom.

Frederic Foster had received an invitation to spend a few weeks in the country during the shooting season; there he had been introduced to an heiress, young and rather good-looking. Poor Lucy if she was remembered at all, it was as an obstacle which prevented him becoming a rich man. Weeks passed away, he had sent several excuses for his long delay, yet still he came not, and his letters had become brief and unsatisfactory. At length a report passed through the town that he was going to be married to an heiress, it reached poor Lucy's ear the very day her father was arrested. Then with all the dignity of a pure and lofty nature, she wrote the following note:—

"SIR,—The time is passed since I had a right to love or to upbraid you, I hear your heart is devoted to another, if such is the case, may you be happy; I now cancel the engagement between ourselves, and likewise return all your letters; I leave it to you as a gentleman, to do as you please with mine, if you send them back it must be immediately, as circumstances of an unforeseen nature will oblige me to leave home in a few days, perhaps never to return.

Yours respectfully,

LUCY."

To this short, yet spirited note, the poor girl received the following answer:—

"MADAM,—Your letter of this morning has amazed me considerably, I never dreamed that you could wish to break the engagement between us, but since such is the case, I certainly shall never seek to renew an acquaintance, caprice or indifference

can thus so easily annul. You see, Madam, I have complied with your request of immediate attention to your wishes, though the circumstances which demand so speedy an answer, are certainly beyond my comprehension.

Yours, &c.,

FREDERIC FOSTER."

Lucy read this cold unfeeling epistle again and again, as if she doubted the evidence of her senses, though every word was indelibly engraven upon her heart, then tearing it into a thousand pieces, she dashed it with a scornful laugh into the fire, and as she saw the last fragment disappear in the devouring flame, the young girl covered her face with her hands and burst into an agony of tears,—they were the first and last poor Lucy ever shed o'er disappointed love; she awoke a strangely altered being, scorn deep and bitter rested at her heart, and curled her quivering lips with mockery and derision—she felt no hatred, no anger, for the being she had so fondly loved, it was disgust, pity, and contempt!

Half reclining upon a couch of the richest orange coloured damask, his fine figure gracefully enveloped in the thick folds of a brocaded satin dressing gown, was the handsome, yet heartless Frederic Foster; opposite sat the stately figure of his young bride, who was presiding at the breakfast table.

"Mr. Foster," she exclaimed, in a low, precise, yet distinct tone, "may I be allowed to ask is there anything particularly amusing in the newspaper this morning, it seems to interest you so much, you have even neglected your breakfast, and likewise forgotten you have a wife in the room."

"Really madam, I have scarcely noticed the paper, I was thinking."

"Thinking! and seriously so soon after our marriage," cried the lady, forcing a smile upon her face, which from its cold and freezing appearance told if a smile was not altogether a stranger, at least it was a very rare visitor. "Come," she continued, leave thought for another season, we have scarcely been married a fortnight, so don't look serious already,—come take some breakfast, or prithee read aloud."

"Madam, I never read aloud, it is a thing I positively abhor," was the ungracious reply, "besides," he inwardly continued, "if I began to do so now, she will always expect to be humoured, and the time is passed since reading to women could give me pleasure." He paused with a deep sigh, turning over the paper he saw his own wedding, and the next column his eye glanced he read, "Walter Bagnal, hosier and haberdasher, bankrupt." The paper fell from his hand and the name of "Lucy" burst from his pallid lips.

"Did you speak, Mr. Foster?" asked his wife, at the same time crossing the room towards him.

"No, no, I did not speak," stammered the conscience-stricken husband.

"I beg your pardon then, I thought you called Lucy, and I merely wished to know who you wanted, that I might send for her; perhaps her company might be a little more agreeable to you than mine is, for you have scarcely condescended to answer me this morning."

Without making the slightest reply, Frederic Foster leaped from the couch and rang the bell

violently; his valet answered the summons. "My coat and hat immediately, and tell John to saddle a horse."

In a few moments the high spirited animal was led to the door, and the astonished wife watched her husband as he galloped furiously away to the old town where Walter Bagnal used to reside. Many of his old acquaintances passed him without recognition, or at least they feared to acknowledge the rich man; and some bowed so distantly, he would not address them. At length a young man of plain yet gentlemanly appearance, accosted him with a smile of derision, and a tone of the bitterest sarcasm.

"I give you joy, Mr. Foster, on the great addition you have made to your fortune, I cannot say to your happiness, that is if you have the heart of a man, for five years you were the acknowledged lover, of the sweetest, noblest girl under heaven, and when misfortunes thickened upon them, you forsook her for a wealthier bride."

"Mr. Vernon, you presume upon our long acquaintance, and talk upon a subject you do not understand, I know you were once an admirer of hers, therefore anything a disappointed man may say is excusable, but allow me to tell you it was not I who broke the engagement."

"No, no, I see it all, she was too noble to wish you to link your hand to poverty, and you were mean enough to take advantage of her generosity—poor, poor Lucy, I would give all I possess to discover your abode!"

"What Vernon! do you not know where she is?"

"Not now, not now—she was in prison three weeks back with her father, but the old man died in jail, and they turned the poor girl into the streets to beg, or starve, or gracious God! perhaps worse; and this Frederic Foster, this is your work—but for you she might have been my bride—ha! ha! Foster, you are looking serious now, you who ought to be the happiest man in the world, a wife with a hundred thousand pounds—sordid, mean wretch, miserable as I am I pity you."

Uttering these words with a laugh of scorn, the young man darted down the adjoining street, leaving the unhappy Foster petrified with rage, grief, and shame. All the love he had once felt for Lucy, rushed back to his heart with redoubled force, onward he hastened, nor paused, until he reached the house where he had spent so many happy hours, the once cheerful home of Lucy Bagnal. The windows and doors were closed, and—This House to Let, was pasted in large letters upon the shutters; gazing around with feelings impossible to divine, he started—standing opposite with clasped hands and eyes fixed with intense anguish upon the house, was the figure of a young girl, clad in the deepest mourning, a close cottage bonnet of black crape shaded her sweet yet sorrowful face, as she stood unconsciously gazing upon the deserted habitation. Suddenly those dark eyes rested upon the form of Frederic Foster—a slight colour passed for a moment over that pale and melancholy face, the expressive countenance of the beautiful girl changed to one of scornful indifference, as proudly raising her head she haughtily met the earnest look of the being before her. The

heart of Frederic Foster beat wildly with agony and love, his cheeks burned with shame and his head sank on his bosom, as thus for the first time since he deserted her, he met his once adored Lucy Bagnal. She stood, no emotion beyond contempt was apparent on that lovely face; scarcely knowing what he did he crossed the street, the eyes of Lucy followed him not, but turned once more mournfully upon the home of her childhood, no tear escaped her, she felt too much to weep."

"Lucy—Lucy—Lucy—" murmured Frederic in her ear,—still she turned not, and no movement of hers betrayed she heard him. "Lucy, dear Lucy," still no answer, "speak to me, in mercy speak to me Miss Bagnal!"

"Sir!" exclaimed the young girl, turning round with a look of freezing indifference.

"Lucy, dear Lucy forgive me!"

"Forgive you!" haughtily interrupted Miss Bagnal, "you're a stranger to me, I know you not."

So calm, so composed she looked whilst speaking, he almost fancied she was insane. "Not know me," he continued, "gracious heaven are you mad—not know Frederic Foster?"

Fixing her eyes with a searching look of the bitterest contempt upon him, she murmured in a low distinct tone,—*"Oh! Frederic Foster you say? yes, I did once know a gentleman of that name, and he, oh! he was kind, honourable, true, he never deserted the being he professed to love, or forsook his friends in distress; no, no, he was noble, generous, humane and good; his word was true as heaven's own book, and his soul was virtuous and pure. Young man place your hand upon your heart, and swear that you are all this before my sight, and then, and not till then, will I believe that you're the Frederic Foster I once loved. Ah! you pause, you hesitate, you blush—begone fellow I know you not, the false of heart are strangers to Lucy Bagnal."*

"Hear me, oh! hear me, for a moment! I am distracted, mad Lucy! Lucy have pity, could you see my heart, or feel the agony, the remorse I feel, to see you thus without a home. Madman! fool! idiot! that I have been!—may not leave me till you tell me how I can assist you?"

"Assist me!" passionately interrupted Lucy—"poor—houseless—friendless—starving as I am, I would rather die in a gutter than receive bread from thy hands—begone I say, and do not insult those you have injured with your presence!" Raising herself to her greatest height, the young girl fixed a stern and haughty glance, upon the humbled and heart-broken Foster, who gradually withdrew from her sight, then with a wild laugh of scorn and derision, the orphan turned and left her native town forever. And Frederic Foster sought in dissipation and riot to drown the agony of his mind in forgetfulness; the pale melancholy look of Lucy as he last saw her, or the bright, laughing, joyous being he had known in former years, was ever before him; the merry tones of her witching laugh rang in his ear, then again her last phrenzied accent of bitterness and despair; and from that moment the young man became a confirmed drunkard.

In the romantic and beautiful village of Ivy-bridge, apart from all the world, dwelt one solitary and lonely being. A happy and benevolent Old Maid, no stranger could pass the long low cottage where she resided, without admiring the cleanliness of the old-fashioned building. No soil was ever seen upon the windows or plain white muslin curtains, no finger-mark seemed to sully the brightness of the little brass knocker that decorated the door, round which the woodbine and jessamine twined in graceful beauty; no weed choked the growth of the brilliant flowers, or rose in slovenly disorder in the neatly gravelled walks; in the whole county of Devonshire, that flower garden of England, there was no spot more cultivated or beautiful than the ground that surrounded the Old Maid's dwelling. And if, as the eye of the stranger wandered mechanically over the little paradise, he encountered the look of its cheerful inhabitant, he unconsciously raised his hat with involuntary respect; there was something so calm, so mild, so dignified in her whole appearance, she stole upon the heart like a being too pure for reality; there seated at the open casement on a summer's evening, surrounded by a group of smiling children, with a bible on her knee, would she sit for hours teaching the young to read. And who could listen to that sweet voice, or see those soft eyes bending so kindly on them without being instructed? She was the idol of the whole village, the poor loved her, and the rich respected her. Yes, thirty years of perseverance and industry, had changed the fortune of Lucy Bagnal. She was no longer the poor dejected being, whose heart ached with disappointment and sorrow; for years she struggled with poverty, but fortune smiled upon her. She was independent now, and her heart beat with contentment and joy as she diffused happiness on all around her.

"Is my Godmamma in?" asked a pretty little girl of Miss Bagnal's servant maid, who was leaning against the garden gate knitting.

"Yes Miss Vernon," was the reply, and the young lady hastily passed her.

"Ah! my darling child is it you?" exclaimed the old maid, tenderly kissing the little girl, and parting back the loose curls from her forehead.

"My dear Godmamma, papa went fishing this morning, and he caught some fine trout, which mamma divided and has sent a part to you with her kindest love, and she hopes you will go back with me to take tea with us this afternoon."

"Your mamma is very kind, but I have slightly sprained my ankle, so I fear I cannot walk to-day, they must excuse me."

"Sprained your ankle Godmamma! I am very sorry, it must pain you so much. I'm sure papa will be quite grieved to hear it, and it will be such a disappointment to little sister Ellen, who has gathered you such a beautiful nosegay."

Miss Bagnal smiled and gently patted the cheek of the amiable child, then reaching some cakes for her little favourite, she continued asking sundry questions respecting the family.

The father of Clara Vernon was the young man who once so devotedly loved Miss Bagnal; for several years he sought her with the most unrelenting perseverance, and at length found her the mistress

of a small millinery and haberdashery establishment, with the most disinterested affection he again made her an offer of marriage, and was again rejected. In a kind, yet decisive manner, she told him, she had felt too much for one, ever to love again; and she could not give her hand to one she so much respected, without a warmer feeling than the coldness and indifference she felt. In a few years afterwards he married an amiable and accomplished woman, and Lucy Bagnal became a sincere and valued friend.

"A young person wishes to speak to you, Madam," said the servant maid, gently opening the door.

"Indeed! Mary, who is it?"

"I don't know ma'am, she's very shabbily dressed, but she does not look like a beggar for all that."

"Ask the young lady to walk in, by all means, never in my house, keep any one standing in the hall, there is a respect due to every one, however shabby they may be."

"In a few minutes, Mary returned, leading a young girl dressed in a coarse black stuff dress, her face was completely concealed by a thick crape veil.

"Did you wish to speak to me my good girl?" asked Miss Bagnal, in the softest voice.

A deep sigh with a slight inclination of the head was her reply.

"Clara my darling," said the old maid, turning with an affectionate smile to her little favourite, "go and play in the garden for a short time, I will call you presently." In an instant the child obeyed.

"I beg pardon madam—I scarcely know how to mention my errand—but indeed—indeed, I am not used to—to—" stammered the stranger, unable to finish the sentence, as she burst into tears.

"Take a seat my poor girl, and drink this glass of wine, then tell me how I can assist you, if it is my assistance you want," exclaimed Miss Bagnal in a gentle voice.

"Oh! you're too kind Madam!" said the young girl, throwing back her veil, and revealing a face of extreme delicacy and beauty, "'tis long, very long, since the accent of kindness or pity greeted my ears,—never since my poor mother died; but I am tiring your patience, madam. My father, my unfortunate father is ill, I may say dying, and we have no common necessities."

"Say no more my poor child, I understand you—nay you shall not distress yourself by relating particulars, 'tis enough for me to know a fellow-creature is in trouble or sickness, yes I can feel for the misfortunes of others, for I too have suffered the pangs of poverty and neglect myself; may I ask how old are you?"

"Twenty last birth-day, Madam."

"Twenty! ah yes, I was twenty when my poor father died, died in a gloomy jail with no pillow for his head, except this bosom; no kindly hand was stretched forth to save him from misery and want," murmured the old maid, half unconsciously, as she bent her earnest glance upon the countenance of the fair being, whose agitated face was raised in silent supplication to hers, then turning aside her head to conceal a starting tear, she placed

a sovereign in the stranger's hand. "Nay, no thanks I beg," she exclaimed, gently forcing her again into the chair, from which she had risen to express her gratitude. Now tell me," she resumed, "where I can send to you, if your father is so very ill, a little wine may be of service to him?"

In a low voice, the young girl gave a direction.

"And now my dear, may I ask you name?"

"Lucy, Madam, Lucy Foster."

The name was electrifying—with a wild gesture and cheeks scarlet with excitement, the old maid gasped. "His name! your father's name child! his christian name?"

"Frederic Foster Madam,—he used to live at W—, many years ago, since then we have had no settled home, for my father's was a very roving disposition; and since my mother's death he has been still worse, but you don't appear to hear me Madam, are you ill?" asked the young girl, respectfully touching the shoulder of Miss Bagnal, who sat rocking herself backwards and forwards, with her face concealed in her handkerchief. For some minutes neither of them spoke, till the old maid rising from her seat with a look of dignified calmness, exclaimed—

"I will call upon you myself to-morrow, Miss Foster, till then, pray excuse all further conversation. God bless you my poor child, good bye!" Saying this she walked slowly from the room, and Lucy Foster immediately left the house.

What pen can describe the feelings of the old maid that night, as she tossed on her sleepless pillow. Waking dreams of the passed floated o'er her brain, and called back the scenes of her youth, as it were but yesterday; the bright hours of love and joy were recalled, and Frederic Foster was again before her, his dark eye gazed upon her, and his deep toned voice breathed into her ear in accents of love and tenderness. She turned on her pillow—still he was there, as she last saw him, in all the pride of youth, health, and prosperity. Then the deserted home of her childhood rushed to her imagination; there sat her father in his old arm chair, with his eyes half closed, a placid smile upon his face, smoking his pipe has he used to do in an evening, after the shop was closed; then the prison with its gloomy horrors rose up before her. She heard the old man speak of happiness, and home, as his head sank upon her bosom, and his spirit departed to "another and a better land." How bright, how vivid, was that awful scene or her memory! She saw him dying—dead—and the old maid covered her face with her hands and wept. Then again the fair form of Lucy Foster, stood before her, timidly asking assistance for her father. And Lucy Bagnal raised her tearful eyes to heaven, and thanked her God it was in her power to relieve him. Time that chills and blights the kind feelings of the heart in most persons, had passed unheeded over her, for the soul of that generous being had still the freshness, the purity, and kindness of youth. Disappointed in her first deep and holy love, she had never suffered one spark of that passion to steal upon her for another. Although her mind was too great, and her spirit too proud to sink beneath her affliction, she was of too lofty a nature to feel despair—and too kind a disposition to cherish an ill-natured feeling. For years, Frederic

Foster had been forgotten; she never for one moment, allowed herself to think of one she had deemed unworthy; without one spark of emotion, she could have passed him in his carriage. But now—now that he was alone in the world, poor, deserted, ill—every kind word and generous action of his was remembered; and those trifling events triumphed forever over the darker traits of his character.

With a beating heart and face flushed with excitement, Miss Bagnal was seen to pass hurriedly through the village. Many were the bows of recognition that passed unnoticed by her, and many a little child paused to wonder, why the good lady at the large house had forgotten him that morning. Those of maturer years ceased to wonder at her agitation, when they saw her enter the meanest looking hut in the whole neighbourhood—for they knew she was going to relieve the sick or the destitute.

On a low uncurtained bed, in a small and miserable room in the most dilapidated state, lay the form of a man, apparently in the last stage of consumption; one long bony hand of transparent whiteness lay across a counterpane, the colour of which was completely concealed by filth; his thin dark hair shaded a face not even the stern finger of disease or death could rob of its beauty, so regular and noble were the features. The invalid slept—by his side was seated a delicate and beautiful girl; there was the same intellectual forehead, the same regularity of feature, only more chaste and softened in the fair creature who so fondly watched over him; she was indeed a faithful likeness of the dying man; it was his only child! Slowly the door of that wretched apartment opened, and the old maid glided in with noiseless footstep. Miss Foster rose silently and reached a chair; the sick man moaned feebly and turned his aching head, then opening his heavy eyes he fixed them upon his daughter, as he cried in the impatient tones of delirium—

"A bumper of champagne Lucy—quick, child, for I am dying with thirst. Ah!" he continued, as his eye encountered the intense gaze of Miss Bagnal, "what brings a stranger here? I have told you Lucy, I would not be subjected to the prying eye of curiosity, and yet you disobey me!"

"Nay dearest father, if I have offended you, forgive me, this lady has been kind, very kind to us."

"Kind to us, Lucy! do you mean to insult me? we want no one's kindness! have we not money? And whilst that lasts, we are certain of friends." The young girl turned aside her head to conceal her tears as she held a glass of water to his parched and feverish lips. Lucy," he resumed in a milder tone, "pardon me my child, I have made a beggar of you, forced you from the society you were born in—made you an outcast upon the world, through my own ungovernable passions—and now I treat you with harshness an injustice; but Lucy, I know not what I say when I speak in anger to you, for I love you my poor girl, fondly love you; but there are times I feel I'm mad. Oh! there are moments of agony so engraven upon my heart, years of uninterrupted happiness could not efface them; moments when life, death, eternity, or per-

dition were alike unheeded and defied. Lucy, I have a curse upon my heart—the curse of the deceiver.”

“Oh! father, talk not so wildly; dear, dearest father! speak to me again—’tis Lucy calls—bless me! my father, bless me!”

“I do bless you darling, and God will bless you, and protect you, when I’m gone. Madam,” he continued, turning to Miss Bagnal, “let me, while my senses remain, express my thanks to you for your kindness to my child; you have been a friend to her, she says, and heaven knows she is sadly in want of friends. What am I talking about, Lucy?” he exclaimed, turning with a wild wandering glance to where his daughter stood, but the young girl had glided silently from the room to prepare some little refreshment for him.

And thus, after a separation of thirty years, the once happy lovers were alone once more: with his eyes fixed on vacancy the sick man lay, half unconscious to all around him, nearly stupified from the effects of a strong opiate medicine he had previously taken, breathing with difficulty, and muttering in a low delirious tone. He was indeed a fearful contrast to the agitated being by his side. How brilliant, how intense, was the gaze of that eye, lighted with love and excitement, as she speechlessly knelt by the side of her once handsome lover; every pulsation of her heart seemed quickened with emotion; tears quick and heavy fell from her eyes, upon the hand of him she loved, removing his hand with restless impatience, he fixed his large glassy eyes upon her as if endeavouring to trace her features.

“Frederic—Frederic Foster!” burst from her quivering lips.

“Ah!” gasped the invalid, starting wildly from the pillow. “Who calls me Frederic? Speak, I conjure you!”

The old maid clasped his thin fingers to her lips, as she murmured, “Lucy Bagnal!”

It is impossible to paint the look of horror, shame, and despair, fearfully increased by the ghastly hue of death depicted on the countenance of the dying man! For some moments he spoke not, but with quivering lips and dilated eyes he gazed upon the old maid—who sobbed convulsively by his side. At length, in a deep husky voice, he exclaimed—“Lucy Bagnal, leave me! sickness, death, is upon me—do not blast my last moments by the curses of injured and insulted innocence; believe me from my soul, I have bitterly repented the baseness of my conduct.”

“Curses!” cried the old maid, raising a face where the excitement and deep feeling of the moment had called back the beauty and simplicity of youth. “Curses on you Frederic! never, never! I am rich, my riches are thine! I have a home, my home is thine! Nay reject not my offer for thy child’s sake. I have no one to controul my actions. My home is my own. *I am Lucy Bagnal still!* In my house, Frederic, you and your poor girl will never meet one unkind look, or feel the pangs of poverty again.”

Overpowered—stunned—bewildered—the sick man gazed upon her, then throwing his arms wildly round her neck, his head sank upon her bosom and he wept.

The next day the invalid was carefully removed to a spacious and well furnished apartment in the old maid’s dwelling. With what a melancholy pleasure where his slightest whims attended to,—and oh! how anxiously she watched—how constant, how unremitting was her kindness; every comfort and luxury affluence could purchase were his; peacefully and calmly his last hours glided on. Yes, those hours were the happiest he had known for years. Surrounded by those he had most valued on earth, his child, and his only love, he died, composed, as an infant who gently falls to sleep on the bosom of its mother. And the old maid knelt by his side, with her arms clasped meekly over her bosom—her eyes raised in silent prayer to God for his repose. She wept not, for she was happy—the last link that bound her to earth was broken. She felt her days were numbered, and she trusted in the mercy of God—that they might meet again in heaven.

In the old church-yard of Ivybridge, without a stone to mark the spot where they repose, lie the remains of Frederic Foster and Lucy Bagnal, and oft-times on a summer’s evening, a group of lovely children are seen with serious air and gentle footstep, to place upon the grave wreaths of fresh gathered flowers! Whilst their happy mother, leaning upon the arm of her adoring husband, with tearful eyes and mournful accent points to the spot, exclaiming “there lie the remains of my poor father, and his early love, my generous, noble benefactress.” And the heiress of Lucy Bagnal kneels and weeps with heartfelt sorrow and gratitude over the Old Maid’s Grave!

Birmingham.

ALICIA S—.

MEMORY.

(Words for Music.)

Oh! Memory, sweet Memory!

I would not part with thee

For all the wealth that ever sail’d

Across the Indian sea!

I would not lose the thrilling tone

Thou bearest on thy wings,

For the richest music that the calm

Of the Summer evening brings.

Thou breathest again the glad bright tones

Of the loved ones pass’d away,

The beaming look and the sunny glance

Of the beautiful and gay.

Thou renew’st the scent of summer flowers,

Even in Winter’s dreariest gloom,

Thou bring’st the hopes of brighter years

From the cold and darken’d tomb.

I would part with the pomp and the pride of life,

With the mirth of the glad and free,

But I would not lose one smile of thine,

Oh sunny Memory.

A. M. G.

ANSWER TO CHARADE.

BY LOUISA HUNTER.

Your first four lines fair riddle hunter,

Might have puzzled many a punster;

But *Donkey* truly he must be

Who found the six a mystery.

CLAUDINA.

THE ARTIST AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

The love of wealth, either for its own sake, or the advantages it can command, is so inherent in our natures that we almost cease to be surprised at the various, strange, and objectionable methods which are employed to obtain it. Pursuits dishonest or dishonourable, trades and professions, laborious and disgusting, are all entered into to in order to procure the means for temporary gratification with the reckless, and to secure permanent benefits with the prudent. But of all the modes adopted to possess wealth none appear to us so condemnable as the sacrifices made to gold through the medium of matrimony, whether voluntary in the uniting parties, or proceeding from the arbitrary will of mercenary or ambitious parents,—and this last leads us to our story.

Mr. Musgrave was a painter of some eminence, and the father of several children, three of whom were daughters of great personal attraction. Mr. Musgrave, with the laudable ambition of excelling in his art, had also the more doubtful one of elevating himself and his family in society; and with this view had gone to the extreme limits of his income in educating his sons for the highest professions. He had therefore no fortunes to give his daughters, but he knew that fine girls, tolerably accomplished, might get well established with good management, and he determined that no care or effort on his part should be wanting to effect this desired purpose. As an artist, he availed himself of his children's beauty to promote their elevation. Forms of exquisite loveliness were exhibited, and rumour whispered that the originals might be found in the home of the artist. Mr. Musgrave had therefore many visitors to his painting room, and some became sitters, their hope of being introduced to these sister graces added to their desire of possessing a portrait of themselves. But the father was wary, and his daughters were not made cheap by being paraded before all his customers.

Dorothea Musgrave was in her twenty-second year when her father exhibited a scene from the *Tempest*, she being the *Miranda*. This picture attracted great admiration as a work of art, enhanced in the estimation of many by the beauty of the female figure. It was purchased by a gentleman of good fortune, whose power of appreciating its merit might be doubted, though his taste for beauty could not be denied. Mr. Thornton loved pictures with the feelings of a child, and he was expending some of his wealth in buying many of the pretty ones which pleased his fancy. The purchase of this painting led of course to an interview with the owner of it, and as the negotiation was not decided at once, Mr. Thornton, at his second visit, was ushered into the drawing-room of the artist instead of his studio, where the young ladies were engaged in some light employments, and Dorothea was introduced as a means of attesting the value of the picture in the striking resemblance which it presented of her lovely self. There was a latent motive too in this introduction, Mr. Thornton was single, and though Musgrave could not quite approve the man, yet there was a great charm in his riches. There was nothing unsightly, or repulsive in the person of this gentleman, but it required no skill in phrenology or physiognomy to

perceive that he possessed no strength of intellect, or firmness of mind. He caught however at the bait; he seemed struck with the charms of Dorothea, and desiring that the painting should be sent forthwith to his house, complimented the young lady at the same time by saying, "that her presence had hastened him to this conclusion." He was from henceforth admitted as a guest, became a suitor, and was accepted. We are not so much inclined to wonder—for we can not cease to be surprised at matches such as these—at the daughter's acquiescence, as at the father's agency in this matter. Mr. Thornton seemed a kind-hearted, liberal, and good-natured man; but his kind-heartedness was uninfluenced by reason, his liberality was without judgment, and his good nature was that of an imbecile. And the veracity of Musgrave in not merely sanctioning, but promoting the suit of a man whose fatuity must have been so visible to him as a man experienced in the world, with an amiable and beautiful girl was both lamentable and inexcusable. Dorothea, who had been preserved, by her father's watchfulness, and her knowledge of his decided opinion on matrimonial alliances, from forming a more congenial attachment, saw nothing really to dislike in Thornton. His admiration of her person was enthusiastic; his attention most devoted, and his generosity in presents to herself and sisters unbounded. The mildness of his disposition seemed to promise that as his wife that she might hold undisputed dominion; and, perhaps, with a little of her father's ambition, she looked at the station of Mr. Thornton for increased consequence, and to his fortune for all those comforts and conveniences which smooth over the inequalities of the matrimonial journey.

No great length of time elapsed before Dorothea Musgrave left her father's roof to preside over the small but well appointed establishment of Mr. Thornton. A dashing wedding, and a visit to Paris had preceded her settlement in her new home, and when the gay chariot of Mrs. Thornton graced her father's door he congratulated himself on his success in the marrying of his eldest daughter.

Lucretia was next to be provided for, and in his anxiety to procure a suitable husband for her Musgrave did not, or would not, perceive that the bright bloom, and fair proportions of Dorothea gradually declined; she professed herself, however, to be well and happy, and her family believed her. But Dorothea was not happy, and consequently not quite well; a few weeks sufficed to shew her the real character of Mr. Thornton. As a suitor in her father's house, where her sisters or brothers were, one or more of them, always with her, she had not perceived the deficiencies of Thornton, but domesticated with him alone she soon felt that she had been mistaken in supposing that he could render her happy. He had a taste certainly for some elegancies, and was particular to a fault in the arrangements of his house, but he had no talent for conversation, no disposition for judicious reading, no real love for music; his time was spent at home in some trifling pursuit, or peering into every department of his establishment; abroad in spending his money on valueless articles, or hurrying from one to another of the various exhibitions with which

our metropolis abounds. When in the humour for the latter mode of wearying away time, it was always his wish to be accompanied by his wife, and she would often return to a late dinner, wearied and confused with the multiplicity of objects to which she had been obliged to give her attention. Then he would frequently give dinners to men who drank his wine, and flattered his foibles, while they laughed at his imbecility. Dorothea saw this, and felt by turns indignant and ashamed; yet she could not speak of it. She could not tell her husband that his guests thought him a subject for ridicule, nor would she communicate to her own family that Mr. Thornton could be thus treated, for she could not conceal from her own penetration that he was a trifling, egotistical, and ignorant man. She bore her chagrin and disappointment in silence; she had taken the man "for better or worse," and she could not change her fate by complaining.

Among the visitors at Thornton's was a man of supposed fortune and great talent, but he was deformed in person, and Mrs. Thornton thought not very amiable in mind, although his manners were specious, and his deportment to herself respectfully attentive. This gentleman had been particularly introduced by Thornton to the Musgrave family, and had been struck with the beauty of Lucretia, but the young lady expressed her disapprobation so unequivocally before her father that he did not venture to say a word in aid of the deformed Mr. Montreville, and he was not very solicitous on the point, for he had hopes of a title for the fair Lucretia; the bearer of it had seen and admired her, and the ambitious father thought that a little encouragement might induce him to propose. Indeed without some advances from Mr. Musgrave Sir Philip Dormer would scarce have ventured to propose for a lovely girl of twenty. He knew that he was neither young nor rich. He had succeeded to a title from which all alienable property had been sequestrated, and the Baronetcy was to him of so little value that he never judged of its becoming a matter of speculative importance with others. And he had foreborne to think of matrimony, though not averse to domestic life, because he was aware that his finances would not support a Lady Dormer, and perhaps some little Dormers to boot. However, prudence is not always at her post, and she is often known to take flight at sight of a pretty face. Mr. Musgrave could read Sir Philip exactly after a few interviews, and decided on having him in his family if possible. Lucretia was not of so yielding a temper as Dorothea, but he thought she might be won to accept of Sir Philip Dormer; so he cared but little for her disapprobation of Mr. Montreville. And there was Eugenia too, almost nineteen, and she was a girl who considered talent as superior to all earthly advantages. She might regard Mr. Montreville more favourably, and he would perhaps transfer his admiration from one sister to the other, and so indeed it proved, for the vanity of Montreville was gratified by the deferential attention of Eugenia to his conversation, and she appeared to him to increase in attraction as her more spirited sister lost by the contrast. Dorothea was not long in perceiving the views of her father for her sisters,

and willingly would she have saved them from a fate assimilating to her own. But how could she, who had accepted Mr. Thornton, presume to find fault with either Mr. Montreville, or Sir Philip Dormer, who were so far superior to the frivolous and fidgety being to whom she was united? The one was a man of great natural and acquired endowments, the other was only "a little too old;" and as regarded the latter, Dorothea felt that she could have been far more content with him than with Thornton, though the baronet was possibly on the wrong side of fifty. Yet she could see no happiness for Lucretia in an union with Sir Philip. Should she accept him it would be for the gratification of more extended liberty than her father allowed, and a greater scope for the display of her personal advantages, of which she was rather too vain. Mrs. Thornton felt certain that her sister would care but little for the comfort of such a husband as Sir Philip. She would, in fact, be a Lady Teazle, and with no intention to be anything worse than imprudent, would yet give license to any Joseph Surface who might build hopes on her levity of conduct. Nor did the expectations of Dorothea for her younger sister take a brighter hue, should she become the wife of Montreville. She could not like this man, though she scarce knew why. She could not feel offended at his attention to herself, because she might consider it as proceeding from his wish to conciliate her favour with regard to her sister. Nor could she ever detect him in amusing himself with the follies of her husband, as was the frequent practice of other visitors, and though his figure was deformed, his face might be deemed rather handsome than otherwise; but there was an expression in the countenance which she could not define as any thing agreeable, and a penetrating light in his deep set eyes which her's could never meet without sinking beneath it.

Among the company at a favourite watering place, a few years since, was a group that attracted the attention of all the other visitors. It consisted of an elderly rather than an aged man, though chronic disease, or paralytic affliction had rendered him so infirm as to class him among the latter. He was generally supported by two lovely young women, while a pretty boy about five years old, who called the eldest of the ladies mamma, gambolled about the party. The younger of the females was a widow, and though not quite so personable as the other lady, was perhaps more interesting from the garb she wore. There were some rather particular circumstances connected with this group which rendered them especial objects of curiosity, and every new visitor was soon possessed of the facts of their position, with or without embellishment as suited the taste of the informer.

"And so these are the consequences of people being so aspiring and covetous," said a tale-loving lady, as she wound up a detailed history of Musgrave and his daughters—whom no doubt our readers will have recognized—to a *nouvelle arrivee*.

Mr. Musgrave had certainly laid himself open to animadversion by his conduct with respect to his

daughters, and he had soon learned the fallacy of his projects. He had succeeded to his wish in marrying them eligibly, as he thought, but a few years saw two of them again domesticated under his roof, and the other an alien from her country and connexions. Lucretia had more than realized the fears of Dorothea. Sir Philip Dormer was a man of probity, and with great kindness of heart and amiability of temper, had yet so much firmness of character that neither the beauty, nor the blandishments of his young wife could induce him to enter into expences which he knew his property would not bear. He would have made a reasonable woman happy, but Lucretia was not reasonable, and quarrelled with her husband for the very qualities which should have ensured her esteem. She was disappointed in her love of display, and the notice which, as Lady Dormer, she should attract. She was not so well dressed as either of her sisters, and the quiet manly respectability of her husband kept admiration at a distance. She would sometimes complain of what she called the parsimony of Sir Philip to her family, but she met with no encouragement from either her father or sisters, and her brothers were too much engaged in their own pursuits to care about listening to a sister's dissatisfaction. The only individual who appeared to sympathize with her was Montreville, the man whom she had despised—he *did* listen to her complaint, but it was with a feeling of gratified revenge, and while he affected to condole with her on Sir Philip's want of generosity, secretly rejoiced that the haughty beauty was punished for her rejection of himself. Lucretia adopted a dangerous expedient when she condescended to speak unfavourably of a man she had accepted to one whom she had refused. Happy would it have been for her if, like her sister Dorothea, she had refrained from complaining; and Dorothea had greater cause for dissatisfaction. It is difficult for a married woman, who is unhappy in her home, to find a person in whom she can safely and properly confide; and though it is a great relief to a disappointed heart to speak of its sorrows to a friend, yet as good can scarce result, and evil probably may, it is better to be silent, and endeavour to attain happiness in the self-approval which awaits the conscientious performance of every duty. Lucretia took a serpent to her bosom when she confided her imaginary troubles to Montreville. He was a man without a conscience, a free liver, and a free thinker, but concealing his sceptical opinions where there was a chance of losing ground by their avowal. He was considered a man of fortune because he kept a good house at a short distance from London, and lived without employment, except what was voluntary in the form of authorship. His acquaintance with Thornton begun by accident, he cultivated for convenience, and Thornton, weak and without penetration, was flattered by the notice of a man like Montreville, and not only gave him free entrance to his own house, but procured him unrestricted admission to that of Musgrave. Had Thornton's imbecility not assumed a more painful character, he might have mourned over the consequences of his partiality for this man. But Thornton's folly became distressing and ruinous; his love for pictures, and other

expensive articles, grew into a mania, and Musgrave at length thought proper to interfere to prevent his daughter and her child from coming to poverty. There was no difficulty in proving that Mr. Thornton was of unsound mind, and unfit to govern his affairs, for he had squandered more than two-thirds of his property on useless, and many of them valueless, objects. But the necessary restraint and opposition increased his malady, and Dorothea was soon reluctantly compelled to consent that he should be placed in a private establishment for the insane. She then returned to her father's house, feeling his name a protection, and further induced to do so from her wish to contribute to his comfort, for he had fallen into a state of health which prevented him from pursuing his profession. He lived alone too, and was ill at ease in mind, for he had proved how mistaken had been his views for the prosperity of his daughters. Lucretia had disgraced her family by the violation of her marriage vow, and had been dismissed from the house of her injured husband with a moderate annuity to live wherever she might choose. And the reflections of Musgrave on the dereliction of his daughter, were rendered more painful by the knowledge that she had been hastened to her fall through the agency of Montreville, whose real principles he had discovered too late. Indeed he might reproach himself with neglecting to inquire into the characters of the men to whom he had given his daughters. Eager to secure their elevation he had been unmindful of their happiness, and now he was to suffer for his ambitious pride.

Not many months after the return of his eldest daughter, the youngest sought the shelter of his roof, the widow of a suicide. Her trials had been great. She soon discovered the unchristian, or worse than unchristian character of the man whose superior talents had won her admiration. He sought, though covetly, to undermine her principles, but failed in the attempt. With her sister, Lady Dormer, he was more successful, and by inducing her to think lightly of moral obligations, and of religion as a farce, he paved the way for the subsequent disregard of her sacred and domestic duties, and afterwards to listen to a tale of unhalloved love from the lips of a young and fascinating admirer.

Eugenia tried to counteract the influence of Montreville with her sister. Often was she tempted to speak of it to her father, but she could not resolve to blacken the character of her husband, whom she could not forbear to love and admire, though her love was strangely mingled with fear and disapprobation. The career of Montreville, however, was short. Not long after the confinement of Thornton he was detected, with others, in a nefarious design on a young man of rank and fortune. It had been sometime surmised that *all* the proceedings in Montreville's house were not "according to law," and Eugenia could have testified the truth of this; but though *she* forbore to divulge the secrets of her husband's mansion yet vice seldom fails to meet detection, and a slight mistake in the address of a letter led to an exposure which hurried Montreville to self-destruction. Such were the results of Musgrave's love of wealth; his daughters had been undeniably

sacrificed; two of them had returned to him, not quite unprovided for, certainly, but the winding up of Montreville's affairs left but a slender sum for his widow; and Dorothea, anxious that Thornton should have every comfort, and allowed indulgence, found her income not more than sufficient for her expenses. Musgrave himself was poor, for he had saved nothing while bringing up his family, and after their establishment in life, declining health prevented him from the constant pursuit of his profession.

And there he now was, with two of the victims of his mistaken and culpable policy, at the seaside—not mixing with the gay promenaders on the pier, and at the rooms; but inhaling the breezes on the beach, and more retired walks—with the hope of renovating his enfeebled powers. And Musgrave might regain some degree of health and vigour; he might become a wiser and a better man; but he could never be a happy one. Dorothea and Eugenia were attentive and affectionate, but their saddened countenances and subdued spirits were a constant reproach to his heart, while the wound inflicted on his pride by the conduct of Lucretia rankled there unceasingly.

And so it is that we prepare scourges for ourselves. Few of us, it is to be feared, are without some fault, or foible, leading us occasionally to acts afterwards to be regretted, or repented of. But it is the important affair of matrimony which is here more particularly considered, wishing to shew that wealth is not positively necessary for the well-doing of the uniting parties. To a woman, the mind and character of the man are of much more importance than his fortune—we mean, of course, to a woman who has a mind herself. Many a sensitive female who has married hastily, or in accordance with the views of her friends, has afterward thought of poor Dido, and wished for a Sichaeus. We do not intend to hold forth that people are to plunge into matrimony and poverty at the same time, but,

"Oh the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without."

ISABEL.

ANACREONTIC.

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

Bring Wine's lethean bowl,
That balm for the sick soul,
And o'er each pulse, let its soft influence steal;
Why should we suffer pain,
When ev'ry cup we drain
Has honey-drops, the smarts of care to heal?

Go, pluck the blushing rose
That on its green stem grows,
And thou wilt wound thy fingers with the thorn;
And, thus will Woman's love,
Ere thou her heart canst move,
Wound thy best feelings with the shafts of scorn!

Go, wreath the myrtle flower
Around thy festal bower,
Unlike the ivy, it will drop away;
And so will Friendship's smile
Make green life's path awhile
Yet lose its verdure with the summer's ray!

But, Wine's lethean bowl
Has balsam for the soul,
To soothe its cares, and dull the sense of woe;
Why should we suffer pain,
Since from each cup we drain
Some drops of honey for Grief's wound will flow?

So, hither bring the Wine!
And let its spells divine
Work all their mystic charms within the soul;
And to Care's sunken eye
The light of Hope supply,
And tinge with Joy life's moments as they roll.

THE LAST LINKS ARE BROKEN.

The last links are broken that bound us together,
The links of the chain that love trustingly wove;
The ties of affection have perish'd, and never
Can aught live to bless save the dream of our love?

Our love did I say, thine was falsehood's delusion!
Thy lip breath'd the vow which thy heart never
felt;
Mine trusted and joyed in the happy illusion,
Nor deem'd into vapour such brightness could
melt.

I was fated to meet thee in life's budding summer,
I was fated to love thee, to love thee too well;
I am fated to mourn thee, thy candour is over,
Thy vows are all broken, I bid thee farewell.

They name thee before me, nor heed the deep
flushing
That lights my pale cheek at the sound of that
name,
Long vainly I've striven its spell to be hushing,
To forget thee were madness, to think of thee
shame!

Then call me not happy—oh! deem not 'tis gladness
That reigns in this eye, and aspires unto mirth,
That ray is the veil to a heart filled with sadness
A heart that can never be happy on earth.

Oh! you know not what long hours of sorrow and
weeping

Succeed my brief moments of laughter and glee;
Far, far in the bright past earth's pleasures lie
sleeping,

Love's last links are broken, and broken by thee!
J. M. R.

ACROSTICAL SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

S—weetness and music in each attribute
O—f NATURE blend: the wild and wintry wind
P—ours forth its psalmody to Heav'n—the lute
H—as not a richer cadence than we find
I—n Summer's zephyr, as it blows to bind
A shower of love-knots on the blushing flowers,
K—issing them in the sunshine o'er them thrown!
I—n every sound there's melody; nor mute,
N—or dull is NATURE, if we watch her well;
G—o, thou! and bless thy God, who gave thee
powers
(L—inked with kind thoughts) to value every swell
A—nd beauty of the glorious Earth!—As one,
K—indling bright fires in some recess, dost thou
E—nshroud thine energies—in hidden grace to glow!

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF MR. WILLOW WILKINS.

BY HENRY ROSS, ESQ.

Mr. Dip, tallow-chandler and dealer in fat,
By love was reduced till as thin as a rat;
And the maiden he loved was as pure as the snow,
And many a sigh did he give her—just so.

OLD SONG.

There once lived—it don't exactly matter when or where—one certain Mr. Willow Wilkins, who was something short and proportionally stout, and "wasn't a bad-looking man neither," as certain cook-maids, house-maids, and kitchen-maids, who honoured him with their custom were wont to say.

Mr. Willow Wilkins conducted a tallow-chandler's shop, and bought fat; and he conducted the shop, and bought fat in so admirable a manner that his shop was full of customers from sunrise to sunset, and three hours over. The fair sex, i. e. cook-maids, house-maids, kitchen-maids, and so forth, were particularly sweet upon Mr. Willow Wilkins, who, a victim to the tender passion, was equally sweet upon the fair sex in return.

Mr. Willow Wilkins' friends and associates were not numerous, but select, being all comprehended in one person, known by name as Tom Smart; and known by profession as "the handsome young shaver," or in more refined language, as a perruquier. Tom Smart's shop was a stylish sort of a shop enough, with its usual embellishments of a modish dressed female in very long drop curls and very red lips, and a fierce impudent-looking dressed male, with a liberal display of throat, and very curly black hair, whiskers, and moustachios; but the attraction of the shop was lost when Tom Smart was not in it. Tom Smart and Willow Wilkins were quite the talk of all the kitchens round about: if a butler was paying his addresses to the lady's maid in the same family, or a footman paying his "attention" to the housemaid, and the lady's maid wanted to tantalize the butler, or the housemaid wanted to plague the footman, the lady's maid had only to say "now I'll go and kiss Willow Wilkins," and the housemaid had merely to observe, "I'll just go and have a little chat with Tom Smart, the handsome young shaver," when the butler was immediately thrown into the happiest imaginable state of misery, and the footman would threaten to cut his throat right across from ear to ear if she did. Willow Wilkins and Tom Smart made positively quite a sensation. How they first became acquainted I never could learn accurately, but I suppose, being next-door neighbours—for Tom Smart's shop was immediately adjoining Willow Wilkins—a neighbourly intimacy sprung up between them, which, undergoing a species of process of baking, turned as it hardened into friendship. One thing I know for a certainty is, that when Tom Smart was not handling a nose, scraping a beard, or otherwise professionally employed, he used to pop in next door for a few minutes to ask Willow Wilkins how he did, and talk over the news of the week. And then Tom Smart patronized Willow Wilkins by purchasing candles of him, and in return Willow Wilkins

patronized Tom Smart by being shaved, and undergoing certain other barber-ous operations at his hand, and so in after-times they were known and talked of as "the handsomest and friendliest pair of people that ever was."

Days, weeks, months, rolled on, and their friendship knew no change; they talked together, walked together, occasionally took tea together, and commenced one with the other just the same as they did months ago. And after all this is the sort of friendship that creates the greatest degree of pleasure betwixt the parties—that brings with it a greater degree of good feeling—and the sort of friendship by which, if more extensively experienced, the world would run smoother, and society would profit considerably.

It was at nine o'clock one Thursday morning, in the beginning of August, that Mr. Willow Wilkins left the door of his domicile for the purpose of paying his friend and associate a visit, and to get shaved. Two circumstances respecting him that were painfully observable, must here be mentioned: one was, that instead of the good-humoured, round-faced, stout-built individual of old, his face was lank, lean, and white, and his coat hung on his shoulders like unto an empty potatoe-sack on the handle of a pitch-fork; and the other circumstance was, that his step had lost its natural elasticity, and moved along in a heavy, sullen, and uncertain sort of manner, quite out of keeping with the character and manner of what Willow Wilkins was of other days, and how he managed his movements. These alterations escaped not the quick eye of Tom Smart, who with a start of surprise, and look to correspond, asked Mr. Willow Wilkins, as he entered the shop, how in the name of Heaven he did.

"Why, to tell the truth, Mr. Smart," returned Willow Wilkins, "I'm not over well."

"So it seems, really," said Tom Smart, "why you absolutely look like a rushlight that's only clothed in it's first coat of tallow."

"Ah!" sighed Wilkins heavily, "I resembled a short six once, I know—but people alter, you know, Mr. Smart, as they grow older, people alter."

"By which rule," said Tom Smart, tucking a long pink and white striped rag under Willow Wilkins's chin, "I suppose I, that am now only to be compared to a lath, shall, as I grow older, grow lusty, fat, and boast of a big corporation. Something on your mind p'raps, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Oh—no—no, no—" stuttered Wilkins.

"A little in love or so—you'll excuse me, you know, Mr. Wilkins," said Tom Smart, lathering away at Mr. Wilkins's chin. "People are sometimes, and it's nothing to be ashamed of as I see."

"I'm not ashamed of it at all, Mr. Smart," said Willow Wilkins, "not in the least Mr. Smart."

"That's right!" said Tom Smart, "love is a sensation that brings honour, in my opinion, upon the man as experiences it, Mr. Wilkins; and to tell the truth, Mr. Wilkins, at once, I am in love myself, Mr. Wilkins."

"Lor!" exclaimed Willow Wilkins.

"Yes, I am!" repeated Tom Smart, "and I respect myself for it too."

"Who is your good lady, Mr. Smart?" asked Mr. Wilkins, "excuse the question, Mr. Smart."

"Why, she's a customer of mine, and deals with you also," replied Tom Smart, "who's yours?"

"She is an admirer of my middling tens and moulds," replied Mr. Wilkins, "and visits your shop too."

Just as Tom Smart expressed his surprise, a little boy in a white apron and brown Holland sleeves, entered Tom Smart's shop. He was Mr. Wilkins's shop-youth.

"Please Sir, you're wanted particklery!" said the boy, having said which he took his departure. Willow Wilkins followed close at his heels.

"Ah, Mr. Wilkins!" said a lady, accosting Mr. Wilkins as he entered the shop. Mr. Wilkins turned first white, then red, then blue, then crimson, then again white, and finally a very deep crimson indeed, he stuttered, advanced, retreated, bowed, and said with considerable difficulty—

"Ma'm, you honour me too much by thus taking the—the—the—"

"I've come to see you, you see, Mr. Wilkins," said the lady, interrupting the stammering tallow-chandler.

"Ma'm, you honour me too—"

"Your candles are so like their master—so good," began the lady, interrupting Willow Wilkins.

"Ma'm, you honour me too—"

"That," continued the lady, "I've come for some more."

"Ma'm, you hon—"

"But you look rather thin," observed the lady, "What's the matter with you?"

Willow heaved a heavy sigh and said, "Ah, Ma'm!" but seeing the shop-youth staring on very intensely, with his mouth wide open, he requested his absence in the following words: "Go away, boy!" The youth withdrew.

"Ah, Ma'm!" repeated Willow, heaving another heavy sigh, "Ah!"

"Lor, dear!" exclaimed the lady, "how you sigh, Mr. Wilkins."

"Ah!" sighed Willow, "I'm mad, Ma'm!"

"Mad, Mr. Wilkins!" exclaimed the astonished lady, on hearing so insane a declaration. "Mad!"

"Mad, Ma'm!" repeated Willow, heaving a sigh, which, had it been weighed, would have borne down a couple of hundred weights at least, "mad—in love—dying! Oh! Ma'm, I must—I must now—now or never. Miss Phœbus Timkin, I love you!"

Making which declaration, he threw himself passionately upon his knees at the astonished, but admiring young lady's feet, and looked imploringly up into her face. There was an important pause.

"Pray rise," said Miss Timkin, breaking the pause.

"I won't, Miss Phœbe!" cried Mr. Wilkins passionately. But (we will not harrow up our reader's feelings by dwelling on this exceedingly tender and affectionate scene any longer, so we will omit it) his obstinacy was over-ruled by Miss Phœbe Timkins, who said, "now pray do," and so he did—he arose.

"I've come here on purpose to tell you something," said Miss Timkin.

"Tell it, my charmer," said Willow affectionately.

"The family are all going to the play to-night," said the young lady.

"Are they?" said Willow lovingly.

"Yes," said Miss Timkin, "and as I shall be alone, I thought you wouldn't mind coming to see me."

Willow joyfully accepted the proposal, and went into ecstasies. There was a momentary expression of roguishness lit up in Miss Timkin's countenance as she said—

"Now don't fail to come, Willow, mind that."

Willow solemnly assured his mistress that he would not.

"At about half-past eight o'clock, not later."

"Let us see, Miss," said Willow, thoughtfully, "you told me the way across the fields to your lovely residence once, but it's so long ago that I've almost forgotten it."

"When you get to Camden Town ask any one for Shootboys Meadows, every body knows it, its not more than three-quarter of an hour's walk from there."

"Well, Miss."

"Well, when you come to Shootboys meadows, take the footpath and cross it; you can't miss it, and keep straight along the fields until you come to a brick wall; this wall goes nearly all round my master's grounds and gardens, and as they are very extensive, you had better save time and trouble by climbing over it. When you are on the other side of the wall you will know your way; for I shall take care to light a good fire in the kitchen that faces the fields leading to Shootboys meadows—from seeing a blazing light in the kitchen window; tap at this window, and I'll let you in."

"Very well, Miss."

"I must go now, I have already stopped too long, so good bye till night," said Miss Timkin.

"Good bye, Miss," said Willow Wilkins, sighing, "and allow me to say that this instance of your kindness overpowers me."

That peculiar roguish look played again in the features of the little nymph.

"Now don't forget," said she.

"I'll be sure to come," said Willow, laying his hand on his heart.

Miss Timkins left the shop, and the next minute was in the shop next door—Tom Smart's.

"Why, Sally Larkins, my love," exclaimed Tom Smart, running out of the parlour to meet her, and seizing her by the hand, "this is a pleasure indeed unlooked for."

"Fibs, Tom, fibs," said Miss Sarah Larkins.

"Doubt my ability as a shave—I should say perrikiware," cried Tom Smart heroically, "doubt the estimation and admiration with which I am looked on by the fair sex—God bless 'em!—but doubt not the sincerity of my love."

"It's very fine, Mister Tom, I dare say," said Miss Sarah Larkins, "but you men are such deceivers—"

"Deceivers!" cried Tom Smart, "Deceivers! Sooner shall my scissors (here he pulled a pair

out of the pocket in his apron, and held them up aloft) deceive me, and in cutting-off a little boy's hair, cut off his ear; and sooner shall my right hand deceive me, and in shaving a coal-heaver cut off his nose, than I deceive you, my dear!"

"Ah! that's what you said when you first made love to me!" said Miss Larkins.

"And have I deceived you then?" asked Tom Smart.

"No, not particularly certainly," replied Miss Larkins, "only I find you making love to every girl that comes into your shop, just like your neighbour Mr. Wilkins, that's all."

"You are under a mistake, my dear," said Tom Smart, "the girls make love to us, that's where it is you see."

"Conceited puppy!" said Miss Larkins to herself, "Ah! that alters the case, Tom," she said aloud.

"And you know, as the poet says—

'When a lady's in the case

All other things should give place.'

And so they should, shouldn't they?"

"I don't know," said Miss Larkins, "but I forgive you, Tom."

Whereat Tom Smart expressed his "inexpressible delight."

"Now I want to tell you something, Tom," said Miss Larkins.

"I'm all attention, my dear," said Tom.

"You must know you've got a rival."

"A rival!" cried Tom desperately, "Confound him!"

"But listen," said Miss Larkins, "I have been very much annoyed of late by a little fatish sort of a man—"

"I'll cut his throat be he little or big, short or tall," mumbled Tom in an under-tone.

"Who vows he loves me to distraction," continued Miss Larkins. "I am incessantly annoyed by him, and I cannot pass his house but he makes some ridiculous grimace at me, which is very unpleasant."

"I'll make bear's grease of him, a puppy," cried Tom Smart, with a sanguinary grin, "that I will."

"He has ascertained, by some means or other, that our family are going to the play to-night, and I have learned that he intends to enter the house and surprise me, when the family are all gone. Now, as I shall be by myself, and have no one to protect me, it will be very unpleasant; and I thought that you wouldn't object coming and being with me if I asked you as a favour."

"You thought right, my dear—a rascal!" said Tom. "Bob!"

"Yes, Sir!" said a little shop-boy in the shop.

"Bring me my best razor-strop, d'ye hear!"

"Yes Sir!"

"And Bob," cried Tom Smart.

"Yes Sir!" said Bob.

"Bring me my best razor, the one with the black handle, d'ye hear, Bob?"

"Yes Sir," replied the little shop-boy.

"And Bob!" cried Tom again.

"Yes Sir," said Bob.

"Be quick about it, or else I shall lay the strap about your back, d'ye hear," said Tom Smart.

"Yes Sir," replied Bob.

"Do you know, my dear," said Tom Smart, speaking to Miss Larkins in a confidential tone of voice, "I pay that young villain three shillings a week, find him in tea, and give him two-pence every Saturday night for himself, and yet the young alligator won't work. I thrash him three times a week regularly, too."

"What do you keep him for then?" said Miss Larkins.

"For the look of the thing; it carries such an air of respectability with it you know. And then the neighbours talk so respectfully of one, when one keeps a young man. "Bob!"

"Yes Sir," said Bob in a distant, hollow, and indistinct voice.

"Are you asleep, Bob?"

"No Sir," replied Bob.

"Then what are you about all this time, eh, Bob?"

"I've fell into the tub, Sir," cried out Bob.

"Into the what?" said Tom.

"Into the tub," replied Bob.

"Do you know my dear," said Tom, turning to his mistress, "that that boy is always a tumbling into something or other. Why it was but last Tuesday week that he tumbled down the front area, and on the following Saturday he tumbled into the water-butt, somehow or other. Ah! he'll tumble into the next world one of these days."

In the right hand corner of Tom Smart's shop stood an immense tub, at least eight feet high, and proportionably broad, on the exceedingly corpulent stomach whereof were pasted the printed words, "Bear's Grease, genuine as imported. Wholesale and retail." It was into this tub that Bob had tumbled, and as he stood at the bottom he looked like a pea in a fish-kettle.

"Come out you rascal!" said Tom, lowering the shop ladder in the tub, "come out!"

Bob came out; and Tom boxed his ears immediately thereon.

"What business had you on that tub?" asked Tom.

"I was looking on that shelf there for your razor strop, and the top of the tub fell in," replied Bob.

"Let me catch—"

"Mr. Smart," cried Miss Larkins in the parlour.

Tom answered the call by making his appearance.

"I've got no time to spare," said Miss Larkins, "so I want to know if you'll promise faithfully to be with me."

"I'll be sure to come," said Tom.

"But don't bring any razors, or arms; because I wouldn't have you do anything rash," said Miss Larkins.

Tom considered a moment and then said,

"Well then, at your intercession, I will not murder this ha—ha—rival; I'll only pulverize him."

"Take care you don't get pulverized," said Miss Larkins to herself. "Very well," she said aloud.

"But at about what time, my dear?" said Tom, "what time had I better be with you?"

"At eight o'clock exactly, not later," replied Miss Larkins, "I expect your rival at half-past eight. You must take your station at the left wing of the house, as that is the side by which he must enter the garden. If you fail I'm lost for ever, Tom."

"Doubt anything, but don't doubt me," said Tom energetically, "now don't, there's a dear!"

"Then at eight precisely—"

"You may expect me," said Tom, "I go to Hampstead every Sunday, and I know all about the neighbourhood, Shootboy's Meadows where old Pickwick made his scientific discovery on the theory of tittlebats and so forth, and all."

"Well, good bye till night," said Miss Larkins.

"Good bye, my dear," said Tom, and snatched a kiss, "good bye."

Miss Sally Larkins, alias Miss Phœbe Timkin, hastily quitted Tom Smart's shop, and made the best of her way home, thinking intently on what she had done, and how it might end.

It should be here observed that Miss Larkins was a lady's maid in a rich old gentleman's family at Hampstead, and in the same family was a certain black plush knee-breeched and white stockinged person called a butler by some of the family, and by others William. Now this butler took it into his head to fall violently in love with Miss Larkins, who requited his love in such a manner that left nothing to be desired but absolute possession. It so happened that the last box of candles (for they always had their candles in by the box when Miss Larkins lived then) had just expired, and Miss Larkins rashly volunteered to call at Mr. Wilkins's shop, as she was going to town to make a few purchases, to apprise him of the fact and order another box. Miss Larkins had a very singular way of moving her eyes about, so singular indeed, that Willow Wilkins thought she had fallen desperately in love with him at first sight, and began to arrange his movements accordingly. "May I ask your name?" said he after a great deal of cgling, "Miss Phœbe Timkin," said she, laughing at the joke, and thinking what a fool Willow was. Then Miss Timkin left the shop, and then Willow heaved a sigh, and heaved himself into his little parlour, where, being left to himself, he heaved himself into an interesting state of what common people call "Love." As Miss Timkin repassed Tom Smart's shop, on her returning home, she looked in at Tom Smart's window, first at the dressed male, (that was quite natural,) next at the undressed female, and lastly at some "patent" hair-brushes, the prices whereof varied according to size and quality from 6d. to 2s. 3d. Wanting a hair-brush, and being smitten with the patterns of those articles in the window, she entered the shop, and, moving her eyes about in the same singular manner as before mentioned, asked Tom Smart to show her some.

"Bless me," said Tom Smart to himself, "what fine eyes, and how bashfully and irresolutely they move about."

"What's the price of this one?" asked Miss Timkin, selecting one from the several which Tom Smart laid before her.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Tom Smart clasping

his hands in rapture, "what lovely eyes! How bashful! Oh! Heav—"

Miss Timkin found herself rather astonished on finding her eyes the subjects of eulogium, and looking at Tom Smart blushed.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Tom Smart to himself, "she loves me! that look—that blush—those eyes! Ah! Oh!"

Hereupon Tom Smart enacted a pantomime on a small scale,—sighed, placed his hand upon his heart and tapped it several times, repeated the word "oh!" several times, and committed divers other antics, all of which tended to illustrate the degree of desperation to which he loved Miss Timkin.

"May I solicit your cognomen?" said Tom, having enacted the pantomime at least seven times.

"My what?" said Miss Timkin, tittering and thinking it capital fun.

"Your name," said Tom, with desperate softness.

Miss Timkin considered for a moment, tittered, and said "Miss Sally Larkins."

It soon became the talk of the neighbouring kitchens that the faithless pair, Tom Smart and Willow Wilkins, had fallen in love afresh. Whereupon a community of cookmaids proposed running the favoured fair one "through the witals" with their spits; and a society of chambermaids proposed waylaying the favoured fair one aforesaid, and "putting her out of the way;" whilst a fraternity of housemaids proposed throwing their hearth-stones—first contracting with a hearth-stone boy and a wheelbarrow to supply them diurnally with that article for that purpose—and scrubbing brushes at the happy maid and pelling her to death, and laid plans for the furtherance of their object. But all these plans and proposals fell to the ground.

At length it reached the ears of William Marston, the butler, who went into a terrible rage; and being of an incredulous and jealous disposition, swore he would not believe it was only meant as a joke—for Miss Larkins assured him that that was all it was—unless she would consent to bring about a plan to gratify an unconquerable desire of which he was possessed to give them both a sound larruping. Finding him still incredulous, and remonstrance useless, she at length consented to try to gratify his desire, and her visit to Willow Wilkins and Tom Smart—given at length in an earlier part of this little tale—was the following consequence. Now to resume.

Arriving home, Miss Larkins, otherwise Miss Timkin, was immediately saluted by the affectionate butler, who said in a gruff voice of dissatisfaction—

"Well! have you been?"

"Yes, Bill dear?" was the reply:

"Are they a-comin'?"

"Yes, Bill dear."

Whereupon Miss Larkins gave the minutes of her admirable scheme to her affectionate butler; at the conclusion whereof, that worthy individual brought out of a corner of the kitchen, the trunk of a moderately sized pine-tree; the instrument wherewith he proposed larruping the tallow-

chandler and the hair-dresser. He grinned with savage joy, tucked up his coat sleeves, and clasping the trunk of the pine affectionately said,

"They'll take care how they fall in love the next time, I'll warrant me."

"But don't hurt them too much Bill, there's a dear," interposed the young lady.

"Never fear, Mary," replied the very tender swain, "they shan't come all this way for nothing, I'll warrant me!"

Meanwhile the hours rolled on, and Willow Wilkins happy in the anticipation of a blissful future went up stairs to dress him. He first selected the apparel, consisting of one pair of white inexpressibles, one white waistcoat, one white cravat, and one blue pigeon-tailed coat,—and then ensconced himself therein. Arranging these articles of covering in the most becoming way, occupied so much time that Willow when he looked at his watch was fain to exclaim:—

"Why half-past seven! I'm afraid I shan't have positively time to call in at my friend Mr. Smart's and ask him what sort of an appearance I shall make, I'm really afraid I shall not." At length he made an end of dressing himself, and was on the eve of starting, when an unpleasant delay was occasioned through his having lost his hat. It was absolutely impossible for him to walk all the way to Hampstead without a hat, "so find it," said he, "I must, what though I search till to-morrow morning." Half an hour's search having been made in all the likely places, "I'll now look in all the unlikely places I can think of," said Willow, saying which he descended into the cellar, and the first thing he clapped his eyes on was (four and ninepenny gossies were not yet discovered) the lost beaver. He snatched it up, and left the house; dropped in next door, but Tom Smart, (according to the information received from little Bob the shop-boy) had been gone out nearly half an hour ago. Willow hadn't time to be sorry, so started off at as active a pace as he could force the white inexpressibles into, in the direction of Shootboy's Meadows. Arriving there, he dived into the footpath, slackening his pace a little for fear of losing the beaten track, it having grown so dark that he could scarcely discern it. He walked on till he could walk no further, for the identical wall described by Miss Timkin stood before him. He paused to take breath, and then wiped the perspiration off his forehead.

"Now," said he, "how I'm to get over this wall I don't know. What's worse is, it's so dark that I can't see the top of it; that's the worst."

He passed his hand over the surface of the wall to feel if there was any hole in which to insert a toe, but there was none, none! Groping along with his hand, his finger came in contact with something soft; it was a rope kindly placed there by the ever affectionate butler, in order to make it a less difficult matter for him to get over the immovable impediment, the wall.

"Why here's a rope!" exclaimed Willow, "placed here no doubt by the lovely Miss Phœbe Timkin. How kind! how considerate! Of all the women that I've made love to, the angelic Miss Phœbe Timkin is certainly the excellentist,

However, my standing here and talking to this wall is waste of time, so I'll climb over it at once." And Wilkins made, for the first time in his life, several astounding attempts at part of the art of chimney sweeping-climbing. An Amateur's first attempt at anything is by no means looked upon as a master piece, therefore it is not to be wondered at that Willow came down on the grass head first, and was attacked with a desire to go home straight-way.

"That was a nasty fall though," said Willow, rubbing his head, "a very nasty fall indeed! But I'll take another try, for as says the poet,

"Faint heart fair lady never won!"

Saying which he seized the rope, and his second attempt may be considered as a master piece, for he established himself on the top of the wall in so masterly a manner that even a chimney-sweeper might have been proud of the achievement.

It is as painful as singular to contemplate in how short a time a man is capable of being pitched from the extremity of one thing to the extremity of another; in how short a time a man is capable of experiencing the one extreme of joy, and the other extreme of sorrow; to speak metaphorically, in how short a space of time a red hot poker may be made cold—all this is painful to contemplate, and the natural consequence is that it is painful to continue our tale.

The following piece of advice has often been given to us, and we have as often given it to others, "look before you leap." Now if anybody had happened to have been by Willow Wilkins just then, and had given him the like advice, he would most assuredly have done him a very good action. But as nobody happened to be by, and give him this advice, why he leaped in the dark without looking at all, and consequently he doubled terra firma to a nicety and alighted in a fishing pond, belonging to the old gentleman in whose family the roguish little Phœbe Timkin resided.

"Help! help! murder! mur—mur—d—der!" shouted Willow Wilkins, gasping and struggling, and splashing and giving passage to all sorts of noises attendant upon going through the process of being choked forcibly.

Violent footsteps approached in a passionate and revengeful manner.

"For the Lord's sake help, help me!" shouted Willow urgently and struggling violently, "I'll p—p—pay you well." This pathetic appeal was replied to by some unseen individual throwing a watering pot at him. "Throw a rope at me," cried Willow, who looked as uncomfortable in the fish pond as possible, "and be quick, for I can't hold out much longer."

"Destruction and brimstone seize you!" said the angry unseen individual in an under tone, who was no other than Tom Smart.

"Make haste for the love of Heaven!" gasped Willow, floundering about like a porpoise in the fish pond, "Oh! did but the angelic charmer, whom I came to see, know this, what would she do?"

"Death and red hot curling tongs!" cried the infuriated Tom Smart in the same under tone as before, "razors and brimstone lather! (Tom Smart was one of those individuals who always carry

their profession in their mouths at home and abroad,) this to my face! No woman in the world shall restrain my vengeance."

Saying which he hastily turned round, saying something relative to "a long stick," and sped away in search of the long stick referred to, as we suppose; but he had not gone far before he stumbled over a wheelbarrow. With the quickness of thought he wheeled it to the edge of the fish pond, lifted it up with all his strength, and hurled it at his unlucky victim in the fish pond, shouting the word "villain!" with tragical emphasis as he let the wheel-barrow fly. This done he said, "now if this doesn't settle him the long stick shall," and started off in quest of it. He soon returned, bearing on his shoulder a long thick staff resembling a large close prop, and to his surprise found his rival and victim had conveyed himself ashore by means of the wheelbarrow. Tom Smart rushed at Willow Wilkins and gave him the best lathering that he ever gave to any man before or after. Willow Wilkins was too much fatigued and exhausted by the exertion of keeping himself afloat in the fish pond to make the least resistance, and took the lathering in the most docile and quiet manner imaginable. Tom Smart was furiously lathering away when a loud laugh interrupted him. It emanated from the lungs of the ever affectionate butler, who had been a quiet spectator of the scene, and who was leaning on the small pine tree before mentioned at about two yards' distance. Tom Smart left Willow Wilkins, and, impressed with the idea that he was an accomplice, aimed a tremendous blow at the ever affectionate butler with the uplifted clothes prop. The ever affectionate butler received the staff on his pine tree, and "fetching" Tom Smart a smart rap on the sconce, closed with him and gave him as sweet a beating as ever man could possibly wish to have. Willow finding himself in a manner done with, picked himself up, climbed over the wall (with less difficulty this time) and quietly trotted home, plastered himself up with vinegar and brown paper and went to bed.

Tom Smart finding himself hotly engaged in a losing game, and being an admirer of the old prophecy "he that fights and runs away, shall live to fight another day," he took to his heels and fled. The ever affectionate butler pursued him, delivered himself of a few more sound whacks; then taking him up under his arm, carried him in the direction of the wall.

"Now," said the ever affectionate butler to the miserable barber, "never let me catch you here again my man, that's all. If I do, you shall never forget it as long as you live, I'll warrant me." Saying which he threw the unhappy barber clean over the wall, and then bent his steps towards the house in an easy, light, satisfied, and agreeable manner, and having arrived there, eat a very hearty supper. Tom Smart came to the ground on his feet, and immediately made the best use he could of them, by galloping home. Arriving there he made a vow to forswear women for evermore, and went to bed.

Tom Smart never told this adventure to Willow Wilkins, not liking him to know how shamefully he had been duped; and for the same reason

Willow Wilkins never related his night's adventure to Tom Smart. Ever since this Willow Wilkins eschewed ogling of all descriptions and having anything at all to do with women (except in the way of business,) and the same is to be said of Tom Smart, and consequently they grew fatter, richer, and healthier, and never since that time knew what it was to feel a moment's unhappiness or anxiety.

Of course Miss Timkin, alias Sally Larkins, or properly Mary, married the ever affectionate butler.

OH! YES "BRING FLOWERS!"

[A custom is prevalent in many parts of Wales of planting the graves of the deceased with flowers.]

Oh! yes "bring flowers!" for the young and fair,
But not to twine with her shining hair,
Nor blush on the brow that wore the white
Of mountain snow in the pale moonlight!
Thou art not here with thy voice of mirth,
And smile that flung sunshine around our hearth;
We miss thee too in the hall of song,
Thy flying step 'mid the joyous throng,—
And lute notes sweet as the breath of flowers
On zephyr's wing at the starlit hours
Steal tender memories all too dear,
Affection's dream would have chain'd thee here;
We laid thee low in thy youth and bloom,
Too beautiful for the cold dark tomb
The lov'd, the gifted, we've looked our last—
Early, brightly, thy young spirit passed.
As delicate flower with fragrant sigh,
The rainbow hue—the blush on the sky
Just seen and gone—ere with'ring blight
Was on thy soft dreams for earth too bright,
Or shadows hung on thy fair young brow,
Beautiful maid! can we mourn thee now?
"Bring flowers!" the rose with its crimson flush
As rich and pure as her own bright blush,
Violets as fair as they'd ta'en their hue
From her soft dreamy eye all darkly blue;
Lily that droops in the sylvan vale
In snowy vest, with the primrose pale;
Rifle the treasures of fragrant Spring,
Affection's elegant tribute bring.
Her grave shall not want the tender care,
Each chosen sweet shall be planted there,
Emblems most meet of that gentle maid
As fair and as frail, blooming to fade.
"Bring flowers!" where would they as sweetly
bloom,
Shed odours around as her quiet tomb?
Vale of Clwyd.

MARY H.

O, England! decent abode of comfort, and cleanliness, and decorum! O, blessed asylum of all that is worth having upon earth! O, sanctuary of religion and of liberty for the whole civilized world! it is only in viewing the state of other countries that thy advantage can be duly estimated! May thy sons, who have 'fought the good fight,' but know and guard what they possess in thee! O, land of happy firesides, and cleanly hearths, and domestic peace! of filial piety, and parental love, and conjugal joy! the cradle of heroes, the school of sages, the temple of law, the altar of faith, the asylum of innocence, the bulwark of private security and of private honour!—*Dr. Clarke.*

THE ACTOR.

BY A FRIEND.

There are few occupations, nay (the author alone excepted), I will say there is none, no, not one profession where the dignity, the reputation, and the most sacred feelings of the individual is so relentlessly trampled on as those of the actor; and few, if any, there are, whose sensibilities are more acute, or more tremblingly alive to the need of praise or to the breath of slander.

Many there are who would sooner "seek the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth" than be obliged to seek it on the stage. If it be true that education refines the feelings, ennobles the mind, and brings us nearer to that divine spirit in whose image we are created; ought we not rather to respect a class of beings whose business it is to study the greatest of our authors, and in the course of their professional career embody the most sublime ideas? And, to do this with any degree of proficiency, the actor must doubtless be a person whose intellectual endowments have been cultivated by the fostering hand of instruction.

Yet, who are more ungenerously, more unjustly, more unkindly treated, and even spoken of than performers in general? If a temperate, domesticated man refuse to join his more reckless colleagues in their nocturnal orgies, and will not contribute his quota towards purchasing libations to the bacchanalian deity, then is he scoffed, sneered at, and vituperated off the boards, and most likely, made the dupe of some heartless plot to baffle his efforts when on.

If, to avoid the imputation of pride, he suffers himself to be seen with some of his contemporaries rather below his own standard, then indeed is his ruin completed, and his fate sealed. People of *soi-disant* respectability pretend they cannot visit theatrical people or receive them at their houses; why? Because, they will tell you, the males are idle, intemperate, libidinous, and imprudent (which last, by the bye, they too often are); and the females imprudent, indiscreet, immodest, and indeed all that uncharitable feelings can ascribe to them. But who is charitable to an ACTRESS?

Would the truly respectable of our favoured isle hold out to them the encouraging hand of welcome, and introduce them to that society which their talents are so well fitted to adorn, the opprobrium, in general, so unjustly cast upon them would cease, because the *canaille* would be afraid to listen to it. But, lest my fair readers should imagine I am going to give them a sermon instead of a tale, I shall let a—

"A change come o'er the spirit of my dream,"

and beg their attention to the following sketch:—

William Melmoth and Charles Neville were, in the days of their boyhood, neighbours; and, consequently, schoolfellows; and, but for the striking contrast in their tempers and dispositions, might have been friends.

Charles was envious, selfish, and malicious; William was frank, generous, and kind-hearted, but very sanguine. As they grew up, these opposite qualities manifested themselves in various ways, and it is not to be wondered that they

differed as much in their studies as in their tempers.

While Mr. Melmoth exulted in his son's highly gifted mind, which was every day acquiring some new talent, Mr. Neville was sorrowing over the ignorant and self-ruled being who was destined to call him father.

They left school at the same time, and went together to college; here many things occurred to excite the rancour of young Neville's depraved heart. Amongst other excellencies, Melmoth possessed a peculiarly retentive memory, and an almost unprecedented talent for elocution. The finest orations were those spoken by Melmoth, the most abstruse passages in classic lore were by him quickly learned, and when once learned never forgotten; to all this he added a pleasing exterior; his countenance, without being decidedly handsome, was prepossessing, and his figure graceful and commanding. The praise he was continually eliciting from the superiors, and the many acts of brotherly attention he was receiving from his fellow-students, soon made for him an inveterate enemy in Charles Neville; by the time they left college all intimacy between them had ceased, and for more than two years the one knew not if the other existed.

On his return home William found his father suffering under a pulmonary disease, which had already made great ravages in a constitution that never had been strong. Instead, therefore, of bending his thoughts to the choice of a profession, he resolved to devote himself entirely to the service of his beloved and only remaining parent; and by his unremitting care and attention, to evince his grateful sense of the undeviating affection his father had always shewn him. But his assiduity was not long required, Mr. Melmoth breathed his last in the arms of his affectionate son about six months after William's return from Oxford.

By his father's will, young Melmoth found himself possessed of a handsome fortune; but he felt lonely and unsettled: sometimes he was dissatisfied with the life he was leading, and thought of fixing on some employment; at others he longed to bask in the blissful regions of poetic literature, to climb the hill of Parnassus, and cull flowers from the garden of the Muses. Naturally imaginative, his thoughts associated themselves with the authors whom he read; he loved the drama, and would wander among the pages of Shakspeare till he nearly lost himself amid the mazes of that wonderful man's all-creative genius. Still he was restless, and wished to retire to some spot more congenial to his feelings.

He suddenly recollected a lady, a widow, with whom his father had been acquainted, and who was living with her orphan niece in a cottage at Hampstead. He immediately wrote to her, the next post brought him an answer favourable to his wishes, and in a short time William Melmoth became the admired and respected inmate of Mrs. Nelson's neat, though comparatively humble abode. The maternal kindness paid to him by that lady, and the refined though retiring attentions of the amiable and accomplished Adeline, made him feel entirely at home, while the liberal salary he paid materially improved the

widow's very limited income, and procured her many comforts she had long been a stranger to.

He was not aware that his old associate, Charles Neville, was living within half-a-mile of him, but was seldom at home except on Sundays, he being employed as a writer for the newspapers and other public journals. From Mrs. Nelson he learnt that Neville had several times met her niece, that he had once or twice called and gave hints, which could not be misunderstood, that he wished to be received as Miss Nelson's devoted admirer.

"And what does Adeline say to this?" exclaimed William, his countenance flushing as he spoke.

"Why, she does not seem to like him," replied Mrs. Nelson, "and though I would never lay a restraint upon her inclinations, yet I should like to see her settled before I am called hence; she has neither relation or friend but me, and —"

"She must not, cannot, *shall* not have Charles Neville," interrupted her auditor, starting from his seat; Mrs. Nelson turned towards him, but the chair was vacant, and she presently heard his step ascending the stairs.

When alone he set about the work of self-examination, and began to repent having been so suddenly thrown off his guard. From the moment he saw Adeline he admired her, but aware that something more than admiration was necessary to insure a life of happiness, he determined to be silent on the subject till he became more thoroughly acquainted with her heart and disposition; and did not know how deeply he loved till he heard of the possibility of her being united to another.

"Though," said he, with that sophistry so common to lovers, "if some one were to ask her hand who was worthy of her, I think I should rejoice in her happiness; but with *him*—with Neville? Oh! never, never!"

At dinner he joined the ladies as usual; nothing was said that could in any way revert to the past; but William fancied Adeline looked paler than usual, (what will not lovers fancy?) and that her soft voice was even softer when addressing him. On the evening of the following day, which was Sunday, Mr. Neville was announced; William would have wished to retire, but felt he could not. Charles approached him with the freedom of an old acquaintance, but William recoiled as from a serpent; little thinking, at that time, how necessary it sometimes is to use deception, and how it might one day benefit him to conciliate that man. He scrutinously watched his behaviour to Adeline, and saw with satisfaction every overture towards attention was repulsed with modest but dignified firmness. When Neville rose to depart he fixed his scowling eye on Melmoth, as if to say, "you stand between me and happiness."

"William soon found an opportunity to converse with Adeline on the subject nearest his heart, and as she was above the affectation of prudery, she confessed her preference and referred him to Mrs. Nelson, who having no objection to receive him as her nephew, he in a few weeks became the husband of Adeline.

For three years their life was a scene of the most uninterrupted happiness. One blooming boy blessed their union; they continued to reside

as heretofore, and Mrs. Nelson felt young again. They sometimes met Neville in their walks; a slight inclination of the head was all that passed; that done the circumstance was forgotten.

This happy little group were one morning at breakfast when they were startled by the postman's rap. There is always something startling in a postman's rap, and more so to persons who do not often receive letters. Melmoth rose hastily from table, and met the servant who was entering with a letter for him.

The direction was in a strange hand, and he held the letter for some moments between his fingers, as if hesitating to open it; but when he did so, who can describe the horror that overwhelmed him? Who can delineate the concentration of bitter feelings that was depicted on his countenance? now pale even to ghastliness. He sat silent and motionless till Adeline stretched out her hand to take up the letter, which was still lying on the table.

"Touch it not dearest, pray do not, its contents will annihilate you," said William, his voice hoarse with emotion.

"In pity," faintly murmured his trembling wife, "you know the worst, certainty is better than suspense."

Mrs. Nelson joined her entreaties to those of her niece, and they were but too soon informed that William was ruined, by the unexpected failure of the banker in whose hands all his property had been vested; and that, with the exception of about two hundred pounds then in the house, he was not in possession of a single shilling.

If anything could have added to their affliction it was a call from Charles Neville, with Judas-like offers of consolation and assistance, both of which were spurned by the indignant Melmoth:

After the poignancy of his feelings were in some degree mitigated he began to consider what was to be done, and by what means he could ensure a support for his lovely Adeline and their infant son. Many things were suggested, and as quickly discarded to give place to others; but nothing seemed likely to succeed.

He was one day consulting, as usual, with his female coadjutors, when the little Edwin, who had been playing in a remote corner of the room, suddenly ran to his mother, exclaiming, "Pretty, pretty, oh! how pretty." He held a picture of Kean in the character of Richard. William was putting the child gently from him when Mrs. Nelson caught him to her bosom, kissed him, and said—

"This dear child's words are indeed remarkable, perhaps prophetic, why did none of us think of the stage?"

"The stage!" re-echoed both her auditors at once.

"And why not, pray?" continued Mrs. Nelson, "what is there against it? You have a good figure, a retentive memory, a fine enunciation; what more is necessary?"

"That, dearest madam, which you think not of. Friends, introduction, influence."

"Merit, I should think," said Adeline, "would introduce itself, and, when coupled with misfortune, beget friends."

"How sadly you mistake the world, my Adeline; if really I possessed the merit your love ascribes to me, it would avail me little without some friend to bring me into notice; and even should I succeed, what shall I be? An actor, a player, a degraded being, for the finger of wonder or of scorn to point at."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Nelson, her eyes swimming in tears, "that I can never allow. There may be men who degrade the profession, but the profession never can degrade the man. Go then, dear Melmoth, and Heaven prosper you."

The next morning he bade adieu to the dear little circle with as much cheerfulness as he could assume, and went in quest of a gentleman who he knew possessed considerable influence with the manager of one of the principal theatres in the metropolis. I will pass over the number of appointments that were made, and the equal number of *dis*-appointments he was fated to undergo. Still, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." And at length Mr. Melmoth was engaged to make his debut in one of the most admired characters of his most favourite author.

The few days between his engagement and his first appearance were passed by him in studying to attain proficiency in his part, and by Adeline and her aunt in selecting the most becoming ornaments, and arranging the principal articles of his attire.

"I should like to see you dear," said Adeline timidly, as she was sewing the silver fringe on the ends of a blue satin sash.

"By no means, Adeline, neither you nor your aunt. I should not be able to speak if I thought that you were present. No, I will go alone and unsupported, on the public only shall depend my fate.

The night arrived, he had gone early to the theatre to avoid fatigue; he was dressed, no expense had been spared, and he indeed looked splendid. Once, as he surveyed himself in the mirror, he wished his Adeline could have seen him. The thought was but momentary, and his mind was fixed upon the part he had to perform. The important moment arrived; he entered, he cast his eyes around, and fancied he beheld Charles Neville leaning over the front of a box nearest the stage; but no plaudits greeted his expectant ear; not a hand was moved in kind encouragement; all, all was still, silent as the grave. A cold tremor ran through his veins as he mentally thanked Heaven Adeline was not there.

This thought gave him fresh courage, and he determined to win applause by his exertions. His step was firm and commanding; his voice, though tremulous, was clear and sweet. But alas! "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." His exertions were bootless, the fiat had gone forth.

Towards the end of the third act, groanings, "not loud but deep," hissings, sharp and serpent like, were heard to proceed from the box where Neville and his party sat, exulting in their malignant triumph. A few, and very few, there were who tried to drown their dissonant sounds, but in vain; opposition seldom prevails, especially when the opposition party is the weakest.

The curtain at length dropped, and poor Wil-

liam, fatigued and disheartened, hastened to disencumber himself of the habiliments that now appeared to his sickened eyes as badges of disgrace.

The hardest task now was to dress his face in deceptive smiles, that his affectionate wife and aunt should not immediately know the sorrow that awaited them; but even here he was disappointed. A well-meaning shopkeeper in the neighbourhood, with whom Mrs. Nelson had long dealt, had gone to town early in the day that she might get a comfortable seat in the pit, and had left the theatre the moment the first piece was over, that she might get home in the omnibus to tell poor Mrs. Melmoth how sadly things had turned out, and how that ill-natured Mr. Neville and those about him did nothing but laugh and hiss the whole time, and for why she could not tell; for her part she did not think it could have been played better.

No sooner was this officious lady gone, than the vehicle that had conveyed William to his home, stopped at the door. Adeline received him with a silent embrace; Mrs. Nelson had retired, in order to avoid a meeting which she dreaded. Our young couple continued to maintain a silence, as though wishing to conceal their thoughts from each other, till Adeline having in vain tried to persuade her husband to partake of some refreshment, they retired to bed but not to rest.

The next morning William arose feverish and unrefreshed; his buoyant spirits fled, his hopes crushed; and all the means of bettering his condition in life frustrated. For several days he scarcely spoke except in monosyllables; and Adeline and her sorrowing aunt trembled for his intellects.

After a few weeks the intensity of his feelings seemed in some measure to subside, (though but the shadow of his former self), and he again listened to the several suggestions which presented themselves to the minds of Mrs. Melmoth and her aunt.

But the old lady still cherished her favourite theme, and the stage was ever in her "mind's eye." She proposed leaving London altogether, offered to be the companion of their exile; and even prognosticated his future success, when under an assumed name he might elude the machinations of his enemy. Melmoth offered no objection to this last proposal, but said he would take a walk and think it over to himself.

He accordingly left the house, and sauntered gloomily on till he came to the church, when he recollected his acquaintance with the amiable clergyman, a kind-hearted liberal man; one who did not think he contaminated either himself or his cloth by taking the hand of a man who had trod the boards of a theatre; and, feeling rather tired, he called at the parsonage with the intention of paying him a visit.

The good pastor was from home, but a respectable middle-aged female invited him to rest himself. He was shewn into the parlour; a newspaper was lying on the table, he took it up to beguile a few minutes, but observing its remote date was about to replace it when his own name met his eye. His curiosity was awakened, and he read the following paragraph:—

"If Mr. Melmoth (the gentleman who so unsuccessfully made his debut on Tuesday evening) had not discernment enough to perceive his own incapability, his friends, if he have any, should have advised him not to expose his folly. He ought to know it is more difficult to read Shakespeare than to speak before the boys 'at Oxford.'"

The paper dropped from his nerveless hand, he felt as if a thunderbolt had struck him; the allusion to Oxford told him but too plainly who was the author of the foul calumny. He instantly left the parsonage and tottered to his home; Mrs. Nelson and Adeline were shocked at his altered appearance, and tenderly reproached him for having walked too far. He faintly smiled, and said, "I shall be better soon."

That night he retired early. Adeline remained below to wait for some spiced wine that her aunt was preparing, and which she hoped would procure him some repose. Mrs. Melmoth was detained longer than she had anticipated, and as she entered the chamber, playfully asked him if she was not a sad nurse to keep him so long waiting? Not receiving any answer she thought he had fallen asleep, and putting the wine down she went to the bed-side and drew open the curtain, but all was silent. She took his hand, it was cold; she laid her mouth to his, but no warm breath met her's. She rushed to the stairs to call Mrs. Nelson, medical aid was summoned, but all in vain. THE ACTOR WAS NO MORE!

The victim of private hate and public prejudice now lay a broken-hearted, breathless corpse.

SONNETS.

Thy brow is statue-like, thy cheek is soft
As the most delicate blush of eastern skies;
And there is in thy calm and lustrous eyes
So beautiful as they do gaze aloft,
A fire which is not, but resembles, love,
That with a yearning for the things above
Our mortal sphere doth fill the gazer oft—
Till earthly hope a dream he seems to prove;
Thus, if thou wert for this world's joy design'd,
Nature did half forget, in forming thee,
Her task of teaching us to be content
With whatsoever we have here, in form and mind;
For thou art so above all else we see,
Earth seems a place of general banishment!

NΑΟΙΜΗ.

TO POETRY.

The sum of bliss of *these* partaketh most;
And those who fain would turn from thee, essay
Against their nature, and are grieved away,—
Are fevered; and cast down, and daily cross'd;
Or struggling, 'mid a thousand follies toss'd,
As in a sea which beareth them away—
Alike or covetous, or proud, or gay—
Dull and dispirited, for something lost;
And yet they do not turn to thee, forsooth,
Because thou'rt vulgar, as Religion is!
But till the man shall turn back to his youth
Of heart, and also learn the simple bliss
Of Thought, and of Contentment, and of Truth,
The world's fate, weariness, shall too be his!

NΑΟΙΜΗ.

THE ALIEN'S ADIEU TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

Farewell to the home of my love,
To the forests, and vallies, and hills,
To the coo of the murr'ring dove,
And the flow of the free mountain rills.

Farewell to the land of my birth,
The realm of enchantment and bliss,
For there is no spot upon earth,
One half so endearing as this.

Farewell to the breeze that has played
'Mid the fervour of Summer's bright hours,
To the lawn, and the evergreen shade,
With the overgrown Clematis' bowers.

Farewell to the scenes of my youth,
Where my footsteps in childhood have pass'd
With its visions, and fondness, and truth,
Too bright and too fickle to last.

Farewell to the halls of delight,
The mansions of bliss I have trod,
On earth there is no spot as bright
Or beloved as England's green sod.

C. G. L.

STANZAS.

Sister, sweet sister! thy name to me,
Through life as a fairy spell shall be;
'Twill brighten the hopes that around me shine,
To know that my lot is linked with thine;
And charm the ills that my heart oppress,
To trusting hope and happiness.
And my path through this weary life shall glow
With the halo a love like thine can throw.

Sister, sweet sister! thy glad smile,
Shall toil of its weariness beguile;
Its beams shall cheer the drooping heart,
And bid its heaviness depart;
And the doubts and grief of this world of care,
My grateful spirit shall gladly bear;
Whilst I, that sunny smile may bless
In the beauty of its holiness.

Sister, sweet sister! thy voice of love
Shall guide my soul to its home above;
Those loved, familiar tones shall quell
All evil thoughts that therein dwell;
And teach my erring steps aright,
To seek the paths of life and light;
And thy song, like an angel's voice, be heard,
To charm the sickness of hope deferr'd.

Sister, sweet sister! thy prayer shall gain
The mercy we never seek in vain;
And I know for me that prayer will rise,
In pure devotion to the skies;
And oh, as fervently I'll pray,
Our friendship here may ne'er decay;
Till every cherish'd kindred tie,
Be link'd in immortality.

EDWARD KENNEDY SILVESTER.

Rely upon yourself more than any human support
that you can think of: when you see every other
occupant of a table helping himself or herself it is
time to look to yourself whilst there is something
occupying its surface.

THE FATAL DISCOVERY.

A TALE,

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARFANT.

Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY.

A loving and a love-inspiring creature was Angelica Fitzgerald: it was impossible to gaze upon her without the deepest interest, and as impossible to withhold admiration. It was not her beauty that called forth these emotions, for she was too pale and too fragile for perfection either in face or form; but it was the touching melancholy of her deep blue eye, and the soft gentle expression which overspread all her features in which consisted her principal charm. Woman in her bright and sunny hours, in the brilliancy of her wit and the splendour of her beauty, may captivate the beholder, and enchain man as her slave; but it must be by her softness, her feminine qualities, she retains her empire over his heart. All who beheld and conversed with Angelica Fitzgerald felt fascinated by a charm superior to any the most brilliant personal attractions could inspire.

She was the only daughter of Major Fitzgerald, a veteran who had spent his youth in the service of his country, and who was obliged to withdraw in the prime of his manhood, owing to a severe wound he had received, which deprived him of the use of his right arm. His fortune was ample, and it was a matter of surprise to most of his fellow officers that he should bury himself in retirement at his estate in Cumberland, when all the pleasures of the world were still within his reach. Those, however, knew not the canker which preyed upon his heart.

His little Angelica might almost be termed his idol, for she seemed the only object which called forth his affections and which chained him to life. In her presence he would smile and give vent to the gaiety which had been a distinguishing characteristic of his youth; not the gaiety which degenerates into levity and contaminates the mind, but the gaiety of a pure and happy spirit which enlivens all within the circle of its influence. But in her absence he was an altered being, a moody sadness pervaded his thoughts, and his brow bore the unvarying aspect of deep corroding care.

Angelica returned his affection with all that intensity peculiar to a character such as her's. She was an enthusiast in its most exalted sense; but her enthusiasm vented not itself in words, but in quiet unostentatious actions. Few who knew her were aware of the concealed emotions of her too sensitive heart, for it was seldom she gave utterance to the feelings which were constantly agitating her gentle breast; a casual observer might have almost supposed her a disciple of Zeno but for the ever-varying expression of her features, which far more eloquently than her words told the tale of her sensations.

The entire solitude in which she lived, added to the wild grandeur of the scenery which surrounded her dwelling, fed a naturally romantic imagination, and threw a shade of pensive sadness over her mind;

but there was another and a deeper cause for the melancholy which had, as she grew in years, become habitual to her—she had no mother, no one of her own sex, with whom to hold communion. The female domestics of her father's establishment, though devotedly attached to her person, could not enter into her feelings; education and habit make of themselves an inseparable barrier between the high-born and the lowly, but there are beings who seem peculiarly shut out from intercourse with those beneath them by their superiority of intellect and fastidious sensitiveness, and who can feel nothing in common with minds of a lower standard. Such was Angelica Fitzgerald. No creature on earth could be more free from pride either of birth, or wealth, or acquirements; she would have embraced as her friend the humblest menial in her household could she have met in her a congenial soul, but not even among the young ladies of the few families which dwelt in the neighbourhood, and whom she sometimes met and exchanged civilities with, could she find one to whom she could have poured forth her overflowing sensibilities.

Yet the loss of her mother was not the only grief attached to her memory. There was a mystery, to her altogether unfathomable, hung over her fate. That she was dead she had long known, but how, or when, the event happened was concealed from her. She had a slight recollection or glimmering, like that which children not unfrequently retain of long past events, of a bright and beautiful face bending over her, and of observing tears dim the brilliancy of those large dark eyes; she had a faint reminiscence of a wild, long, passionate pressure, when she lay on a little couch in the same chamber she now occupied—but this was all: the tender epithet of "mother" was not familiar to her ear, though it was the cherished treasure of her heart. Once, and once only, she had lisped, in her father's presence, an inquiry why other children had a mamma and she had none. The deep anguish which overspread his features, and the agitation in which he strained her to his breast and then rushed from the room, prevented her, young as she was, from hazarding a repetition of the question. Twice or thrice she had mentioned the subject to her nurse; but a gentle chiding had been the only answer, and a request that she would never speak on the topic more.

In a long corridor, filled with paintings, which communicated with the part of the mansion in which were the apartments devoted to her use, was a picture over which a curtain was constantly drawn for years. It had been unnoticed by Angelica, or if noticed, excited no curiosity; but one evening, as she passed alone to her chamber, an irresistible impulse induced her to withdraw the barrier and ascertain what it was intended to conceal. She started as the rays of the lamp she held in her hand fell upon the full-length portrait of—her mother! Yes, she was sure it was the same bright beautiful face the recollections of infancy furnished—she was sure there was the expression of the same sweet smile; but there was no tear, no indication of passionate grief, as her latest reminiscences pictured, the features were radiant with joy and affection. Angelica stood entranced for some minutes, then sunk upon her knees, and

kissed the resemblance of the small delicate feet which just peeped from beneath the rich and full drapery which hung gracefully around her noble queen-like form. A torrent of tears flowed from her eyes, her hands were involuntarily raised as if in supplication of a blessing, and the tender long-cherished word "mother" escaped her pallid lips.

It was not till the clock in the hall below had struck the midnight hour that Angelica could tear herself away from the resemblance of her parent. Her highly-wrought imagination almost fancied it smiled on her, and she gazed upon it with a mixture of awe and tenderness. The countenance was surprisingly beautiful, and it had been executed in an exquisite style, and retained its glowing tints as vividly as though it had just received its finishing touches from the hand of some master in the art. The form was tall and elegant, and the costume of the richest and most costly texture. To the heated fancy of the sensitive girl she seemed to resemble a goddess more than a mortal.

From that hour this corridor became the favourite haunt of Angelica; she would sit for hours at the feet of the portrait, and never tire of gazing upon it; now examining the glorious brow which assured her her parent possessed no common soul, now hanging with tenderness on the soft yet radiant expression of the eyes, which seemed to bespeak how fondly she could have loved her—now drinking delight from the sweet smile which dimpled round her mouth, and deeming it smiled on *hers*. Yet none dreamed of the secret happiness she indulged in; she had the precaution to draw the curtain again over the frame whenever she quitted it, and she was never discovered.

When this circumstance occurred, Angelica Fitzgerald was of that age when the character is usually determined, and it had a weighty influence in deciding her's to piety and virtue. From a child she had been distinguished for gentleness and docility, but now her actions began to be the result of principle, her hopes and wishes aspired to all that was lofty and exalted. She thought so pure, so noble-minded a being as her lost parent must have been could not behold any imperfection in her child without pain, even in the bright world in which she imagined her an inhabitant, and she nourished the thought which has given ease to many a bereaved and aching heart, that her spirit was suffered to attend her steps as a guardian angel, to prompt virtuous inclinations and ward off unseen dangers. She carried her visionary ideas on these subjects beyond what revelation has clearly made known; but such an error may be easily forgiven a mind whose "failings leaned to virtue's side."

It was five years since the discovery of her mother's portrait, and Angelica Fitzgerald was just verging on eighteen, that age of romance when the heart begins to feel new sensations, and life is in the anticipation as a fairy vision. But the mind of the maiden was fully occupied by one absorbing thought. Not a morning beamed upon her but she approached that spot most beloved with feelings somewhat similar to those with which the devotee visits the shrine of his patron saint. Not an evening closed but her steps were directed

thither, and she could not have rested in peace till she had knelt before the resemblance of that beautiful form.

Her fond father witnessed with delight her improving charms, and, as the years stole rapidly away, grew less reserved and misanthropic. He thought it unjust towards his daughter to exclude her wholly from society, and hoped one day to behold her happy in a union with some man worthy deserving such a treasure. With this view he had encouraged an intimacy with some of the families in the neighbourhood, and it was not long before several offers were made to him for her hand. Angelica assured him, when addressed on the subject, she was too happy in his society to wish to quit him, and the Major was too willing to retain her to urge the suit of any.

But one there was among the candidates for Miss Fitzgerald's favour, who had not yet breathed his wishes, though he loved her with a fervency but rarely experienced. Grahame Woodville was a young man of good family and fortune, and had been on a visit of some length to his relatives, who were Major Fitzgerald's nearest neighbours. As the estates were contiguous, he had frequent opportunities of meeting Angelica in her solitary rambles; and so captivated was he with her conversation and interesting appearance, he made a much longer stay than he had at first intended. The soft melancholy of her manner had a peculiar charm for him, and it formed a striking contrast to the volatility of the Misses Woodville, his cousins. These young ladies had frequently forced themselves upon Angelica when far from welcome; their frivolous conversation was an unpleasant exchange for her own wild visions and romantic musings, but her politeness was inherent, and she submitted to the pain and self-denial rather than give offence.

The addition of the presence of Mr. Woodville made that of the ladies more tolerable; yet Angelica never thought of love, nor entertained the slightest idea that she was an object of regard in his eyes, till on one beautiful evening, towards the close of the summer he had spent in Cumberland, as he strolled with her fragile form leaning on his arm, followed by his gay cousins, who were at a sufficient distance not to distinguish the low tones of his voice, which was intended to meet the ear of one only, he ventured to speak, with a sigh, of his departure, and regret the happiness he must forego.

"But have you no one to hail your return to your home with joy?" asked Angelica, with the utmost simplicity.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I have a mother—a kind, affectionate, a doating mother."

"A mother!" repeated the maiden, whilst a glow of the brightest hue suffused her cheek; "a mother! Oh, you are indeed happy, Mr. Woodville."

"I am happy in the possession of that blessing," he returned; "but there is one other coveted treasure on earth requisite to *complete* my happiness," and as he spoke he pressed the hand he held within his arm with warmth and tenderness.

"Oh, how I envy you a kind affectionate mother!" Angelica pursued, disregarding the conclu-

sion of his sentence, her thoughts wholly occupied with the idea of her own maternal parent. "Did I possess one, I should deem myself the most blest of human beings."

"Would that my mother were your's also, lovely Angelica!" Woodville passionately exclaimed, as he viewed her with increased tenderness.

She started and turned pale; but the Misses Woodville joining her at this moment in some measure released her from her embarrassment.

This conversation seemed to throw a new aspect on the existence of Angelica Fitzgerald; when alone, in the silence of her chamber, she acknowledged to herself that Grahame Woodville was a being she could love.

A week had elapsed, still the lover lingered near the spot where the mistress of his affections dwelt; but no opportunity had occurred of his renewing the subject nearest his heart. Yet he thought he could read encouragement in Angelica's eloquent eyes, though her conduct was more reserved and her manner less confidential than it had formerly been.

Taking her accustomed ramble one evening, she was joined by the Misses Woodville, unaccompanied by their cousin. She ventured to ask concerning his health, fearing he might be indisposed, as it was so unusual to see them alone.

"Oh, he is quite well," replied Cecilia, playfully, "so don't look so pale. To tell you the truth we sent him on a commission on purpose to evade his society this evening; not but that it is extremely agreeable, but we want to see you alone just now."

Angelica, smiling, asked for what reason.

"That is a secret at present, but it will not long remain so," cried Miss Woodville, as she forcibly drew the arm of the surprised Angelica within hers. Miss Cecilia took the other, and hurried onwards.

"Nay, do not let us quit my papa's grounds," exclaimed Angelica, "I do not think it prudent to do so unattended."

"Oh, we will not trespass far," cried Miss Woodville. "Whither will this path conduct us?" she pursued, in some alarm, as they turned from the high road to a bye unfrequented lane, environed on either side by thickset hedges.

The ladies only smiled, and drew her forward. At the extremity of the lane was a low hut formed of mud, and rudely thatched. Miss Fitzgerald was in the habit of visiting the cottages of her father's tenants, though always attended by a domestic—the major deputed her his almoner, and beloved, and respected, was she by the peasantry, but this cottage had never before met her view, she was surprised at its appearance, which evinced squalidity and extreme indigence, and she expressed her sentiments to her companions.

Miss Woodville laughed, "I believe," she said, "it is inhabited only during the summer months, Old Martha emigrates like the birds when the winter approaches."

"You know its occupant then?" observed Angelica.

"To be sure we do, we are going to visit her this evening."

"She must be very poor," resumed Miss Fitzgerald, "or she would not inhabit such a wretched abode. I am afraid," she pursued, drawing forth her purse from her reticule, "I am afraid I have not much with me to relieve her distress."

"Never mind that, we are provided," cried Miss Woodville, and she still hurried the wondering girl onwards.

"Nay sister, interposed Cecilia, "we will not introduce Miss Fitzgerald to Old Martha till we have acquainted her with the motive of our visit."

"Motive!" repeated Angelica, turning pale, "have you any other motive than that of charity?"

"Charity?" pray mention not such a word in the hearing of the old sybil," cried Miss Woodville, "to own the truth she is a fortune-teller, and we have come hither to consult her."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Angelica, starting back with horror, "why did you force me here, I will return instantly, I abhor the base dishonourable class! and nothing shall induce me to listen to their hateful falsehoods."

"Falsehoods, Miss Fitzgerald, I am sure you are in error, not an event of the past or the future is there hid from this extraordinary woman."

"And would you not like to know whether it is your destiny to wed our cousin Grahame?" asked Cecilia.

At this mention of the name of Mr. Woodville the brightest blush suffused the cheek of Angelica, for a moment she felt incapable of reply, but in the next regaining her presence of mind, she said,

"I repeat, nothing shall induce me to give encouragement to the hateful class of fortune-tellers."

"And you may live to rue your heroic resolution, young lady," exclaimed a hollow guttural voice, and at the same moment a diminutive figure resembling neither male nor female, for she was attired in the habiliments of each sex, issued from behind the edge, and stood before them.

Angelica shrieked and attempted to fly, and even the Misses Woodville trembled. The demoniac expression which sat on the withered features of the hag was truly terrific. "Stay, girl," she vociferated in a voice which chained the agitated maiden as if spell-bound to the spot, "stay, you shall not go from my presence till you have heard what will humble your proud spirit, and prove to you Martha Grey is no impostor, that the past and the future are alike known to her."

Angelica clung to the arms of her young companions, with a look that implored them to silence the hag, but they were almost equally as much terrified as herself. Hitherto she had never uttered a word in their presence, but in the fawning tone of humility, and this proud language was new to their ears.

"Know, disdainful girl," she pursued, whilst her withered limbs shook with passion, "know, you will never wed Mr. Woodville. There is a barrier of which you little dream—a barrier which will humble your haughty spirit in the dust, your mother—"

"What of my mother?" cried Angelica, almost gasping for breath, and forgetting in the anxiety of her situation that she was giving encouragement to the hag.

"Ha! you can descend to question me, can you?" and she laughed horribly. "Nay, I will tell you in my own time and way—her crime has been hushed up by the world, because she was a lady, and your father and your friends have all concealed the truth from you, but nothing is hid from me."

"Crime! crime!" repeated Angelica, half-frantic with horror, "what can you mean woman, dare you attach the word crime to the name of my sainted parent?"

Again the sybil laughed.

"Was it not a *crime*," she asked in a tone of exultation, "to forsake the husband she had sworn before God to honour and love till death, and fly in his absence with a vile paramour? Was it not a *crime* to leave you helpless and motherless when you most needed a parent's tenderness? Aye, girl, was this the conduct of a virtuous wife and mother?"

"'Tis false! 'tis false!" shrieked Angelica, "you are trying to impose upon me by base falsehoods, woman."

"I can forgive thee for disbelieving me," returned the hag in a voice of mock compassion, "for it is hard for a child to believe such atrocity in a mother, but I appeal to these ladies to corroborate my statements, they know the tale, their father was in company with Major Fitzgerald on his return from the war with his disabled limb; he was a witness to the horror and distress he suffered when he found his wife had fled."

Angelica looked alternately at the Misses Woodville.

"It is too true, dear Miss Fitzgerald," they exclaimed together, and the concern which sat upon their usually gay countenances left her no hope of its being controverted. She heard no more, but sank senseless on the ground.

On her recovery to animation Angelica found herself lying upon a couch in the drawing-room of her father's mansion, with the Major and Grahame Woodville bending over her; the latter had watched her light footsteps bounding across the park, and had hastened to join her, in hopes of being permitted to renew his suit, but his gay cousins having met her he relinquished his intention, yet still followed at such a distance as to be unperceived. Thus he had become an unintentional listener to the conversation which had passed in the lane. The words of the sybil had spell-bound him to the spot until the sudden indisposition of Miss Fitzgerald recalled his scattered senses, and he flew to bear her to some place of safety. His warm pressure of her hand, and look of tender anxiety were not unregarded by the still trembling girl, but she turned from him, and throwing her arms around the neck of her father, entreated she might be conveyed to her own chamber.

* * * *

From this day a visible alteration took place in the health and appearance of Angelica. The discovery that the being whose memory she had idolized, and whom she had ever pictured as the most pure and noble minded, as well as the most beautiful of her sex, was so frail and erring, so treacherous to a father she had adored, and so forgetful of all the duties of a wife and mother, was a

stroke too overpowering for her delicate and sensitive frame, and still more sensitive mind, yet she suffered in silence, no complaint or murmur was ever heard to proceed from her lips, and in the presence of her beloved parent she attempted to assume a gaiety of manner altogether foreign to her character, and which but vainly strove to conceal a breaking heart beneath. But that fond eye observed it with anguish, and entreated she would consent to a change for a warmer climate. This she gently yet firmly declined, she knew her malady was mental, and she wished not to leave the scenes so dear to her from their early associations, and die in a foreign land. And there was another heart suffering, painfully suffering, as the indications of that corroding disease appeared which not unfrequently attends deep mental affliction—it was Grahame Woodville. Still he lingered near the spot, and became constant in his visits to Major Fitzgerald's mansion; he watched the form of the beloved of his heart gradually become more fragile, her step less buoyant, and her cheek paler, except when it was irradiated with the bright hectic flush; he read a tale of woe in the increased brilliancy of her large blue eyes, and noted the fainter tones of her voice, but although his affection increased as he felt its hopelessness he never breathed the slightest word which could betray it further than that which a fond and tender brother would have felt. The autumnal gusts withered the flowers of the parterre, and swept the leaves from the broad outstretched branches of the stately trees which clustered in the park, and as the year declined so did the strength of the gentle sufferer. She still visited daily the gallery where the portrait of her mother hung, but it was to weep and wish (ah! how vainly) that her tears might wash away her parent's guilt. Once, and once only, did the major allude to the subject, and then he told her the story of his woes—how devotedly his heart had been attached, and how, after an absence of two years on professional duty, he had returned disabled to greet, as he thought, her affectionate embrace. How she had quitted her home and her little Angelica, (then only four years of age) on the immediate receipt of his letter announcing his anticipated return; and lastly, how he had gained intelligence of her death, alone, in poverty, deserted by the man for whom she had forsaken the path of virtue—and Angelica listened with intensity of interest, yet with anguish, to the recital.

"Alas! my poor child," pursued the major, "thou art the victim of a mother's frailty, but I hid from thee the dreadful truth in the hope that it would never reach thine ear."

"But God willed it otherwise," returned Angelica, as she threw her arms tenderly around the neck of that remaining parent who had loved her with an affection devoted and unchanged.

It was the last day of the departing year, and the evening of that day the strength of the fair invalid had grown fainter and fainter, yet she would still be carried, when unable to walk thither, to the apartment usually occupied by the family. She was laid as usual on a couch, and her father and lover sat by her side, each holding a hand within his. The deepening shadows of the twilight suffered not either to observe the workings

of the other's countenance; but the features of the maiden were radiant with hope, a hope not founded on any earthly joy, those of her companions were overspread with intense anxiety. There had been a long silence, but it was broken by Angelica's requesting, in a faint voice, that Woodville would touch the strings of her lute to a sacred anthem befitting the season and the hour. He had not unfrequently wiled away the tedious moments of pain and weakness in this manner. His voice was rich and melodious, and ever and anon where the tones were low and soft, the fair invalid attempted to join her's to his. At length he ceased, he laid down the instrument and approached the couch, Angelica raised herself by a powerful emotion, murmured the names of her father and her lover, then that of her erring mother, and throwing an arm around each, yielded up her spirit without a sigh.

* * *

Gentle reader, the tale is a sad one, but sad are the effects of a deviation from the paths of rectitude, even to the innocent. Could the long catalogue of woes which follow one false step be arranged in the view of the erring, how many would shrink back appalled from the commission of crime. Most emphatically has it been said in Holy Writ, that the sins of the parent shall be visited upon the children from one generation to another. Experience has verified this assertion, but those sacred pages lead alike the guilty and the afflicted to a healing fountain, and open to the view a future where sin and its sure attendant, sorrow, shall be known no more.

THE RIVAL BEAUTIES.

At the age of twenty-four, with a handsome fortune, and *passable* person, I left Oxford for the family mansion. My name is Mowbray Terrens, I am the only son of my mother, and she is a widow. Upon my arrival I found her entertaining two cousins, daughters of her friends of early days, I was requested to accompany her to her dressing-room, and was regaled with the following good advice.

"My dear son, I thus early ask you for a private communication, to tell you that the sweet girls now in this house, have both highly sensitive and refined feelings; they are neither of them engaged, nor are either of them heiresses; I therefore caution you to guard every word or action which may be construed into more than meets the ear. If I had not confidence in my son, I should have deprived myself of the pleasure of their society, as, though you might flirt with impunity, the heart of an affectionate girl cannot bear trifling with. I can perfectly well recollect, when your poor father was courting me, that I did not know whether I had a heart or not—Mowbray my dear, except that I continually felt a fluttering like a dying bird on my left side."

To this grave address, I felt desperately inclined to give an "American broad grin," but recollecting the 5th commandment most *aproposly* (as I once heard an old woman say) I promised, with due reverence to clothe the outward, if not the inner, man in the Stoic's garb. When I left the

dining-room after the great ceremony of the day-dinner, I contemplated no small share of enjoyment from observing our inmates, for at dinner I must own, I could have scarcely told if they were black or white, so famished was I from a long and bleak ride. Few drawing-rooms could have boasted a more comfortable scene, (I love true old English comfort more than all the airy bliss of a world put together). On a large easy chair (*fauteuil* if you prefer it) sat my mother, over whose pretty head forty summers had not yet rolled; beside her was Mary Cleveland, and on a low Ottoman with my own peculiar little spaniel in her arms, rested Ellen Montague; she looked up in my face most bewitchingly to praise my dog, but I was not to be bewitched, so I sat down in the opposite corner of the fire, pretending I was very tired, but in reality to indulge in meditation. Mary Cleveland was just twenty, her complexion very delicate, and hair very light brown; some would call her decidedly plain, others rather pretty—many, interesting. I certainly inclined to the first opinion, when a netting pin dropped, and in picking it up, I saw the loveliest hand that ever met a mortal's glance. I did not regain my senses until I heard a very sweet voice singing to a lute—it was Ellen Montague. She was not only beautiful, but she had that rare charm described by Rogers. Her face was—

"Ever changing, yet the same."

She was a brunette, with dark and laughing eyes, a pretty figure, and a lovely mouth, but I am a great admirer of the white and tiny hand, and this alas! she had not. As this was the case, with all the disadvantages of Mary, I did not know future study then should be the nobler beauties of she mind. I had just arrived at this wise conclusion, when the two girls commenced a duet on the piano. I could not choose but listen, and, as in duty bound, followed to turn over the leaves. Oh! that lovely little hand of Mary's, description fails me, the palm was of the hue we see in the beautiful foreign shells, a most delicate pink; but I can compare it to nothing with justice, for nothing in nature equalled it; poor Ellen, "sad was her fate!" I am at no loss for a simile now, for so strikingly in the rapid passages did her unfortunate "take them all in all," which I most admired; my nate extremities suggest to me, that I saw galvanized lobsters, that I could scarcely help laughing *outright*. I went to bed fully impressed with the hands winning the conquest, and wondering whether in the morning a confounded glove would prevent my touching the little piece of perfection, it would so enviously hide. "Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand," thought I to myself, but then I would stop there, and not like Romeo, wish to touch the cheek. Think ye lovers of the advantages of a pretty hand over a pretty face. Suppose yourself sauntering in a shrubbery by moonlight, the lady has a bonnet on so you would not see her face, but the little hand is surely clasped in yours. You feel its soft touch, and you think of its ministering to you in sickness, of its power of wakening sweet strains to lull you into happiness, and of the pen it will guide to cheer you in absence; but with regard to Mary, there was one thing I meant

to watch for carefully—affection. I have invariably noticed that the possessor of a fair hand is ten thousand times more vain than one who owns a lovely face, and I account for it by thinking that one is ever before the eyes, and the other never seen but in a glass darkly,—we all know that we have a mirror, forgetting *what manner of men we are*, and so I guess it is with the fair. I soon had an opportunity of confirming my suspicions. The weather was becoming warm, and the month of May promised to be beautiful, so I went out before breakfast to see my old haunts ; the morning was very bright, and dancing in the sunbeams I caught sight of Ellen Montague's bright curls. I found her watering my mother's plants, and the very personification of a Hebe she looked ; when I quitted her I passed the study windows which opened into the garden, and my attention was arrested by Miss Cleveland in an attitude, leaning back in a most peculiarly comfortable old chair, her *mignonne* hands were crossed on her bosom, and her eyes rivited upon their beauties ; I passed through the open window, and was by her side before she observed me ; when I addressed her and asked her morning occupation, she looked profoundly silly ; but when she laid one tiny hand in mine I felt—no matter how, but not *over Stoical*. She made breakfast, and I could not help wishing for the old Oxford custom, of *no sugar tongs*. In the course of a few days I proposed riding excursions, and found in Ellen a most agreeable companion ; no one can dispute that the prettiest are far prettier sometimes, and in some places, than at others ; for my own part, though brilliant and dazzling is beauty in a ball-room, if *you would view it aright*, it must be in the *pale moonlight*, and then on a fine bright morning on horseback. Ellen's beautiful colour and bright eyes, were indeed lovely, especially as combined with the most obliging disposition, and playful animation I ever met with. Mary would never accompany us, she was too timid, and indeed when I once attempted to assist her on a horse, her weight did not tell to advantage, after the light spring of Ellen. The weather was now lovely, and every one knows how easy in the month of May it is to fall in love. I felt the disease rapidly approaching, but for the life of me I could not find out with whom, and at that time I should have fancied myself "happy with either, were t'other dear charmer away." I had been out all one day and returned tired with sport ; my mother and Ellen, I was told, were gone to the neighbouring town, and Miss Cleveland was walking. After dinner, still feeling listless, and missing Ellen's merry voice, I strolled into the grounds, and turning to a sequestered walk, where I had been with Ellen, I made my way to a rustic seat where I might muse as sentimentally as I pleased. When I turned the corner, I was positively electrified by the sight of Mary Cleveland. I apologized for intruding so abruptly, and sat down by her ; the moon was shining most maliciously, and in the nook we had sympathetically chosen, we could see nothing but the beauties of nature ; there was that dear hand resting on a book of love ; (what could a man do in such a scene ? feeling the lassitude of a tiring day in spring, and inclined for woman's soothing influence). I stooped to gather the first

lily that had blown that year, when that fairy hand was quickly placed *on mine*, to arrest its action.

"Oh ! let it bloom," said Mary, "it is the first."

I left the lily, and snatching its fairer guardian devoured it with kisses ; then overwhelmed with what I had done, rushed from the bower.

The next morning, Mary looked cold and disagreeable, and I felt desperately mad with myself for yielding so absurdly to a momentary impulse. I apologized as well as I could the moment we were alone, telling her candidly that she must blame the fates for giving her such a piece of perfection.

A short time after this, my mother was taken ill, and upon going into her room one evening, I saw the two girls attending her. Ellen soon left the chamber, but Mary remained to administer the medicine. Though my mother rather resembled *Mrs. Nickleby*, I was devotedly attached to her, and thought it strange that Ellen should appear so glad to take the first opportunity of leaving her post. What could be more beautiful than Mary's hand, when employed in the pious task of soothing the sick. I turned to her with admiration, when I was disgusted by seeing *her* evident admiration of the contrast between the black mixture and the white hand, only interrupted by a vacant yawn. Inwardly determining that my poor mother should not have such indifferent attendants, if her illness did not quickly subside, I left the room—it was again moonlight, and that very day week, I had played the fool with Mary Cleveland—a thing I was most firmly resolved never to do again. As I went down I thought I saw, from a window, Ellen walking towards the shrubbery, and determined to ask if she thought the symptoms of my mother dangerous. I quickly overtook her, but she did not speak when I addressed her ; a faint sob was all I heard—could she be weeping for my mother ? I took her hand and unresistingly led her to the very seat I had occupied with Mary, before.

"Ellen, dear Ellen," I said, "tell me the truth, is my mother in danger ?"

She burst into tears and hid her face, not knowing what she did upon my shoulder,—need I say that I clasped her to my bosom—and that she is now *my own*.
MOWBRAY.

THE FAIR COQUETTE OF ZANTE.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

Young Zoe was fair, and of Zante the pride,
The very Aurora of beauty ;
Turks, Christians, and Jews, at her feet oft had
sigh'd,
Had been promised sometimes, and at others denied,
For Zoe prefer'd being coquette ; as a bride
Must oft yield caprice up to duty.

Wealthy Selim to Mecca a pilgrim had been,
And was now a distinguish'd Hadjee ;
His brows were bound round with a turban of green,
He had drank of Zem-Zem, and moreover had seen
Great Mahomet's shrine ; aye, sly Selim, I ween,
Had kiss'd the black stone on his knee.

Thus he'd rubb'd off the sins of his youth from his mind,

And bought a remission for life;
And his conscience being lately repair'd and refined,
(Like an old copper kettle a tinker has lined,)
He was on the *qui vive*, and most anxious to find
Man's blessing, or torment, a wife.

Now a Moslem from Mecca in general seems
Like a rat in a state of starvation;
Or equivocal shade that we see in our dreams
'Neath the lengthening rays from the moon's gentle beams

When at midnight, in bed with her cloud-love, she gleams
Half-ashamed on the lords of creation!

And Selim, who'd fasted, and pray'd,—by-the-bye,
It was caused by a lack of provision—
Look'd more like a mummy, lank, yellow and, dry,
Than anything human; and but for his eye,
Which shone, like a star very sick in the sky,
Might have pass'd for a vampire, or vision.

No surgical skeleton, dress'd *à la mode*,
Introduced in the circle of fashion,
Could look worse than Selim, whose bosom now glow'd

With an Etna of flame for fair Zoe, who shew'd
No compassion for this insupportable load
Of Love's irresistible passion!

He came to her cottage one morn, when the Sun
Was just washing his face in the wave;
But Zoe her morning orisons had done,—
Id est—she had breakfasted—Selim had none—
So he, fresh and fasting, his wooing begun
With this gentle and delicate stave.

"Oh, Zoe! more sweet than the currants that grow
In the Island of Zante! My love!—
Thou star of my bliss, or my meteor of woe,
As fair as the waves that eternally flow,
I have rode many miles this fine morning to know
If thou'lt rest on my breast, like a dove!

"I'll be true, and I swear by the moon, cut in twain
As we're told, by wise Mahomet's finger,
Thou shalt ever the queen of my heart's harem reign,
In wealth and in poverty—pleasure and pain,
We'll be fetter'd so fast, that to part us again
Mister Eblis shall doubtfully linger.

But Zoe, capricious as changeable gales
O'er the wide Archipelago flying,
Replied, "Hadjee Selim, thy wooing avails
Not a single iota;—I swear by my nails,
When you get a great man—a Bashaw with three tails—

If not suited before, I'll float under your sails,
But at present—I won't if you're dying!"

The beard and mustachios of Selim ill brook'd
This repulse Zoe gave his affection;
Like a monkey, half hid in a furze-bush, he look'd,
Or a pallid calf's-head in a perriwig cook'd;—
He had angled for Zoe, who acorn'd to be hook'd
By a mortal scarce fit for dissection.

So he mounted his steed, which stood tied to the gate.

And gallopp'd away to the Mosque,
To complain of his dreary and desolate state;
Curs'd Mahomet's self for neglecting his fate,
Though he'd been in his service a pilgrim of late,—
And then slumber'd within his kiosk.

Fair Zoe, meanwhile, with young Izaak the Jew
Was coquetting the morning away;
He was handsome, though oft to the ladies untrue,
He dealt in all physical simples, and knew
A lady's complaint at the very first view,
If his faculties had but fair play.

In his *abbah* enfolded, his passion he told
With many a languishing look;
Protested he'd plenty of silver and gold,
His pocket was warm, and his heart far from cold,
Till at length Zoe thought he grew rather too bold
For a Zantiote beauty to brook.

Zoe vowed she detested the horrid male sex,
And wonder'd why men should increase!
Her designs and her actions were somewhat complex,
Her morals and manners but meant to perplex
The creatures she loved to torture and vex,
Whilst her own bosom panted in peace.

So she turn'd from her presence th' Israelite wight,
Who thus o'er decorum was leaping;
And bade him remember, tho' lovely and bright
She was not to be wooed, nor be won in the light,
That it was more romantic to make love at night,
When the stars were all silently peeping.

Besides she had grown scientific of late,
And decided, *nem. con.* ne'er a husband to take
Until well assured by the bumps on his pate
He was silly enough, let her love, let her hate,
With patience to bear each reverse of his fate,
And smile, e'en if baited like Bear at a stake.

Cunning Izaak, who'd ever an eye to the gold,
Which he called the elixir of life,
Had his organs examined, — new-modelled; was told
How his vices grew strong as his virtues grew cold,
That his head would improve as his person grew old,
And that he would be ruled by a wife.

To Zoe he bled with certificates signed
Of his bumps that were good, by the dozen,
And begged she would speedily make up her mind,
As 'time in his progress cast shadows behind;—
"Dear Izaak," said Zoe, "don't think me unkind,
But I yesterday married my cousin!"

Swift dining one day with a lady, complained that
the leg of mutton, a dish at table, was full of maggots. "Not half so full as your head, doctor," replied the lady, drily. The dean was silent and did not rally again during the evening.

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said John with a sigh
As her voice of a tempest gave warning;
"Quite out, Sir, indeed," said the maid in reply,
"For she finished the bottle this morning."

Tom praised his friend, who'd changed his state,
For biading fast himself and Kate
In union divine;
"Wedlock's the end of life," he cried:
"Too true, alas!" said Jack, and sighed,
"Twill be the end of mine!"

OUR BOUDOIR TABLE, OR GLANCES AT NEW PUBLICATIONS.

— "— Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE COURT AND CAMP OF RUNJEET SING.— This is a most excellent work, and the author, Mr. Osborne, had every opportunity of being correct in his statements. We prefer extracting from, rather than offering our own remarks on, this valuable publication. How graphic is the account of the Court of this Eastern Prince.

"The floor was covered with rich shawl carpets, and a gorgeous shawl canopy, embroidered with gold and precious stones, supported on golden pillars, covered three parts of the hall. The *coup d'œil* was most striking: every walk in the garden was lined with troops, and the whole space behind the throne was crowded with Runjeet's chiefs, mingled with natives from Candahar, Cambul, and Afghanistan, blazing with gold and jewels, and dressed and armed in every conceivable variety of colour and fashion. Cross-legged in a golden chair, dressed in simple white, wearing no ornaments but a single string of enormous pearls round the waist, and the celebrated Koh-y-nor, or Mountain of Light, on his arm (the jewel rivalled, if not surpassed, in brilliancy by the glance of fire which every now and then shot from his single eye as it wandered restlessly round the circle), sat the lion of Lahore. On Runjeet's seating himself, his chiefs all squatted on the floor round his chair, with the exception of Dheean Sing, who remained standing behind his master. Though far removed from being handsome himself, Runjeet appears to take a pride in being surrounded by good looking people, and I believe few, if any other Courts either in Europe or the East, could show such a fine-looking set of men as the principal Sikh Sirdars. Rajah Dheean Sing is a noble specimen of the human race; rather above the usual height of natives, with a quick and intelligent eye, high handsome forehead, and aquiline features, dressed in a magnificent helmet and cuirass of polished steel, embossed with gold, a present from King Louis Philippe of France, he looked a model of manly beauty and intelligence. He is about thirty years of age, and is very high, and by all accounts justly so, in his master's confidence. He is active, clever, and intelligent, possessed of great influence over the Sikh people, and in all probability will be one, and not the least powerful and deserving candidate for the throne of the Punjab on Runjeet's decease. With enormous wealth and property, and a large tract of country, which he rules with mildness and justice, he presents a singular instance of a favourite and a man in power, whose talents and virtues are more appreciated than his power and influence are envied. Gentlemanlike, manly, and unassuming in his manners, he is still cold and repulsive to Europeans, whom he both fears and hates with more than common rancour, and against whom he loses no opportunity of exerting his influence with the Maharajah. Rajah Heera Sing, the son of the Minister, a boy of eighteen years of age, is a greater favourite with Runjeet Sing than any other of his chiefs, not even excepting his father. His influence over Runjeet is extraordinary. He is the only individual who ever ventures to address Runjeet Sing without being spoken to, and whilst his father stands behind his master's chair, and

never presumes to answer him with unclasped hands, this boy does not hesitate to interrupt and contradict him in the rudest manner. One instance of the way in which he presumes upon the kindness of Runjeet Sing was the subject of public conversation at Adeenanuggur upon our arrival. The yearly tribute from Cachemire had arrived, and was, as usual, opened and spread upon the floor in the Durbar for the inspection of the Maharajah. It consisted of shawls, arms, jewels, &c., to the amount of upwards of thirty thousand pounds. Young Heera Sing, without the slightest hesitation, addressed Runjeet, and said, "Your Highness cannot require all these things; let me have them." The answer was, "You may take them."

Runjeet Sing was not the most conscientious of Princes; he starved the Shah of Persia in a gaol, till he obtained possession of a diamond that he coveted, and how he disposed of this jewel called "the Mountain of Light," will be best told in Mr. Osborne's description of the Prince's death and funeral.

"Runjeet Sing is dead, poor fellow! and died as like the old lion as he had lived. He preserved his senses to the last, and was (which is unusual with native Princes) obeyed to the last by all his chiefs, though he tried them high, as you will think, when I tell you that two hours before he died he sent for all his jewels, and gave the famous diamond, called the "Mountain of Light," said to be the largest in the world, to a Hindoo temple, his celebrated string of pearls to another, and his favourite fine horses, with all their jewelled trappings, worth 300,000*l.*, to a third. His four wives, all very handsome, burnt themselves with his body, as did five of his Cachemirian slave girls, one of whom who was called the Lotus, or Lily, I often saw last year in my first visit to Lahore. Every thing was done to prevent it, but in vain. They were guaranteed in their rank and in all their possessions, but they insisted upon it; and the account from the European officers who were present describes it as the most horrible sight. The four wives seated themselves on the pile with Runjeet Sing's head on their laps; and his principal wife desired Kurruck Sing, Runjeet's son and heir, and Dheean Sing, the late Prime Minister, to come to her upon the pile, and made the former take the Maharajah's dead hand in his own, and swear to protect and favour Dheean Sing as Runjeet Sing had done; and she made the latter swear to bear the same true allegiance to the son which he had faithfully borne to his father. She then set fire to the pile with her own hands, and they are dead—nine living beings having perished together, without a shriek or a groan. Dheean Sing threw himself twice on the pile, and said he could not survive his master, but was dragged away by main force."

We wonder how long it will be before English cupidity will release the Priests of the *care* of these jewels, and the heir of Runjeet of the *cares* of an Empire! If the performer in the following scene were to come to England, we could promise to make his fortune; the superstition is most extraordinary.

"He is Faqueer by name, and is held in extraordinary respect by the Sikhs, from his alleged capacity of being able to bury himself alive for any period of time. So many stories were current on the subject, and so many respectable individuals maintained the truth of these stories, that we all felt curious to see him. He professes to have been following this trade, if so it may be called, for some

years, and a considerable time ago, several extracts from the letters of individuals who had seen the man in the upper provinces, appeared in the Calcutta papers, giving some account of his extraordinary powers, which were, at the time, naturally enough, looked upon as mere attempts at a hoax upon the inhabitants of Calcutta. Captain Wade, political agent at Loodhiana, told me that he was present at his resurrection after an interment of some months, General Ventura having buried him in the presence of the Maharajah and many of his principal Sirdars; and, as far as I can recollect, these were the particulars as witnessed by General Ventura:—After going through a regular course of preparation, which occupied him some days, and the details of which are too disgusting to dilate upon, the Faqueer reported himself ready for interment, in a vault which had been prepared for the purpose by order of the Maharajah. On the appearance of Runjeet and his Court, he proceeded to the final preparations that were necessary, in their presence, and after stopping with wax his ears, nostrils, and every other orifice through which it was possible for air to enter his body, except his mouth, he was stripped and placed in a linen bag; and the last preparation concluded by turning his tongue back, and thus, closing his gullet, he immediately died away into a sort of lethargy. The bag was then closed, and sealed with Runjeet's own seal, and afterwards placed in a small deal box, which was also locked and sealed. The box was then placed in a vault, the earth thrown in and trod down, and a crop of barley sown over the spot, and sentries placed round it. The Maharajah was, however, very sceptical on the subject, and twice in the course of the ten months he remained under ground, sent people to dig him up, when he was found to be in exactly the same position, and in a state of perfectly suspended animation. At the termination of the ten months, Captain Wade accompanied the Maharajah to see him disinterred, and states that he examined him personally and minutely, and was convinced that all animation was perfectly suspended. He saw the locks opened, and the seals broken by the Maharajah, and the box brought into the open air. The man was then taken out, and on feeling his wrist and heart, not the slightest pulsation was perceptible. The first thing towards restoring him to life was the forcing his tongue back to its proper position, which was done with some little difficulty by a person inserting his finger and forcibly pulling it back, and continuing to hold it until it gradually resumed its natural place. Captain Wade described the top of his head to have been considerably heated; but all other parts of the body, cool and healthy in appearance. Pouring a quantity of warm water over him constitutes the only further measure for his restoration, and in two hours' time he is as well as ever."

CAMP AND QUARTERS, by Major John Patterson, we would recommend as one of the best anecdotal illustrations of the late war that we have met with. The Major is a delightful gossip, yet he, unlike most travellers, avoids the *wonderful*, and relates the truth. A better work we have not met with for a very long time.

THE DRAMA OF LIFE, by John Edmund Reade, is a clever production, but, alas! too clever to be popular, though he richly deserves to be a favourite author. Posterity may be kind to him, but what a melancholy hope is that to a spirit-broken man!

THE LETTERS OF PUBLICOLA.—We have received the first number of these collected letters;

but we do not dabble in political or religious controversies.

LYRA URBANICA; OR, THE SOCIAL EFFUSIONS OF CAPTAIN C. MORRIS.—Reminiscences of the by-gone times, when the fourth George was in the pride of his youth, and the plenitude of his popularity, are given to us in these songs of Captain Morris. They were on the verge of being forgotten, when the appearance of this volume restored them to general recollection. The commencement of one of the last pieces he ever wrote is highly characteristic of the man.

"I'm an old piece of lumber, come down from the shelf,

Which I think could have happen'd to none but myself!

But so long have I liv'd amongst rubbish and dust,

'That I take a last brush here to rub off the rust."

One of the best of Captain Morris' effusions, in our opinion is, the odd poem entitled, "The Contrast." We will extract one verse, which shows how justly the Captain appreciated the visiting pleasures of the country, which most of our sucking poets pretend to admire for fashion's sake.

"In the country how sprightly our visits we make
Through ten miles of mud for formality's sake;
With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,

And no thought in your head but a ditch or a bog."

These poems will repay the reader for their perusal.

ROUGH POETICAL SKETCHES, by Diggory Mole, are terribly in want of polishing. These satires must have been easy work to Mr. Diggory, for they are wretchedly bad, and decidedly vulgar.

EROTOPHUSEOS; OR, THE LOVE OF NATURE.—There is something in a name, for in trying to pronounce this we have been in danger of getting a locked-jaw. Mr. Timotheus Pikromel is certainly not born to be a poet, and the lady who he tells us "set his senses in a blaze," ought really to take care the poor young man does not burn his fingers a second time by publishing some of the worst nonsense we have met with for an age.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW; with a Concise History of the Corruptions, Usurpations, and Anti-Social Effects of Romanism, by Sir W. J. R. Cockburn—is a work that is as disgraceful to the publisher as to the author. We wish writers would be wise enough to let the horrors of the past die a natural death, and be forgotten.

MICHAEL ANGELO CONSIDERED AS A PHILOSOPHIC POET, is an elegant little volume. Mr Taylor has given some very good translations of his occasional poems.

JACK ASHORE, by the highly talented author of RATTLIN THE REEFER, is unquestionably the best novel of the present season. Mr. Howard not only draws his outline well, but he also finishes his picture perfectly. There cannot possibly be found a work of more intense interest than Jack Ashore, and it will add another laurel to the wreath that already encircles the brows of its highly-gifted author.

A VOLUME OF LYRICS, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron-Wilson.*—Many of the Lyrics inserted in this volume have made their first appearance in the *Belle Assemblée* and other periodicals, and the fugitives are now collected from the various publications in which they have been printed, and form an elegantly got up volume, which is dedicated to the author's children.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PHRENOLOGY, by Sidney Smith, is a clever work on a very doubtful science. We confess we are no advocates for this mental quackery.

THOMAS A' BECKET.—A DRAMATIC CHRONICLE, is a clever production; but the character of Queen Eleanor's dwarf is rather a disgusting creation of the author's fancy. Many of the scenes are powerfully written, and it is a good revival of an olden style of writing.

LETTERS OF THE EARL OF DUDLEY TO THE BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.—Ninety-four letters of a most interesting description are given in this work; a portion of one containing a sketch of the German nobility, is so excellent, that we cannot resist the temptation of making a short extract from it.

"A great nobleman is in general a dull, ill-informed, and very debauched person;—which is all natural enough considering his wealth, his want of a career of honourable ambition, and his dignity, which enables him to trample with impunity upon those decencies which are held indispensable in a better regulated society. The women seem to deserve the character they enjoy all over Europe, of being far superior to the men; I understand, for instance, that Prince Metternich's daughter, who was married to a Count Esterhazy, very properly began his education by destroying his numerous and valuable collection of tobacco-pipes, and by teaching him to read."

We hope the German nobility have improved since 1823, the last date of these letters, for if they have not, we think our own Legislature ought to be petitioned to send over a few of our "new lights" to civilize them.

The Earl's portraiture of the Universities is not powerfully written, but strictly true.

"It is not to be wondered at, that, with an understanding and disposition, such as you possess, you should feel indignant and mortified at the bigoted hostility to improvement, however moderate and cautious, which you have to contend with in the greater part of your academical contemporaries and friends. From what I have myself seen and heard from other quarters, I am quite satisfied that you have not over-rated their obstinacy and intolerance."

* I will not abuse the University to its ablest defender—indeed, I have no inclination to do so;—but I must be allowed to say, that of all persons with whom I ever was acquainted, churchmen, resident at Oxford, have always appeared the most determined enemies to every species of salutary change. With all the influence that character and talents can give, you will produce but little effect upon them. They are not the materials from which converts are made. Improvement must be forced upon them as it ever has been, from without. Though it is no slight or doubtful advantage that could counterbalance that enormous evil of which, for so many years, Oxford was the cause—that of teaching little else but idleness and drunkenness to half the young men in the country; of whose education it is in a man-

* Hugh Cunningham, Trafalgar-square,

ner the joint patentees with its sister institution. * * There are some exposures in which the mind seems to lose its plastic quality: Oxford, I suspect, is one of them."

We think many parents will echo the opinions of Lord Dudley, who have had to pay dearly for their son's Oxford bills. Why is not some remedy devised to save young Collegians from being ruined?

Our Boudoir Table is *litteré* as well as *literary*. The good, bad, and indifferent, mix together upon it, like the heterogenous tribe that Mrs. Flimflam collects together to fill up her Soirées. Here we have SONGS by PRINCE ALBERT, at which the good people of Germany indulge in a hearty laugh at the credulity of Mister John Bull, who suffers all sorts of nonsense to be crammed down his throat without complaining;—there we have the TOWER OF LONDON, which increases in interest in every number, and MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK, by Boz. Then there is Leigh Hunt's INDICATOR, which every body has read and admired, and ITALY by Rogers, both appearing at moderate prices. And we have MEMOIRS, until we get tired of the monotony of the word;—Memoirs of Princesses and Queens, whose characters were not very particularly worthy of imitation, although their Majesties are biographed by a descendant of Queen Catharine Parr. ELWYN, a tragedy, by an unknown author, deserves some little praise for its most promising passages, and censure for the faultiness of the metre in general. THE HOPE OF THE WORLD and other poems, by Charles Mackay, is a very pleasing and elegant work. There is a spirit of piety and poetry pervading this volume that delights us. He is simple and perfectly natural. We thank him for publishing these sweet effusions of his leisure hours:

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

No. 1. "Meet me in the Valley;" written by James Bruton. Music by A. Fry.

2. "Oh! a dainty life doth the fairy lead;" words by J. Bruton. Music by Edward J. Loder.

3. "My happy village Home!" words by J. Bruton. Music by J. P. Knight. T. E. Purdey, St. Paul's Church Yard.

4. "Let us think of old Times;" poetry by J. E. Carpenter, Esq. Music by James Hill.

5. "The Bridal of Victoria;" written and composed by Mrs. Byng Gattie. Willis and Co. Lower Grosvenor-street.

1. A very sweet and pleasing ballad, of easy compass.

2. Playful and airy; the music well adapted to the poetry, which is very graceful.

3. A good catching melody, and a pleasing drawing-room ballad.

4. A very charming ballad, both as regards words and music, which are blended harmoniously together in "linked sweetness."

5. This is decidedly one of the best Songs we have yet seen on the Royal Nuptials. The Music is excellent, and the Poetry admirably describes the subject.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN.

A succession of novelties has been presented at this theatre, principally in the shape of revivals; and the six nights on which Mr. C. Kemble appeared must have done wonders for the treasury. His last appearance was in *Hamlet*, on the 10th of April; on which occasion Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present.—A new dancer, Mademoiselle Maria Luigia Bettoni, has made her debut here, and met with deserved success, in a little picturesque divertissement, entitled *Les Champs Elysees*.

On Easter Monday, after the drama of *Ion*, in which Miss Ellen Tree admirably sustained the part of the hero, a fairy melodrame, founded, as the bills inform us, on the old nursery tale of that name, was produced with all the effects of scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations, for which the good taste and liberality of the fair lessee of Covent Garden has long been celebrated. "The banquet hall of the *King of Noland*" was a splendid scene; and the magical appearance of the seven fairies at the banquet most skilfully managed. "The apartment of the Princess in the Octagon Tower" was just the snuggery we could fancy such a princess, enacted by a Vestris, would have fashioned out for herself; "the State Bedchamber was richness itself in every appointment; and the "Magic Forest," in which the trees moved aside to allow the *Prince Perfect* to thread his way to the castle of the Sleeping Royal Family, was executed upon a scale of substantial grandeur and precision which we have rarely witnessed in modern productions of the kind. The last scene was of course "the Illuminated Palace and Gardens of the Fairy *Antidote*," a picture worthy of fairy land. It had been advertised that the seven fairies would take their departure for the skies "in a patent safety fly," constructed by Mr. Bradwell, "time out of mind the fairies' coachmaker." This patent fly, or rather omnibus, certainly appeared, and a handsome vehicle it was; but, unfortunately, it would not go up. Some disappointment was manifested at this failure, which partially marred the closing effect of an otherwise very successful piece. Madame Vestris, as "The Beauty," sung some very effective parodies, and Miss Rainforth had also some pleasing airs allotted to her, while Harley, as the *Grand Chamberlain*, bustled about to the heart's content of his young holiday admirers. For the purposes for which it is intended, *The Sleeping Beauty* will be attractive for a time.

HAYMARKET.

This theatre has opened for its summer season, with most of the old favourites in its *corps dramatique*. Macready has been playing some of his best characters here, and several new farces have been produced.

How to Pay the Rent, a piece written expressly for Power, nightly draws crowded houses,

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This house, under the judicious management of Mr. Butler, is getting on excellently, and keeps pace with its contemporaries in novelty and amusement. *Gwynneth Vaughan*, from the prolific pen of Mr. Leman, has afforded Mrs. Stirling an opportunity of displaying her powers of drawing tears as well as raising smiles; and the *Monsieur Jaques* of Barnett loses none of its pathos by its transplantation to this theatre. On Easter Monday a *Royal Commissioner from Paris*, in the shape of a little drama, made his appearance here, and was well received. We know of no theatre where an evening can be spent more pleasantly than the Olympic, and the manager deserves the success he has ensured.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

SECOND CONCERT, MARCH 23.

We were glad to see a larger circle at the second concert, although the night was unfavourable and wintry; nor were the attractions of the evening unworthy of the assembly. With Loder as leader—Moschelles, conductor,—Mesdames Stockhausen and Bildstein, with H. Phillips, as singers,—and music, gathered from the sweet hives of those undying and inexhaustible honeybees, Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Weber, and Cherubini, there was perhaps nothing to be desired, unless it were a sprinkling of novelty, both in the selection of pieces and of artists. The only new feature was the first appearance of a Mr. Hayward, who executed a *Polonaise* on the violin in a very astonishing style. He is evidently a follower of the Paganini school.

THIRD CONCERT, APRIL 6.

The rooms were crowded, and the programme excited some curiosity, as the opening piece promised novelty. It was entitled *A Historical Symphony*, MS. by Spohr, first time of performance, and was more praiseworthy in its idea than its execution. It was an attempt to embody forth the styles of music of 1720—1780—1810—and the present period, in four successive movements: the first being descriptive of Bach and Handel, the second of Haydn and Mozart, the third of Beethoven, and the fourth of our modern composers. The idea is new, and capable of productiveness; but it was nevertheless a failure, and (a circumstance unprecedented, we believe, in the annals of the Philharmonic Society) a hiss pervaded the room at its conclusion. We are ourselves, to speak the truth, conscious of a latent satire, in the fourth movement, on the noisy music of the present day, and have our doubts whether the hissing individuals did not take the musical irony home to their bosoms.

An *Aria*, "Non mi diz," from *Don Giovanni*, succeeded, and was sung by Miss Birch with a sweetness that *only* wanted warmth to render it delicious. The one want, however, was enough to make it pass off insipidly to all who understood the intense passion of the words. A *Concert Piece*, by Weber, was exquisitely played by Moschelles on the piano-forte, and was followed by a *Cavatina* from *Zaira*, which was sung by Signor Tamburini,

but which he contrived to overwhelm with so many *florituri* that the chaste melody of the original air was entirely drowned in the rich sauce of embellishment that accompanied it. Nothing can be more delightful than the dreamy, Ossianic, balmy music of the Overture to the *Isles of Fingal*, by Mendelssohn Bartholdy, which was, however, given, we thought, too slowly. *Sinfonia* No. 8 of Beethoven was, in part encored; but the gem and novelty of the evening was a *Concerto* on the Violin, by Herr Moliquè, first violinist to His Majesty of Wurtemberg; his first performance in this country. He was received with a *furor* of applause, which his exquisite performance fully deserved. It was, in fact, perfectly beautiful, and (no small praise) wholly free from the modern Charlatanerie of imitators of Paganini, *Olè Bull, et id genus omne*. The Fourth Concert being postponed till the 27th, we shall be obliged to defer our notice of it till our June number.

MR. COLLYER'S ANNUAL CONCERT

Took place at the Hanover-Square Rooms, on Thursday evening, 2nd April; and, in conjunction with a happy selection of music, possessed the rare attraction of comparative brevity. The general error of concert-givers is a lengthened *programme*, threatening to last "till crack of doom," and wearying in the execution, instead of refreshing; for surely good music is refreshment. Mr. Collyer wisely avoided this fault, and the concert concluded at eleven o'clock. We were particularly pleased with Horsley's delicious glee, "By Celia's Arbour," sang by Messrs. Moxley, Collyer, H. Gear, and Atkins. Miss Cubitt gave the "*Ranz des Vaches*," very sweetly, accompanied by herself; and Mrs. Alban Croft, in an Italian song, evinced considerable felicity of expression. Miss Edwards, whose power of voice is astonishing, although here and there a touch of delicacy seems wanting to complete its refinement, sang "*Non piu mesta*;" but we are inclined to rank Mr. H. Blagrove's *Concerto* on the Violin as our favourite performance of the evening. The *Polo-naise* was perfectly beautiful. Mr. Fitzwilliam's song was clever of its kind, and would have elicited thunders of applause from the cigar clouds at the Coal Hole or Cyder Cellar; but we somewhat question its privilege to plaudits in the Hanover-Square rooms.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

A Concert in aid of the funds of the Western Eye Dispensary was given in the Hanover-Square Rooms, on the evening of March 27th, and we were rejoiced to perceive it so well attended. An institution of so laudable a nature calls upon the charitable propensities of all who, through the ear, permit the heart to be softened into pity for the eye; and those *artistes* who so generously came forward to assist gratuitously on the occasion, deserved and obtained the applause they merited. The *programme* was extensive, and with such names as those of Miss Woodyatt, Miss Dolby, Miss Bruce, and Miss Rainforth, there could be no deficiency of vocal harmony. We are authorized to say that the former celebrated vocalist not

only consented at once to sing for the institution, but also forwarded a handsome donation in aid of its funds. Miss Rainforth sang so deliciously as to elicit an encore in Haydn's "*My mother bids me bind my hair*." Mrs. A. Toulmin had also an encore; as had Harrison in the "*Thorn*."

We had Chatterton and his harp, and Richardson and his flute; but we are inclined to consider the chief attraction of the evening to have been Mademoiselle Launitz, who on this occasion made her first appearance in England. She executed a *Fantasia*, by Döhler, on the piano-forte, in a style that at once stamps her merit as a first-rate pianiste. This lady, who is young and handsome, has recently arrived from the Court of Russia where her performances were appreciated. Though of German parentage, she has been, we understand, educated in Russia. As it is the duty of all who move in that circle which may be called the "*Belle Assemblée*" of high life, to spread "the golden liniment" with which Providence may have gifted them amongst the desolate and diseased, we may as well state a fact which may not be generally known,—namely, that the Eye Dispensary, opposite the Parish Church, High-street, St. Giles, is open to the Poor, without any letter of recommendation; poverty and disease being the only requisites for obtaining relief. This latter clause speaks volumes in praise of the Institution, which has been, we understand, greatly indebted to its Surgeon, H. Houston, Esq. M.R.C.S., author of a clever little treatise on the Eye.

COSMORAMA.

This pleasing Exhibition has just re-opened with an entire set of new views; the most beautiful of which are—Constantinople, during the conflagration in 1839; the Park of Versailles, and the Lake of Thun in Switzerland. The whole are beautifully executed; and the illusion of the scene is complete.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS— SUFFOLK STREET.

This Gallery devoted to the works of British Artists, is now open to the public. It contains this season but few pictures of merit. Among the best, we would enumerate "The Sisters," being portraits of Mrs. Nisbett and the two Misses Mordaunt, drawn by their brother; and Miss Helen Fawcitt, by Rose Emma Drummond.

EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS,

PALL MALL.

We congratulate the contributors to this Gallery on the improvements which have taken place in the collection of this Society since its first season. The present is one of the best out of six Exhibitions which have been presented to the public. The Society is founded on the most liberal plan, and fair play is afforded to each exhibitor. We cannot afford space to particularize any picture out of the many presented to our observation.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

TO THE EDITRESS OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Rue du Faubourg, St. Honoré
à Paris, April 24.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

The weather with us has passed all at once from extreme cold to excessive heat, so that we seemed to have gone to sleep in January and awaked in May; the consequence is, that our spring fashions have appeared in greater beauty and variety than they usually do in the beginning of the season. My prediction has been verified, *paille de riz*, and *paille d'Italie* are decidedly in vogue; but gauze *tulle*, crape, silk, and some fancy materials are equally fashionable for the moment; the reign of these latter will not, however, like the former, last during the season, but it will be long enough to render the account that I shall give you useful to your fair readers.

Both *chapeaux* and *capotes* have the crowns made quite low, placed, indeed as they are at present, horizontally, but the brims vary, some being much closer than others, but all small, round, and descending low on the cheeks. Italian straw which, to be fashionable, must be of the finest kind, is made both in the *demi capote*, and *chapeaux* form. The brim of the first is rather close, and the crown is finished at the back by a *bavolet* turning up, the trimmings may be either flowers, or else a long flat feather. Flowers are so various that I can hardly tell you what is preferred; however, violets I think upon the whole, in a majority, they are disposed in tufts; nut, and almond blossoms, as well as the flowers of the double blossomed peach, are employed for wreaths. A new kind of fancy flower has just been introduced to trim the interior of those brims that are rather wide, it is disposed in small light clusters, which have a very pretty effect. Willow feathers, both ostrich and marabout, are employed for the exterior of *chapeaux*; there are but few trimmed with flowers, except in the interior of the brim.

The *capotes* and *chapeaux* of rice straw are of the same form, and I must mention to you what I think a great improvement in the former, that they are now platted so that the brim can be made of a single piece. Some of the *capotes* are ornamented with a single white flat feather laid on one side of the brim, and descending below it. Others are trimmed with a *voilette* of English point lace, retained at each side by a flower. A good many of the *chapeaux* are ornamented with three loops of the blossoms of some fruit tree, with a tuft of the beards of marabouts depending from each. I have observed also a good many *chapeaux*, both of rice and Italian straw, with the interior of the brims ornamented with these small tufts of marabouts instead of flowers. Silk is not so much in favour for *chapeaux*, nevertheless it is partially adopted; the most fashionable are those of light grey reps ornamented with ribbons to correspond, and a bouquet of mignonette placed on one side. Those of pale pink satin, partially covered with a lace lappet, descending in *demi voile*, are also much admired; the lace is intermingled in a very tasteful manner with *marguerites*. *Capotes* of gauze, or *tulle bouillonnée* are beginning to be very gene-

rally adopted, but I cannot recommend them to the generality of your fair readers, because though they are singularly light and pretty, the materials are so cheap that they will soon become common. I think the most tasteful and becoming of them are those of white *gauze lisse*, lined with rose-coloured gauze. The trimming consists of a wreath of white and red roses intermingled, they are called *roses éolines*; they are composed of transparent gauze, and are the prettiest and most delicate of all the new flowers. Thistles, composed of the barbes of ostrich feathers, and coloured after nature, are also a good deal employed to trim these bonnets.

Before I conclude my chapter on hats, which to say the truth is rather of the longest, I must announce to you a bonnet and a hat that are expected to be very fashionable. The first is introduced by one of our most tasteful *marchandes des modes*, as a successor to the black lace *capotes* which were last season so pretty before they became common. They are composed of crape, those that have yet appeared are of full shades of blue, lilac, or green, they are drawn but not lined, and are variously trimmed. Some with ribbon and flowers, others with lace intermixed, but sparingly with flowers; roses in their almost endless variety are the favourites, jessamine, lily of the valley, and white lilac with a very light green foliage are also in request. I must observe that the flowers are always of light and brilliant hues; this is necessary in order to soften the effect which the somewhat sombre shade of the bonnet would otherwise produce on the complexion. The *chapeaux* are of coloured crape, or silk entirely covered with application.

I was about to close my catalogue without speaking of the most novel *chapeaux* of the season, and certainly they are among the prettiest also; they are composed of alternate bands of gauze and rice straw, the former let in full to the latter. The gauze is always coloured; green, rose and blue are the favourite hues. Several of these hats are trimmed with willow marabouts *noués*; others with bouquets of the *girôfle Pennsylvanienne*.

Some silk summer shawls have appeared with light grounds and borders flowered in vivid and beautiful colours. Silk *mantelets* of a new description have also made their appearance. Those called *Beylerley* of a new and beautiful shade of green bordered with a marabout fringe, have been adopted by ladies of great taste in dress; they are square and rather deep behind, with scarf ends which fall low in front. They are arranged in folds on the bust so as to fall gracefully round the figure. Cherry coloured *mantelets* shot with white are very pretty, they resemble those of muslin lined with silk. The trimming consists of *dents* of the same material cut in a novel manner; these *mantelets* fall low and square at the back, and have the fronts formed to the shape by folds. Embroidered muslin *mantelets* lined with coloured silk have also resumed their vogue, as have likewise black and white lace ones, but there is nothing actually novel in their form.

The new materials are principally silks, they afford a good deal of variety both of patterns and texture; *foulards* are very much in favour, both

the material and the patterns are brought to the highest degree of perfection, the latter are plaided, figured, striped, and what is most novel of all, in satin patterns. Shot silks, silks of light but rich hues, *gros de Naples broché* in a great variety of ways. Plaided silks of large patterns, and others with very small squares which are formed of a number of stripes scarcely broader than a thread. We have a great variety of *mousselines de laine*, and some very beautiful ones, but their vogue, with one exception, is not yet determined, and I am inclined to think that they will not be very fashionable, with the exception of the *mousselines de laine Cachemère*; the most elegant of these have a plain ground, either Victoria blue, or light green, the trimming consists of deep flounces printed in Cashmere palms. I may also cite a new material, or rather an old one revived, it is *Barège*, it is of the half transparent kind, composed of the finest Cashmere wool, with a slight intermixture of silk. Some are striped in narrow black and blue stripes upon a *poussière* ground; they are neat and simple, others of different coloured grounds are strewn with small palms.

Silks, *mousselines de laine*, and plain muslin are all adopted in morning dress; the pelisse robe form is generally adopted for the two first materials, they are ornamented either with fancy silk trimmings, of which there are several new kinds, or else with the material of the dress disposed in *bouillons* or *ruches* of a novel form. A very strong effort is making to bring in tight sleeves, those that have appeared have a turned up cuff, and are ornamented at the upper part of the sleeve with a deep fold which forms a kind of half-sleeve, but without fulness. I think I may venture to assure you that this fashion, if it is adopted at all, will be very partially so, and that there is not the least chance of its becoming general. The few muslin morning dresses that have appeared are made *en peignoir*, they are remarkable only for the beauty of their embroidery, and the expensive lace generally employed to trim them.

Evening dress is now, except for *grand soirées*, decidedly of the *demi toilette* kind. Robes, however, continue to be made with pointed *corsages*; it is only tunics or *demi redingotes*, both of which are very much in favour, that are made with the *corsage* round at the bottom. Silks, particularly shot silks, organdy and lace, are the materials in request for evening dress. There is really quite a mania for lace, particularly for antique point lace. Some *demi redingotes* have lately appeared composed of, and trimmed with it; they are lined with lilac, rose colour, or *oiseau* taffetas, and fastened down the front of the skirt by small knots of ribbon of a very novel and pretty form. The *corsage* is very open on the bosom, sets close to the shape, and is trimmed with a falling lappel. Demi large sleeve made with a cleft *mancheron*. Notwithstanding the length of time that lace and organdy dresses lined with silk have been in favour, they will this season be as much in vogue as ever. Some of the new evening dresses are composed of *pou de Soie*, either pink, blue, or lilac shot with white; the *corsage* cut very low, and tight to the shape, forms a *demi cœur* sufficiently low to display a rich lace *guimpe*, it is trimmed round the top by a lappel

of the same material cut in *dents de Scie*. The demi large sleeve has the top ornamented with two falls of trimming cut to correspond. The skirt is bordered with a flounce *en suite*, which is headed by a trimming disposed in a kind of corkscrew twist. Some half-dress robes of organdy are made in a very simple style, but yet rendered costly by their trimming and ornaments. The *corsage* has a drapery laid on so as to form a little *V* in the centre, it is disposed in irregular folds which are retained on the bosom by a brooch, formed by a cameo set in coral, corresponding ornaments loop the drapery on the shoulders, and a cord and tassels formed of coral beads complete the dress.

Caps still retain their vogue in evening dress, indeed it seems as if they were never to lose it. Rice-straw hats of a very small round shape, are also a good deal adopted; they are decorated in the interior of the brims with flowers and the exterior with marabouts *aériens*, a new and beautiful kind of down feather. I have no alteration to announce to you in the style of hair-dressing, but some will probably soon take place as *coiffures en cheveux* are becoming more general. They are decorated with flowers; besides those of the season we have several fancy flowers that are extremely pretty; natural ones are however, upon the whole, more in request. Wreaths of the pretty *roses zéoniennes*, that I have already mentioned to you, are very fashionable, but not so much so as narrow wreaths of marine moss intermingled with small rose-buds. The most fashionable colours are lilac, different shades of rose, *oiseau*. Victoria blue, emerald and pea green, *poussière*, and some shades of grey.

Adieu, ma chère et bonne amie, votre dévouée,
ADRIENNE DE M.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY PLATES.

FIRST PLATE.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Robe of green *gros de Tons* figured in the same colour, *corsage* half-high and *en gerbe*; the sleeve trimmed at the top with two *volans*. Organdy shawl lined with lilac *gros de Naples*, it is of a large size, made with a shawl pelerine, embroidered and trimmed with English point lace; it is looped on each shoulder by a cluster of *coques* and a band of lilac ribbon, and attached on the bosom by a knot formed of *coques* and ends. Rice straw bonnet, it is a *chapeau capote*, the brim very open, it is trimmed at the sides with red, green, and white flowers; the exterior is decorated with a *plume écossais*, it is a long willow parti-coloured feather, one half green, the other tinted in red and yellow; it is attached on one side of the crown by a twist of white ribbon, a knot of plaid velvet ribbon adorns the other side; *brides en suite*.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Dark *poussière gros de Naples* robe, a high *corsage* draped in soft folds on the bosom, and crossing to one side. Demi large sleeve, the upper part decorated with three rows of trimming cut in *dents* of a new form. The skirt is ornamented in the *demi redingote* style with a similar trimming down the front; three rows are put close together, but they widen as they approach the border, and encircle it at some distance

from each other. Drawn bonnet of rose coloured spotted crape; a small round brim, the interior trimmed with *coques* of the same; a damask rose, and crape *brides*. The exterior is trimmed with rose ribbon, and a thistle composed of feathers.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

NO. 3. EVENING DRESS.—Lilac *gros de Naples* robe, the *corsage* half-high, but open *en cœur* on the bosom, displays the lace *guimpe*; it is made tight to the shape, and the front ornamented by a row of *coques*, terminated by floating ends of ribbon. The skirt is finished by two flounces. Point lace *Berthe*. Head-dress of hair ornamented with flowers.

NO. 4. MORNING VISITING DRESS.—Blue *gros de Naples* robe, half-high corsage, and bishop's sleeve. Embroidered muslin cuff of a new form. *Organdy pelerine mantelet* embroidered, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The bonnet is a *demi capote* of rice straw, trimmed with white ribbons and tufts of violets.

NO. 5. DINNER CAP AND PELERINE.—The cap is formed of an English lace *demi voile* attached to a small lace caul; it encircles the back of the head, forms puffs at the sides, and descends in full lappets on the neck; bands of blue ribbon ornament the caul, and a rose is placed on each side of the front.

NO. 6. CARRIAGE BONNET.—Composed of white *pou de Soie brochés*, the brim is covered with *tulle bouillonné*, and ornamented with flowers.

PUBLIC PROMENADE BONNET.—Of rose coloured crape, a round and very open shape, the brim edged with a *ruche*, the trimming is a full band of crape in which a bouquet of ostrich feathers is inserted.

SECOND PLATE.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Blue *gros de Tours* pelisse, the *corsage* made high, tight to the shape, and a little open on the bosom; it is trimmed down each side of the front in a scroll pattern with silk buttons and braiding. The same style of trimming is continued down the front of the skirt, the centre of which is ornamented with knots composed of cords and tassels. Tight sleeve, cut like that of a gentleman's coat, displaying the shape of the arm, with a deep cuff closed by silk buttons, and an open *mancheron* trimmed to correspond with the *corsage*, and ornamented with a cord and tassels in the centre. Bonnet of white crape spotted with lilac, the crown is trimmed with white ribbons, and a row of crape disposed in *dents de loup* round the bottom; it falls over a *demi voile* of English point lace, which reaches to the extremity of the brim, and descends in full folds on the bosom; the interior of the brim is trimmed with Easter daisies, a bouquet of exotics is placed on one side of the crown.

MORNING DRESS.—Robe *redingote* of shot *gros de Naples*, gold colour and brown; half-high *corsage* tight to the shape, and wrapping to one side; it is trimmed with a *ruche*, which descends down the side of the skirt, the border of which is decorated with two *ruches* placed at some distance from each other. Very wide sleeve, confined to the arm at top and bottom by *ruches*. Blue *pou*

de Soie bonnet, a shallow open brim, edged with *bouillonnée*, and the interior lightly decorated with tufts of wild blossoms. The exterior is trimmed with blue ribbons, and shaded feathers.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

NO. 3. EVENING DRESS.—*Organdy* robe, a low and deeply pointed *corsage*, trimmed with Brussels lace *Berthe*. Short tight sleeve, covered with three *volans* of lace to correspond. A single deep *volan* decorates the skirt. Head-dress of hair ornamented with flowers.

DINNER DRESS.—Pink *gros de Tours* robe, the *corsage* cut very low and square at top, is trimmed with a pointed lace *Berthe*. Short sleeve, terminated by a trimming of the material of the dress, disposed in full hollow plaits. White crape turban trimmed with pink and white shaded feathers.

EVENING DRESS.—Lilac *moire* robe, a low *corsage*, the front ornamented with a very full drapery. Short sleeve composed of two *bouillons* with an epaulette and ruffle of antique black lace. The skirt is trimmed with two flounces of the same. Cap formed of a lace scarf put plain, and rather backward on the head, but disposed in full folds at the sides, and terminating in floating lappets; it is ornamented with roses inserted in the folds.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

NO. XX.

A young artist, whom I had not seen for some time, called on me on the last day of 1836. He is one of the best-tempered and best-natured men I have ever known: so much so that I never before remarked a frown upon his brow. The flushed and angry appearance of his countenance consequently alarmed me; and I asked him, with some anxiety, what was the matter.

"Nothing," replied he, "but I have just been highly provoked by a rascal, whom I have hitherto taken for a careless good kind of fellow, incapable of a base action."

"And are you now certain that he is capable of one?"

"You shall hear. I met him this morning at a jeweller's, where he was ordering a necklace and ear-rings. As he is a single man, I rallied him about it. 'I am a lucky dog,' said he; 'and so you will say when I tell you the use I am going to make of them. But in order that you may understand my story, I must begin it rather far back. Six years ago a friend of mine solicited my charity for a poor fellow who had been once a man of some property, but was unfortunately foolish enough to become security for a relation, who ran away: the consequence was that he was totally ruined. My friend began a long history, which, as I have no taste for histories of that kind, I should have interrupted by giving the man a louis, and getting rid of the matter at once, but he had a little girl by the hand—such a girl! No, I can't describe her; but you have a poetic imagination. Picture to yourself then the most lovely innocent creature, of twelve years old, that your fancy can conceive, and it will still fall short of my charming Agnes. One glance from her soft blue eyes settled the matter! I took the father and daughter under my protection at once.'"

"But is it possible you could have fallen in love with such a mere child?"

"Who talked of falling in love? I found employment for the father; and, after a day or two of reflection, I thought that in time to come I could find employment for the daughter too. In short, I told *le pere* that I would place the girl at a good school, give her an excellent education, and take upon myself to provide for her handsomely when she was of a proper age. They were beside themselves with joy and gratitude. The girl has grown up as accomplished as she is lovely, her education is finished, to-morrow I take her from school—"

"And you will crown your work, and repay yourself with usury for all the good you have done to those worthy people, by marrying the sweet girl?"

"He burst into a horse-laugh. 'Marrying!' cried he, at last, 'why, my dear Adolphe, you must be mad! Marry a girl whose father is my servant?'"

"I began now to comprehend his villany; but, like a fool as I was, I thought to make him ashamed of it. I need hardly tell you I did not succeed; and, owing to my imprudent warmth, I lost the opportunity of learning who the father is, otherwise I should have given him notice of the vile intentions of his supposed benefactor."

At that moment the porter of the house in which I lodge asked permission to speak to me. He was going to retire when he saw a gentleman with me; but I told him he might speak before my friend. I must observe that *Pere Robert* was a great favourite of mine: he is one of the few I have found whose conduct was calculated to redeem the name of Porter from the general odium in which it is held. I had never found *Pere Robert* gossiping in his lodge with the servants of the lodgers, nor troubling himself about their affairs. Then his deportment was perfectly civil and respectful, without the least tincture of servility; and I was convinced he had a good heart, from the many little services I knew he rendered to Mademoiselle Mercier, a very old and very cross inhabitant of our sixth story, who I feel certain neither paid him with money nor fair words. But to go back to my story—

"Sit down, sit down, *Pere Robert*," cried I, as he stood with his hat in his hand. Seeing he hesitated, I thought he had perhaps some favour to ask me; and I was going to tell Adolphe to leave us, when *Pere Robert*, guessing, I believe by my look, what I was going to say, prevented it by exclaiming, "Ah! Monsieur, I am come to take the liberty of telling you something which has made me the happiest man in the world."

"I am truly glad to hear it."

"You know our landlord, Monsieur?"

"No: I am not acquainted with him."

"True; I forgot you had not been very long here. Well it is he—may Heaven reward him!—that has made me happy. But, before I tell you how, I must show you something that I want to ask you, Monsieur, if you would be so good as to tell me, whether you think it would be too bold of me to offer him to-morrow." Taking a small box from under his arm, he drew from it a group of *statuettes* of the finest marble: it represented an old man, in whose features I could easily recognise

his own, and a very young girl; both were apparently about to kneel before a gentleman, who prevented them by holding a hand of each. Adolphe and I exchanged a look, unperceived by Robert.

"You wish to give this to your landlord?"

"Yes, Monsieur, if you did not think it would be too bold, when you have heard my reasons. Six years ago I was starving in the streets; I knew not where to turn for a morsel of bread for my poor child and myself. Well, a gentleman spoke to our landlord, who gave me immediately the place of porter here. Most thankful I was to him; but that is nothing to what he has done since. He placed my daughter at one of the first schools in Paris, saying that he would give her the education of a duchess, and would place her in a situation above her hopes. He has not said what it is to be; but I am sure, as he is such a great gentleman, he will get her a place in some grand family as a governess. I shall know that to-morrow; for he means to take her from school, and settle her immediately. He told me to-day that he should give Agnes and me our New-Year's gift to-morrow. Oh! Monsieur, do you think he would be offended if I was to place this group in his chamber, that he might see it the first thing when he awoke in the morning?"

I cannot paint the poor fellow's horror and astonishment when Adolphe and myself revealed the truth to him; it was with difficulty we could get him to believe it. When he was at last convinced that his pretended benefactor was a wretch, he was almost in despair.

"Oh! my child," cried he, "my poor Agnes, what is to become of her? How can she ever earn a livelihood by the hard labour that must now be her lot."

"She can and may earn it in innocence and peace," cried Adolphe, "doubt not that with the education she has received, she can get honest bread for herself and you too. My connections are not like those of Mr. B—, but though in a much more humble sphere, I can and will be useful to you. You look distrustfully, my friend, and I can scarcely wonder at it, but remember, all men are not monsters."

If a doubt remained on the mind of *Pere Robert*, it was dissipated the next day by the infamous B—, who finding both him and his daughter proof to all the offers with which he tried to tempt them both, discharged him on the spot. As the poor fellow had expended all his little savings in the New Year's Gift, which, it is needless to say, he did not now dream of presenting, he would, but for Adolphe and myself, have been again reduced to penury.

I was pleased to see, that severe as the blow must have been to Agnes, she exerted herself with the greatest fortitude to comfort her father. Although she was too modest and humble to avow it, I am certain that the villain had led her to believe he meant to marry her; and in truth she was a girl that any man might be proud to make his wife. She had profited well by the education given her, and through our exertions, for Adolphe entered with heart and soul into the business, she might have got a very respectable situation as a governess, but she declared that if it were possible

to gain even the most scanty subsistence for her father and herself she would not leave him. Providence has rewarded her pious cares, for after a short but arduous struggle, she has acquired several pupils rich enough to remunerate her talents as they deserve. Her beauty and amiable conduct so captivated Adolphe that he would have married her long ago, but though her heart pleaded in his favour, she rejected him for some time, and only consented at last on condition that she might still pursue her profession. Adolphe, who when he made his proposals, stipulated that her father should live with them, assured her there was no occasion for it, as his income was quite sufficient for them all, but Agnes has carried her point, and *Pere Robert*, the happiest of fathers, presented Adolphe last New Year's Day, with the most precious gift a father could bestow, the hand of his virtuous and lovely daughter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. L.—We shall be glad to hear from this correspondent.

HERO—Has, we hope, ere this received a communication from us.

M. N. C.—The wretched lines sent by this correspondent are declined.

J. M. R.—The poem shall appear, though we do not like the subject for a light magazine.

CLAUDINE.—The translation shall appear; yes, she is right in the conjecture at the end of her note.

MOWBRAY.—Will find no reason to complain.

CALAIS.—Our correspondents are thanked.

CLARA.—Is duly received and thanked.

SIGMA.—We shall have much pleasure in inserting the poem sent by this correspondent.

D. F. T.—The lines on her Majesty are very loyal, but the poetry is not equal to the intention; their insertion would not "prosper" the writer.

Mrs. W. Q., Paris.—Received, and accepted with thanks.

RYCROFT R.—Is on our accepted list.

MARY H.—The poems sent by this lady shall have a place in our pages.

ELLA.—Will see the article is not neglected.

MARY.—The poem shall appear.

NAOMH.—Has our thanks, and shall receive our best attention.

MARIA's "Bonnie blue eye" shall ere long glance from our pages.

CLEON.—The articles are on our accepted list.

CLEMENTINA.—The tale shall ere long appear.

BLANCHE.—Shall be inserted or receive a definite reply in our next number.

X. Y. Z.—The tradition shall be used.

T's and I's.—The Editress will feel greatly obliged if her lady correspondents will cross their T's and dot their I's; it will greatly facilitate the perusal of the MSS. confided to her inspection. N.B. Long tails to Y's and G's are requested to be *cur-tailed* as much as possible.

J. S., King's Square.—The article is left at the office for the author.

J. W. B.—The lines on Spring, dated February, did not reach us till the end of April—too late to use—at least *this season*!

E. H. B.—The verses shall appear.

J. R. B.—The poems are on our accepted list, but we cannot decypher the date of place.

DARA.—The poems will appear.

J. P. G.—s.—The poem is accepted.

A. C. R.—The MS. is left at the office as requested. We must repeat our request, for the one-hundredth time, that correspondents will keep copies of short articles and poems, as we will not in future undertake to return them. The reading the packets of letters we receive every month, is quite enough without having the trouble to enclose, seal, and address them back again. We respectfully hope our readers will take this hint.

ADDRESSES.—The Editress requests persons who require private answers, to give at least such an address as may find them; several letters have been returned to the Editress, from the vague direction given; for instance, Charlotte-street, King William-street, Queen-street, when there are twenty of the name in the metropolis, is too vague to hope to find the persons so dating their communications. We often incur the imputation of neglect when the fault does not rest with ourselves, but arises from some such cause as we have named.

JANE S., Liverpool.—The tale last sent will not suit the work for which it is intended.

DANW.—We have received a communication from the person thus signing himself, enclosing a copy of verses, purporting to be *original*, but which we can shew him in *print*, and long since published by the late J. H. Bailey; we quote the first verse for our reader's remembrance, "On the author's being accused of being always in good spirits:—"

"Oh! do not suppose that my hours

Are always unclouded and gay,

And that thorns never mix with the flowers

Which fortune has strewn in my way.

The poem first appeared in a work called "The British Stage," about the year 1819. DANW will see we can give him all the particulars! How persons can have the impudence to attempt to play such tricks we know not. We advise the good people of *Carnarvon* to be on the look out, as the person who would do this would steal a silver spoon!

E. and M. W.—One only of the poems can we decypher. Cross writing will not do for the press.

HARRIETT.—We will peruse the poems, and some will probably appear.

LUCRETIA H.—The articles came to hand too late in the month to be read. They shall receive our best attention.

MATILDA.—We regret the pretty Spring poem did not reach us in time to be inserted in *season*.

G. M. S.—It is impossible for us to judge of a story by the scrap sent as a specimen; but from that specimen we feel inclined to say it would not suit.

MARIA G.—Shall hear from us.

WALTER SMITH.—The same.

27th APRIL.—Many other letters are lying on our desk, but it is too near the close of the month to allow us to peruse and answer them in the present number.

All Communications, Reviews of New Books, &c., to be addressed to the EDITRESS, care of MR. JENKINSON, No. 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where ALONE communications for this Work will in future be received, POST PAID.

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Fashions for June, 1840. Digitized by Google





FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

MORNING DRESSES.—**SITTING FIGURE.**—Foulard robe striped in two shades of green, a half high *corsage*, and demi large sleeve. The skirt is trimmed with two bias tucks. Embroidered muslin *canesou*, made high and descending in a point before and behind; it is bordered with Mechlin lace, and trimmed with a *peierine* encircled by two rows of lace; loops of shaded pink ribbon on the shoulders, and in the centre of the front, complete the trimming. *Chapeau* of white *pou de Soie*, the brim of moderate size, descending low at the ears, and turning round the back of the crown; it is bordered in front by a double *râche* of a new form, and the interior trimmed with a damask rose on each side; a single *râche* encircles the bottom of the crown, it is

terminated on one side by a bouquet of roses of different hues; *brides* of white ribbon complete the trimming.

STANDING FIGURE.—Dress of one of the new summer silks, figured and shaded in *groseille* and *eau de Danube*. The *corsage* is made high, and with a little fullness. Bishop's sleeve, the top trimmed with a *volan* headed by a *bouillonnée*; a single flounce encircles the border, it is headed by a *bouillonnée*, which is surmounted by a row of *dents de loup*; the *ceinture* of ribbon shaded in the colours of the dress, is tied in front in short bows and long ends. Point lace cuffs and collar, the latter finished in front with loops similar to those on the *canesou* of the first figure. The *chapeau* gives a front view of the one above described.



FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESSES.—FIRST FIGURE.—Pelisse of lavender bloom *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* high behind, but moderately open in front, is made tight to the shape, with a shawl pelerine bordered by a trimming of the same material, arranged in a wreath of *coques* of a very novel description; this trimming descends down each side of the front of the skirt in the form of a broken cone, increasing in size as it approaches the bottom. The sleeve tight and plain at top, descends very full nearly to the wrist, where it is terminated by a band. Lace cuff of a round form. Bonnet of green *gros d'Afrique*, a small round brim, the interior decorated in a light style with *tulle* and flowers, and the edge bordered with a puffed trimming; the exterior is ornamented with green and white shaded ribbon, and a *marabout* plume, in which the two colours are combined.

SECOND FIGURE.—Pelisse robe of *pou de Soie broché*, it is a white ground figured in green, the *corsage* tight to the shape, high behind, but descending in the *demie cœur* style in front, is trimmed with a row of lace falling over, and set on with moderate fulness. The *corsage* is fastened before by a row of gold buttons down the centre. Tight sleeve ornamented with a cuff and *mancheron* of novel form, both trimmed with gold buttons. A row of *bouillonnée*, interspersed with gold buttons, goes down the front of the skirt. Bonnet of very pale pink *gros de Tours glacé de blanc*, the crown is placed quite horizontally and small, the brim of moderate size, and descending low on the cheeks; the interior is lightly trimmed with wild flowers, the exterior is decorated with a lace drapery, a *gerbe* of fruit blossoms and foliage, and a knot and *brides* of ribbon corresponding with the bonnet.

THE NEW
MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

JUNE, 1840.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
CONSISTING OF TALES, ROMANCES, ANECDOTES,
AND POETRY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ST. MARY'S.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

What will your memory bring?—
Affections wasted, pleasures fled,
And hopes now numbered with the dead!
L. E. L.

I remember many years ago spending a very happy week with an old school-fellow at ———. When the weather permitted—and somehow the sun seemed to shine more frequently then—we had our boating parties; or, what I loved better still, used to wander away into the cool shady woods and copses to gather blackberries and wild flowers. And at night we would lie, in most luxurious idleness, upon the soft grass, beneath the bright moon, and repeat all the poetry we could, and the sadder it was the better we liked it.

The day before that fixed for my return there was to be a large party given, preparations for which had been going on for some time; and as the evening approached, little else was done or talked of.

It was a calm bright morning when Erskine and I stole away from the bustle and excitement which pervaded our usually quiet establishment, with a determination to enjoy a few hours of peace. Hitherto our rambles had been strictly confined to the most delightful part of the country, over heath and greenwood; but, as it was to be the last day of my visit, I resolved to see something of the village itself: and accordingly we directed our steps towards the centre of civilization, High Street. What village, be it ever so remote, does not possess a street of that name—the central mart in which if any little article can be procured we must seek it? Here the principal tradesmen take up their abodes, from the haberdasher with his smart show of London goods, to the little chandler's shop where you can scarcely ask for a thing which they do not sell. And a little apart, but not quite out of the general thoroughfare, up a flight of scrupulously white steps, surmounted by a green door with a brass plate, you are sure to find the village Æsculapius. Having passed all

this, we came to some detached cottage residences, which stood few and far between; and, following the windings of a narrow lane, a board at the commencement of which tells you that it leads to THE CHURCH, we came to a low white building, not nearly so large as many of the adjoining houses, and dilapidated by time and neglect.

"Why it is rather rickety to be sure, your honour," said a farmer-looking lad, in answer to Erskine's inquiries on the subject; "but we reckon that it will last on till the new one is finished."

"You are going to have a new church then," said Erskine.

"Please God we are, but somehow I have my doubts. However, if your honour and the young lady like to walk on as far as the old manor-house, exactly opposite to it stands St. Mary's; and, unfinished as it is, it's worth seeing I promise you."

"How came the building to be named before it was completed?" asked I.

"It was a whim of the old squire, who's dead and gone, that it should be called after his daughter Miss Mary; and as his money paid for it, he'd a right to have it christened what he liked. And as for Miss Mary being a saint, if ever there was one on earth, it's she, and her father know'd it. God have pity on her, poor young thing!"

We found little difficulty in following the boy's direction, and half an hour's good walking brought us to St. Mary's. The first view, in spite of props and scaffolding, was startling and magnificent; and the longer you stood and gazed upon it the more you felt inclined to coincide in the opinion of the Rev. Orville Dewy, that architecture is a language as truly as sculpture and painting, and appeals as forcibly to the imagination. I am not sufficiently skilled in the art to be able to tell exactly in what style it was built, whether it was Gothic or Ionic, I only saw that it was beautiful!—and, connected as it afterwards became with the fearful tragedy I am about to relate, the scene of that morning will never be effaced from my memory.

Erskine was in raptures, and after walking round it and viewing it from every direction, we were about to enter, when one of the workmen told us that it was not allowed. At this moment a young man who was standing just inside bending over a paper, on which he was rapidly sketching several ornamental figures, looked up and beckoned us to advance. Erskine thanked him for

his courtesy, and began examining the interior with a critical eye; but I confess from that moment my attention wandered, and I have since regretted that I saw so little of that singularly faded place.

The object of my curiosity had again bent over his drawing, and from the place where I stood I could command a full view of his classical and statue-like profile, with its high brow, arched nose, and compressed and rigid lips, on which sorrow seemed struggling to conceal itself under the mask of a cold and blighting scorn. Thick masses of raven hair clustered over his forehead in heavy curls, but a shade of premature silver had stolen away their brightness. He was young, I thought, to have such hair; and yet I had heard that it would turn grey in a single night through grief, and such proved to have been the case with him.

Having satisfied his curiosity, Erskine returned to where I stood.

"Whoever designed this place must have had extraordinary talent," said he; "but I doubt he wants experience."

My eyes were still fixed upon the being who had so powerfully arrested my attention, and I marked a deep flush steal over his white cheek.

"Might I have the benefit of your observations, sir?" he asked, after a few moments' pause; and, as he looked up, the summer sun streaming in through the painted glass shed a strange light over his beautiful countenance, and he seemed to me a fit inhabitant for such a place as that he now stood in.

"Certainly, sir," replied Erskine. "In the first place, this roof, with its exquisite and gorgeous carving, is too heavy; and I can perceive that, in one place the wall has bulged slightly out, sufficiently demonstrating its inability to support the enormous weight assigned to it."

The young man clasped his hands over his eyes, as if to shut out some fearful vision, and after a pause said calmly,

"You are right, sir: I thank you."

"This must be attended to," said Erskine.

"It shall!" replied the stranger. And we returned home, well satisfied with the result of our morning's walk.

During the few moments that we spent together before the arrival of company, I related what had occurred.

"Why it was Sidney Doran himself that you saw," said Mrs. —, "the gentleman under whose superintendence the whole has been designed and built. Poor Sidney! he will be here to-night, much as he dislikes company. I made such a point of his coming, that he could not refuse me. It is wrong for him to seclude himself so much as he does. But as you appear to be interested about him, some day I will tell you his history: and a very sad one it is."

"But I leave to-morrow," said I.

"Well, then, one of the girls shall write it out, and send it to you."

At this moment the entrance of visitors broke up the conversation; and it was many years before my kind friend found leisure to fulfil her promise; not until the subject of it had worked out his own doom, and was at rest.

Among Mrs. —'s guests there was one who particularly struck my fancy. She was tall and queen-like; but over all her regal beauty there was such a shade of desolation, if I may be allowed the expression, that it almost made you weep to look at her. It was Mary Alvenly, or St. Mary, as I have always loved to call her. Mr. Doran did not arrive until late; and, after bowing to the company, he walked straight up to her, and whispered a few common-place inquiries after her health, as though the sight of her had taken away his voice; to which she replied coldly and calmly — so much so indeed that I think I should have hinted her, had I not seen that, as she looked wistfully after his retreating form, her eyes were full of tears.

Although neither danced, they kept scrupulously apart: he leaning against the door, with a look of vacant wretchedness, and she talking, and even laughing, but doing both like one asleep; and I doubt not but they found the evening a long and weary one, although many remember it as one of the merriest in their lives, — but a light heart makes mirth for itself.

The following day I returned home; and years afterwards, when the events of my stay, although unforgotten, were waning fainter and fainter upon my memory, the subjoined sketch vividly recalled to my mind the recollection of St. Mary's.

It is rarely that children, when left to follow the bent of their own inclinations, do not in some way or other develop the peculiar turn of their minds and intellects; and such indications should always be carefully attended to, and followed up if possible. No one who watched Sidney Doran, surrounded by his miniature plans and models, would have thought of making him anything but an architect, and an architect he accordingly became. Poor Sidney! his strange beauty and his early developed talents were his ultimate destruction. He had studied his profession but a short time, when a young nobleman, attracted by his appearance, proposed taking him abroad with him, that he might have an opportunity of seeing architecture in all its beauty and simplicity. They were to visit the classic shores of Greece and Rome, and extend their researches into every land which contained anything worthy the attention of the artist or the poet. The offer was too tempting to be refused; and, after an absence of many years, Sidney Doran returned to his native place, too old and too proud to study the only thing which he wanted to make him perfect in his noble profession — its rudiments.

The fame of the young architect arrived before him, and induced Mr. Alvenly to send for him into —, and place in his hands the entire superintendence of a new church, which he proposed building at his own expense. Perhaps the old man was a little proud of having been the first to give Sidney Doran an opportunity of displaying his talents; and certain it is that, as the building advanced, he grew more and more satisfied with his own sagacity.

It was impossible for Sidney to remain long in the society of the gentle Mary Alvenly without loving her, nor was she the sort of person to love in vain. Her father saw at a glance how things

had turned out; and, after some consideration, determined to let them take their own course. For if the young architect was not exactly such a match as his beautiful heiress might have expected, he had every prospect of becoming rich, not only in the worldly sense of the term, but rich in an undying fame. Besides, they loved each other; and that he wisely considered to be the great thing needful in a married life, as that alone would enable them to bear everything that might befall them without a repining thought. Meanwhile months glided on like days, the only record of which arose before the admiring eyes of the young girl like a fairy palace, although she sighed as each new beauty brought it nearer to completion.

The day it was finished the old man summoned them both into his study, and placing the hand of the happy and conscious girl in that of her lover, blessed them both with a faltering voice.

"I intend," said he, "to have the church consecrated by the name of St. Mary; and I hope I shall live to see your hands joined together at that altar which Sidney has taken such pains to render so fit and beautiful a shrine to dedicate to God."

Mary flung herself into her father's arms, and her wordless happiness found vent in tears and caresses, while Sidney Doran knelt before them, and poured forth his thanks in the eloquent language which the heart invariably dictates. But it was strange that, after her father and lover had left her, Mary should cover her face with her hands, and shudder with a sudden fear that stole over her, in the midst of her deep happiness, like a storm in summer, an undefined presentiment of coming evil.

That day the last props were to be removed from the new church, and Sidney Doran was busy superintending the workmen and conversing with his kind patron, who sat upon the steps leading to the altar, when he received a summons from Mary. Poor Mary! she did not well know why she had sent for him back, but she felt wretched, and bowed as it were to the earth with a sick and strange fear. The old man looked after him with a smile, as he departed to obey the mandate, and then relapsed into silence. It might be that his mind had wandered back into the past, and that with its blessed memories the lapse of weary years that had gone by since then was forgotten.

The distance from the new church to the manor-house, which commands a distinct view of it is not great, and the hand of the impatient lover was on the knocker, when he heard a strange rumbling noise, like an earthquake afar off, which was followed by a shock that made the very ground beneath him tremble: and, turning round, he, for the first time, distinctly saw from the place where he stood the fair smiling corn-fields and the long line of distant hills. St. Mary's was gone!—and a heap of ruins, the falling of which had drowned the last cry of human agony, and fear alone remained!

The whole of that day, and throughout the long fearful night that succeeded it, did the miserable Doran assist in clearing away the ruins, in order to work out a passage to that spot where it was imagined that the body of his unfortunate patron

would be found; and his unnatural calmness seemed stranger and more affecting than the frantic sorrow of his betrothed, whose wild cries thrilled into the hearts of the horror-stricken workmen, as they laboured at their awful task. The sun was breaking over the distant hills, and the red torches had begun to burn dim in the coming light of day, when a faint groan fell on the strained ear of Sidney Doran, and a wild vain hope sprung up in his heart.

In another hour they had penetrated to the very spot from whence the sound proceeded, and the poor old man was borne home, with every limb more or less mangled, but still alive and suffering. They laid him on his bed, and Mary came down and stood without shuddering by his side—from that hour her heart seemed to have been turned into stone.

"Sidney," said the dying man, as the wailing of his uncontrollable agony fell upon his ear, and broke through the stillness that was fast stealing over his senses, "come here—God bless and comfort you, my poor boy: it was not your fault, it was his will.—Nearer, Sidney—nearer—we will have a St. Mary's yet!—It is my last command—and you shall build it.—You will know better next time. Mary—my child, I said I would see you a bride at that altar—his bride—let it be so still—and, if it is permitted, my spirit shall yet hover over and protect you both!—Mary—you forgive him?—I am old—very old—I could not have lived much longer anyhow.—Do you hear me, Mary?"

But the girl stood cold and immoveable, shrinking writhingly away from the supplicating glance of her lover. Even there she refused her forgiveness; and those who looked on the shattered face and quivering form of that dying man could scarcely blame her.

He died!—the good—the charitable—the murdered!—died with the hand of his destroyer fast locked in his, and words of peace and pardon upon his lips. And yet he was less to be pitied than those two desolate hearts that he left behind to wither and break.

For weeks afterwards the life of Sidney Doran was despaired of, and he thought that his wild prayers for death were answered; but it was not to be. Through the unremitting attentions of his mother, who came down to nurse and soothe him, he at length recovered; but became from that time a changed and spirit-broken man. The fatal result of his first attempt was not so great a drawback to his fame as might have been expected. The blame was laid everywhere but on him, and the memory of that beautiful and fated church survived its ruin. Many were the offers he received from different noblemen; but, faithful to the dying wish of his benefactor, he refused them all, and, revolting as the task was, set himself resolutely to work to rebuild that which he designed as a monument to the memory of its noble founder. But fearfully and suddenly as he had been awakened to the humiliating consciousness of his own want of experience, the proud mind of Sidney Doran lent itself to the various sophistries which exonerated him from all blame in the affair, although he bowed in secret beneath the shame and remorse

which a conviction of their fallacy awakened in his mind. It was a wild—a distant hope, but it sometimes occurred to him that in time Mary might be brought to believe them; and, instead of seeking for some person whose practical knowledge might assist his own exquisite taste, he again commenced the undertaking unsupported, and assisted only by workmen who, without an opinion or idea of their own, were contented to follow his directions implicitly. He feared that an opposite line of conduct would be a tacit acknowledgment of his own inability to proceed without aid, besides he had seen his error, and would avoid it in future.

On his recovery, he called upon Mary, at her own request, and received her slow measured assurances of perfect forgiveness; but the look and tone in which they were uttered chilled his very heart, and he would much rather have endured her silence, or even her reproaches. From that hour she never sought to avoid him, and her passionless expressions of esteem or her cold indifference completed the punishment of the miserable architect.

Years past on, and once again the walls of St. Mary's stood proudly forth, exciting the wonder and admiration of all who beheld them. But no one marvelled to see Mary's cold averted eye; for if it was a record of her lover's genius, it was also one of her father's death.

About this time there was a ball given by a neighbouring gentleman, on the occasion of his only son's coming of age, and Mary went to it. The evening was warm and close; and, pushing back the muslin curtains, she stepped from the glittering ball-room into a calm moonlight balcony, and, sitting down, leant her head upon her hands, and wept.

It was a strange sight to behold that young girl, with her gemmed and braided hair, and her sad pale face vying in whiteness with her robe—to mark the flowers upon her dress, the flashing of her many diamonds, and then to listen to her low heart-breaking sobs. But they were hushed all of a sudden by the sound of voices. A young couple had taken possession of the seat in the recess of the window, and the low passionate whisper of the man, and the faint laugh and arch replies of the girl, or her still more eloquent silence, reminded her of happier days. Presently they moved away, and their places were occupied by two gentlemen.

"So, St. Mary's is once more finished," said one.

"Aye, so they say," replied his companion. "The props are to be removed to-morrow; and Doran, who after all is a noble fellow, has expressed his determination to let no one run any risk but himself."

"But there is no danger, surely?"

"I should hope not; but a young gentleman, who came down from London in the spring, and who knows something about it, expressed a fear that all was not right. His suggestions have been strictly attended to, and everything is no doubt safe. But poor Doran cannot forget the past; and, with a self-devotedness that has something romantic in it, will await the trial at the steps of the new altar, the very place where poor old Alvenly was found."

"Well, now that his task is completed, I hope he will be persuaded to go abroad," said the other, "or I shall begin to fear not only for his health but for his very life, so much has the death of his patron and the coldness of his betrothed affected him."

Mary heard no more, a faint sickness stole over her, and when she again recovered all was silent. On re-entering the ball-room, she found that nearly all the guests had departed.

The following morning Sidney Doran entered the church with a lighter heart than he had known since he had last done so upon a similar occasion, and, fastening the door after him, knelt before the altar, and bowed down his head in prayer. Presently the tread of a light step aroused him, and Mary, pale and smiling on him through her tears, stood by his side.

"You here!" he said wildly.

"And why not?—Sidney, you were not wont to shrink from me thus. Have you so forgotten the last words of my poor father, and how he bade us kneel here together and invoke his blessing?—or have I," she added, in a sweeter tone, "offended you by my unnatural pride—my seeming coldness beyond all hope of forgiveness?"

"Mary," exclaimed the bewildered lover, "do I dream?" But her smile reassured him; and, flinging his arms around her, he imprinted a long burning kiss upon her pale forehead.

At this moment the sound of the workmen outside fell heavily on their ears, and Sidney Doran started wildly up.

"They are following my directions, and removing the props and scaffolding. Mary, dare you remain, after the wretched proof you have received of my want of skill?"

"I dare be anywhere with you," said the girl, clinging to him. And, in the confident pride of his heart, the lover had no fear.

One by one the supports of the building were removed. And Mary's head still rested carelessly on his shoulder, while she confessed, in a whisper, all the long struggle between her love and pride, and listened to his passionate vows. But, as the sounds from without ceased, the lovers became suddenly silent. The church was left to its own strength!—the test of the artist was come,—and he gazed around, with a proud and triumphant glance, on the glorious productions of his taste and skill, when a sudden cry from Mary awakened him from his ambitious dream. The walls reeled and tottered—the exquisitely carved pillars rocked to and fro, beneath the mighty weight of that giant roof—but he saw only the white horror-stricken face of her whom his love had destroyed.

"Fly!" shrieked the wretched man. "The door is fastened, but you may yet escape by the vestry!—Fly!—Oh God! it will be too late!"

"It is too late," murmured the girl, in a low clear voice. "Into his hands I commend my spirit!"

The roof at this instant fell heavily, affording a momentary glimpse of the blue sunny heavens—and then inclosing them in fearful darkness and a lingering and horrible death!

TO ***

And I have met thee, where the bright array
Of youth and beauty gathered o'er the scene ;
Amidst the gladness of the light and gay,
I saw thee, and I felt my heart had been
The fond Idolator of all that now
I gazed on in the fulness of its bloom.
The sculptured beauty of thy stainless brow,
Thy smile undimmed by shadow or by gloom ;
The buoyancy of step, whose fairy fall
Awoke a thrilling echo in my heart ;
The ringing music of thy tones, which all
The strains of gladness could not bid depart ;
These were around me. Oh thou fearful thing,
Thou sensitive, yet reckless heart of man ;
Haunting itself with fragile hopes, which fling
Its sweetest halo ; trembling yet to scan
The vague delights, the untold fears that glide
O'er the dark surface of its troubled tide.
A fair girl was beside me, and she leant
All gracefully upon my arm for rest ;
Her cheek was flushed, her large dark eyes were
bent

Upon the ground ; and the fair hand that pressed
The refuge that it sought, trembled upon my own.
And she was beautiful, at least till then
My heart had deemed her so—but now each grace
Unheeded passed, and the soft tones in vain
Fell on my heart, but found no resting place ;
There was another 'midst that festal throng,
And she was lovely too ; though to her cheek,
And her soft eyes, deep calmness might belong.
The traits that sorrow's touching home bespeak,
Mine own sweet sister, best and kindest still,
Where shall I find a love that ere can bring
Unto my heart the peace thine could instil ?
Oh ! to thy tenderness I still must cling,
And if my yearning heart, in its unrest,
Seeketh a stranger, not a dearer home,
Where shall it find so true, so fond a breast,
To which with all its sorrows it may come ?
But yet my heart forgot that thou wert nigh,
Turned from the kindred love of other days ;
To muse upon a vision, and to sigh,
For one light heart, that followed through the maze,
The gladsome dance, as free as the young breath
Of the light zephyr of the laughing spring ;
To gaze upon her loveliness, and wreath
Around my heart the phantom hopes which cling
Unto our youth. I sought her not, nor strove
To wake within her heart one dreamy sigh,
Or breathe the deep emotions of a love,
Which was a passage in my destiny.

EDWARD KENNEDY SILVESTER.

THE RETURNED PICTURE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Death's icy hand is on my brow,
And colder on my heart ;
Telling in bitterest language now,
That we are doom'd to part.
Then take thy picture back again,
(Warm with my latest tear ;)
To part with it is all the pain
I now can suffer here !
When first it met my eager kiss,
(Glowing with hope and love,)
I questioned if a greater bliss
Was in yon Heav'n above.

Oh ! how in gazing on that face,
(Dimm'd with ecstatic tears ;)
My forward-looking eye could trace
Troops of such happy years !
Its all a cheat, a dream, a lie—
Scarce one alas ! has fled,
Ere Death has closed that dotting eye,
And number'd me as dead ;
Yet clings each fleeting thought to thee,
Though hast'ning to the grave ;
And ere my feverish spirit's free,
Another boon would crave—
Let not the lip of thy new love
Press those of this dear shade ;
I could not rest in bliss above :
The jealous thing she made.
No, let it be, though she is dear,
Ay, dear as I have been !
The silent witness of that tear,
That falls by all unseen,
For one who loved most true in life,
And better loved in death !
Who 'mid its agonising strife,
Bless'd thee with her last breath !

A MORAL LESSON.

Behold how brightly yonder sky
Reflected shines within the lake ;
Yet fleecy mists rise, floatingly,
O'er the clear space, a lesson take
From this to tell, that life's long sea
Shines not for ever tranquilly !
Now Morning wakens, and all fair
The Summer breezes to it cling ;
And painted insects to the air
The sportive fishes upwards bring ;
The waves are calm, the winds are light—
For sea-born flowers there is no blight.
But hark ! to end this gentleness,
An angry spirit waves his wing,
And summons from each cloud's recess
The blasts, that long lay slumbering ;—
The waves rise rough—ah ! do but look
Upon the sea's transformed look !
'Tis so with LIFE ! its cares unbind
The peaceful wreaths that steep the soul
In blissful dreams,—and Hope, behind
Is left to die ;—for sin's controul
Hath bid it perish in the dust :—
Oh ! do not place on Earth thy trust !

CALDER CAMPBELL.

THE OLD GREY STONE.

BY JAMES BRUTON, AUTHOR OF THE POPULAR BALLAD
OF "HAPPY LAND."

If the lady moon appears to night,
Without a cloud upon her brow,
And with her pale and peerless light
She gladdens brooklet, bush and bough—
Oh ! haste to me across the lea,
But mind you come alone,—
You know the spot, though long forgot,
Beside the Old Grey Stone !
In happier hours we first met there,
And plighted vows of love and truth ;
When all hope's visions pleasant were,
Alas ! that they should end with youth !
We'll snatch again from years of pain
Wild joys that long have flown,
Of youth's glad prime, and that sweet time
Pass'd at the Old Grey Stone.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE MI-CAREME.

BY MRS. LEIGH CLIFFE.

"The spell is o'er, the vision's past,
It was too fair, too bright to last;
'Twas fleeting as the breeze that brings
Upon its viewless fluttering wings
The sweet tones of some distant bells,
To the lone cave where echo dwells."

It was on a fine morning, during that portion of the year when most of the inhabitants of Paris appear to be half-crazed with pursuing the frivolities of pleasure, the season of the *Mi-Careme*, that my attention was attracted by the melancholy procession of a funeral, followed by a long train of mourners, that was proceeding along the Boulevards through a long file of carriages, and vehicles of an humbler description, filled with merry masquers, arrayed in habiliments of the most shewy and grotesque character, who by their riotous mirth afforded a striking contrast to the quiet manner of the attendants of the dead. From the bosoms of the masquers thought seemed to have taken flight; and although, as the sable-draped car passed each group, they did not omit to pay the customary token of respect to the departed, the peals of mirth which followed immediately afterwards, evinced that the end of mortality was speedily forgotten.

The festival of the *Mi-Careme* is especially devoted to the amusement of a very useful class of persons, without whose aid we should be most lamentably deficient in our personal comforts, the *Laundresses* who reside in the vicinity of the French capital,—and although the scene is frivolous, circumstances sometimes render it interesting.

I was walking on the *Boulevard des Filles du Calvaire*, the throng of masquers and spectators was dense, the particular attraction being continued showers of *bon-bons* which were momentarily thrown from one or two carriages containing mummies of a superior class in life, when a sudden burst of grief from a young female put a stop for a short time to the rude merriment of the surrounding throng. She was a fair young creature delicately formed, and fragile in appearance. Deep traces of sorrow were visibly impressed upon her countenance, and at the present moment she was evidently enduring the most intense agony of mind. She made strong efforts to subdue her grief, but the fast-falling tear proved that the attempt was made in vain.

A sympathy with the sorrowing is an inherent quality in every bosom; it is not confined to place or circumstances, and even in the midst of revelry it could not be entirely suppressed. There were some who uttered an ejaculation of pity, and passed on, but there were others who stopped to offer at least an attempt at consolation.

Among those who possessed something of a Samaritan-like feeling, was an aged female, whose appearance was less expressive of the finer feelings of humanity than many of those around her. She was one of those withered, crabled-looking specimens of mortality that are only to be met with in perfection at Paris; a bronzed, hard-featured personage, whose sex could alone be guessed at by her

dress, and belonging to one of the lower classes of society. With a rudeness that was excusable in consideration of the cause that prompted it, she pushed aside, without even asking pardon as she did so, the masquers who stood around, gazing with real or affected indifference upon the weeping female, who had sunk, overpowered by the force of grief, into one of the chairs that are placed for the accommodation of the idlers on the footpath of the Boulevards, to offer her the assistance she thought she was capable of affording, and taking the hand of the female within her own she soothingly requested to know the cause of her grief, and at the same time kindly endeavoured to withdraw her into a more retired spot, where she would not be subjected to the observation and rudeness of the passing crowd.

A silent pressure of the hand, accompanied by a few words spoken in so low a tone of voice as to be inaudible to any of the bystanders, appeared to make a deep impression on the feelings of the old dame, whose repeated ejaculations of *pauvre femme!* proved that the interest she felt for the mourner had rather increased than diminished.

Kindness never holds so powerful a sway over the heart as when it is offered in the hour of sorrow. A perfect confidence seemed at once to have been established between the twain, and the young person, whose misery of mind had claimed my attention, suffered herself unhesitatingly to be led away from a scene whose gaieties ill accorded with her own agitated feelings. She seemed rather to trust to the strength of her companion for support than to her own powers, and was as obedient as a child to her wishes.

Hers was a sad story; one of those tales of woe that are, alas! too common, and which, from being of frequent occurrence, seldom obtain the sympathy of the crowd. Without there is something of romance attached to misery, compassion, like charity, frequently has an aguish feeling; it requires excitement, and, without a stimulus, expires as soon as it is born in the breast.

From the kind-hearted old dame I learned a portion of her history, and it is one that may afford to others a good moral lesson.

She was from Normandy, and had very early in life been sent to Paris to assist in one of the *Boutiques* in the *Palais Royal*, which were then far less reputable than they are at the present time. She had some pretensions to beauty, and there were flatterers always ready to pour a soft poison into her ear. Among them was an officer of the *Garde du Corps*, young, thoughtless, and ardent, but insincere in his affections, although they were felt when he professed them. Uninitiated in the sophistries of the human heart, and the waywardness of the passions, poor Nanine never doubted that the sunshine of the soul would be permanent. The intentions of her lover were honourable; neither at the time thought of the bar placed between them by the difference of rank, and led on by the fascinations of love, they were married.

For a short time the illusion of happiness had every appearance of reality. Nanine seemed to have no thought for ought on earth but her home and Theodore, and knew not that love could play the hypocrite. Pride, (and what has pride to do

with Love ?) had counselled Theodore to keep his marriage secret from his friends and the world, and Nanine cheerfully submitted to seclusion. In his absence she counted the moments that must pass before his expected return, and when the tread of his footstep again met her ear, happiness always returned with it. More than a year passed away in cloudless delight, and Nanine, with an infant girl at her bosom, might have been the envy of hundreds, till the delusion of the mind was suddenly dispersed by a communication made to her by Theodore himself.

On his return from duty at the palace of the Tuilleries, at a season deeply impressed upon the mind of Nanine, the *Mi-Careme*, he on a sudden appeared to be perfectly changed in character; cold, sullen, and even unkind in his manner both towards her and his child, who had hitherto always shared in his fondest caresses. Nanine felt bewildered; she feared she knew not what, and scarcely dared to ask the cause of her husband's strange demeanour. It was not long before she learned the truth from himself—*they must separate!* their union he looked upon as one of the follies of youthful passion, and for his honor and advantage he kept inviolably secret.

Here then, was an end to the bright visions of Nanine; the dream was over, and the future, with all its disappointments and miseries, was at once revealed to her view.

"Theodore!" she cried in a voice rendered almost inarticulate by the convulsive sobs of agony, "Theodore! was it for this reward that I have loved you with a fervency of passion almost more than mortal? Was it for this that I would have sacrificed every hope on earth to have preserved your love? To part! no, no—say not to part! Rather say to die, for death would bring me rest. Say not to part, Theodore—peace, hope, joy, even my life is bound up in your love, and you never have had cause to reproach me; not one word of chiding has ever passed your lips, yet you say that we must part. Wherefore? from what cruel cause?"

"Necessity," replied Theodore with a coldness of manner that chilled her to the soul.

"Ah!" said Nanine, "necessity is the hackneyed excuse of the meanest culprit who robs you of the merest trifle. Does necessity teach man to win the tenderest affections of the heart that it may blight them for pleasure? Oh, Theodore! our love was not brought on by necessity! I was poor, humble both in fortune and family; you were descended from the proud and wealthy, yet you then loved, fondly, truly loved, the trusting, devoted Nanine."

"It was a boyish folly; an error, Nanine, that reflection has convinced me ought to be forgotten like a dream. In one word, the past must be forever buried in oblivion, my interests, my wants demand the sacrifice. Hear me—I am poorer than a mendicant, all my gold, my patrimony, is now another's; it depended on a card, and that card was unpropitious. Fortune awaits me in another guise, check not her advances, or you will drive me to desperation; our union was secret, and our parting must be the same—to-morrow I wed with another."

Nanine clasped her child to her bosom, the

throbbing of her breast was convulsive, but tears flowed no longer from her eyes; the spring of sorrow seemed to be suddenly dried up, and commanding her feelings by a strong and sudden effort she said,

"Theodore, for you I would have made any sacrifice, for in the assurance of your unabated affection, I should have obtained the richest reward of my devotedness. With the fondness of a woman whose very soul is given to her husband, I have loved you; that love you have scorned, and withered the hopes on which I have delighted to revel. I am nothing now but a being condemned to misery, and, can my tongue give utterance to the words? *your wife!* Yes, Theodore, *still* your wife, a wife that will, with a breaking heart, obey your will, and in secret conceal, not her shame, but her sorrow."

"Generous Nanine!" exclaimed Theodore, advancing towards her, and evincing something like returning affection, "we shall still live to love each other."

"Love!" cried Nanine with scornful energy, "love! no, no, the arrow hath struck too deeply into the heart for that. We part unloving, we may meet no more, even in another world, but you will be the theme of my pity and my prayers."

Heartless as the conduct of Theodore was, Nanine however still did love him, even to a degree of madness; but it was a love that preyed upon the heart with a deadly influence, and rendered existence a constant scene of misery. They parted, and Nanine in the quietude of her native village laboured to obtain a precarious support for herself and her child, while Theodore, blest as he deemed it, with the wealth but not the love of another, revelled in the gaieties and dissipation of the capital. It was but a short time before her infant evinced symptoms of declining health. The mother's sorrows had preyed upon its young and delicate constitution, and happily for itself, it was gradually sinking into an early grave. Even Nanine, who watched over her child with that tenderness which none but a mother can show, felt that the deprivation was rather to be desired than lamented, for, worse than fatherless, if it was left to the cruel mercy of the world, its fate might be even more miserable than her own. The child died ere it had learned to lip the name of mother. Nanine wept, for tears will flow for the lost one, even though reason tells us that sorrowing is folly.

Left now alone in the world, without even a friend to whom she could apply to for consolation in consequence of her promise of concealing the cause of the pensive melancholy which had marked her demeanour ever since her return to the scenes where in youth she had found happiness, Nanine began to feel a restlessness of spirit, a desire to fly from all that reminded her of the past, to forget, if possible, that she once had been happy. By one of those strange impulses that sometimes seem to guide human destiny, she bent her steps towards Paris. Instinctively she wandered to the spot where she once fancied she had found happiness, and where hope left her bosom for ever. All around her remained unchanged, the blight had fallen upon her heart alone, and that was sinking under its withering influence. Thoughts rushed

over her mind with a force that tormented her nearly to distraction, and most bitterly did she lament the cruelty of her destiny. But under the heavy pressure of her sorrows she felt something like a joy that she had not deserved them, that the stamp of shame was not upon her brow; and with this consolation, poor as it was, she sought with anxiety to procure, by her industry, the means of a meagre support.

When the spirits are completely broken, neither labour nor amusement has power to charm. The heart distrusts even the voice of pity, and fears deceit may lurk even in a tear. It was thus with Nanine, who obtained employment as a sempstress in one of the *boutiques* under the arcades in the Rue de Rivoli, where she toiled unceasingly to gain a pittance that was scarcely sufficient to provide for the necessities of the day. In the very midst of the gaieties of Paris, the ill-fated young woman was almost daily doomed to have the cause of her misery brought before her eyes. Theodore was a constant lounge in the gardens of the Tuilleries, as gay, thoughtless, and apparently as happy, as if he had rejoiced, instead of broken, a fondly devoted heart. Circumstances compelled her to remain in the humble situation in which she had engaged herself, and it seemed as if fate would never be tired of persecuting her. To fly from the scene would be certain destruction; her destitute condition rendered it impossible that necessity should succumb to feeling, and she had not imbibed the suicidal notions cherished by many placed in situations similar to her own. She considered life to be a gift that was not to be thrown back upon the giver in the moment of wild despair or phrenzied passion, and though her tenderest feelings were outraged, she endeavoured to bear the affliction with calmness.

Theodore was not aware of the proximity of the victim of his treachery to the scene of his pleasures; wealth was in his hands, and he scattered it about profusely on the most unworthy objects. His wife, the wife for whom Nanine had been sacrificed, he detested, and perhaps the aversion was mutual; each followed the dictates of their own inclinations, and each pursued unhesitatingly the path which leads to ruin. And ruin came, unthought of, until it was impossible to check its progress. Theodore was a second time a beggared man, exposed to the reproaches of his wife, and for once stung by the compunctious visitings of conscience. All was lost, not even a hope of better times to come was left to console him, and to avoid a prison he was compelled to seek a temporary concealment. By nature impetuous in his feelings, and impatient of control, he could but ill-brook the mortifications that were daily offered him under his reduced circumstances. To a proud mind the idea of being placed on a level with the common herd of persons, is one of the most miserable sensations that can torment a man. Theodore felt it acutely, and a fancied insult from a person who had formerly stood in the light of a dependant, a kind of humble friend, at last terminated his existence. That which was spoken in kindness was received with irritability, and followed by a blow, and that blow was returned with deadly force by a dagger, which penetrated to the heart of

the misguided Theodore. It was at eve in the avenues of the Luxembourg palace that Theodore was found bleeding and dying by some of his former comrades in arms. The chilliness of death was stealing over his frame with rapidity, and he was borne from thence an inanimate mass of frail and fallen mortality.

It was the funeral procession of Theodore that had arrested the steps of Nanine; from one of the mournful cavalcade she learned that retribution had fallen upon the deceiver of her hopes, and with his loss all the fonder affections of the heart returned with double force, as she found herself indeed a widow.

The mysteries of the heart are inexplicable. Nanine had suffered every pain that outraged and wounded feelings could endure, and still loved, even in death, the assassin of her joys. "Born for love and grief," woman is too frequently the victim of both; the pale cheek and the sunken eye often give hints of the unhappiness of the mind, but the misery of the heart cannot be read, its revealings are made but to Heaven.

Poor Nanine! I saw her no more, but I was told she met with kind attention from the *Sœurs de Charité*, and afterwards became a member of that useful and estimable society which smooths the pillow of the suffering, and soothes the last moments of the forlorn wanderers on earth. Lulled into a forgetfulness of private sorrows by attention to those of others, her life is devoted to the cause of charity, to heal the wounds that distract the anguished mind.

STANZAS.

Oh! speak not in that soften'd tone,
Nor greet me with those kindly eyes;
Thy generous sympathy I own:
But more—unpitying Fate denies.
I must not, dare not yield my heart
To Friendship's soft delusive sway,
Lest like a shade the charm depart,
And vanish like a dream away.

For all I lov'd have chang'd ere now;
And I was destined to behold
Th' averted eye, the sullen brow,
The soft voice grow constrain'd and cold.
And, ah! ere long I dread to see
The same dark spell o'er thee too cast;
And all that then remains will be
The sadden'd memory of the past!

Thus, 'mid a winter sky, a beam
Of light illumines the landscape o'er,
Then vanishes—and leaves the scene
More dark, more joyless than before.
Thy generous efforts then restrain
To soothe the heart woe will not break;
I would not e'en on earth again
From Apathy's dull sleep awake!

SIGMA.

There is no enjoyment of property without government, no government without a magistrate, no magistrate without obedience, and no obedience when every one acts as he pleases.

THE CREATION.

Supreme Director of the mind of man,
Whose name was glorious e'er the world began,
Who out of Chaos formed the bounded earth,
And whose creative word gave nature birth!
Darkness and void sat on the gloomy deep,
The earth was buried in its early sleep:
"There shall be light!"—scarce the decree was
given,

And swelled in soft seraphic tone thro' Heaven,
Ere light appeared;—wrought by his word alone
Illumined the world, and settled o'er his throne.
And now the spacious firmament appears,
Parts the wide earth from the ethereal spheres,
The boundless sea the earth and skies divide,
And rippling streams in softest murmurs glide.
Soon now the fecund earth, the verdant ground,
With plants and flowers plenteously abound:
The blooming vine in rich luxuriance spreads,
And the young trees exalt their towering heads.
Behold the glorious orb of day arise,
And tint with golden hues the orient skies;
The Sun emits its rich and brilliant beams,
And the whole globe at once more splendid seems:
Soon as the night its gloomy veil extends,
And all the blooming earth in darkness blends,
The beauteous Moon, in majesty arrayed,
With silver drapery greets each lonely shade;
The glittering stars, fixed in their orbits bright,
Arise in glory round the queen of night.
Before the morrow's sun has risen to view,
Or flowers glittered o'er with morning dew
On every blossom and on every spray,
The feathered songsters pour their early lay,
In sounds melodious their voices raise,
To greet their Maker in their morning praise.
The new formed cattle, now with playful speed
Gambol together o'er the verdant mead;
E'en the dread lion and the turtle dove
Unite in kind and reciprocal love.
Peace reigned triumphant in that age of joy;
Oh! that such bliss should e'er have met alloy!
And as the billows of the sea divide,
Behold, the finny tribes in myriads glide;
The great Creator of the sea and land
Now blessed the work thus fashion'd by his hand.
The world was finished! the Creation done!
But the great end of all was not begun,—
The noble form of Man now treads the ground
With pristine innocence and virtue crowned;
Adores the name of Him who reigns alone,
Whose word is power, and whose name is one!
A lovely figure greets Man's wandering sight,
In form symmetrical, in beauty bright,
Destined by Heaven his Paradise to share,
And soothe his sorrows in the hour of care;
Luxuriant fruits comprise their daily food;
Again God blessed his work, and called it good.
Thus all was finished,—and His high behest,
Now set apart one day for general rest.
Why did the Lord, whose deeds his might display,
His first and glorious work so long delay
To last six days, when his omniscient power
Could have made all in one short fleeting hour?
To prove that six days be to labor given,
The seventh hallowed by the praise of heaven.
Then let us ask that wisdom which alone
Prepares our souls to meet before His throne;
And when the last great trumpet's echoing blast
Proclaims the world's vain joys and sorrows past,
Then will each nation's earthly bonds be riven,
And spirits severed here, will meet in Heaven!

ELIZABETH POLACK.

FIRST LOVE.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

When first I saw sweet Bessy Glass,
It was at Covent Garden;
Her mother was a stout old lass,
Her father a Churchwarden:
Her face with frolic sparkled bright,
Her fine new gown was spangled;
And at her side, oh, glorious sight!
A watch of pinchbeck dangled.

Her cheeks were redder than a rose,
Her shawl, than cabbage pickled;
And "*la retroussée*" was her nose,
Which was a little freckled;
Her hair was of a berry brown,—
She wore a muslin bonnet,
Whose yellow ribbons on the crown
Suggested my first sonnet.

I heard her speak, and oh! her voice
Was soft as wool, or velvet;
Her words were "*Lauk! there's Joseph Joyce*
With his new varmint helmet!"
'Tis now full twenty years ago
Since I her hand requested;
But she rejected me, you know—
Yes, she the cruel Bess did!

I went abroad to foreign parts—
I crossed the tropic ocean—
And now I talk no more of hearts,
Nor gabble of emotion;
When last I saw her, Bessy Glass
Was Bessy Glass no longer;
Her cheeks were blue—her nose, alas!
Was like a roasted conger!

Her hair was grizzled o'er and rough,
Her bonnet was a beaver;
"Her *nez retroussée* primed with snuff,—
They called her "*Mother Cleaver!*"
Can twenty years such changes work
In creatures so enchanting?
She swears, she drinks, she feeds on—*pork!*
Temper and teeth are wanting.

And I!—Vicissitude on me
In equal frolic dances;
I sing no sonnets o'er my tea,
I never read romances:—
What changes lurk in Time's odd wreath!
The heart and fancy cold get,
First loves are always like first teeth,
We change them as we old get!

A RIDDLE.

The sin through which th' ambitious angels fell;
A tool that's us'd by those who measure well;
An attribute inherent to the dove,
Which is often felt by those who are in love;
That which in winter your blood bath chill'd;
A fruit from which strong waters are distill'd;
A metal which full many a one hath maim'd;
A flower whose whiteness through the world is fam'd;
The man who peopled all the nations round;
The colour which in ink doth much abound;
A short-nam'd bird who shuns the cheerful day;
What is said of those who frolic, skip, and play;
A word which oft we substitute for "*soon*,"
And that third of day which follows noon—
If these initials skilfully you join,
You'll name the fair I'd give the world was mine.

Belper, Derbyshire.

J. W. T.

SKETCHES OF VILLAGE LIFE.

No. III.

BROOK COTTAGE.

'Tis a fair cottage—round it twineth
 The woodbine with its dewy flower;
 Over its porch the roses blow,
 And the sweet jasmine's spray of snow;
 And sunshine ever on it shineth,
 Yea human sunshine every hour.

For Virtue in that cottage dwelleth,
 And Virtue is the heart's sunshine;
 Love—woman's love—doth make that cot
 A holy and a joyous spot;
 And every day of peace it telleth—
 Oh that such home once more were mine!

There were but four houses in my native village at all calculated to attract the attention of the passing stranger. The first was the Manor House, a venerable specimen of the Elizabethan style of architecture, and for centuries the seat of the ancient family of the Traffords; the second was the Vicarage House,—with its walls half-covered with an ancient fig-tree, and with its little court shaded with unbragging limes,—the dwelling-place of the good Mr. Ashton and his family; the third was the spacious house, with its green veranda, its grassy lawn, and its beautiful flowers, where I was born, and where I lived till a few years ago; and the fourth—and decidedly the prettiest residence of its kind that I ever saw—was Brook Cottage, the habitation of Mrs. Eden and her daughter, so fondly and so deservedly known amongst her companions as "La Belle Rose."

But it must not be imagined that Brook Cottage,—so named from the little streamlet that bounded its garden,—was one of those extraordinary structures commonly called a cottage ornée: with mimic conservatory, vinery, fountain, and Gothic windows filled with stained glass. It was no such thing—but a real thatched cottage; much added to and improved, but still a cottage, with whitewashed walls almost concealed by luxuriant roses, with porch shrouded with honeysuckles, and with bow-windows opening into a pretty garden, filled to profusion with choice flowers, and watered by the clear and glad-sounding brook from which it took its name. Well do I remember its pleasant parlours, looking into the beautiful garden, and beyond on the fertile valley, with its snug farm-houses and its neat cottages; whilst the prospect was bounded by the ancestral woods of the manor-house, whose grey chimneys might be seen peeping through the trees, and whose ancient rooks might be heard cawing in the summer's evening; and well do I recollect its inhabitants, Mrs. and Rose Eden.

The poorly-left widow of an officer who fell at Waterloo, Mrs. Eden, at the age of twenty-eight, retired from the gay scenes of that world in which she had moved with so much grace, and in which she was so well calculated to shine, and sought a home for herself and only child in the village of L—, recommended to her as being the residence of her maternal relations the Traffords, with whom she had always been on the most intimate terms.

Here then—her time passed in educating her daughter, and in watching the gradual growth of her beauty both personal and mental—Mrs. Eden had passed many years of calm and peaceful enjoyment. Owing to the kindness of Mrs. Trafford, the little Rose had enjoyed all the advantages to be derived from the skilful masters who taught her own family, and these advantages had not been enjoyed in vain; for at the age of eighteen Rose Eden was beautiful and talented, and, what was more, was possessed of a good heart and of a virtuous disposition. It is true there was but little society, but that little was good, and it the better suited Mrs. Eden's limited means of expenditure; for there were the kind and highly-gifted Traffords, and the amiable Ashtons, with one or two other families, consisting of Mr. Meldicot the surgeon, with his accomplished daughters; Mr. Avelyn, a neighbouring clergyman, and my own family. And many were the happy meetings that we used to have from the stately banquet and splendid ball of the manor-house to the rustic entertainment which my father ever gave in the hay-field, and which was invariably a scene of merriment and delight.

The ball which was given at the manor-house on the day that Cecil Trafford attained his majority was unusually splendid; and it was there that Rose Eden first met him who was destined to obtain her affections, and to become the "beloved of her youth." Frank Forrester was the son of a Norfolk baronet, and was the college friend of young Trafford. Very handsome and yet very unaffected, very talented and yet by no means conceited, Mr. Forrester, as much from his own personal qualifications as from the circumstance of his being heir to an estate of five thousand a year, was that evening universally sought for as a partner—not only in the dance, but by some intriguing damsels as a partner for life. Great then was their consternation, and no less great their disgust, when they found that the young man, disregarding all their various claims to his observation, obstinately persisted in dancing with Miss Eden, or, when not dancing, in sitting by her side, and no doubt whispering, as some young beau observed, "soft blarney in her ear." 'Really it was too bad that she, the poorest and most insignificant girl in the room, possessing none or little beauty, and dressed so plainly, should keep to herself the best-looking partner; and it was really strange that Mrs. Eden should permit such open flirtation, although she too, no doubt, would be glad enough were her daughter to hook young Forrester into some engagement.' Thus thought the Honourable Miss D—, and thus thought many other young ladies, who, envious themselves, or possessed of but few personal or mental gifts, could discover no beauty in Rose Eden's person, and no charms in her gay and animated conversation. Yes, the events of that night were decisive, for they were mutually pleased with each other—he deeming her the most lovely, and as far as he could judge the most amiable, girl he had ever met; and she thinking him by far the most agreeable, the most loveable young man she had ever seen.

The evening passed away so pleasantly and ra-

pidly that Rose Eden, the following morning, could scarcely deem the events of the preceding night as real. That he, so good, so handsome, so rich, so desirable a young man, in every sense of the word, should have paid her, a poor and undistinguished girl, such flattering attentions was scarcely possible. And yet it was true: for the attentions were repeated at their subsequent meetings (and they during the following month were many, for he still continued one of the large party assembled at the manor-house), and they were not only repeated, but they became more tender; and the event was, that after a most delightful evening spent in her company, he declared his love to the trembling and blushing girl, and owned that one word from her lips would make him the happiest of men. And that "one word" was scarcely heard amid the tears with which, in all her maiden purity, Rose Eden owned her love. But it was heard; and, forgetting for the moment the mighty obstacles to their love, they gave themselves up to all that holy bliss which ever accompanies Love's confession with the young and uncontaminated. Yes, they loved each other—the one rich, the other poor; the one the heir of a proud and wealthy baronet, the other the orphan daughter of a deceased soldier, possessing no dower save innocence and beauty—they yet loved each other with purity and with the holiest affection.

Poor Mrs. Eden! how great was her anguish, how unavailing her regret, when she was first made acquainted by her trembling daughter with the state of her affections. That the consent of Sir Edward Forrester would unite his eldest son with a penniless orphan was not for a moment to be expected; and truly the night that Rose Eden confessed her love for Mr. Forrester was the first really unhappy night that either had experienced since their residence at the cottage.

And when, the morning after, the young man called, and declared to Mrs. Eden his love, his ardent love, for her daughter, and his firm hope that one day he might be permitted to call her his wife—even then affairs were no better; for Mr. Forrester had to write to his father, detailing his love for Miss Eden; and, till that answer should arrive, and he should be made aware of his father's wishes, nothing could be known, nothing could be determined.

Two days of misery to the inhabitants of the cottage, and of anxious expectation on the part of the lover, passed away, and on the morning of the third he again called on Mrs. Eden. His countenance fully expressed the nature of the reply he had received from Sir Edward. It was with bitter reluctance, yet with a manly love of truth, that he confessed that, on acquainting his father with the state of his affections, he had received a peremptory and harsh command that he should proceed no farther in so unsuitable an alliance, and that he most strictly ordered him to leave the manor-house without delay, and to dismiss from his mind all thoughts of Miss Eden—or, as it was written in the letter (although Mr. Forrester was too much disgusted with the sentence to repeat it to Mrs. Eden), "to forget the beggarly girl whose arts had entrapped the heir of a baronetcy and an estate worth five thousand a year."

"And can you, sir," asked the anxious mother, "for one moment imagine that my daughter will receive a declaration of love—or that I shall permit her, even if she were to consent—from one so situated as yourself? Have you any idea that your parent will relent, or agree to your engagement?—although I have yet to learn (and a feeling of indignant pride mantled the usually pale cheeks of the still beautiful Mrs. Eden), I have yet to learn that, setting aside your father's wealth, the daughter of an officer in His Majesty's army, who died defending with his last blood the rights and liberties of his country, is an unfit or degrading match for Sir Edward Forrester's eldest son."

Poor Mrs. Eden!—that wealth of which she spoke so slightly was the chief obstacle to her daughter's marriage. Sir Edward could not object to the family of his son's engaged, for it was more ancient than his own; her manners and appearance were still less liable to objection. No—her want of money was the only difficulty; and that difficulty could not be overcome.

After a long interview with the mother, and a still longer one with the daughter, poor Frank quitted the cottage, unable to deny the justness of what Mrs. Eden said and what the weeping girl confirmed, yet still thinking them, particularly Mrs. Eden, unnecessarily harsh and determined. The utmost boon that he could procure was that he should have a personal interview with his father, and that he should be allowed again to see Rose and to acquaint her with its success. But why linger on this part of my story?—suffice it to say that Sir Edward most decidedly refused his consent to the proposed match; and that his son, almost distracted with the contending emotions of love and duty, having in vain entreated Rose to permit a private marriage, suddenly quitted the neighbourhood, and was reported to have gone on the Continent.

Changed indeed were the inhabitants of Brook Cottage. Gradually the pearly cheeks of Rose Eden became pale and wasted; and the sound of that laugh, so musical, so cheering in its tone, was now never heard. Whilst Mrs. Eden, alarmed for the health and even the life of her darling child, began to think that the happiness and peace which she had enjoyed so many years had now vanished for ever, and that her child, in the very flush of youth and beauty—her joy departed and her heart broken—was about to be taken from her arms and to be consigned to the dark sepulchre.

A few weeks after the departure of Frank Forrester, the London coach, which daily passed through S—, the nearest town to the village of L—, arrived at its destination, and stopped at the inn which, from the sign displayed over its door (and which, painted with an apparently pointed hatred to the harmony of nature, bore on its surface an animal of azure hue and unknown genus) was designated as "The Blue Lion."

With other passengers it deposited at the aforesaid hotel two gentlemen, who, much to the delight of the buxom hostess, made known their intention of honouring the "Blue Lion" with their presence for the night. One was a man of some fifty or sixty years, whose face bore the marks of recent

illness, but who was evidently a gentleman, with the air of one accustomed to command, and who was moreover attended by a black servant,—and his companion was a handsome young man, with most winning manners and with most gentle smile. At least so said the fair Mistress Jane, the daughter of the hostess; and she must be allowed to be a good judge in such matters.

After partaking of a slight repast, and inquiring what time the post went out, the strange gentlemen each employed themselves in writing a letter, the one addressed to Mrs. the other to Miss Eden. The contents of the elder gentleman's letter were as follow; those of the younger may be imagined, when it is known that his name was Frank Forrester.

MY DEAR SISTER,—Although so many years have elapsed since we heard anything of each other, yet I flatter myself that you will be glad to know that your husband's brother is alive. I have just returned from India, the land of my residence for so many years; and although my health is far from being established, yet is much improved since I landed.

It was merely by accident that I discovered through the papers the death of my brave brother at the tremendous battle of Waterloo; and although I wrote to you without delay, yet I imagine, either through miscarriage or misdirection, you never received my letter. And thus, though sorry at hearing nothing from my dear brother's widow, I still continued immersed in the pursuit of gain; and possibly might have continued so employed till this day, had not my broken constitution, enfeebled by so long a residence in so hot a climate, obliged me to arrange my affairs, and to set sail for my native land without delay. Arrived in London, I lost no time in making inquiries as to whether I had any relations left to care for an old and feeble man; but no one could inform me whether Mrs. Eden was alive or dead, and I might still to this time have been in ignorance of your existence, had I not met, at the hotel where I was staying, a young man whose name I believe is not unfamiliar to your ear—I allude to Mr. Forrester. Yes, my dear Grace, accidentally entering into conversation with him, I learned by degrees that I had not only a sister-in-law, but a niece whom he described as most good and beautiful. Imagine my joy at hearing such good tidings, although darkened for the moment by the melancholy tale he told me of his love for your daughter, and of its unfortunate sequel. Yet it was but for a moment; for, on finding that Sir Edward Forrester objected neither to the person nor the family of my dear niece, but only to her want of dower, I felt happy that the wealth which I had for so many years been accumulating, and which I often feared I should have to leave to some stranger, would be the means of making Rose and Frank happy. Yes, my dear sister, need I say that all I have will belong to my niece, and that her dower will exceed the most extravagant wishes that Sir Edward can have formed of the wealth of his son's bride? Thus, my dear sister, banish all care from your mind, and lose no time in assuring Rose, whom I long to embrace, that all obstacles to her happiness will be now removed: for that Frank is confident that the circumstance of her being a wealthy heiress will induce Sir Edward to give his consent to the marriage without delay. Indeed, he owned that had Miss Eden been possessed of any property he should not have objected to her becoming his son's bride. But Frank in his letter to Rose will no doubt detail all this with Love's own eloquence;

and therefore I will conclude this long letter with assuring you that I never felt so happy in the whole course of my life as I do now, knowing that I shall have made two young hearts glad, and that they will look on me, an old and feeble man, with feelings of affection and respect.

We shall, God willing, dine with you to-morrow; till then farewell.

Your most affectionate brother,

LEONARD EDEN.

Kiss dear Rose for me, tell her I long to embrace her, and to see if she is as good and lovely as a certain young man has for the last three days been constantly telling me she is,—and also tell her that I shall bring with me a certain quantity of a certain material, called white satin, which is I am told generally used for a certain holy ceremony.

The mingled feelings of surprise and joy which agitated the inhabitants of Brook Cottage the next morning, when they received their respective communications, may be imagined; as also may the delight with which the whole party met that evening. I shall not therefore delay the conclusion of my story, except by saying that as the happy group were at breakfast the following morning, the handsome carriage of Sir Edward Forrester drew up at the cottage door, and he, accompanied by Ellen, his only daughter, entered the room; that a reconciliation was immediately effected; and that Sir Edward declared that had he ever seen the fair Rose he should not have had it in his heart to forbid his son from falling in love with her. In short, from being averse to the match he became one of the most strenuous advocates for its speedy completion, and before the day was over the time for the nuptials was fixed, and Brook Cottage was the happiest residence in the whole county.

It was a fine sunny morning in October,—one of those soft brilliant days that compensate for the wet and cold of an English autumn. The bells in the old church-tower were merrily ringing; the houses in the village were decorated with evergreens and such flowers as yet remained, and the bright painted banners which were streaming from the windows, and many of which bore the initials of F. F. and R. E., told that some marriage had taken place that day—that some young persons universally beloved and respected had that morning breathed those holy vows of love which death alone can break. It appeared to be an universal holiday, for the villagers were attired in their best. The men, with white cockades in their hats, and the women, with handkerchiefs and ribbons of the same snowy hue, were gathered in troops conversing together, and many were the blessings from the old and hoary which were showered on the newly-married, and many were the kind wishes from the young and gay that the bride and bridegroom might be as happy as they deserved. And had any of my readers been present in the parlour of Brook Cottage that morning they would have witnessed a pleasant sight. They would have seen one young maiden, beautiful as the vision in a poet's dream, attired in garments of spotless white, supported by a young man whose happy looks told him to be the bridegroom. They would have seen Mrs. Eden, looking younger than ever, affectionately watching that

beloved child from whom for a season she was about to part, and yet that sad thought almost drowned in the blessed conviction she felt that her daughter had become the wife of one in every way worthy the treasure he possessed. They would have seen the proud yet gratified baronet, the mild and kind uncle, the gentle Ellen, and the elder branches of the Trafford family, all feeling that their beloved Rose had become a happy bride, and that she who, in the lowly station she had so long occupied, had been universally beloved and respected, would be no less universally beloved, no less universally respected, when fulfilling the blessed duties of a wife.

Gradually the scene changed. After many tears, the mother and daughter parted for the first time in their lives; and a carriage and four, streaming with bridal favours, and followed by the blessings of the young and old, the rich and poor, conveyed the bride and bridegroom on their way to Paris.

And now came another act of that solemn day. For at noon the tables were spread in the hall of the manor-house, and the villagers, from the oldest to the youngest, sat down to a most bountiful repast, given by Mr. Trafford in celebration of his godchild's marriage. And it was a striking scene—the assembled guests all gaily attired—the old hall, that had seen so many generations of the young and fair—the bright sun glancing through the painted casements on the old armour, and lighting with his rays the portraits “dim with age” of those who had once lived and breathed, but who had long since mouldered to dust in their ancestral vaults—the oaken wainscot carved with such strange devices—and the family banners which hung from the dark roof, and which ever and anon waved gently to the shouts of those who were gathered below to celebrate the nuptials of the young and beautiful.

A few hours later and all the rank and worth of the neighbourhood were assembled at a magnificent banquet, testifying the worthy squire's satisfaction at having given Rose Eden to one so worthy of her as Frank Forrester. And yet later, and hundreds of joyous beings, from the peer to the peasant, might be seen dancing to the sound of sweet music; whilst, among all the manly young men and the lovely maidens, none were so admired, none seemed so mutually pleased as Cecil Trafford, the squire's eldest son, and Ellen Forrester, the bridegroom's sister.

And yet a later hour, and the voice of the widowed mother might be heard ascending from the simple chamber of her cottage-home praying, with all the fervour of a mother's love, that it might please the Father of all Good to bless her newly-married child with those blessings which only the virtuous and pure at heart can ever know.

CLEON.

No adequate security for good government can have place but by means of, and in proportion to, a community by interest between governors and governed.

We know not the real value of independence until we have lost the means by which it is supported.

THE MOUNTAIN LAY.

FROM SCHILLER.

Over the dim abyss the dizzy way
Leads us, and seems 'twixt life and death the path;—

The giant terrors round in anger stray,
And threat us with still unappeased wrath:—
If thou'dst escape the sleeping lion's rage,
Walk silently over this tottering stage!

A bridge on high suspended now is near—
It tottering bends over the frightful deep;—
The hands of men have never labour'd here!
None e'er so rash to dare the awful steep!
Unceasing ever, 'neath it bounds the stream,
Nor ever fails the base, nor chinks a seam.

A dark and frightful gate flies open now!—
Thou deemest thyself in the Elysian plain:—
A smiling landscape opens wide below,
Where Spring and Autumn jointly seem to reign;
Oh, might I, free from life and from its pain,
Fly from my troubles to that happy plain!

Four sparkling rivers from the valley flow;—
Their source is all conceal'd from every eye;
Towards each quarter of the globe they go,—
To west, and north, and south, and east they fly;
And as, with roaring sound, they leap to birth,
So rush they forth, and vanish o'er the earth.

Two tall peaks rise into the ethereal day;
High o'er the paths of men their branches shine,
On which the clouds, daughters of Heaven, play,
Unwitness'd, o'er the lowly-flowing Rhine;—
Veil'd in that golden vapour they uprise,
For ever unbelied by mortal eyes.

Resplendent there moves on the Queen of Night,
Seated on her unperishable throne;
Her brow crown'd with a wondrous crown of light—
A diadem with diamonds thickly strown;
On them the sun propels his arrowy rays,—
They shine, but do not warm, beneath that blaze.

NAOIMH.

A CHIARADE.

The sun is bright, his piercing light
Falls on the pleasant earth,
And in each field which now doth yield
The ripe corn, there is mirth;
Aye, mirth I ween! and many a scene
My first doth ever show
Of honest joy without alloy,
Of gladness without wee.

When night appears, to end the cares
Which fall on man by day;
And when his heart doth rest impart
To chase dark Care away,
Oh, then I trow, a welcome show
My second is to all;
Be it a cot with lowly lot,
Or grandeur with proud hall.

Play, music play, a holy-day
But seldom greets our sight,
Come to the board with good cheer stored,
And eat with all your might,
For glad are we as men may be,
Come pass the beer around;
With merry soul let's greet our “whole,”
And with the fiddle's sound.

HENRY RAYMOND.

THE VICISSITUDES OF A RETICULE.

In giving to the world the events in which I have participated during my pendent existence, I must commence with my first perfect formation, having no knowledge of my component parts severally or separately. I first arrived at consciousness as a fair hand placed me beside an exquisitely-wrought invisible pincushion and a pair of elegant watch-pockets, on a table strewn with bits of silk and ribbon, canvas, German wool, minute beads, and all the various articles used in the fabrication of those nicknackeries with which it is so much the fashion for ladies to furnish charity bazaars and fancy fairs. I soon became cognizant of everything around me, first observing that I was looked on with evident satisfaction by the owner of the fair hand which had deposited me on the table. And what an angelic countenance was that! Though I have passed through the hands of many beautiful women, I can remember none whose loveliness could compare with that of my manufacturer. The expression of her face was indeed of a heavenly character. With the brightness of hope and the tenderness of charity was mingled the calmness of resignation; and of this latter quality this fair creature had sufficient need.

She was half-raised on a sofa as she looked on me in my perfect state; but having placed me with her other productions, she lay down, and addressing herself to an elderly man who stood near the table,

"I will release you now, my good Weston," said she; "you will not sit down, and you must be tired."

"Not a bit, my lady, not in the least tired; but you have been at your work longer than the doctor would like, I know. Shall I put your things away?"

"Not yet," replied the lady, "it is early in the day. It does me no harm to work I assure you, Weston." She paused, with something like a sigh. "I shall work again, perhaps, before dinner," she resumed; "but Hetty shall wait on me. There now, just alter that cushion a little, and give me my book."

The man, with the tenderness and adroitness of an experienced nurse, arranged everything for the comfort of his mistress, and left the room.

Presently a rap at the house-door announced a visitor, and Weston shuffled into the apartment.

"Major Northope, my lady," said he, "wishes to know if he may be permitted to see you."

"Not to-day, I think, Weston," was the reply.

Weston did not appear to like his lady's answer: he stood with the door in his hand, and stammered out, "Ah dear, now, and I said I thought you could see him. Must I say no, my lady?"

A smile passed over the lovely features of the invalid as she said, "Well, Weston, as you said so, perhaps I had better allow the Major to come up."

The countenance of the old servant changed in an instant; without saying another word, he removed the table from its proximity to the sofa, placed a chair for the visitor, and quitted the room with accelerated speed. Another instant and the chair was occupied by a noble-looking man, some ten or fifteen years older than the lady.

"Thank you, dear Emily, for this permission," said he, as he took her fair hand, and pressed his lips to her still fairer forehead. "And how are you to-day, love? better I trust. Bassett told me yesterday that you would be able to ride out again in a few days."

"I hope he told you true, Eustace," said Emily, in a tone and with a smile that implied a doubt on the subject of her riding out. But unwilling, as it appeared, to speak further of her health, she asked for news of the Major, to divert his attention from herself.

After an hour's chat on topics innumerable, the gentleman rose to depart, and, approaching the work-table, raised me daintily between his thumb and finger.

"Well, Emily, you are a person of surpassing ingenuity and patience: why how many pieces are there in this little bag?" and he began to enumerate them. "Near fifty, I protest; and more various in colour than the rainbow."

"Perhaps you think me a trifler in thus employing myself," remarked the lady, rather sadly; "but I cannot always read, and I find amusement in constructing those elaborate nothings, which however are not without their account."

"Heaven forbid that I should accuse you of trifling, my dearest love, my exemplary Emily," returned the Major, as he again pressed her beautiful forehead; and fearful of wearying her, though seeming loth to depart, he bade farewell to the interesting beauty. I observed that she sought her handkerchief after his departure; and tears no doubt were falling, for her face was hidden for some time, and her book was not again taken up till an approaching footstep caught her ear.

"Will your ladyship choose to have any alteration in your dress?" said a young woman, as she entered the room. "It wants but half an hour to dinner-time."

The lady declined changing her dress, and desired the young woman to put away her work. The unwrought materials therefore were carefully placed in a basket, and I was assigned a place in a drawer of the sofa-table, among other fanciful articles which had been manufactured by the Lady Emily. Soon after, the voice of Weston announced dinner, and the invalid was wheeled into an adjoining room by him and Hetty the female attendant. I saw no more of the mistress that evening; but I had an opportunity of getting acquainted with the family affairs, which was what I much desired.

The evening was rather advanced when Hetty entered the room with another young woman.

"Now we can sit here for half an hour," said the waiting-maid. "My lady is in bed, and old Weston is gone out for his walk, and the cook has nothing to do up here. And so we can have a bit of chat, and I'll show you all the things that my lady has been making for the Queen's Bazaar, and some other charity." And, without ceremony, she opened the drawers, and exhibited all their contents to the eyes of her wondering companion, not without some expressions of dissatisfaction that Weston should have the waiting on her lady while she was at work; though he had more time to spare than she had, as she had the plain needlework to do, and the fine things to wash.

From the very communicative disposition of Miss Hetty I learned that Lady Emily Sardis had been an orphan for some years, and that as she was the youngest of five children, she had not more than fifteen thousand pounds for her fortune. This she came into possession of at one-and-twenty, and on that day she was to have been married to Major Northope—but, three months before, she met with an accident which injured the spine; and, though the doctors talked of effecting a speedy cure, yet three years had elapsed, and she was still so far from cured that she was often obliged to refrain from exercise for weeks together, and was condemned to a horizontal position for the greater part of the time. And, thus confined to her couch, she amused herself by forming out of materials little in value various articles which, from their tastefulness of design and neatness of execution, were sure to command purchasers, when exhibited for sale in furtherance of some benevolent object.

Weston had been under-footman in her father's family when she was born, and it was his province to wait on the nurses and children. He had therefore often nursed her, and enjoyed a greater share of her favour than any other domestic in the establishment. She had always preserved this partiality for Weston; and when her parents died, he was retained by her eldest brother, with the understanding that he should be her servant when she had an establishment of her own; and though Emily was disappointed in becoming the mistress of Major Northope's house, she preferred having a house of her own to residing with her friends. She therefore hired a small dwelling, and constituted Weston her housekeeper, with two female servants to perform the domestic business.

Hetty closed this voluntary information with a few remarks rather in disparagement of the household arrangements; yet she could not help allowing that Weston was a kind old fellow enough, only he was so very particular about trifles. And Lady Emily was a good young lady, so patient, and always read such good books. The place was not a very profitable one, because her ladyship did not wear out many clothes, and only gave small wages. Major Northope did often give her a trifle; and it certainly was a sad pity that they could not be married, such a handsome couple as they would be.

The ringing of a bell disturbed the colloquy of these two damsels. I was hastily replaced with my companions, and remained in my depository till the middle of the next day, when I was again drawn forth to be shown to some lady visitors.

The admiration I excited was excessive. The form of the pieces, the shape of the bag, the judicious blending of the colours—could any one have supposed that a patchwork reticule would be so very pretty?

"If you were phrenologists, you would see that I have the organs of form and colour," said my lady, with a bright smile, which made her look transcendantly beautiful; "and I have been allowed rather to excel in contrasting colours, and composing groups and bouquets—"

"Yes, sure," said one of the ladies, interrupting her, and looking towards a drawing which hung opposite to her, "those flowers are yours; and never were flowers more naturally represented or more skillfully combined."

"And now," resumed Lady Emily, "that my calamity prevents me from practising an accomplishment in which I have taken so much delight, my ideas turn to the arrangement of those materials with which I can—though not quite conveniently—amuse myself."

This observation threw a shade over the countenances of the party, and produced a change in the tone of their conversation, which had been of a gay and animated description. One of the visitors, whom I found to be a sister of the invalid, wished that Emily would consent to become an inmate of her house. "It must be so cheerless for you to spend so much time alone, or with only the company of a servant," she observed, and urged many reasons to prove that Emily had better have an apartment in her house. But the afflicted girl replied, with calmness and firmness, "I am sensible of your kindness, my dear Angelina, but am not to be convinced by your arguments, nor persuaded out of my own opinion that it is best for me to live alone. I am never out of spirits from being solitary. On the contrary, I think I should be more weary in mind if not often left to myself. That my reflections are of a serious nature I do not deny; but it is fit they should be so. Though I do not despair of being restored to a greater degree of strength than I am now permitted to enjoy, yet I ought to prepare for a different result. Whatever may ensue, I trust I shall meet it as becomes the character of a Christian."

The ladies seemed affected by the earnestness of the fair young creature; and, whether they had extended their visit beyond due time, or did not like the serious tone into which the Lady Emily had fallen, I may not pretend to determine, but they soon after took leave; and she, seeming really pleased to be alone, took up her work, and applied herself to it as assiduously as her recumbent position would admit.

"I can see no more visitors this morning, Weston," said she. "I have promised to give Miss Scudery an hour to-day; besides, Lady Dunross will take her coffee with me this evening; therefore do not admit any one else."

Miss Scudery very soon arrived,—a professor of portrait painting, and a very genteel-looking woman, but remarkably plain in feature, and as deaf as any one could be who might be said to hear at all. She was not considered a first-rate artist, but was generally happy in her likenesses; and she was an accommodating painter—she did not require her sitters to place themselves in this or that attitude, that she might catch some particular expression of countenance or turn of figure. Nor did she desire a person to keep to the perpendicular, mute and motionless as an automaton grenadier. Her employers might take their ease; and talk at their pleasure, provided they did not talk to her. That would have been inconvenient. So Lady Emily continued her occupation, and talked to Weston, who handed her everything not within her reach, and contrived, as he moved about the room, to take an occasional peep at the proceedings of Miss Scudery, exhibiting at each glance great satisfaction of countenance.

Before the artist departed she was invited to inspect the productions of Lady Emily; and great

was the admiration excited, particularly by myself. But the pleasure I might have felt from this preference was greatly diminished by the knowledge that I was that evening to be removed from the care of my lovely fabricator by Lady Dunross, who was a great patroness, and a very active one, of the higher class of show-off charities.

On this evening, Lady Emily returned to her work-room, which was likewise her drawing-room, and about nine the expected guest arrived. Lady Dunross was announced, and a short figure entered the room, so enveloped in shawls and furs, that it was impossible to distinguish of what nature the figure was. Weston followed with a wicker basket of tolerable dimensions.

"There now, Weston, put that basket down very carefully," said a good-humoured voice, "and then help me off with my things. Well Emily dear, and how are you to-night? Dear me, how tired I am,—I dare say I have kept you waiting for coffee,—here Weston, take off my boots and put them near the fire. You dine early, and I dined at six to-day, because I would have a long evening. But I have had to call at Mrs. Bromley's. Really I am completely fagged, I have been collecting all day,—you *are* better, Emily dear—poor thing;—yes I called at Bromleys' as I came along—very nice woman that, deserves to be patronised for the things in the basket. She set her young people to make some for us during the leisure time, and very pretty they are, you can look over them after tea."

The good lady scarce permitted her niece (for such was the Lady Emily) to edge in a word while she talked, and disencumbered herself—assisted by Weston, of her numerous wrappers; but having completed this task she threw herself into an easy chair, almost out of breath, and gave Emily an opportunity of replying.

"I shall take no pleasure in looking them over, my dear aunt," said she, "and I shall enter my protest against Mrs. Bromley thus employing her young people."

"My dear!" exclaimed the aunt.

"Why really Madam, I think it no great credit to Mrs. Bromley to ingratiate herself with her patronesses by imposing on her poor work people. When there is leisure in such a house as Mrs. Bromley's, they should have that time for their own affairs, poor girls, so closely as they must apply during the height of the season they ought be allowed recreation, when circumstances would permit."

"Oh certainly, they ought to have a little pleasure, but then for such a purpose you know my dear."

"I do not think that such persons should be taxed even for a purpose like this. Young people who work for a subsistence ought not to be expected to contribute to charitable purposes. These matters should rest with the affluent and unemployed, without trespassing on the time of such as work harder, and possibly endure greater privations than those for whose benefit these charities are instituted."

The dowager looked a very little impatient while Emily gave this opinion, and hesitated rather as she replied. "There is truth to be sure in what

you say my dear, but I did not think about all that, and so I felt much obliged to Mrs. Bromley. You *are* so thoughtful and considerate, I do not know how it is that you are so different to other people; you always seem to look at things in more ways than one."

"There is no credit due to me, dear Aunt for being a little more thoughtful than persons who live more in the world. I have so much time for reflection while I work at these knick knacks. If I could partake of pleasures as other women of my age and station do, no doubt I should be like them. As it is I work for amusement, but while I do so I feel that, if I were obliged to depend on my needle for subsistence, I should consider it a great cruelty if I were compelled to fill up the time I could spare from necessary labour in making pincushions and needle books for great ladies to show off with. I might be glad of those few hours to attend to my own wardrobe, to visit a friend, or walk for my health."

"Oh my dear child," interrupted Lady Dunross, in a more assenting tone of voice, "no doubt you are right, you have unfortunately too much time to consider both sides of a question, but I do not think you would be like other girls if you did live more in the world, nor would many girls be like you if afflicted as you are."

"You are too partial, dear Aunt to your poor Emily; but do not you see now that it is sometimes good to be afflicted? We may not only become more right-minded ourselves, but lead others to adopt a less hasty mode of thinking. Kind, and warm-hearted people are so often led by their zeal into an injudicious method of exerting their benevolence."

Lady Dunross and her niece continued to chat on this and other topics while taking their coffee, and then the basket was brought forward by Weston. Lady Emily did look over its contents, and gave a warmer meed of approbation than she might have done, had the articles been manufactured by persons in her own sphere. They were then replaced in the depository, and her own more elaborately wrought trifles carefully placed on the top. The bell was then rung for Weston to wrap up the lady collector, but ere he could attend the summons there was a knock at the door, then a quick step up the stairs, and instead of the male attendant, Major Northope entered the room.

"My dear Lady Dunross, I saw your carriage at the door, and thought I might come up. Do not be angry, Emily," and taking a seat near her, he kissed her pretty hand.

Emily did not look as though she could be angry with her unchangeable admirer; she smiled, but looked from him to her aunt as though she suspected some pre-arrangement between them. If there were they did not betray it.

"And pray Major," said the lady, "where may you be going that you happen to be passing this house at such an hour of the evening?"

"I am going to Knightsbridge to spend an hour or two with Stewarson, who is on duty there. Is it much out of my way to pass here?" The ladies smiled. "But if it were a little circuitous I should prefer it; indeed, Lady Dunross," he continued very earnestly, "I am not ashamed to confess, that

I often stroll here at a much later hour, I have so many anxieties on Emily's account, living here by herself. Do my dear lady try and persuade her to give me a right to be her protector."

Emily would have protested, but her aunt prevented her by immediately replying,

"If you cannot persuade her yourself, it is scarce to be expected that I should; but I need no entreating, it is quite my wish that Emily should become your wife as soon——"

Emily would not allow her aunt to proceed, so Weston was again summoned; the visitor was enveloped in her numerous coverings, and the basket was lifted from the table.

"Shall I take you to Knightsbridge, Major?" said the lady, "I do not mind lengthening my ride home."

"Thank you, Madam," he replied, "but the night is so fine I shall prefer walking. Allow me, however, to hand you to your carriage—Emily dear I shall come up again to say "good night."

The Dowager was seated, adieus exchanged, the basket placed on the opposite seat, and I was whirled away from the scene of my creation, and from the presence of that lovely creature whose amiability was to make me think lightly of many with whom I afterwards found a home. How I regretted being taken from her, from a further knowledge of Major Northope, and the worthy Weston.

Lady Dunross must really have been fatigued; she was absolutely snoring in less than five minutes, and was scarcely aroused by the stopping of the carriage and the thundering rap at her own door. Her first care was the basket,

"Be very careful with that Philip, take it to my dressing-room. Where is Perry? Oh Perry, for gracious sake do bring me some wine and something to eat—positively I am almost dying."

I heard no more, for I was immediately conveyed up stairs and given into charge of the lady's maid, who scarce exchanged two words with the footman. She rose from a table at which she was writing, took the basket from the man and placed it on a sofa, then gathered up several sheets of paper, which she deposited in a portfolio, and putting it out of sight began to prepare for her lady's undressing. Having accomplished this duty she took a book from under the sofa, and reclined herself in a chaise lounge to read until her mistress appeared. I shall not detain my fair readers by detailing the *dishabillement* of a dowager of quality, nor afford amusement to the creatures by admitting them into its secrets. Indeed I shall say no more of Lady Dunross, but that I was sent with my companions in her ladyship's carriage to the Hanover Rooms, where I soon after figured on a stall presided over by the Honourable Mrs. Brazenough, a lady of stylish figure, and some beauty. She was assisted by a very pretty unassuming girl, chosen no doubt for her prettiness from among the honourable lady's humble acquaintance. The quiet deportment and subdued tone of this young female formed a striking contrast to the loud voice and assured manner of the great lady; and so admirable is modesty, that while the idle men of fashion talked and acted all sorts of freedoms with Mrs. Brazenough, her plebeian attendant was treated

with the greatest respect. Oh the insipidity, the nothings, the worse than nothings, which I was doomed to hear that day! The flattery to which the lady-seller listened with a smile, and the familiarity to which she submitted in order to conciliate people into liberally parting with their money. I called forth great admiration from all who observed me, but so high a figure was placed upon me that none were induced to purchase me. I think it was the honourable saleswoman's policy to set a great value on her handsomest goods that they might remain to adorn her counter, and give commoner articles a better chance of sale, and the ladies were content to purchase moderately, and admire greatly those articles to which higher value was affixed. Many a note of admiration did my beauty elicit from the fair creatures, none of whom however seemed disposed to secure me for themselves. The gentlemen were more liberal.

One exquisite surveyed me admiringly, but exclaimed, "now, my dear creature, you can not mean to say that you positively expect two guineas for this harlequin affair?"

"I do indeed, nor will I take one sixpence less," responded the fair creature.

"Faith it is very pretty," said another loungier. "More than pretty," said Captain Pennington."

And I was handed from one to another of a knot of fine gentlemen who had assembled before the stand to talk nonsense to the Honourable Mrs. Brazenough.

"Let us have a sweepstakes for it," said Sir Frank Gambleton.

An exclamation of assent was immediately given by all the party.

"Oh dear no," remonstrated the lady, "we do not keep dice here."

"*N'importe pour cela ma chere. Toujours pret*" is an excellent motto," rejoined the baronet, and so saying drew from his waistcoat pocket a pair of Satan's grinders.

Without waiting for consent from the lady, a painted match box was seized by one of the party, a space cleared by another, the divisions of the scene required placed before Mrs. Brazenough, and I, the work of the amiable Lady Emily Sardis furnished forth a few minutes excitement to half a dozen dissipated men.

"Mine by Jove," said Captain Pennington, and he held me up in triumph.

"I am sorry for it," said the most quiet-looking man of the party, as he bowed to the lady, and withdrew from the stand followed by the Captain. "Had I won I should have presented it to that pretty girl, why did you not give it her Pennington?"

"Because I have another pretty girl in my eye, whose favours I wish to secure," replied the Captain.

"Heaven keep the pretty girl with whom you are solicitous to find favour, Pennington," observed the gentleman as he left the Captain to join some other party.

The winner smiled complacently, and dangling me on his little finger he made the tour of the room, stopping at every stall to purchase some trifle, for which I was a convenient deposit. On reaching his lodgings, the captain turned out his

other knick-knacks into a sheet of paper, and placed me in a drawer, and there I remained till next evening, when I was taken out and placed in his pocket. It was dark when he took me from thence to present me to a young female with whom he was walking in the park. Their conversation was carried on in so low a tone, that it was but little I could hear of it, yet I could learn enough to presume that there was want of principle on one side, and want of prudence on the other. After several turns in the least frequented part of the park, the military gentleman escorted the young person to the end of a row of small houses. Before one of them she gave some signal, which was instantly answered by the opening of the door.

"Oh Lucy," said a half angry voice, "how late you are, I am really sick with agitation, and I am sure no good will come of your meeting this gentleman."

"Well dear, I am afraid I have staid out too long," said Lucy, "but I cannot get away from him, he is so delightful; his conversation, and his ideas so different to other people, and see what a lovely bag he has given me; just the thing for the ball."

After a due examination of my form and fabric, Lucy expressed herself warmly in my praise.

"Now is it not very pretty, Sophy, and how kind of him to think of me when he was at the fancy fair?"

"I cannot deny that the bag is pretty," replied Sophy, "but I doubt Captain Pennington's kindness in thinking of you very much. Indeed I wish you would give up meeting him. How angry Mrs. Carter would be if she knew it, and I should be more blamed than you. But she will be home soon, and then I am quite determined to be your confidante no longer in this matter, for you know she is very anxious about you and Atkinson, and I am sure, poor fellow, he is very fond of you, and would make you an excellent husband."

Lucy pouted and began to draw comparisons between her two admirers; but Sophy, quite out of humour, said she should go to bed; and they went up stairs into a small chamber, where I was carefully placed in a box among other articles of holiday gear. What these young people were, I could not understand. The place was neatly furnished, and the girls were fashionably dressed, but I had no opportunity of getting much acquainted with them, for only on one other evening was I in their society, and that was the night of the ball. On that occasion I was taken from the box with some decorative articles of dress, and placed on the bed with the net dresses, white gloves, and dancing slippers of the young people, beside ribbons and flowers, and various other things useful and ornamental. The hair-dressing seemed a tedious process, particularly with Sophy, who was not bountifully supplied with natural tresses; Lucy's chévelure was more easily arranged; indeed she did not seem over solicitous about setting herself off to the best advantage; but the other poor girl, who was not thinking of those who would not be present at the ball, was really very anxious to look as well as possible. To supply the deficiency of nature, an artificial plait of hair was twisted into a knot, and fixed with a comb and

double pins to the back of her head, her temples being adorned with flowers. This important business completed, the other parts of the toilette were easily adjusted; and really when dressed, they looked as pretty girls as any young gentleman would desire to escort into a public room. Lucy having made me the receptacle for an embroidered handkerchief, her fan, and scent bottle, hung me on her arm with a sigh. What might be the feelings of that young girl at that moment? Will these pages be read by any one who could interpret that sigh? Will they be looked upon by eyes which have been dazzled by the fascinating exterior of a superior in rank, even when affianced to an equal? If so, let that young and fair individual echo the sigh of Lucy, and beware!

The sound of wheels warned the ladies to descend, and as they entered the sitting room a coach drove up to the door, and in an instant a young man made his appearance,—the Atkinson before named, the admirer of Lucy; certainly there was nothing *distingué* in his figure, and very little of the *spirituel* in his countenance; but there was an expression of honest good nature, well worth the attention of a girl, not entitled by circumstances, to think of a scarlet coat with the adjuncts of silken sash, gorget, and gold epaulettes. This ball I found, was associated with the interests of one particular county, and given for the benefit of some individuals thereunto belonging. It was held at one of the first assembly rooms in London, and every thing was in good style. Well dressed company, judicious arrangements, excellent music, and liberal refreshments. During the evening, Lucy never allowed me to take my chance on a sofa, but kept me on her arm as she walked through the quadrilles,—dance she did not—and was, no doubt, as proud of me as she would have been of a diamond bracelet. But, notwithstanding her care, she was to lose me. Toward the close of the entertainment, Atkinson persuaded his young friends to take some refreshment, previous to returning home. The room was crowded, but he procured chairs for the girls at the table, and placed himself behind that of Lucy, by which she was protected from being leant over by gentlemen anxious to procure negus and cakes for their partners.

Sophy had no attendant beau to guard her from such annoyance, if such it could be considered on such an occasion; at any rate she did not think it so, but willingly assisted her neighbours. With this accommodating feeling she was handing a plate of biscuits to a lady behind her at the same instant that a gentleman was leaning forward over her to take a glass of negus from a waiter. The button of his coat became thereby entangled in the false knot which ornamented the head of poor Sophy. The parties, as is often the case, did precisely what they ought not to have done in such a dilemma; the gentleman, instead of gently trying to disengage himself, drew quickly back; while the lady, instead of yielding for a moment to the intruder by inclining backward, threw herself as quickly forward. Alas! poor Sophy! The button, far from presenting a smooth and polished surface, was ornamented with a prominent device, pretty enough to the eye, but to the touch feeling

like a miniature *cheval de frise*. Lucy, who had fixed this appendage to the head of her friend, thought she had done it securely; and so she had, for fair usage, but who was to foresee such a misadventure. Perhaps the weight of the comb, with the action of dancing, had been too much for the tenacity of the pins; but, however it might be, the invidious button had the best of it, for it bore the false hair from the head of the poor girl, who was thereby sadly punished for her vanity. Rising hastily from her chair she forced her way through the company, almost in tears, and my mistress followed as quickly, having, in an ineffectual effort to avert the evil, dropped me on the floor, and in her perturbation not having perceived that she had done so, and she really must, in her endeavours to console her friend, have forgotten me, for I lay for some time under the chair she had occupied, and was then picked up by a young gentleman, who walked several times round the rooms, holding me conspicuously forth to the notice of the few ladies who remained; but there was no one mean enough to lay claim to what was not their own, and the young man who had gone without a lady to the ball departed with me in his pocket. Next evening he presented me to a middle-aged lady, his aunt; she was not a spinster, but had been a childless widow for so many years that she had imbibed more odd notions, and grown more selfish than any hapless old maid who was ever made the subject of vituperation. This lady, like my fair fabricator, was an adept at all sorts of fancy work, but her labours were not devoted to the same purpose. All her knick-knackeries were employed as a species of return for the dinners and other entertainments of which she partook at the houses of her friends and acquaintance. It did not suit her to give parties. Her nephew received a gracious welcome, entering her apartment as he did, with me on his wrist; what he had done with the fan and scent-bottle I know not; the handkerchief Lucy had taken out when she sat down in the refreshment room. Mrs. Miffington was so new-fangled with her acquisition that her hoards were looked over first thing next morning, and materials selected for the manufacture of a similar reticule, but her operations were frequently suspended; every slight noise drew her to the window, and she was continually ringing her bell, to complain of some annoyance that she wished removed, or for something to be got for her, to which she could have helped herself with as little inconvenience as it occasioned her to desire the servant to do it. It appeared that she had newly taken possession of her apartments, and she had discovered that a national school nearly opposite to her was a great nuisance. Twelve o'clock arrived, and then her wrath was excessive; the young fry rushed like a torrent into the street, running, jumping, and shouting with all their might.

"Mary," said Mrs. Miffington, "go down into the street, and desire those children to be quiet."

"Lor, Ma'am!" murmured Mary, "they von't mind me."

"Do as I desire you," continued her mistress, "people are not to be disturbed in this horrid manner by those beggars' brats."

Mary did as she was desired to do, but instead of ceasing their clamour the urchins jumped higher, and hallooed louder than before. Next day the same thing ensued, and the ire of the lady having arrived at boiling pitch she hastily donned her bonnet and shawl, and thrusting her handkerchief into me, she sallied forth with her complaint to the schoolmaster.

"I have nothing to do with the boys out of school," said the man sullenly, "it is quite enough for me to attend to them while they are in; beside, it is natural for them to be noisy, and if you do not like it, ma'am, you had better live somewhere else."

"You are a very uncivil person," observed the offended lady, "pray who has the management of the school?"

"Oh! there are more managers than one," he replied, "if you were a subscriber you would know them."

"Umph," said Mrs. Miffington, as she left the school. She was not to be put off thus, however, she soon ascertained that Doctor Forster, the rector, was considered the superintendant, and to his house she unhesitatingly repaired. The Doctor was at home, and would wait on the lady instantly. She was ushered into a library, and soon became conscious of sounds which augured ill for her mission. There must have been a race game of romps going on over head; peals of laughter, with the shuffling of little feet, and bumps on the floor, plainly denoted what was in progress. A pleasant looking gentleman, but with a very red face, soon entered and desired to know the lady's commands. Mrs. Miffington stated her grievance, concluding with the rudeness of the schoolmaster.

"I am very sorry, Madam, that there should be any cause of offence in the children, and I am surprised at what you say of the master, as he is not considered an uncourteous person; but I shall speak to him on the subject the first time I visit the school; he must not forget himself. As to the boys I scarce know what to say; provided they do not commit any mischief, they may be excused for rejoicing a little when liberated from confinement; indeed it is necessary for their health that they should shout and run after three hours attention to the labour of learning. I suppose, Madam, you have no children."

Mrs. Miffington answered in the negative.

"I thought not, or you would not mind the noise; for myself, so far from being annoyed at the mirth of children, I am rather inclined to join in their gambols."

I remarked that the redness in the rector's face subsided gradually, and I now came to the conclusion that he had been a party to the game above stairs.

"Pray, Madam, how long may you have resided in the street?"

"A very short time," answered she, "only since the commencement of the quarter."

"Oh, then depend on it," said the Doctor, "that after a few weeks you will get so accustomed to the noise that you will scarcely hear it; but we will see if anything can be done."

With this very unsatisfactory result of her visit the poor lady was obliged to be satisfied. Whe-

ther she did get reconciled to the noise I was not long enough in her possession to know, but I should think not, for it seemed a pleasure to her to complain. The dustman's bell, the knife-grinder's wheel, the itinerant musicians, all incurred her disapprobation. Sometimes she would throw up her window to scold the offenders away herself, at others the poor servant-girl was deputed to the unthankful office. Whether her neighbours might wish to hear an organ, or have occasion for a knife-grinder, she never paused to consider; it was not her pleasure, and that in her opinion was sufficient. She had nearly completed a counterpart of myself when her nephew brought a lady to call upon her who had just arrived from the continent, where she had been residing for more than a year; she brought with her so many curious trifles for Mrs. Miffington that the delighted lady, in the warmth of her gratitude, offered her, in return, myself—with her nephew's permission: this was readily accorded, and I found great satisfaction in being transferred to another mistress; beside, I liked the countenance of this lady; her age might have been about thirty-five, and though neither a fine figure, nor a beauty, there was something prepossessing in her appearance. She related many events in which she had taken part with great animation, and from the tone she adopted, and her observations on what she had seen while abroad, I pronounced her a sensible, well-judging woman. I found that she was a married lady, and saw with pleasure the affectionate reception which she met with from her husband on her return to the hotel, where they were for the present residing. After being presented to the gentleman, and admired by him, I was deposited in a drawer with the shawl and gloves of the lady, from whence I was again taken on the following morning at an early hour, and suspended on the arm of my mistress, who was prepared for a walk; she was proceeding to call on a favourite friend, and some trifling *bijouteries* intended as presents for this friend and her children, were entrusted to my keeping. Mr. Reynolds, the husband of my mistress, accompanied her to the door of her friend's house, and then left her, for business of some importance demanded his presence in another part of the town. After knocking twice at the door it was opened by a dirty, slovenly woman.

"Is Mrs. Osborn at home," asked my mistress.

"Yes, but she is engaged," answered the woman, not very civilly. "I don't know whether she can see you, but I'll ask," and going to the stair-foot she called out, "Matilda, I wish you'd come down and mind your own business, it is not my place to open the door to double-knocks at this time of the morning. Here's a lady wants to see Missis," and she disappeared as a young girl descended the stairs.

Mrs. Reynolds saw that she was too early a visitor to please the servants, at any rate, for this girl had evidently been making some alteration in her dress before she chose to come down; her appearance, however, was anything but prepossessing; an apology for a cap was hung on to a comb at the back of her head, and a profusion of ringlets partly concealed the gilt drops which

graced, or rather disgraced her ears. A black silk apron hid the front of a dirty light frock, (servants do not wear gowns now-a-days), which through the aperture in the back displayed some under garment still dirtier than itself. Her stockings, which might once have been white, proclaimed a want of industry, and her feet were partly thrust into a pair of kid slippers, which evidently did not belong to her.

"If your mistress is not particularly engaged she will see me I am sure," said the visitor, presenting her card.

"Mrs. Osborn is particularly engaged, but I can take up the card," replied the girl in a tone, and with an emphasis on the Mrs. Osborn which intimated to my mistress that she had offended the lady of the broom, who it was evident had imbibed some American notions. For a moment she supposed that she was to be left standing in the passage, as the girl turned quickly to ascend the stairs; however, she recollected herself, and throwing open the parlour door she desired Mrs. Reynolds to walk in. The lady entered, and looking round the apartment, gave a deep sigh; the furniture was handsome, but had an air of neglect, and the whole aspect of the room was that of discomfort; there were the remains of a fire in the grate, and a kettle on the hob, with a plate-rim on the fender, and a few crumbs on the rug, gave evidence of some one having breakfasted in the room. A gentleman's dressing-gown and slippers, with brushes of different sorts, made it clear that the master of the house had likewise completed his toilette there. My mistress seemed to observe these things with uneasiness, and when the servant entered to ask her to walk up stairs, she said—

"I fear your mistress is not well."

No reply was vouchsafed to this, and she followed the girl to the chamber of Mrs. Osborn, who rose hastily to meet her friend, and "My dear Harriett," "My dear Charlotte, how happy I am to see you," were exchanged as they kissed each other with the warmth of old and attached acquaintance. A chair was placed by Mrs. Osborn near the fire for her visitor, and she then observed, "You see I am engaged, but I will dismiss this young person in a few minutes. I know you will excuse me." She then seated herself at a table, and busied herself in writing addresses, on what appeared to be printed circulars; a young girl neatly dressed in something of a charity costume, folding them in readiness. This business was soon dispatched, and the girl, putting on a good straw bonnet and very pretty cloak, prepared to depart.

"What shall I say to Mr. Sainly about the other letters, Ma'am?"

"Oh, never mind," said Mrs. Osborn, "perhaps I may call," and she dismissed her assistant.

"What is the meaning of this, my dear Charlotte?" asked my mistress, "have you taken upon yourself to become secretary to some charitable institution?"

"Not exactly so," replied Mrs. Osborn, with some hesitation, "but I do sometimes fill up the monthly notices for Mr. Sainly's school; it was only talked of when you left England, but it is now successfully established, and is far superior to any school of the sort in this vicinity."

"As regards the dress I can certainly believe you, my dear," returned Mrs. Reynolds. "Had I met that girl in the street I should not for an instant have supposed that she was clothed by voluntary subscription. But are you quite well my dear Charlotte? I feared not, when I found you were not down stairs. You were accustomed to sit in your parlour."

"Yes," said Mrs. Osborn. "but I do return sometimes to my own room for a few hours now; it is not pleasant to have papers about in a room open to everybody."

"And I suppose you do not see everybody when you are thus engaged; however, you have not refused me, so I must not say you are wrong," continued my mistress, as she saw that her friend blushed and seemed at a loss to answer her. "But how does Osborn like this new avocation of yours? men in general do not like anything that trenches on their own comfort, and you used to be such an attentive, anticipating wife."

"No man sure could be so selfish as to prevent his wife from assisting in the promotion of a good work, and Mr. Sainly could never have got on so well with his school if he had not found, among his congregation, some willing minds; and it is surely praiseworthy to rescue the children of the poor from ignorance and vice."

"Assuredly so, my dear, if people do not neglect their own affairs by so doing."

I suppose my mistress thought of the dirty and littered room into which she had been so uncourteously admitted, but she changed her tone quickly, and loosening the strings which closed me she drew forth her presents, saying—

"I did not forget you, Charlotte, when I was in Paris; I have brought a few baubles for you and the children, little dears; where are they? I long to see them; walking out, I dare say, as the morning is so fine, and I do not hear them in the house."

"No, they are at school," replied Mrs. Osborn, with some hesitation.

"At school!" cried my mistress, "why, Charlotte, you do surprise me, *you*, who vowed you would never send your children, if girls, to school."

"Yes! I did not know then how difficult it was for a mother to instruct her own children, but I found that I could not get on with them at all, and I grew so nervous and so worried that Osborn thought it would be better to let them go to school."

"Perhaps it may be better," returned my mistress, "but of course they only are at day-school, so I can wait till they come home, I long to see if they will remember me; but what is the matter with you, Charlotte, you turn pale."

"Because I fear, Harriet, that you will feel disappointed when I tell you they are at boarding-school. Mr. Osborn thought, as they were to go to school, a boarding-school would be best, as we could then do with a servant less."

"I do not wonder at his thinking so," observed Mrs. Reynolds, "if your present servants are specimens of such as are now to be procured. Excuse me, Charlotte, but your house is sadly different to what I once knew it."

Mrs. Osborn endeavoured to account satisfac-

torily for the change, and to exculpate herself; but my mistress, who seemed to speak exactly as she felt, would not allow that her friend was blameless, and told her plainly that no mother was justified in banishing her own children from her roof, in order that she might be at liberty to devote her time to the benefit of others, and be at the command of a man who was building up a reputation for himself through the pockets and labours of his congregation. The friends were too much attached to absolutely quarrel, but Mrs. Reynolds left the house with chilled and disappointed feelings; and, during the short time that I remained in her possession, I learned that Mrs. Osborn had really, during the time that Mrs. Reynolds had been absent from England, become so great an admirer of Mr. Sainly, that she had neglected her home, and grown careless about the comfort of her husband and children. The consequence was that the father had placed his little girls with a worthy lady, qualified both by temper and ability to take charge of children so young.

I had no opportunity of witnessing another meeting between these two ladies, for my mistress prized me too highly to take me out on all occasions, though I remarked that whenever she paid a first visit, after I belonged to her, she always took me with her.

I was present at the performance of a play, an opera, and a concert, while I remained with Mrs. Reynolds; and no reticule that was ever formed elicited more admiration than was excited by myself. "Who could have the patience to manufacture me?" was often the exclamation following an inspection of my minute parts; and then I thought of that lovely lady who, had she dreamed of the vicissitudes to which I should be exposed, would not have bestowed so much of her time in contriving me.

Mrs. Reynolds was invited to spend a long day with a relation of her husband, and he was to join the family at dinner. Accordingly I was brought forth to accompany my mistress, bearing within me her handkerchief and her work. There were three ladies in the drawing-room when I entered on the arm of Mrs. Reynolds; and, after the usual inquiries, I was introduced to their notice, and as usual rapturously admired. I found Mrs. Mears a very agreeable woman, and her daughter a very accomplished girl. The other lady was a young friend of Miss Mears, and sister (as I learned) to a gentleman whose addresses she was receiving. The long morning would have passed pleasantly away but for the company of a favourite dog, whose ugliness was his only claim to attention on the part of a stranger; for he was snappish, unsocial, and barked with a head-splitting force when there was a rap at the door or a ring at the bell. His owners, however, had, no doubt from constant companionship, found out something amiable or estimable in the ugly brute, for they caressed and coaxed him as though he had been a child. I believe my mistress would gladly have whipped him out of the house, and did express her wonder at the notice taken of him. The dinner-hour approaching, in some measure removed the annoyance; for after the entrance of Mrs. Mears, the dog grew more quiet.

The ladies now left off work ; and, as my mistress had no idea of again taking her needle on that evening, she folded up the collar, which she was ornamenting with fine lace, and placed it again in my care.—Alas ! for the handsome collar and myself ! Dinner was announced ; and on the arm of Mrs. Reynolds I entered the dining-parlour. When seated, she hung me on the back of her chair ; which, however, was not a secure position. Unfortunately the cabinet-maker had not taken into consideration the fact that ladies do sometimes hang reticules on chairs, and he had not shaped his mahogany with a view to their safe abiding. Consequently the servant, in waiting at table, had dislodged me, without perceiving that she had done so ; and the mischievous brute of a dog, who had followed the company quietly into the parlour, as quietly drew me under the table ; and there, while all were engaged with the good things before them, amused himself with gnawing through me into my contents. Great was the consternation when, the dessert being placed on the table, Mrs. Reynolds sought me, to take out her handkerchief. I was missing from the chair ; but a few seconds sufficed to discover me, with my beauty destroyed by the fangs of that ill-conditioned animal.

The gentlemen were disposed to laugh ; but when my mistress drew forth her nice cambric handkerchief, injured in some degree, and her lace and collar totally spoiled, they were obliged to refrain from anything like mirth, for she turned awfully pale with vexation.

Mrs. Mears was loud in her lamentations and regret, Mr. Mears said Tasso should buy another collar and lace ; but my mistress grieved most for myself. Miss Mears thought she could repair me, at any rate she would try ; and, before Mrs. Reynolds left, she insisted that she should accept a handsome bag of her own as a substitute for my mutilated self. This accident certainly destroyed the harmony of the evening. I think my mistress was not a person usually to be disconcerted by trifles ; but she had been annoyed by the dog all day, and she could not endure such a climax to such a nuisance, without a disturbance of temper.

Thus ended my sojourn with Mrs. Reynolds ; for though Miss Mears often took me up to consider the possibility of restoring me in some degree to my original appearance, she must have concluded that the task was hopeless, as she always returned me again to the drawer where I was deposited, without an effort. Or it might be that she had but little time to spare—there was a song to learn, or a concerto to practise. Then there was the prospect of a wedding at no distant date, and preparations were to be made for the important event. The intended too, it may be supposed, occupied some part of her time, and more of her thoughts ; and so my renovation was delayed, time after time, till Mrs. Reynolds had again left England. I was then thought of no more, but suffered to remain in a drawer, with other uncared-for articles, till a short time before the wedding-day, when a regular clearing-out took place. In this occupation Miss Mears was assisted by the young woman who had contributed to my downfall ; and many were the thanks and smiles elicited

from Kitty, as one thing after another was thrown into a basket for herself.

“And here is poor Mrs. Reynold’s unfortunate bag,” said the young lady, as she drew me forth. “I do certainly take shame to myself that I never tried to repair it.”

“Yes, Miss,” said Kitty, “it is a pity ; for you’re so ingenious I am sure you might have done something with it.”

“Well, it is too late now,” returned Miss Mears ; “and so it must go with the rest.”

And, her approaching nuptials rendering her obtuse to all other considerations, she threw me unfeelingly into the basket ; where I remained, with the refuse of her wardrobe, till, the wedding being over and the house restored to regularity, Kitty found time to examine her accession of property.

Having congratulated herself on the addition of many useful articles to her stock of clothing, she looked on me with pity and complacency, and, examining me carefully, she came to the resolution of trying to make me useful, at any rate ; and, having ample materials for the purpose, she employed part of her leisure in exerting her best skill for the purpose.

She succeeded tolerably well, considering that she was not much accustomed to delicate needlework ; but will is power as well as knowledge, in some cases, and Kitty proved that she could do what no one expected of her, by merely giving her mind to the task. She was, however, a very different girl to the would-be fine lady who occupied a similar situation in the house of Mrs. Osborn. She was not one of those independent, erroneously brought up servants, who disdain to call their employers master or mistress, and scarce afford any token of respect to the persons who preserve them from many more objectionable modes of procuring a subsistence.

Kitty was very proud of her acquisition and her own cleverness, so I was exhibited to every kitchen visitor as a subject of admiration. Among these was a very pretty girl, the daughter of a laundress, whose mangle was at the service of such persons in her neighbourhood as preferred purifying their wearables at home. Mrs. Mears was one of these, and Betsey Jackson would sometimes bring home the linen, for the sake of a chat with Kitty. Betsey had an admirer, who frequently treated her to public amusements, and very proud he was of her ; for when dressed in her Sunday clothes no one could have supposed that during the other six days she was engaged at the wash-tub, the ironing-stove, or in turning her “mother’s mangle.” He had promised to take her to a genteel dance, just at the time that I was introduced to her, and she thought that it would be just the thing for such an occasion. She asked Kitty to lend me, to which she good-naturedly consented, and promised too, if possible, to get out on the evening of the dance to help to dress her ; but lest she should be prevented, allowed Betsey to take me away with her.

So I was again to figure in a ball-room, and in what company ! I, who was formed to grace the arm of a countess—though my destiny had been changed by a libertine—was now to dangle on a wrist half-coddled in soapsuds ! Pretty as the

girl was, I wished she might lose me in her way home, in the hope that I should be picked up by some person of a station more in unison with the ideas I had formed at my first entrance into existence. But I was safely borne into the domicile of Miss Jackson; and, after being paraded as a beautiful curiosity before half-a-dozen poor slaves of the tub, was taken up to a small dormitory at the top of the house, and hung up on a peg, with a piece of paper round me.

During the day several articles of ladies' dress were brought into the room and tried on by Betsy, who was on one occasion accompanied by her mother. I learned from their conversation, and what had been talked over by the young damsel and Kitty, that Betsy's best dress, though a silk one, was not smart enough for this dance. She had been to many shilling hops and sixpenny concerts with her young man, but this was a superior thing—quite! It was to be at a tavern of some pretensions, and was got up for the benefit of the house by the tradespeople, one of whom had given his shopman a ticket, not choosing to go himself. Contributions were therefore levied on the personals of Mrs. Jackson's patronesses, and Betsy was likely to make as genteel an appearance as any girl who might be present.

The laundress and her daughter were at issue about two dresses—a plain muslin, and a worked one: the mother wishing the daughter to be content with the former, as being less expensive, should any accident happen, and not so likely to be known. But Betsy laughed at the idea of any one being there who would know her or the dress; and it was so much handsomer, and fitted her better than the muslin. So the mother's scruples were over-ruled, and Betsy was to figure in a dress which had probably cost more than any that she had ever been mistress of.

The evening arrived, and with it came Kitty, who was well qualified for a lady's maid, having always waited on Miss Mears at dressing-time. She arranged Betsy's hair in admirable style, and fixed a rose or two in the most becoming manner; but when it came to the garments, Kitty could not refrain from expressing like disapprobation.

"Well really Betsy, I should not like to wear other people's things; suppose they should get tore?"

"Oh, we must say they were tore in the wash," said Betsy, "and as to wearing other people's things, why I ain't got anything of my own fit to wear, and one ought to get somethin' out o' people, for they contracts for their washing, and screws us down to price, and ain't none so ready to pay arter all."

Kitty still made objections, and then Betsy, like many persons doing wrong, endeavoured to lighten her own offence by citing the greater offences of others.

"Lor bless you Kitty, there's no such great harm in my wearing a thing or two only on pertikler occasions. Why Mrs. Martin, as washes for so many of the great folks, hasn't bought a shirt for her boys ever since they was put in breeches."

So according to Betsy's statement, it might be inferred that persons who put out their washing,

might look for a little assistance in the wearing. The toilette was pretty well completed while the girls were talking of the right and wrong, and Kitty could not help confessing that her friend looked remarkably well in her borrowed finery; and was sure that no young lady at the ball would look more genteel. Under the net dress was a handsomely trimmed petticoat, and over it a lace scarf. The silk stockings had been selected from several pairs, and a fine cambric handkerchief was deposited with me. Her satin shoes, and kid gloves were perhaps her own, but I did not get enlightened with regard to them. In due time, Mr. Dowson, her admirer, arrived with a cab, and in a few minutes, they were at the rooms. Betsy was struck with admiration; she had never seen anything so splendid before, but to me who had made my first public appearance at the Hanover Rooms, and my second at those of still higher pretensions, they appeared small in size, and paltry in decoration. The air with which Mr. Dowson and Miss Jackson walked into the room was exquisite; he gratified at being so well accompanied, and she feeling that for this one evening, she might certainly pass for a young lady,—there would be no one there who could know her. In this, however, she was painfully mistaken, for great was her consternation when on taking her place in the second quadrille, she found herself *vis à vis* to a young woman who had lived not long before with the lady whose dress she was wearing. This person was quietly dressed in black, and was a plain, homely looking woman; and perhaps envious of Betsy's lady like appearance, she resolved to mortify her when she saw that the means were in her power. As she blundered through the mazes of the quadrille, she found an opportunity of saying in a sort of whisper that might be heard by all the set, "How fine we are in other people's clothes;" and though the other parties, severally, might not know to whom this was meant to apply, yet it was quite enough to spoil Betsy's pleasure for the evening. She felt that sad consequences might ensue, and wished that she had been more of Kitty's way of thinking. Instead of taking delight in the music, she was all the evening imbibing a lesson that, bitter as it was, was for her ultimate benefit. But this was not her only annoyance, among the company were two young men who had come without ladies; being rather of a higher class than the rest of the party. They were there for amusement, choosing rather to quiz the dancers than dance themselves, unless any very pretty girl should induce them to join in the amusement. And Miss Jackson was sufficiently attractive to be honoured with their notice, and consequently at the end of each set, she was solicited by one or other of these gentlemen, to the great annoyance of Dowson, who had stipulated that she should dance with no one but himself, unless he should meet any friend of his own to whom he might resign her hand for one or two dances. The jealousy and irritability of Dowson, were soon perceived by the quizzers, and the few words spoken by Betsy, evincing that her breeding was far inferior to her appearance, they persisted in their persecution of the poor girl, assuring her that the singularity of her not changing her partner, was out of all rule,

and must be remarked by every one. Dowson they affected to treat with contempt, though he remonstrated on their intrusive attentions to his partner. Betsy, fearful that a quarrel might ensue, and otherwise annoyed by the sneering glances of the lady in black, entreated Dowson to leave, but he had too much spirit to be driven from his amusement by the conduct of these ill-mannered young fellows, and resolved to remain until they had departed.

But the pleasure of the amusement was entirely destroyed, for the young men, foiled in getting Betsy away from her cavalier, took their station near where the young couple were dancing, and by their remarks, qualified neither in tone or words, they not only annoyed them, but every body within ear of their impertinence. At length they seemed to weary of looking on at the dancing of people whom they were throwing into ridicule, and left the room. This was some relief to Betsy, still she was glad when the hour arrived for returning home, and having prepared herself with walking apparel, to save Dowson the expense and trouble of procuring a conveyance, she gladly put on her envelopes and left the inauspicious place. The night, or rather morning, was fine, they had but a short distance to walk, and they set out feeling that all was fair for getting comfortably home; but they had not reached the end of the street in which the tavern was situate, before they were overtaken by their tormentors, who must have ensconced themselves in some snuggerly where they could watch the exit of the company.

"Is it possible," said one of them, "that your friend can allow you to walk home after so much exertion in a heated assembly. It is sadly out of character with the care he took of you in the dancing-room."

The other was about to speak, when Dowson stopped, uncertain for an instant what course to pursue, as he was determined they should not know the home of Betsy.

"You are very troublesome," said he "and certainly not gentlemen, or you would have behaved better in the ball-room,—my companion wants none of your attention, as you might have seen."

He then proceeded, but not in the direction of Betsy's home. The tormentors however, only fell back a few paces, and continued to divert themselves at the expense of Dowson and the poor girl, who trembled so violently that I expected every instant that she would let me drop from her arm.

"I'll give them fellows in charge, the first policeman I meet," said Dowson.

"Oh, pray don't," cried Betsy, "we shall get into a row, and they'll take us all to the station together, and then mother will be angry, and your master won't be pleased. Hadn't we better have a coach, or a cab, to get away from them?"

"If we can get one," said Dowson, "but that is uncertain; however, we will go to the nearest stand."

A cab, however, appeared the next instant, and it was hailed by Dowson. It drew up, but ere the door could be opened, the pursuers had come up, and insisted on handing the lady into the car-

riage. A regular squabble was now likely to ensue. Dowson exasperated, was only prevented striking the most troublesome of their two tormentors by the interposition of Betsy; but one of those really useful guardians of the peace appearing, the gentlemen thought proper to withdraw, and Betsy, annoyed and frightened into a nervous fit, was no sooner seated in the cab than she burst into tears, and taking me from her arm drew forth the handkerchief, and sobbed hysterically. Dowson tried to comfort the poor girl, who seemed to have lost all consciousness, except an undefined feeling of something worse to come. The cab soon stopped at her mother's, but with the handkerchief in her hand she forgot that she had not replaced me on her arm, and I fell to the bottom of the cab as she rose from the seat. I was sadly vexed at her forgetfulness, though it was very excusable, for I should like to have known whether Mrs. Jackson was eventually injured by allowing her daughter to make use of other people's property; and though averse to being a kitchen guest, I was sorry to be parted from Kitty, for I could not help feeling grateful to her for the pains she had taken in my renovation. And often, how often! did I afterwards wish myself again in the possession of that well-intentioned young woman. I did not lie long where the unlucky Betsy had dropped me; the cab-driver did not perceive me, but the foot of the next person he had for a fare discovered me. He was called from his stand by a porter, and after waiting a few minutes before a large house, a well-dressed woman entered; she raised me from the bottom of the cab, and having ascertained by the lamp-light that I was worth preserving, immediately secured me. I was the property of this female for some months, and with her I entered into scenes of gaiety and festivity of various descriptions; but they were so mixed up with dissipation, immorality, and the misery attendant on vice, that I, the production of the virtuous Lady Emily Sardis, can find no pleasure in retracing them. It was not usual for me to be made the depository of anything very valuable, for nothing of any worth seemed to stay long with my mistress. On one occasion, however, I was more handsomely furnished, and being so tempted, the cupidity of my mistress's most intimate acquaintance—a despicable being in the form of man—a character to which that of highwayman, or housebreaker would be honourable in comparison; a wretch subsisting on the wages of sin; not the earnings of his own nefarious labour, but from the erring ways of degraded woman. The sex may be indignant with the Turks who deny them a soul, but there is something of justice in the Mahometan doctrine; for why should woman be punished for those sins into which they are plunged by those who should preserve them from evil?

The valuables with which I was unusually charged, led to my removal. It was known to the remorseless fellow, just named, that my mistress had placed within me a handsome purse containing a few sovereigns, a small gold watch, and some other pretty trifles of minor value, as she was about to make an excursion of a few days to Brighton. And I was placed, as she thought, securely, with some travelling necessaries in a portmanteau, not

that she would have suspected this man of purloining any property of hers, though she might not feel assured of his scrupulosity towards other people. Unfortunately she thought too well of him; but whether she ever learned who it was that robbed her of her reticule, I had no opportunity of knowing. However, he found an opportunity of abstracting me from the box,—how I cannot tell,—just before the lady started on her journey, and she bade him adieu, little suspecting that I was in his pocket; he hastened with me to his lodging, a single room in a mean house, though well furnished as regarded comfort and convenience. There were some letters, as well as the things before named, deposited with me, and these, having turned all out on a table before him, he read with some attention. He then threw them in the fire, and was about to throw me after them, but the oddity, or singularity of my construction, seemed to arrest his purpose, and replacing the trifling articles in my care, he returned me to his private pocket. Better had it been for me had my canine foe been left undisturbed to gnaw me into annihilation, than to have been preserved for the companionship of this man. By him I was introduced to a scene of infamy with which I was as yet unacquainted; a low gambling house. Here he soon lost the money, but hastening to one of those places of accommodation for the idle and the wicked, he raised a sum on the watch, with which he returned to the table. He played for some time with success, but a second reverse left him again without a shilling, and he left the house muttering words, such as only a man deep in crime could utter. With the speed and evil feelings of a demon he traversed several streets, till at length he had reached the northern suburb of London; and here he again entered a pawnbroker's shop. The man looked surprised when I was placed before him with the other female knick-knacks; but as he perhaps could not suppose that a tolerably well-dressed man would have stolen such articles as these, he looked at them in order to judge of their value. He scrutinized his customer again as the wretch in a hurried and almost despairing tone said, "Give me any thing you will for them." The pale and agitated countenance of the applicant might have induced a supposition that he was a man suddenly reduced to some unexpected difficulty, and was necessitated even to pledge a few trifles belonging to his wife for some pressing emergency. So eighteen shillings were offered, and eagerly accepted; the mean spirited villain left the shop, and I remained with the pawnbroker, whose property I suppose I have become.

For many months I have lain on a shelf among hundreds of other various articles sacrificed to poverty, idleness, or crime. The time perhaps will come, when I shall again emerge to the light of day, but the beauty that once distinguished me will have faded away; dust and mildew have alighted on me, and finished the work which the brute Tasso began. With many other of my companions I am perishing for want of use, and constantly lamenting the chance that consigned me to the keeping of a pawnbroker. That idleness and crime are fostered more than poverty is benefited, by the man who hangs out three balls, can scarce

be questioned; but the man is less to blame than the legislature, which authorizes such surreptitious modes of raising money. If among the practices, or usages considered demoralizing, and now being gradually disallowed, this one were included, it would be well for society generally. Those who have property would hold it more secure, and those who have not, would be more industrious to gain it; or at any rate, would be more likely to preserve their few articles of clothing and furniture, to render their persons and their dwellings more seemly and comfortable.

But who will heed *my* opinions; the ruminations of an ill used, and aggrieved reticule; yet I have the wisdom of experience to uphold me. If I were to relate all my vicissitudes, I could some things unfold, would harrow up the souls of my fair readers; but I would rather amuse than distress, therefore I have only given the lighter parts of my history, with the hope of beguiling the tedium of an idle hour, when some fair lady shall, for that purpose, take up "The Belle Assemblée."

C.

A RIDDLE;

When Adam first was made a man
Then my original began.
With Eve I never claim'd a place,
Or any of her tender race,
Except where Nature in vagary
Mistakes for Thomas Mistress Mary.
Of many colours I am seen,
Black, white, and red, but never green.
With Noah in the Ark I floated,
And patriarch Isaac on me doated,
But now, in these degenerate times,
When folly sanctifies e'en crimes,
No sooner do I make appearance
Than man as quickly makes a clearance.
Ere I expire no ghost so white,
And in that guise I vanish quite,
But hydra-like I rise again,
And rear my head upon the plain
Where erst I often have been slain.

RYCROFT R.

SONG.

List to my song in the lonely hour,
When the moon shines with a spell and power;
List to my song when the haunted glen
Is hush'd in silence—Oh! list to me then.

Ah! 'tis the time when the Bulbul sings
To his sweet Rose, while he folds his wings;
And 'tis the time when my prayer shall be.
List my beloved—ah! listen to me.

In the lonely hour my song shall tell
All the deep love in my bosom's cell;
And my lute's strains shall reveal to thee
My passionate prayer—ah! listen to me.

Then list to me in the lonely hour,
When the moon shines with a spell and power;
List to my prayer when the haunted glen
Is shrouded and still—ah! list to me then.

E. H. B.

THE BONNIE BLUE EYE.

(ADDRESSED TO LILLIE.)

I gaze on thy cheek, where health's bright roses bloom,
I gaze on thy brow never shaded by gloom;
Upon the light curls of thy bright sunny hair;
That carelessly wave o'er thy forehead so fair,
I silently gaze, and in secret I sigh,
FOR ONE BRIGHT GLANCE OF LOVE FROM THY BONNIE
BLUE EYE.

Though 'mid fairest and loveliest maids I have dwelt,
At whose feet e'en the proudest and noblest have knelt,
From whose eyes silent charms, Love delighted to fling
Such lightnings as flash from the storm-Spirits' wing;—
But not e'en the brightest in beauty could vie
WITH ONE SOUL-BEAMING GLANCE OF THY BONNIE
BLUE EYE.

Oh! Lillie, thou fairest and loveliest flower
That yet ever bloom'd in life's sunniest bower,
I watch all thy looks, and I tremble the while,
For my happiness rests on thine ev'ry smile;
I confess my affection, and ask in reply
FOR A SOFT GLANCE OF LOVE FROM THY BONNIE
BLUE EYE. MARIA.

DEPARTED DREAMS.

Oh! mine own heart, where are they?
Visions of thine earlier hour—
When thy young heart's colours were
Like those on the morning flower.
Where's the trusting confidence
Of Affection deep and true?
And the spirits, sunbine like,
Which o'er all their gladness threw?
Gone, gone—they all are gone.
L. E. L.

Yes! where are they?—Affection's call,
From the heart, whose morning prime
Was like the dewy incense, shed
Amidst the bowers in summer time?
The voice of Friendship, that I sought
With many an answering tone?
The deep sublimity of Thought?
"Gone, gone—they all are gone!"

And where is the impassion'd tear,
The anguish of the parted?
The friendship of a soul sincere
That spoke the tender-hearted?
The murmurs of Love's soft farewell?
The joys of Childhood's tone?—
The pleasures that the young heart swell
"Are gone—yes, all are gone!"

And where is Hope's delusive smile
That beam'd with fading hues?
The trusting heart whose faith, awhile
Shed o'er Life's changing views;
The memories of joy that were,
As summer shadows flown?
The quenchless hues of dark Despair?
"Gone, gone—they all are gone!"

And now a deep unstriving calm
Within my heart doth rest;
Past memories have not a balm
To lull the wounded breast.

The friendship of my earlier years,
Hope's soft delusive tone,
The blighting spell of Sorrow's tears,
"Are gone—yes, all are gone!"

C. G. L.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY.

BY ELLA.

MORNING.

(A POETICAL VAGARY.)

*Time.—Morning—the sun not yet risen.
A Spirit enters singing.*

Rise, rise, sister spirits arise,
Aurora has flung us her roseate wreath,
Arise! and inhale its odorous breath!
Zephyr is sleeping on his bed of roses,
The lark in her nest in quiet repose.
The morn is serene,
Come follow your Queen,
And by mortals unseen,
Welcome the spring and the early day.
Voices answering.

And the merry month of May,
Let every charming fairy grace;
In each other's arms entwined,
And these airy labyrinths trace.
In the giddy dance combine,
And we will sing
And make echoes ring.

Hist!

List!

We love the floral months—but of all, we love the gay,
THE BEAUTIFUL, THE BLOOMING, THE MERRY MONTH
OF MAY.

We are fairies, sprites of air,
Our souls are free, we know no care;
The winds may blow, but we will lie
In the Cowslip's cup, till they're gone by:
The frost may chill, but we'll depart,
And hide in the bending Snowdrop's heart.
But why are we singing of Wintry harms,
When May is before us in beauteous charms?

Oh! we love the floral months,—but of all, we love
the gay,
THE BEAUTIFUL, THE BLOOMING, THE MERRY MONTH
OF MAY.

The fragrant flowers unfold their leaves,
Open to the zephyrs' kiss.
Sol now wantons with the rose,
(Sweetest flower, of all that blows)
See, her red tinge, now unweaves,
Blushing at the bliss of blisses!
Ah! Nature's in her sweetest drest,
See her robes of loveliness!

Oh! we love the floral months,—but of all, we love
the gay,
THE BEAUTIFUL, THE BLOOMING, THE MERRY MONTH
OF MAY.

The Fairy Queen sings.

Rest, rest, awhile, all, all, together
Suspend your wings upon the ether.
We melt into nothingness,
In this airy wilderness!
(Sol is rising o'er the earth.)
Our voices die
In melody.

(The lark has risen from her berth.)

—Away then, we'll fly, and open the flowers,
And steal their bright pearls, for Venus's bowers!
They all disappear.

Echo still lingers, in melody gay,
She whispers a welcome to sweet smiling May.

MR. PICKWICK'S HAT-BOX.

EDITED BY HENRY ROSS, ESQ.

No. I.

INTRODUCTION.

It has a very queer sound certainly. "How can any-one edit a hat-box?" asks my particularly cunning reader. "Pigs might fly, but I'll defy any-one to edit a hat-box?"

Haben sie gegessen, my dearest of all readers? If you have had that happiness, you may take the word of a Doctor for it, that, if you trouble your head at all about the practicability of "any-one's editing a hat-box," you will severely suffer from indigestion. And if you have not dined, do not trouble your sagacious head about the matter; for let you dive, and dive, and dive, take my word for it, you will never dive to the bottom of Mr. Pickwick's Hat-box. Therefore, dear reader, trust for a solution of this physical impossibility to Providence and my good-nature, and I have no doubt but that one or the other will afford you more satisfaction in the end, than if you had sought it (the solution) by diving through Mr. Pickwick's voluminous essay, entitled, "Speculations on the Source of the Hampstead Ponds, with Some Observations on the Theory of Tittlebats," or by diving through the chronicles of the actions of that truly great philosopher, entitled "The Pickwick Papers;" from all which diving, you would, doubtless, have derived no greater satisfaction, than by diving finally straight into the stomach of Somna. As brevity is said to be the soul of wit, I intend my solution (always by the aid of Providence) to be a particularly witty one; filled with which intent I make a dash so — and begin so:—

At the decease of that eminently illustrious philosopher, Mr. Pickwick (for the particulars of whose immortal adventures I cannot do better than refer my reader to the "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," edited by "BOZ."), who, I must first observe, departed this life a few years after the marriage of Mr. Winkle with Miss Arabella Allen, his worldly effects were disposed of—or I should say illegally taken possession of—by his many surviving friends, associates, fellow-travellers, brother Pickwickians, and innumerable other ladies and gentlemen who could claim the honour of having been in his illustrious society for only the space of ten minutes. Thus were his remains disposed of:—

Mr. Samuel Weller slily possessed himself of those immortal gaiters, which are so well known as having partaken of the pleasures and toils with their late owner in the diffusion of Pickwickian information, and retired to his own room, where, having locked himself in, he first laid the gaiters on the table, then buried his face in the gaiters, and then, the recollection of his late master's thousand amiable qualities overcoming him, he burst into tears and cried like a child. Those were no ordinary tears, those of Sam Weller's; this was probably the first time he had ever come "the water-cart business," as he was wont to say, in his life, and now they did come, how hot and bitter they were! His wife, late Mary the housemaid, hearing sounds resembling the snorting of a young

horse—for to such might Sam Weller's sobs be indeed compared—proceed from the upper part of the house, she went, knowing their cause, to offer consolation.

"I'm sure," said she, her eyes red as with weeping, and not able to repress a tear even as she spoke, "I'm sure, Samuel, you oughtn't to take on so; considering that Mr. Pickwick has left us the matter of three pounds a week for life, and hasn't forgot the little ones, you ought to be quite glad to think——"

"Go away, Mary, my dear," interrupted Sam, in an indignant and reproachful tone of voice. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mary, my dear, you ought! My dear old master—may God bless him!—was so werry——"

But what his dear old master was he did not say, a fresh paroxysm of grief choking his utterance, and so preventing him.—But let us return from this digression.

Mr. Tupman seized his defunct leader's coat, Mr. Winkle his long-to-be-remembered tight-umentionables, Mrs. Bardell rushed to secure Mr. Pickwick's shirts (being that article of apparel which is placed the nearest to the heart), and so one secured one thing, and another another thing, till not another article of apparel, ornament, or use, which had once been on the back, about the person, or in the hand of the illustrious deceased, remained to be secured. Presently Mr. Snodgrass the poet came, intent upon securing something; but, alas! he was always of too retired a habit, and so, when at last he did come, he came just in time to see the place ransacked; the bureau broken open and empty—his portmanteau and other moveables had vanished altogether, and apparently nothing remained for Mr. Snodgrass to secure but his own retreat. Upon very pressing emergencies, people have been known to do very singular things; and upon the present one Mr. Snodgrass did a very singular thing indeed—he looked under Mr. Pickwick's bed!

"What's that, I wonder?" said he, staring at some sort of article which had been left, probably as being too mean an article to keep as a remembrance of so great a man. Mr. Snodgrass crawled under the bed, and securing the article which had excited his astonishment, crawled back again, when, getting on his feet and holding the article to the light, it turned out to be—MR. PICKWICK'S HAT-BOX!!

"I'll secure that, at any rate!" said Mr. Snodgrass, poetically, "for it were far better to retain a—but it's very heavy. What—can really—I'll see." Raising the lid, he beheld a very old broad brimmed hat, which had, perhaps years ago, contained the head of one of the most talented men of his day; but at present it contained nothing but a quantity of dirty paper; which, however, upon examination, proved to be highly important manuscripts, some of which were relative to the proceedings of a club, of which Mr. Pickwick was founder: some were queer old manuscripts, which had been given him during his travels by queer old people; and some were such funny ones, that I am convinced, when my reader sees them, he will—let him possess ever so grave a disposition—raise a hearty laugh, and say he's right glad that

Mr. Pickwick's Hat-box fell into the hands of so communicative a person—at least, I hope he will”

Mr. Snodgrass secured the Hat-box under his right arm, and returned home, and having proceeded into his bed-room for quietness, he pulled out Mr. Pickwick's old broad-brim, and placing it on the table before him, he became suddenly inspired. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, he snatched at pens, ink, and paper, and wrote a long, but undoubtedly clever, Ode to a Hat-box. I have taken the liberty of extracting—as specimen—the first and forty-sixth verse of this—ODE TO A HAT BOX.

1st.

Oh! insensible, unjoyful thing,
Which people only use, to bring
Their hats home in, I sing

To you my lay.

I envy you your lot, that's flat,
In having minded Mr. Pickwick's hat!
And having eased my troubled mind of that,
I've said my say.

46th.

A toad's a horrid ugly thing,
His head contains ('tis said) a diamond ring;
(I say "'tis said," as I don't want to bring
The thing quite flat,
As if 'twere in reality quite true.)
The toad, oh, Hat-box! I compare to you,
The diamond ring, with beauties not a few,
To Pickwick's hat!

The intermediate and concluding verses of this Ode are undoubtedly unapproachable; but fifty-three verses to a hat-box, is, in my opinion, too much of a good thing. But to business. Mr. Snodgrass has written (as I see when I look into the Hat-box) a quantity of poetry in what is generally called the "Comic" style. I am truly at a loss how to account for this, as I always knew him for a particularly sentimental blade. But I have in my short existence frequently made the observation in children, that some have taken all imaginable delight in eating acids, and three years afterwards have absolutely made wry faces at that which once afforded them pleasure, and applied themselves with equal vigour to sweets. This may be applicable to Mr. Snodgrass, who was in his younger days esteemed as an English Burns. I can in no other way account for it, if it is not so. However, as my introduction has been somewhat lengthy, I shall not argue the matter, but shall conclude, hoping that Mr. Pickwick's Hat-box will lighten many a dull hour, and cheat—for the time at least—melancholy of his victim.

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON OF RHODES.

BY MR. SNODGRASS, M.P.C.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS, BY THE EDITOR.

In a marginal note on the MS., Mr. Snodgrass owns himself indebted to an author in an Annual for the year 1830 for the plot of his poem. This Author, so it appears, causes a Knight to slay a Dragon, merely, as we suppose, for the fun of the thing; without reward, or hopes of remuneration of any sort. Mr. Snodgrass has done better in

our opinion, but we think that, although Mr. Snodgrass is great as a poet, and also as an M.P.C., it might have been done yet better. Mr. Snodgrass has availed himself of the poet's license, as may be supposed, and that largely, as may be also supposed,—it's a way poets have got. The reader will meet with many astounding things, which must all be swallowed, however difficult the task; we have used our Editor's license, and qualified many astonishing things, but nevertheless should the reader meet with anything which is not to be swallowed without risking strangulation, he must wink at it, and hoist it over his shoulder as the offspring of a Poet's License.

France, February, 1830.

—Listen! listen! listen! don't cough
Or sneeze, or break attention off,
As I have often in my walks seen done,
In immense assemblies; where, for fun,
Some wicked wag has given a slight "Hem-hem,"
As though he had a cough,—and all the men
And women have followed in the rear,—and children too,—
And coughed, and made a pretty how-dye-do.
Dear reader, wear attention's Sunday suit,
Just for the whilst you read about the brute,
For about a brute it is of the worst order,
And the tale itself on the horrible does border.
In Rhodes a handsome chevalier once dwelt
Whose eyes—'twas said by neighbours round—
would melt

The heart of stone

Or that of bone,

Or that indeed of anything,—no matter what
It was, between a brick-bat and a pewter pot.
But strange to say, although his eyes so hot
A quality possessed, he certainly could not
Dissolve the one important heart he wished,
Which, had it been a woman's, he had dished;
But no, it was the heart of cruel man,
Remove whose hate no mortal ever can.
I never saw him, but I have been told
By those who have, the Knight possessed a hold
And handsome sort of phiz, which, when lit
With smiles, for we know whom, would hit
The heart of any maid—

No matter which one,

Club, diamond, spade,

Young, old, or poor, or rich one—
So violent a blow, that something might ensue,
Which is of little consequence to me, or you,
Or any one but those concerned; and so
I'll change the subject, and let my readers know
A thing or two that he'll be pleased to hear;
If he has ever loved, if not, I fear
He won't care much about it, but may rail,
And say how prosily I tell my tale.

There also lived in Rhodes a strange old file,
Who was esteemed by all within a mile
Of his abode, a rummish sort of fellow,
Having never got—that I'm aware of—mellow;
He was an austere, cross old money making man,
Who looked upon the saying, "Make hay whilst
you can,"

Con Amaroso, and always shook his head
As he, when he thought upon the saying, said
Something to the effect

That the advice was bad,

In no respect,

And that he always had,

As long as he remembered, prept it,
And wished his friends would one and all adopt it.

This money-getting gent possessed a daughter,
 Who was a sort of butcher in her way,
 Having committed, (by accident) such slaughter,
 That without lying in the least, I may,
 I think, assert, without it's being a brick and mortar
 house,
 Rhodes was nothing but a sort of sick and slaughter-
 house.

But to old Godfrey, Lord! to him 'twas all the same,
 He did not care a rap if a big flame
 Had come, and scorched men's hearts out, no not he;
 For he had long ago resolved that none but Monsieur
 B—

Should wed his daughter.

He had paid his suit,

This B—, and brought her

At different times some fruit,

A wheelbarrow, a watering-pot, and hoe, as presents,
 And a most amazing quantity of grouse and pheas-
 ants.

But all these things were thrown away on Miss,
 Who harboured higher thoughts than rustic bliss;
 And told her father she would never marry,
 Unless it was with Chevalier O. Carry.

"Chevalier O. Carry might be cursed," her father
 said,

Throwing a huge fish-kettle at her head,
 "Sooner should she marry," he replied, "his cow-
 boy,

Or even, if not Monsieur B—, his plough-boy."
 At this his daughter thought she'd better cry,
 But thinking better, thought 'twas all her eye;
 And Betsy Martin, therefore gave it up,
 —And following her father, went to sup.

She, living in seclusion, had no female friends
 To tell her troubles to, as other girls have got;

Which was a pity, and by no means tends

To ease one's grief, or light a girl's hard lot.

But there was a sort of old duenna,
 (You'd think she'd just been taking salts and senna,
 Her face was twisted in so many various ways,)
 Who used to wait upon her, lace her stays,
 And tie her "body," dress her hair, and do
 Such things, as now, a lady's maid goes through.
 To her she scorned to tell her woes,
 Which was quite laudable, for heaven knows
 What scrapes young girls have been involved in
 By old duennas. So she was resolved in
 Telling nobody.

As bees around the honeysuckles flock,
 There swarmed around our heroine such a stock
 Of lovers, that other girls got pettish and would say,
 On the strength of lacking sweethearts, in a way
 By no means sweet;

"I'm sure there can't be left in all the town,

Or any street,

One man whose heart moves freely up and down."

I, (as an individual, not an author) know,
 The girl had really given such a general blow
 To hearts in general, that 'twas generally thought,
 This general-ity of lovers, would be brought
 To give away their cards, and name the day,
 To fight, and spit, and slash, and cut away;
 Pay out old grudges, run each other through,
 And play the devil, until all was blue.
 But, oh dear us! this was not doomed to be,
 For when old Godfrey found it out, he
 Very wisely locked his daughter up. But she,
 Knowing her own know, (which was, 'twixt you and
 me—

That all her lovers were like to the Chevalier,
 What champagne is compared to table beer;

And also, seeing at once with half an eye,
 Locked up in daddy's parlour next the sky,
 She ne'er could hope to see her lover more,
 Not even through the key-hole of the door,—
 Being locked up, was what she did not like,
 But at the same time knew, 'twas of no use to strike.
 Matters standing thus, my story takes a turn,
 But where, or how, remains for you to learn.
 (To be continued.)

THE MONTH OF MAY.

BY MRS. WILLIAM QUARLES.

My Spirit pines for the far and the bright,
 The fond and the beautiful;
 Fain would I rove on some starry night,
 Where bodiless spirits dwell.
 I'd be fann'd by the plume of an Angel's wing,
 Where odorous fountains play;
 Such dreams to my fever'd spirit cling,
 IN THIS NEW MONTH OF MAY.

My spirit seems like some lonely bird,
 Whose mate hath left her nest;
 I crave for the tones of affection's word,
 By friendship's hand to be prest.
 All those who here surround me
 Seem formed of another clay,
 And my hopes lie dead around me,
 IN THIS GAY MONTH OF MAY.

O'er the fond and dear, for ever
 Hath closed the silent tomb;
 And I turn from all hope of pleasure,
 To brood o'er his mournful doom.*
 The flowers I scatter near him,
 In that damp vault decay;
 He's in his home so drear and dim,
 IN THIS SUNNY MONTH OF MAY.

But there comes on the air, there comes in the night,
 A voice saying "do not despair;
 A world is prepared of endless life,
 And believers shall enter there."
 Then seeking the path the Christian hath trod,
 Of Heaven I'll humbly pray,
 When my wearied spirit returns to its God,
 IT MAY BE IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

May, 1840.

THE SOCIALIST.

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING A LECTURE ON
 SOCIALISM.

"This is my Altar!" cried the Socialist,
 And pointed to the earth,— "My only God
 Is my own WILL!"—With glees obscene, he trod
 A drunken dance, while round him madly hissed
 A brood of fellow-vipers,—lips that kissed
 The Idol of Pollution,—knees, the sod
 Gore-stained by cruelty, that crouching sought,—
 And hearts, which, spurning Christian love had
 missed

True peace—finding instead a life that brought
 The momentary mirth, that is but madness,
 Entailing woe eterne!—"No God have we—
 "No wife—no tie—no crime—no god—made sad-
 ness!"

Prone on the dust he worshipped, heavily
 The Socialist fell, and died, and LIVED! Aye, where
 lived he?

CALDER CAMPBELL.

*A dear father, who died in May, always having
 had a presentiment that he should do so.

ON THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ICELANDERS.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

The domestic economy and comforts of the Icelanders would, I fear, be but slightly appreciated by the general race of travellers.

Their habitations are not adapted for the indulgence of luxurious ease, and the cottages of the lower grade of the population are turf-hovels of the most wretched and comfortless description. Confusion is visible in the interior arrangement of these huts, and cleanliness would appear to have been expatriated from the time the first sod of the foundation was laid. To proper ventilation they are perfect strangers, and their sense of smelling is certainly not very delicate, if we may judge by the pungent and plentiful effluvia with which the nasal organ of the stranger is assailed who ventures to penetrate into the interior of these dwellings.

Sir George Mackenzie has described the appearance of an Icelandic farm-house as bearing a closer resemblance to a village than a single habitation, and not unfrequently the same mass of turf serves to cover the heads of several families. The dwellings of some of their Clergy are sometimes equally miserable with those of the meanest peasantry. Professor Hooker describes the wretched accommodation afforded in the house of the priest of MINDALR with great truth and considerable humour. He was on his journey to the *Geysers*, and proposed passing the night at this village. The priest, with the genuine hospitality which distinguishes the Icelanders, came down to welcome him, and his attendant, and to offer anything that his parsonage would afford. They had already pitched their tents near the church, and the first and most necessary request made by the travellers was to have some fire prepared, to enable them to cook the food with which they had provided themselves. This request was cheerfully complied with, and Mr. Hooker's servant proceeded to the kitchen to prepare their dinner; of which, after having travelled the whole day without even resting their horses, it may easily be conceived they stood in need. Jacob was so long absent that Mr. Hooker became impatient, and begged to be shown into the kitchen: to which he was conducted by a female, who led him by the hand to it through a dark passage, and a bed-room sparingly lighted by a small aperture in the roof, which served the double purpose of a window and a chimney, for by this vent the smoke of the kitchen escapes—at least so much of it as prefers the benefit of the fresh air. The cooking-room was so enveloped in smoke that Mr. Hooker hesitated about proceeding, till the female, who still kept hold of his hand, gently dragged him in.

Two or three females, not remarkable for the cleanliness of their persons, or the elegance of their attire, were now with difficulty discovered, seated either on the ground or on some broken chests. In the centre of this group, seated on the bare earth, was Jacob, with a fire between his legs, over which he held a frying-pan in which he was cooking some slices of fish; and this utensil appeared to produce considerable astonishment among the women. A pretty Icelandic girl had seated her-

self close to Jacob, and had already won upon his tender feelings so much that he every now and then turned out a slice of the fish for her; while she, in return, rose from the ground and hugged and kissed him for every piece his gallantry induced him to offer her. This system of kissing is a mere matter of ceremony, which the Icelanders are in the habit of practising even on the most trivial occasions, and therefore that which poor Jacob had probably construed into affection was merely innocent gratitude.

After giving these poor people so much trouble, Mr. Hooker was desirous of presenting the mistress of the dwelling with some trifle, in return for the civility he had experienced, and for this purpose offered her a snuff-box. She at first modestly accepted only the snuff; but when she found the box was also intended to be included in the gift, her gratitude burst forth—and, before Mr. Hooker was aware of her intention, he was locked in the embraces of a little, dirty, ugly old woman, whose charms were not enhanced by the ravages of a cutaneous disease; from which he contrived to extricate himself with some difficulty, and then hastened to purify himself by a copious ablution in a neighbouring stream.

Many of the Icelandic Clergy have to contend with the most absolute and distressing poverty; and the proprietor of the one which I have just described had combined the occupation of a blacksmith with that of a minister. Indeed many instances have occurred of gentlemen of this profession being reduced in bad winters to such an extremity of distress, that they have been actually obliged to beg from house to house for a scanty subsistence; and not unfrequently, through the united miseries of cold, weakness, hunger, and despair, have perished among these wretched mountains, where Nature, when even in the most liberal moments, bestows a very scanty boon to provide for the wants of her children.

But even amidst all this poverty, where haggard want presides, and sickness revels by her side, there is no want of hospitality. They are contented in the situation in which they have been placed by Providence—they are grateful for the supplies which are yielded by the sterile earth—and although famine and disease, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, have laid waste his native land, the attachment of an Icelander to his country is so great, that to leave it, even for a time, is a source of regret. From the situation and poverty of the island, all communication with happier climates is cut off—half the Icelanders are even ignorant of the existence of climes where plenty and luxury abound; and, with a grateful heart he eats his uncooked fish, his rancid butter, and his lichen jelly.

This lichen, which in this country is better known under the designation of *Iceland-moss*, is said to require three years to arrive at its full growth; and, as it is so essential an article of food, the Icelanders, after having cleared one spot of the lichen, always wait that time before they attempt to gather another crop. They are not acquainted with its medicinal virtues, and their method of preparing it as an article of food is very simple. The lichen is steeped in clean cold water for some time, by which process the strong bitter taste pe-

culiar to it, and probably the purgative quality, is removed. It is then dried in the sun, reduced to powder, and boiled up in milk till it has acquired the consistency of a jelly. This herb serves these people as an excellent substitute for bread, and grows on the rocks of the loftiest mountains. It never grows in earth, nor flourishes in any description of soil, nor casts forth roots: so that the Icelanders may be truly said to obtain bread from stones. This moss forms not only a nutritious article of food, but also as a medium of commerce, and it grows in such abundance, particularly in the desert tracts of Skapterfel-Syssel, that the labour of one person alone is said to be sufficient to collect four tons of it in one week, and the peasant is supposed to be far better off with this quantity of the lichen than he would be with one-fourth of the quantity of meat.

The wise and wonderful provisions of Providence for the support of every object of animate creation cannot, perhaps, be better exemplified than by a reference to the supplies which the natives of this cold clime are enabled to draw even from the rocks. In an island where the most awful visitations of earthquakes have taken place—where streams of boiling lava not only dried up large and rapid rivers, but also filled up the deep beds in which their strong and rolling waters once flowed—where rocks have been rent asunder by the violence of volcanic eruptions, and the ashes emitted from the burning craters have carried with them the germs of desolation to the inanimate, and death to the animate creation—is it not wonderful that a general destruction has not taken place, and that a remnant should yet remain?

The severity of the cold has been so great that in 1348 the sea was frozen all round the coasts, so that persons were enabled to ride on horseback with security on the ice from one cape to another, across every gulph and bay in the island; and it is no uncommon sight to behold, as far as the eye can trace, ice-islands sixty or eighty fathoms in thickness, which are driven, by the westerly and north-westerly winds from Greenland, filling up every bay, and covering the surface of the sea. Their motion is so extremely rapid, that they are sometimes driven together with so violent and tremendous a crash, that the report caused by their collision is heard at an immense distance. Some idea may be formed of the force with which these masses of ice meet, from the account given by *Povelsen* and *Olafsen*, who state the pieces of float-wood, which these islands frequently bring with them, have been known to take fire in consequence of the friction caused by the collision of the frozen bodies of water. Sometimes these masses of ice afford the white-bear of Greenland an opportunity of emigrating, and they occasionally do so in such alarming numbers that the Icelanders are compelled to assemble in parties for the purpose of destroying them, and prevent their taking up a permanent residence where even their visits are not desired. One singular fact relating to these floating islands of ice I had nearly omitted to notice. While these masses continue floating, the weather is always stormy and unsettled, and the current, and ebb and flow of the tide is confused and disordered. On the contrary, when they become sta-

tionary in the gulphs and inlets, and the smaller detached pieces have been carried away by the waters, the course of nature again returns to its accustomed regularity. In the country the weather grows calm, the air thick, and loaded with heavy fogs, though at the same time a moist and penetrating cold pervades every part of the island.

Vegetation and cattle are frequently destroyed by the severity of the cold; and during one winter the earth was frozen to the depth of six feet, and was not entirely thawed in the month of July, even in the neighbourhood of a volcano which had been vomiting forth prodigious masses of liquid fire.

The name of our late venerable and estimable countryman, Sir Joseph Banks, enjoys the highest popularity among the superior class of Icelanders: indeed, I believe I may say that his name is now unknown to very few; for, after the singular revolution which took place in that island in the year 1809, he was the cause of obtaining the friendship and protection of the British Government for them, and not only deserved, but (strange as it may appear) really met with their gratitude—a reward seldom given for services conferred. In this revolution only twelve persons were engaged, and perhaps the annals of nations cannot produce a similar case.

On the arrival of a traveller in Iceland, his first attention is of course directed to the manners and dress of a people of whom he has heard, but never before seen. The lower class invariably come first under observation. The females (who do not exactly follow the Parisian style) wear a number of coarse woollen petticoats, together with a kind of shirt of the same materials; over this a gown without sleeves, with two apertures to admit the arms through, is worn; this is made of blue or black cloth, and fastened tightly over the breast, either by lacing or with silver clasps; and over this again a short jacket of the same material, fastened down in the same manner, is generally worn.* This quantity of clothing of course makes them appear of a very unnatural size—Coleman would have described them as looking like “three single ladies rolled into one,”—and, to add to the grotesque style of their attire, they wear their petticoats very short, though their legs do not come under the denomination of the finest order of fine forms. From the earliest stage of infancy the females are so tightly laced across the chest, that the bosom, contrary to our ideas of beauty, is so compressed that it becomes perfectly flat, and must prove inconvenient to themselves. But as this has been the custom of the Icelandic women from time immemorial, it probably originated in remote and barbarous ages, when women were accustomed to engage in warfare; and, if my conjecture be right, the straightness of the body was found to be better adapted to drawing the bow,—as was the case with the Amazonian heroines, who are said to have submitted to the amputation of the left breast for similar purposes, as it removed the impediment

* In the museum of Boulogne-sur-Mer, within the last few months, I saw some veritable specimens of Icelandic dresses. They are certainly anything but elegant, though they are the costume of the superior classes.

which the natural swelling of the chest must certainly have raised.

The head-tire of the females, when employed in their domestic avocations, is a blue woollen cap, resembling that worn by some of our horse-soldiers in their undress uniform, terminating in a long point, to which a tassel is affixed, which is sometimes seen ornamented with thin silver wire. Their long hair, which is a stranger to the luxury of a comb, falls over their shoulders, not in those luxuriant ringlets which poets love to paint; and it is only on Sundays or festival days that these neglected tresses are concealed beneath the *Falder*, or cap of ceremony.

The dress of the men resembles that of our pilots, if we substitute black cloth for blue. Their fishing dresses, which they wear over their common clothes, are made of untanned sheep-skin, with the hair rudely scraped off or turned inwards, and the jacket and trowsers are so contrived as to form but one piece. As the fisheries are at once the principal source of their wealth and their food, most of the natives who inhabit the sea-coast make it their principal occupation. There is much ingenuity displayed in the machines they have invented for drying these dresses, and two or three are always erected near every fishing-house. This drying-machine is composed of an upright pole, three or four feet in height; a smaller transverse bar crosses this at the top, and turns on its centre, while from this horizontal bar a longer piece of wood is affixed on either side, and forms three sides of an oblong square, on which, on their return from fishing, they suspend their wet dresses by fitting them on the upper part of these machines, which turn about with the wind in such a manner that a free current of air always passes through them.

There is no such thing as an Icelandic town in the whole country; for as the natives, generally speaking, depend almost entirely on the produce of their island, and requiring a large tract of country for the pasturage of a few sheep (which bear a greater resemblance in point of flesh to the lay-brother in "The Duenna" than to Father Paul,) even the society of a village would be highly prejudicial to their interests. *Reikevig* may be considered the principal town, and in fact the capital of Iceland; for, though there are some merchants residing at other parts of the coast, the greater number of the natives bring their produce to this place, and take back, in exchange for their tallow and skins, the implements of iron necessary for cutting turf and digging, together with such fish as are not fit for exportation.

The country about *Reikevig*, and about twenty or thirty miles around, is barren, uninviting, and can scarcely be called hilly. Neither tree nor shrub is to be seen; and all attempts that have been made to cultivate trees of the most hardy description have failed. On the shore many rudely-formed basaltic columns, standing close together, in a perpendicular direction, of the same nature as those of *Staffa*, are to be seen; and an extensive fresh-water lake comes up close to the back part of the town, and empties itself into the sea, at the distance of a few hundred yards. On every other side this lake is surrounded by bog, except on the eastern side, where, on a gentle elevation, some

herbage is produced, and a prodigious number of large pieces of shattered rock are scattered about. Some of these fragments are more than thrice the height of a man, and as broad as they are high; but how they came there is a mystery which science has not yet been able to explain, for there is no mountain in the neighbourhood from which they could have rolled, neither do they appear to have been exposed to the operation of fire, though there certainly are rocks at a little distance which have evidently been in a state of fusion.

But the natural wonders of Iceland—the volcanoes and the geysers, which are not so easily visited as *Vesuvius* or the *Grotto del Cane*, where it is usual (most humanely) to put a poor half-starved animal to the torture, that the traveller may have ocular demonstration of the pestiferous nature of the vapour which is exhaled from the spring—are of the most sublime description. In these Nature appears to have been warring against herself; and the opposite extremes are so blended and connected, that the reflecting mind is almost overpowered with awe, wonder, and admiration.

The Geysers are springs, or rather intermitting fountains, of boiling water, which are dispersed over the island, and are of various dimensions. The principal spring, which is distinguished by the designation of *THE GEYSER*, is among the most wonderful operations of Nature, and lies at the extremity of a collection of smaller springs. These geysers have their rise in the mountain called *Laugerfell*, whose elevation is not above 310 feet above the course of a river which runs at its foot. This mountain is entirely surrounded by a morass, extending for some distance, except northward, where higher mountains break the sameness of the scene. Near the base of the *Laugerfell* rise a number of hillocks, composed of clay, or coarse bolus, either of a yellowish white or dull red brick colour. On these mounds are the apertures of the boiling springs, and these orifices are of very irregular dimensions; some are of considerable size, of a regular formation, and covered on their sides and edges with a brown siliceous crust; while others are so small and irregular that the water appears only to be boiling through an accidental perforation in the mound, and becomes turbid by admixture with the soil. Some of these springs, of which there are more than a hundred, throw up spouts or jets of boiling water to the height of from one to four feet. In others the water only rises to the top of the basin, or flows gently over its margin; but it must be remembered that all these jets are not in play at the same time, and that they are all inferior in magnificence to that which, by way of pre-eminence, is termed the Geyser.

This wonderful phenomenon of nature rises from a large circular mound of a siliceous substance, of a much greater elevation than those which surround the basins of the other springs. Its colour is of a brownish grey, rugged on its exterior, but more particularly so near the margin of the basin, as innumerable hillocks, generally about the size of a molehill, having their surfaces covered with minute tubercles, and adorned with a beautiful kind of efflorescence, so that they have the appearance of a number of cauliflower heads when viewed at a little distance. The basin which occupies the centre

of this mound is perfectly circular, which is similar in form to a saucer, with a round hole perforated in its middle, and it gradually shelves down to the mouth of the pipe or crater in the centre of the basin, from whence the water is discharged. This basin is fifty-one feet in diameter, and the pipe, or crater, seventeen feet over, and placed precisely central. The pipe opens into the basin with a widened mouth, and then gradually contracts for about two or three feet; then it becomes perfectly cylindrical, and descends vertically to between fifty and sixty feet. The interior of this natural basin is not rugged, like the outside, but to the touch it has the roughness of a coarse file. It is covered with innumerable small tubercles, which in many places have become, by the falling of the water upon them, quite smooth and polished.

The eruptions of the Geyser are preceded by hollow subterraneous noises, and a trembling of the adjacent ground, which has been compared to the distant firing of a fleet of ships on a rejoicing-day, when the guns are discharged without regularity. When these eruptions take place, this basin rapidly fills itself nearly to the edge, and emits a large body of steam, and an ebullition is observable in the centre, which, as the water is particularly pellucid, may be taken as a sure indication that the Geyser is about to cast forth its volumes of water. The action of these fountains is so rapid, that, after the noises and tremblings of the earth, the boiling of the water and the density of the steam increased, and in the space of a second the spring flows over the margin of the basin, and jet after jet is thrown from the pipe, sometimes to the height of ninety feet perpendicular. Imagination can but feebly paint the magnificence of such a vast body of boiling water precipitated in an instant into the air, mounting at first in a compact column, and bursting in its ascension into innumerable long streamlets of spray, which dart brilliantly and beautifully from immense clouds of steam, and reflect the sunbeams as they tremble in the air. To complete the sublimity of the picture, the bottom of the basin is at these times covered with a prodigious body of white foam, and perhaps in the short interval of two minutes from the commencement of these singular eruptions, the water will sink rapidly in the pipe of the basin, with a rushing noise, and nothing but a vast column of steam remain to point out for some hours the crater of this wonderful volcanic fountain. Some idea may be formed of the intensity of the heat of these springs when we are assured, by a traveller of unquestioned veracity, that full twenty minutes had elapsed, after the sinking of the water from the basin into the crater, before he was able to bear his hands upon it without burning himself. Even the ground around these boiling streams is so heated that the same sensation is given to the skin, and that peculiar pain is felt, which every person who has even burnt his finger, knows to be caused by the action of fire on the human frame.

The water of these springs, when they flow in a channel to a sufficient distance to be a little cooled and quieted, form a kind of natural washing-place for such of the natives as live in the neighbourhood of these streams; and the inhabitants of the cottages near the Reykum Spring not only wash their

clothes, but also cook their provisions in its waters. At these springs the Icelandic laundresses frequently congregate, and bring the linen they have to wash from many miles round. Sheltered only by a thin tent from the severity of the weather, they thus take advantage of a bountiful provision which Nature has made for their necessities: as, from the scantiness of fuel in this island, it would be otherwise almost impossible for the poorer classes even to make an attempt at cleanliness.

Mr. Hooker relates a curious anecdote respecting the consternation displayed by his servant, which was caused by the sudden disappearance of the waters from the basin of the Geyser. He was employed in watching the boiling of a quarter of an Icelandic sheep, to which it was necessary to affix a cord, so that when it was thrown out of the basin by the force of the water, it might be the more readily again plunged into this natural cauldron. When this joint was nearly dressed, (and the weight of the meat did not exceed six or seven pounds, for the sheep in this climate are so lean and bony that, to make use of a nautical phrase, they seem fitter to be used as a "purser's moon," *id est*, a lantern, than to allay the appetite), the water in an instant disappeared, and the only way by which the process of cooking could be continued was by carrying the joint to another spring where the pipe was in full play.

The spring which Sir John Stanley has called the New Geyser, differs in many circumstances from that which I have just described. No convulsive motions of the ground, nor subterraneous noises, announce its eruptions, although it is not more than four hundred yards distant from the other spring, and its eruptions are sometimes even more violent and magnificent than those of the Geyser itself, and will jet forth, for the space of an hour and a half, an uninterrupted column of water to the elevation of one hundred and fifty feet, and full seventeen feet at its widest diameter. When the breeze carries the immense clouds of steam that accompany these eruptions a little apart from the grand perpendicular column of water, if the back is turned to the sun, one of the most sublime spectacles which nature can afford may be observed; and this is caused by the decomposition of the solar rays passing through the shower of drops, which separate themselves from the main body of water, and fall back again into the basin of the fountain. So great is the force of this jet that large pieces of rock, when thrown into the crater, are instantaneously ejected; and a piece of light porous stone has been thrown higher in the air than even the summit of the jet, and, falling again upon the vast column, has been jerked up and down like a piece of light cork, or, broken by the violence of the explosion, fallen in shattered fragments to the earth.

These magnificent fountains are not the only wonders of Iceland; and the smaller springs, which are probably geysers yet in an infant state, but gradually increasing in their growth, may at some future period rival, and perhaps exceed the power of those whose greatness now serves to increase their insignificance. Some of these are so small that the water seems only to be boiling through an accidental perforation in the ground;

and, contrary to the beautifully pellucid waters of the larger springs, that which these emit is turbid by admixture with the soil. Others are yet in the thick muddy state of a puddle, and keep bubbling in the same manner as any glutinous matter does over a strong fire; and a noise like the subterraneous boiling of water is, in some places, distinctly heard, even where there is no visible orifice near by which the fluid could escape.

The summit of the Langerföll mountain affords a very commanding prospect; and, when the weather is clear, the snow-crowned top of Hecla is plainly visible while standing by the Geyser.

The sulphur springs of Iceland form another of its natural curiosities; and, although they most probably may have the same origin as the Italian Solfatara, still they may decidedly be said to bear a distinguishing character of their own. Solfatara discharges its inephitic breath in streams of sulphureous vapour, but a noisy effervescence is perceptible in many places, and, by applying the ear to the ground, a bubbling sound, like that of boiling water, may be plainly heard. This therefore seems to prove a kind of natural affinity between the sulphuric vapours of Solfatara, and the sulphur springs of Iceland. Both are evidently of volcanic origin, and in many volcanized countries springs of the same description are met with, though their operation differs in some respects from those of Iceland. In Arabia there is a hot spring, of which the natives have a tradition that Pharaoh's army was drowned there, and that he himself is doing penance at the bottom of the well, and vomits forth the sulphureous vapour with which the water is impregnated. In Japan the vulgar belief condemns the wicked to pass a time of purgatory, either in their fountains of boiling water, or their singular lakes of boiling mud; and there is scarce a phenomenon of nature in the known world to which some tradition is not attached.

The principal sulphur springs in Iceland are in the neighbourhood of Kreisevig, where those of lesser import rise like thick muddy water, and boil up from small orifices in hillocks of bolus.—I here allow me to remark, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that I use the term "bolus" not in a medical sense, which might, perhaps, create a sensation of nausea. The bolus of which I speak is a viscid earth, more friable and less coherent than our common clay. The colours of this clay vary from yellow to yellowish white, a bluish grey, and red—the latter is the most prevalent; and, by digging to the depth of a foot, they are found lying in separate strata, each quite distinct from the other. The great or principal sulphur spring is situated some distance up the side of a mountain, and a chain of dark, barren, and rugged rocks, over which a few patches of lichens and mosses are so scantily scattered that they appear, even at a little distance, rather like small grey spots, than a piece of earth in a state of vegetation.

As the spring is approached the footing becomes more difficult and dangerous, for a thin indurated crust of crystallized sulphur and bolus frequently conceals a deep mass of the same materials in a state somewhat resembling boiling paste. An elevated rim, about two feet high, and three feet in diameter, composed of a dark, bluish-black

bolus, forms a circle round the mouth of the spring, the water in which is sometimes quiet, and sunk to the depth of two feet in the aperture, or crater, while at others it is ejected with great noise to the height of from five to seven feet. The Geysers, it will be recollected, are remarkable for the pellucid nature of their waters; this spring, on the contrary, emits a turbid and blackish liquid, accompanied by clouds of steam, impregnated with sulphureous exhalations, while from the margin of the fountain (which throws up its contents with a tremendously roaring noise) a mass of yellow crystallized sulphur, covering an unmeasurable depth of soft clay beneath, extends on every side, on which, if a traveller were to tread, he would, without doubt, perish within a mound of liquid fire.

As it would be impossible to enter minutely into the description of the almost innumerable springs with which Iceland abounds, spouting forth their waters from clay, solid rock, and even the middle of cold streams, which flow rapidly on in their course, we will proceed to notice the manners and customs of the Icelanders, for mankind are more justly to be judged by their works than their words. These people do not appear to have imbibed the vices of civilization, though they have themselves made a retrograde motion from learning to ignorance. From the first introduction of Christianity into this island, which was attempted in 974, and completed in the year 1000, literature and the sciences were cultivated, and held in esteem; and till the whole island became subject to Norway, it was the only spot in the north of Europe where learning found a resting-place, and science a welcome reception. Their *Scalds* or Poets, and their historians have defied the annihilating touch of Time; but the island has been plundered of all its old manuscripts, which now rest on the shelves of its rulers, and from 1264 the natives have been gradually relapsing into a state of comparative barbarism. Still they retain and speak their original language, and their naturally gloomy habits are, perhaps, increased by the traditional stories of the most absurd and wonderful nature, which have been handed down from one generation to another; for the uncultivated mind is naturally alive to superstition, and the marvellous is the food on which it loves to feed. Thus the most simple circumstances are magnified into portents and prodigies, while terror holds the mind with an iron grasp, and folly feeds the flame, which reason would be enabled to extinguish in an instant.

The mythological poetry of Iceland was not likely to be easily forgotten, for in the most barbarous, as well as in the most enlightened ages, it has held a most powerful sway over the mind, and been at once the language of love and history. All men of all nations seem to have obeyed the injunction given in these exquisite verses by Barry Cornwall:

Love the Poet—pretty one—
He unfoldeth knowledge fair—
Lessons of the earth and sun,
And of azure air.

How from sweet to sweet to rove—
 How all evil things to shun :—
 Should "we" not then whisper—Love—
 Love the Poet, pretty one.

The higher classes of the Icelandic population are not, however, to be included among those of the degenerated class, for there are many among them who rank high in literary attainments, and it must not be forgotten that Thorvalden, who was the great and powerful rival of Canova in sculpture, was the son of an Icelander, and surely this will prove the truth of the assertion, that native talent cannot, under any circumstances, be entirely obliterated.

The manners and customs of the Icelanders are simple and primitive; and the occupations of each individual are necessarily various, as persons professing different mechanical knowledge are almost unknown among them. Thus each individual is, in a manner, compelled to make himself proficient in such arts as are most generally requisite to add to the scanty comforts of his family, for there is scarcely an article required for their domestic wants, from the dress which shields them from the extremity of the cold, to their iron implements of husbandry, which they do not manufacture themselves. During the winter season the care of the cattle is of the highest importance, and the strongest and stoutest of the male population are then occupied in the preservation of such as cannot conveniently be provided with shelter and dry food. This, it will readily be conceived can be no easy task, for they are compelled to remove by manual labour the deep covering of snow which conceals and protects small patches of stunted herbage, and scanty indeed is the repast, which after all this labour the poor animals are enabled to enjoy. Sometimes the inclemency of the winter is so great that the horses and cattle are obliged to be fed with chopped dried fish, and during winters not particularly severe for the climate, they are frequently compelled to destroy a portion of their live stock, from their total inability to provide them with proper sustenance, and at other times dry turf has been given them as a substitute for hay. Horses are necessary not only to the comfort, but to the existence of an Icelander, for there are no wheeled carriages on the island, and if there were, they would be almost worse than useless; for a horse alone could convey the merchandize over the rocky soil, and enable them to exchange the produce of the inland parts of the country for those of the sea-coast. But the grand source of wealth and comfort to the Icelanders is their cows. So simple are their habits that *milk* is almost their only summer beverage, and *wohey* serves to nourish them during the winter. There is scarcely a peasant who does not possess five or six of these inestimable animals, and it has been remarked that they even shake off their habitual listlessness when they are employed in gathering the hay which is to support them during the inclemencies of the winter season.

Nature, though a severe, is generally a generous step-mother; and although she denies her children, in some instances, the comforts of existence, she makes ample provision, in other ways, for the supply of their necessities. The supply of fish,

which is one of the principal articles of their food, is not only copious, but wonderful, and the 25th day of July is held as an annual festival by the natives. On this day the whole population from the villages for many miles around, assemble at the river called the *Lax-Elbe*,* which runs into the sea at a short distance from the town of *Reikewig*, for the purpose of catching the salmon, which at this period return back to the sea, which they had left for the river, where they are accustomed to deposit their spawn. A few days previous to this annual festival, the natives place nets across the mouth of the river, just before its confluence with the ocean, and also extend them from bank to bank, at intervals of a few yards, for a considerable distance up the stream, to afford greater facility to those who are employed in catching the fish. Perhaps there is not another day in the year, when so much gaiety and pleasure enlivens the dreary monotony of Icelandic life. On every countenance happiness appears to beam—the privations of the winter are forgotten, and in the present joy, the probability of future wants is obliterated from the mind.

At an early hour in the morning of this rejoicing day, hundreds of the natives of all ranks and conditions repair to the side of the river, and from the prelate to the washerwoman, are freed from all restraint, and converse together on terms of the most perfect equality. The Icelandic ladies also grace the festival with their presence, and from the peasant's wife, riding astride upon her horse, to the dame of higher rank, who enjoys the comfort of a richly carved and embroidered side-saddle, seem to hail with delight the season when the waters yield up their finny inhabitants for the benefit of the denizens of earth. Their method of catching the fish is simple. A large party of persons of both sexes wade into the water up to their knees, and sometimes even to their waists, between those spaces in the current which I have already spoken of as being divided by nets, and then, without any spear, or indeed weapon of any description, they seize the fish with their hands, and throw them on shore, where another party is employed in counting them, and flinging them into wooden panniers, in which they are afterwards conveyed to the warehouses to be salted.

On one of these gala-days, a foreign gentleman is said to have assisted in seizing the salmon, in which he displayed no little dexterity, to the great amusement of his female assistants, who took pleasure in throwing some of the largest of the fish at him, and as often as they could strike him on any part where they considered the blow would be least acceptable, a loud peal of laughter announced their delight at their own dexterity. But there was nothing like ill-nature in this little trick, for they had no sooner accomplished it, than they would wade up to him—compliment him on his skill as a fisherman, and familiarly ask him to shake hands with them. So great is the abundance of this fish in the river that in less than six hours two thousand two hundred were caught in 1809, and in different parts of the stream, boxes are placed for catching them as they return down the river, in which

* Literally the "Salmon River."

twenty have sometimes been taken in one night. It is a lamentable consideration that although the rivers of Iceland contain a store of wealth beneath the waters, the natives have no means of using the bounty of Providence so as to make it conducive to their own benefit. Generally, of the immense quantity which are caught during the salmon season, no more is salted than is requisite for the consumption of the Island, and the remainder is consequently wasted, for the commercial intercourse of the natives is so limited that, although they would be willing to cure and barter their fish for corn—which it is impossible to cultivate in so cold and barren a climate—the dangers attendant on the navigation is so great, that very few speculative men would be inclined to risk their property on the chance of problematical success.

The Elder-ducks afford a considerable revenue to some of the higher classes of the Icelandic population; these birds are under the special protection of the law, and the persons on whose lands they may take up their abode, are as solicitous after them as the most thrifty dame can possibly be after her poultry. They build their nests in bunches of decayed sea-weed which has been cast high up on the beach, and, when there are no crevices in the rock to afford shelter for them, even on the bare rock itself. It is the custom of those who wish to encourage them to breed on their estates, to have rows of holes hollowed out in the rock for their accommodation, and as the down, which they pluck from their breasts to line the nests, is worth three rix-dollars, which is equal to twelve shillings a pound, even in the country, is gathered at certain seasons in the year, they are well repaid for the trouble they take for their preservation. These birds are so devoid of fear that they will even allow themselves to be handled as they sit on their nests; and their eggs, which are of a pale olive-green colour, and rather larger than those of a common duck, are esteemed a great delicacy at the tables of the wealthy.

One of the customs of the Icelanders would appear very strange, and even approaching to impiety, were it not accounted for by the small size of their rooms. I allude to the use they make of their churches, which not only serve for the purposes of religious worship, but also for the reception of strangers. The body of their churches are generally crowded with large wooden chests, which serve instead of seats, and also contain the whole wardrobe of many of the congregation, while the beams also are not unfrequently decorated with the dirty articles of apparel which are suspended from them, and saddles and other articles of use add rather to the litter, than the decoration of the edifice. Two brazen candlesticks are generally the appendages of the altar, which is nothing more than a rudely-constructed wooden table, and the churches themselves are not equal in architectural appearance to a modern-built English barn.

Of the late Earl of ———, who, when young, was noted for cajoling his creditors with a future pay-day, it was observed by one of his friends, that it was a pity that fortune should neglect so promising a young gentleman.

A LOVER'S LYRIC.

(SUGGESTED BY A LADY TELLING HER HUSBAND SHE WAS NO LONGER YOUNG.)

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

I own thy cheek hath lost its bloom,
Thine eye its early fire;
There is a furrow on thy brow,
And many a silvery wire
Mingles amid the close-bound tress,
That once way'd wild and free,
In rich luxuriance.—Heed it not;
Thy heart's still young for me!

I own thy limbs no longer move
With the same active bound
As when, some bright brief seasons past,
They grac'd the mazy round.
Of giddy waltz or gny quadrille,
With step untired and free;—
Why heed it? while thy heart remains
Still fond, thou'rt young to me!

I own stern Time has sober'd down
Thy spirit's young romance;
Giv'n thy blue eye a mournful gleam,
Once bright with Hope's soft glance!
Thy bosom's pulse beats calm and still,
That glowing us'd to be—
Why heed it, so that bosom beats
With love unchill'd for me?

I own that years have stolen away
The sunny smiles of youth;
But Time, that robs the form of grace,
Strengthens the bosom's truth.
(We mourn the rose's blush and bloom
Should so ephemeral be;
Forgetful that its fragrance lasts,
Like thy heart's truth for me!)

Then murmur not that envious Time
Hath stolen some transient grace
From that dear form—enough remains
The blissful past to trace;
And while thy heart retains its bloom,
While that fond smile I see,
Thou may'st defy the Spoiler's power—
Thou'lt still be young for me!

CHARADES.

I.

My first where floats the perfumed breeze,
Rich laden from some tropic grove,
Bright glancing through the dark green trees,
Mid leaves and flowers delights to rove.
My second is a work of art,
'Tis fashioned by a skill divine;
'Tis prompted by a mother's heart,
Of natural love a holy shrine.
With treasure placed within my whole,
My first is long content to stay;
Thence, as successive seasons roll,
Fresh life and beauty float away.

II.

My second's the work of my first,
Which its also intended to set off;
And my whole too is put on my first,
Which in vain that endeavours to get off.

VERBA.
Cambridge, Massachusetts, America.

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

Sound the alarm-bell—murder! treason!
MACBETH.

"Ho! without there! Dispatch this letter with all speed to my father Sir Robert Graham."

"So please you, sir, a page waits in the gallery with the commands of the Lady Catharine Douglas," replied the servant.

"Bid him enter," exclaimed James Graham, eagerly.

Ten minutes more, and he was in the presence of his lady-love.

The fair girl raised her eyes, at his entrance, from the letter she was perusing; and, in reply to his inquiries after her health, and fervent thanks for admitting him, coldly said,

"I received this from my father to-day—it partly concerns you, sir."

"Nay, but, sweet Catharine, you seem displeased! In what have I offended you? And you look ill and unhappy," he continued: "Surely the Earl does not oppose our union?"

Catharine remained silent: conflicting emotions were busy in her heart, and she feared to betray the warmth of that affection which appeared likely now to cause her nought but woe. Her lover seized the letter; and when he had perused it, which he did with more ease and in a shorter period than most Scottish noblemen of those ignorant days could have accomplished it, he threw himself on one knee before her, exclaiming, joyfully,

"Now, then, I may be happy, dearest! But why did you—why do you look so melancholy? It shall be the study of my future life to make you happy as I shall be—surely you cannot doubt this!" and he pressed her fair hand to his lips.

The maiden withdrew it gently, but firmly however, saying in a low and faltering tone,

"Rise, rise, Mr. Graham, I beseech you."

"Nay, dearest Catharine, speak not so coldly, now that your father expresses thus kindly his approbation of me."

"Mr. Graham," interrupted Catharine, "my father is, I fear, mistaken in his opinion of your character as much as I have been. Till last night James Graham was in my mind a pattern of loyalty, virtue, and honour: now, alas! I find him leagued with rebels and traitors to his sovereign, plotting against the man who has from childhood loaded him with benefit, and concealing this baseness under a show of gratitude and affection. Think you I will be the wife of a rebel? ally myself to infamy? No! though this heart should break——"

"Dearest Catharine, do not torment me thus! You cannot mean that you will reject my devoted affection, because I do not undutifully neglect my father on account of his absenting himself from the court. Oh! be not so unjust. Blight not thus all those long-cherished hopes, now that the Earl sanctions them!"

A page now entered, saying, "The Queen commands your attendance, madam."

"I come instantly," said the agitated girl.

"Would to Heaven," added she, turning towards her lover, "would to Heaven I knew my duty!—I trust God will give me strength to fulfil it, however painful. At present I know not what to believe of all I have heard. Graham, we must meet again. Oh! that I could look forward to that meeting joyfully!"

"Will you not believe me innocent, sweet Catharine, till I am proved guilty?" asked Graham, detaining her.

"I will strive to do so," she replied, and hastily quitted the apartment.

She paused, however, in the gallery leading to the Queen's chamber, to recover from the agitation which this interview had caused. Her peace was gone; her heart's warmest affections had been centred on Graham long ere she had ventured to confess it even to herself; and now that all seemed to concur in forwarding her hopes, duty compelled her to overthrow them. She had never before known sorrow; but since the preceding evening she had endured agony such as few can know. After her mother's death, the Queen had supplied the place of a parent to her, and the warm-hearted Catharine soon learned to love her with almost filial affection. Gratitude was soon added to affection, by the zeal with which the Queen endeavoured to conquer her father's repugnance to the match with Graham, which the Earl considered beneath his daughter; and now to think that Graham could conspire against the peace of their mutual benefactress, in the person of her husband, who had caused him to be educated at court under his own superintendence, had since advanced him to many honourable posts, and was now on the point of conferring knighthood on him—the thought was madness! But painful as was this reflection, there were others a thousand-fold more so. Was she not bound, by every feeling of affection, every tie of gratitude and loyalty, to make known to the King the impending danger? Yet this she knew would be useless, unless accompanied by the strongest proofs, for James was rash, fearless of personal danger, and had too noble and generous a disposition to believe such baseness and ingratitude possible; and, in order to give any proof, she must betray him upon whom her heart's devoted affection was centred—betray him, too, to death, a shameful death; if indeed (and Catharine's love still enabled her to doubt) the correspondence between Graham and his father was of a treasonable nature.

None but a confiding girl could for one moment have doubted information from such a source. On the previous evening, before retiring to her chamber, feeling a melancholy for which she could not account—

"Too true prophetic mood of fear,
That augurs griefs inevitably near,
Yet makes them not less startling to the mind
When come"——

she went to the little chapel of the Abbey to seek in prayer that support and consolation which religion alone can give. As she rose from her knees, she perceived the Abbot standing near her: his usually calm benevolent countenance now bore traces of grief and disquiet.

"Daughter," said he, ere she could speak,

"hast thou prayed for support in trial, and guidance in difficulties? If not, kneel again, and pray not only for these blessings, but for the safety of thy sovereign."

Catharine, pale and trembling, again bent her knee in prayer; after which she implored the Abbot to tell her all he had to communicate, without reserve. He then informed her that one of the Earl of Athol's servants, who died that morning, had confessed to him, among other crimes, having aided his lord in a conspiracy against the King, by carrying letters and messages containing directions how they might surprise and take him at Perth, from the Earl to Sir Robert Graham, his son, and Sir Robert Stewart.

The unfortunate girl's distress may be more easily imagined than described. However, she would not believe her lover could be so guilty until she had proofs in his own hand-writing: "And when you can bring me such, father," she exclaimed, "though I should die in the effort, the whole shall be revealed."

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and
brave men;"

and amid that festal throng, Catharine Douglas next met her affianced husband. Her conduct was that evening a riddle to those who knew her best: sometimes she appeared lost in thought, sometimes she was gayest of the gay; at one moment the colour left her cheek, her bright eye was dimmed with tears, and her lips quivered—the next, her countenance was beaming with animation; and many a gallant cavalier envied Graham the sweet smile and bright glance with which she listened to him.

The King was that night in his gayest mood: he asked for music—"Will no fair lady sing?" he inquired: then crossing to where Catharine and her lover sat, "Sweet Catharine," said he, "will you not favour us with a song? Pardon this intrusion, Graham: I promise you, in the name of your lady-love," he added, in a lower tone, heard only by Catharine and the young man whom he addressed, "a half-hour's interview to-morrow morning." He then led the lovely girl towards the Queen; and, after a few moments' consultation, they fixed on a trio, in which James took a part; his rich deep-toned voice harmonising well with the melodious notes of his fair companions:

Ah! who that had witnessed this bright scene, could have foreseen the awful termination? who that beheld that slight elegant form, that mild and dovelike eye, could have imagined that under that soft and feminine exterior was concealed such a determined spirit, such heroic resolution, such a tender yet unflinching heart? And oh! who that gazed on the noble form of Graham, his lofty brow and eagle eye, would have thought a traitor's heart beat under that fair outward seeming?

The song was ended—most of that gay assembly had retired. Catharine, and three other ladies attendant on the Queen, alone remained. All form was now laid aside, and James was conversing gaily. A flash of light gleamed for an instant on the oriel window—the clash of arms was heard,

and heavy footsteps approaching. The Queen shrieked.

"Nay, fear not, dear Joanna," said the unfortunate monarch, "all may yet be well!"

He sprang towards the windows, and strove with the energy of despair to unfasten the iron bolts, but in vain.

"The vault, my lord! the vault!" exclaimed Catharine.

"Alas!" cried the Queen, "the trap-door has been nailed down—all is against us!"

James, however, succeeded in tearing up one of the planks; but at that instant steps were heard in the ante-room.

"Bar the door one moment, and I am safe," cried James.

Catharine rushed to it, and thrust her slender arm in the aperture—it was shattered in an instant! But her sovereign gained only a short reprieve. The conspirators rushed in, and amongst the throng, Catharine beheld James Graham!

The fierce struggle for life in the vault beneath now became audible. The wretched Queen flew towards the spot, resolute to die with her beloved husband. Sir Robert Stewart struck at her with his dagger; but James Graham parried the blow, exclaimed,

"Let her live! do not kill the Queen!"

Sir Robert, enraged, aimed a deadly thrust at him: and Catharine, forgetful of everything but her lover's danger, cast herself between them, received the murderous stroke, and sunk in death upon his bosom.

BLANCHE.

STANZAS.

Nay, do not bid me sing that lay,
It hath a joyous tone;
And its sunlit dreams of lasting bliss,
Once, once were all my own.

I cannot sing of memories sweet,
Mine are too full of pain;
And its fancy's bright and soaring wing,
Can ne'er be mine again.

I cannot sing of hope and love,
My heart is breaking fast;
But I'll sing of the tomb,—I shall soon be there,
Where the weary rest at last!

DARA.

STANZAS.

Away thou smile! ah! why was I
Beguiled from my grief?
Why didst thou come? grief is my own!
It is my sole relief,
And all that now is left to me
Of those who never more can be.

Flow bitter tears! I doat upon
My very wretchedness!
Go! every worldly joy! depart!
Leave me my loneliness!
Dearer than were those hopes now fled,
Is the bare mem'ry of the dead!

MARY.

THE LAST WOLF-CHASE IN SCOTLAND.

BY MRS. GRANT, OF DUTHIL.

"*La Belle Assemblée*" for November 1839, contains some facts, relating to the martial prowess of the Macgoidui chieftains, to which aid the Scottish Kings resorted in emergencies; and there are also illustrations of their patriarchal virtues. Sir Ewen Cameron, of Lochiel, was super-eminent for courageous fidelity to the House of Stuart, by unyielding opposition to Oliver Cromwell, and chivalrous resistance to King William the Third. At the Pass of Killiecrankie, with his valiant clan, he decided the strife, after Dundee had fallen, lamented by the adherents of King James, and honoured by all.

Sir Ewen Cameron from early youth had been indefatigable in the Wolf-chase; and, for two whole seasons, doubted not that those ravenous animals were exterminated. Even when goats and sheep, and young cattle disappeared, their destruction was imputed to foxes; they were hunted in every district with increased ardour, and great slaughter gave hopes of security for the flocks and herds, yet the ravages were unabated. About the end of autumn, however, the evil-doer was detected. It would seem that a wolf-cub had eluded the pursuers of his race, and grown up a formidable destroyer. Sir Ewen, late in the season, with a requisite train of followers, engaged in deer-stalking, while annoyance from the garrison at Fort William having relaxed, he found leisure for his favourite sport. Passing noiselessly, as deer-stalking requires, Sir Ewen—ever foremost in the hunt as in the battle—came upon a large wolf, devouring a stag. The chief instantly darted his spear at him, inflicting a wound on his shoulder; the prowler fled, pursued by the hunters. Lights in a cottage scared the fugitive, but Sir Ewen—always in advance—pierced him deep in the flank, and thrusts from many spears felled him, lifeless, on the rugged ground. Sir Ewen sent one of his retainers to the *bothy* (hut), requesting shelter for himself and people till next morning; a girl came from the lowly abode, and in the humblest attitude of supplication, wringing her hands and shedding tears, besought the chief to pardon and to pity her father, now a helpless creature. Malcolm Cameron had been banished from Lochaber on suspicion of deer-stealing,—a crime which he expressly denied while supposing himself at the point of death, in a fever which made his lower limbs dead and useless. He built his poor bothy in Badenoch, and, in obedience to his chief, beyond the loved bounds of Lochaber,—yet so near that his dust could mingle with the dear native soil; and oh! in a few months, all that lay nearest his heart—his wife—his younger children, had graves, as they wished, under the sods of Lochaber! None remained to the desolate exile, except her brother and herself; they helped her father to heap stones from Lochaber as cairns to mark the narrow house of their dear ones!

The young woman wept and sobbed, as she spoke; and after a pause, begged Sir Ewen to permit the assistance of his followers in gathering fresh heather, for the chief and themselves to repose on. The best of all in her father's bothy

should, and would, be at his service. Sir Ewen rested on a billock, and gave orders to his people; he asked More Cameron to sit beside him and tell how they fared in Badenoch. She obeyed, saying "The Clan Macpherson were kind neighbours, and her father was not destitute of bread. Providence lent the means of subsistence, but their unlooked for supply came laden with grief; soon after they had finished the erection of the bothy, an aged wanderer had asked hospitality. He was sick unto death, and never rose from the bed they had prepared for him. Feeling the approach of his last hour, he revealed that he was a holy priest, to whom France, Spain, Portugal, and Rome, confided gold for the succour of Catholics oppressed by Oliver Cromwell and William of Nassau, both rank heretics and usurpers. Coins still remained to defray all expenses of his sickness and burial, the overplus being justly due to those that soothed his last moments. Sewed in his garb were found many gold pieces; my mother," continued the girl, "and the younger children had small share in the enjoyment. The fever that proved fatal to the priest seized them; they died, and hardly had my brother and I heaped their cairns ere we sickened, and thankful were we that soon, partly recovered, we could attend my father in his illness of many dismal weeks. He got relief from the burning fever, but his limbs are for ever powerless, and he daily mourns the displeasure of Sir Ewen Cameron."

"Go to him, my good girl, and say I am convinced he was wrongfully accused. I will take him back to the country he loves so well, and atone for the injustice he has suffered."

Sir Ewen accosted his disabled vassal with kind affability,—expressed much satisfaction with a simple repast, and unbuckling his dirk, placed it with his pistols, hunting-spear and horn, on a bench. As accustomed, at early dawn of day the chief arose; and while in the act of resuming his deer-stalking costume, a tall and athletic officer, in English uniform, laid hold of his collar. A desperate struggle ensued. Both thrown on the ground, the officer vociferated aloud, but before he could articulate a call for his soldiers, Sir Ewen had clutched his windpipe; and a loud blast from the chief's horn summoned his followers, mixed among a band of the detested *Sydear dearg*, (soldiers). After a fierce conflict the Clan Cameron slew or wounded all their adversaries; but Sir Ewen's humanity interposed with a command to spare the fallen; and he immediately exerted himself to bandage their wounds. He learnt from them, that the preceding afternoon, their sergeant, now breathless clay, recognized Sir Ewen and his train pursuing a wolf, up hill, down brae, over bog and brake; and he dogged the chief to the bothy, whence hastening to Riven, he informed his officers at that station, that the man for whose living body the Government had proclaimed a large reward, might be easily taken in bed. Sir Ewen's account was interrupted by observing his ancient vassal dead; and the son, Donald, who had bravely fought in his defence with the Camerons, against the English soldiers, stretched on the ground beside his lifeless father, pressing his lips to the convulsed features, the big tears rolling over his cheeks.

His inaudible sorrow found voice in the lamentations of More, kneeling and sobbing at the other side of his parent.

"Let me raise you, worthy mourners," said Sir Ewen, "let me lay the corpse on that bed, where if I had loitered till clear day, I should now be trampled by the English wolves that now lie stiff in gore. To thee, Donald, and my unconquered clansmen, everlasting thanks are due for escape from captivity and ignominious execution—if it can be degrading to die in a good cause!"

Donald and More Cameron, each assisted by the chief, stood in respectful silence to raise in their arms the remains of the exile; Sir Ewen bent to help them.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "can this be possible? My horn in the death-clasp of Malcolm Cameron? He, excited to supernatural effort for the rescue of his chief, blew the sonorous blast that brought irresistible defenders! Where was his bed?"

"In my little dark corner," answered More, "I went not to rest, for old Maddy Macpherson, my comrade, needed me in managing the whisky still in our brew-house, to have plenty of liquor for a morning dram to my clansmen; and I baked bannocks there, that Sir Ewen might not be disturbed with thump, thump, thump on the baking-table."

"I am overwhelmed with services and kindness," said Sir Ewen, with a gush of tears: "this noble-hearted vassal left his own bed to accommodate me, and in the moment of extreme peril to his chief, infirmity—cured by violent excitements—did not prevent exertion—he sprang where my weapons of resistance and my horn were out of my reach, and gave an effectual alarm; but Nature overtaken, sank in death. In my younger school days I read of ARYS, born dumb, gaining his power of speech, to cry out to a soldier of Alexander the Great, to spare his father, the King of Lydia! Malcolm Cameron, old and paralytic, had the vigour of youth renewed to deliver his chief, and died! It shall be the study of my life—so preserved—to repay the heroic deeds of father and son to the family. The living shall be richly provided for. Lucky shall be the lass that wins the warm heart of Donald Cameron, and lucky the lad that woos and weds More, his sister! The dead shall rest with his forefathers, and were it not that to open the cairns must spread infectious disease, I would remove the bones they cover! But it must not be hazarded; and every clansman and friendly stranger shall add a stone to them, when they pass along that direction."

Donald and More Cameron hastened to collect all their moveables,—and the dead, wrapped in his plaid, was carried on the shoulders of clansmen to be interred with his forefathers in Lochaber. The rest of the party conveyed their property with Donald and More in aid. Maddy Macpherson, berally paid by Sir Ewen, was intrusted with the care of the wounded English soldiers, and to give notice at Riven of their state. Years subsequent to these events, Sir Ewen Cameron went to London, by sea; and having landed early in the morning, few shops had been opened. Desirous of changing his dress, he stepped into a barber's shop, attended by two servants, and asked to be shaved.

When his chin had been half mowed, one of the attendants addressed the other by his name of Cameron.

"Is that lad a Cameron?" said the Barber.

"I believe he is," said Sir Ewen, carelessly.

"Would to heaven that I had his chief as I have you!" cried the Barber, in a furious ecstasy.

"'Tis a curious wish!" answered Sir Ewen;

"I would like to know the cause."

"The cause," replied the Barber, with increased ferocity. "Sir Ewen Cameron choked my father, by grasping his windpipe, which reduced me to follow this trade of a shaver, instead of being reared as a gentleman; and had I that savage chieftain as I now have you, my razor should cut through and through his neckbone."

Sir Ewen betrayed no emotion; but right glad was he when the operation of shaving was ended; and henceforward he never trusted his throat to any hands but his own.

TO A CLOUD.

Glorious cloud! with thy fleeces bright
Bath'd in soft hues and the rich sunlight,—
From some sweet heaven of fragrance and song,
Art thou breaking now, to float along,
A beautiful thing in azure air,
Like a lovely angel wand'ring there!
Oh! radiant cloud! I fain would rest,
Reclining soft on thy snowy breast,
Joyous and free I would fly with thee,
Over the sparkling and foam-crown'd sea,—
We'd linger long o'er a land of love,
Of music, of light—with fragrant grove,
Of myrtle and orange, and brilliant skies,
And soul-stirring starlight melodies,
Where song is gushing in marble halls,
And gleam of the sunny fountain falls,
Bright in rich woods where the south wind's sigh
Is wand'ring softly as music by.
Wild wish and fruitless—too fair to stay,—
Wilt thou weep thy glorious life away?
The sweep of the with'ring storm may bend
Thy delicate form,—the blast may rend
Thy glittering skirts—o'er this world too bright
Long to remain with thy heav'nly light.

Vale of Clwyd.

MARY H.—

THE SONG OF YOUTH TO AGE.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

Though years in their courses have tinted with snow,
Thy slight sprinkled tresses, and wrinkled thy brow,
They have not had power the least change to impart
To the dear, fond affection that dwells in thy heart.

Thy smile is the same which I oft, when a child,
Was delighted to welcome—as gentle, as mild—
And thy love is a treasure, each year as it flies,
More fondly I cherish, more dearly I prize.

To thy bosom I've nestled, as doth the young dove
Neath the wing of its parent—as proud of thy love—
And now time has bowed thee, for aid upon me
Rest; sire of my father, this arm shall shield thee!

FLEURETTE.

Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a Paradise to me;
O then what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turned a heaven into hell!
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, Act 1, Scene 1.

"How placidly flow the bright waters of our river to-day, my child," said Paul Auber, an old gardener of Pau, to his daughter Fleurette.

"Yes, dear Father, and the sweet sunbeams have gladdened the hearts of my birds, which chirp amid the flowers as joyously as I do when my father smiles on me."

"Blessings on thy head, fair one! nought but smiles befit thee," and the old man shook the drops from a rose he had stooped to gather, that he might the better hide those that had filled his eyes.

Perhaps by his countrymen none was ever loved better than Paul Auber; his wife had been dead since the moment she had given birth to one of the "fairest of earth's daughters," and Fleurette was the sole darling of the old man; he had ever cherished her with the tenderest care, and had not her disposition been moulded in docility it must have suffered from indulgence, her life had been one bright rainbow beam of cloudless serenity—talents she had, but they were uncultivated. The old man had sufficient, and more, both for comforts and even pleasures, but he desired his child to remain the child of Nature, and he would not fit her for a station higher than he wished her to adorn: his gardens were famed for their beauty, and many a lover looked back upon the happiness enjoyed by the banks of the Gave in the bowers of Auber; but the fairest spot of all where Art vied with Nature in lavishing her gems, was the bower of Fleurette. Its banks irrigated by the sparkling river, and the sun's burning rays shaded by drooping trees, it seemed the very home of repose, and thither would the old man lead his blooming little one, and watch her opening beauties at the close of day, and listened to her bird-like voice as it trilled sweetly in unison with the rippling waters. A poet could not have wished his favourite child to have had a sweeter existence—a lover could not have desired his promised bride to be more excluded from the very name of vice. At an early hour the wild birds of the valley would rouse her with their matutinal melodies, and opening the casement to breathe the fresh odours of the flowers which covered it, ere the last star had disappeared, she would rest again on her couch till the brighter sunbeams shamed repose. The blessings of her father gained, she would tend her birds, and plucking roses as she strayed, would seek the water's edge and enjoy the *dolce far niente* of a southern life, or read a tale of fairy-land or love; at noon her father bore her the freshest strawberries, and at eve often would he row her slowly on the peaceful Gave.

At the time our story opens Fleurette was in her sixteenth year, her form so slight that she seemed scarce to press the moss she rested on; her beauty was striking in France, from the transparency of complexion and bright blue eye, though the jealous

eye of parental love seldom allowed her to leave the happy valley, (lest she should be anxious to mix in the world, where her beauty must be noticed, and probably her peace lost.) She had been seen at chapel by many of the young in her own station of life, and many were her invitations to join the village dances, and the rural fêtes. At length Auber determined to let her taste the festal pleasures, that he might observe the effect produced by them. The dance was gay, and many bright eyes graced the turf, but there were none to compare with the gardener's daughter; she, however, seemed unconscious of her charms, and soon tired of the festivity, she knew not why, but it was uncongenial—the noise and heat overpowered her, and she put her arm within her father's to depart. Though lowly born, the bustle of the scene was as unfitted to her nature as it would have been to the lofty maidens of the proudest palaces.

The next morning, as Auber was watering his choicest plants, a young man of quiet appearance and excellent disposition, accosted him. He had danced with Fleurette, and intoxicated with her beauty and unsophisticated charms, craved, in few words, permission to address her; he was the son of an old friend of Auber's, and decidedly superior to the generality, but the old man shrank from surrendering his darling, and declared his consent could not be given at least for two years, even should his daughter wish it,—he however permitted him to plead his cause. Fleurette, from her window, saw Jean Rousseau, but never for an instant divined the purpose of his visit; that evening she was in her bower, and wondering what delayed her father's coming, when a slight rustling among the trees startled her—a moment more, and Rousseau, in the humblest tone, addressed her.

"Fair Fleurette, pardon this intrusion; had I not been emboldened by your father, I dared not thus have approached the spot consecrated by your presence. Oh speak to me! look not thus alarmed. My heart, my life, my happiness are in your power—give me but the shadow of a hope, and years of devotion shall prove my fidelity."

"Oh Rousseau, Rousseau! speak not thus. I know not what to say—I love—I love—my father—I know no other love. Leave me—oh, why should I cause you disquiet?"

"Fleurette, my heart is bound to you—I can never, never know peace again. Pardon me if I have offended you; sooner would I court a viper's sting than cause one pang to that breast. Part not in anger, and may the Holy Virgin bless you!"

"Oh!" said the weeping girl, "mistake me not, I was not angry. Farewell! good Rousseau, I hope we may often meet again as friends."

Rousseau left her, and though despair predominated, the rosy fingers of Hope touched him with her balm ere he reached his cottage home.

Days sped on with the noiseless tread of peace to the pure inhabitants of the valley, and the fond father little deemed that his fair child would ever know a wish he could not satisfy; she appeared as perfect in mind as she was lovely in form; but alas! principle had not been instilled, and her actions were right merely because her impulses were so.

One lovely evening the excessive heat enticed

the young Duke of Navarre (the future *Grand Henri*), with a large party of the nobility, who were in the neighbourhood, to recline under the silken awnings of their pleasure boats, and flow down the current of the placid Gave, which was refreshing after the flush and excitement of wine;—after an hour the clouds lowered, and a tremendous shower was followed by vivid and forked lightning; it was attracted by the iron on which the silken curtains hung, and the whole party were in imminent danger. “Haul to the south, and make for Auber’s landing,” said one of the crew; they did so, and in five minutes, the old man’s garden held the youthful pride of France; shaking the heavy drops from their costly garments, they hastened into the cottage, where the old man welcomed them with the honest, yet humble dignity, for which he was remarkable; he proposed that they should partake of his fruit, and while helping to prepare it, as the storm was soon over, the young men strolled through the pretty gardens. The Duke intended to give orders to his attendants, and for that purpose quitted his friends to gain the river; he took the path through a shrubbery for expedition, where he met the loveliest vision his pampered taste had ever acknowledged, in the form of the gardener’s daughter. Affrighted by his noble bearing and ardent gaze, the timid girl flew like the hare to shelter, passing, as she gained her chamber, many of her father’s unexpected guests. Once seen, her *naïve* loveliness was not to be forgotten, and Henri slowly proceeded till he found himself in a fairy bower—he could not doubt who was its owner, and sitting down he meditated how he should again behold her.

Early on the following day, Auber received some precious gifts from the young Duke, more costly than appropriate; among them was a beautiful set of pearls for his daughter. Auber showed them to her, at the same time declaring his intention of respectfully returning so valuable a gift. Fleurette cared little for the trinkets, but in the solitude of her chamber she found her thoughts straying to the handsome Duke. That evening when leaning from her lattice, sweet and sad sounds met her ear, she listened, and the tones of reproachful love were too clear to be mistaken. Fleurette’s dreams were mingled more with the palace than they had ever been before, and her own songs seemed to have lost their sweetness. Several evenings passed, and Auber was requested by the head gardener of the Duke, to remove himself some choice plants to the neighbouring palace; the unsuspecting old man gladly obeyed, and blessing his child, apprised her that he should be absent for three days. Fleurette repaired to her bower as usual at evening, and soon heard the same sweet sounds, which had courted her attention the preceding night. The rippling of a rower’s oar was soon distinguished, and in a few moments a man closely masked, was before her—she shrieked, but he gently took her hand, and leading her to a seat discovered the features of the Royal Duke. In courtly phrase, he assured her, that the import of his visit was to apprise her of the splendid masquerade which was to take place on the following night, and thinking she would be dull in the absence of her

father, he had procured her a ticket and a dress, and would engage that a lady should escort her. Fleurette was indeed guileless, but she had sufficient discrimination to see the impropriety of this proposal; however, she did not question the sincerity and kindness of his motives, and with repeated thanks, declined his offer. Henri was fairly touched by her perfect beauty, and more by the simplicity, which was so refreshing a contrast to the studied grace of Versailles; he shrank from wounding her peace, and almost cursed the high lot which prevented his claiming her as his own; craving permission to encircle her delicate finger with a ring from his own he withdrew, feeling more respect than many of the high and noble had elicited, for the Belle of the Valley.

The next evening found him irresistibly attracted again to her side. Alas! poor Fleurette! she had not stability to resist his entreaties, that he might often beguile her of an hour with his lute, and now began the train of deception which was to end in the depths of misery.

“Oh! what a tangled web we weave,
When first we venture to deceive.”

It was not probable that a creature like Fleurette could withstand the softened flattery, the delicate attentions, the fascinating manners, and the passionate address of her courtly lover. Auber had reared her in her native innocence, but he had not inscribed on the fair page of her heart the words of scripture; he had not impressed upon her mind that there is One who sees and judges sin; he had not taught her that every action of her life should proceed from fixed *principle*; and deprived of a staff upon which to lean, she fell into the wiles of deceit, so easily taught by confiding love. Auber often thought his child was less lively than of yore, but the Duke contrived to employ him so constantly that he retired to rest wearied, and had not opportunity for observation. Henri frequently showered gifts upon her, and one lovely evening, (when robed in her simple white, she sat with her hand in his,) he threw over her fair shoulders a massive chain; she softly took it off, and told him such jewels suited not her humble sphere. It is impossible to say whether the simple-minded girl ever entertained the idea that the future heir of France would raise her to a throne; suffice it to say the enchantment of love had stolen over her senses, and she could not, in the simplicity of her heart, think it wrong to cherish so pure a feeling for one so noble. In this dream of rapture weeks rolled on, till news reached even the sequestered cottage of Auber that the young duke was proposed in marriage with Clara Eugenia, daughter of the king of Spain. When Henri sought Fleurette that evening, the weeping girl threw herself in agony on his breast, with prayers of entreaty that he would confess to her the fact, and say if he no longer loved her. Henri was embarrassed, for he was then very young, and really attached to the fair creature, who had inspired him with an unadulterated attachment. He swore that his whole heart was hers, and that he could not resist the negotiations formed for him. In the solitude of her chamber Fleurette determined that if this were the case she could be contented, even happy; but the reports on all sides of the mutual attachment of the

young couple, who were supposed, even then, to be privately affianced, struck unnumbered pangs into her jealous breast, and resolving to witness her lover's manner to her rival, she gained courage from the fervour of her affection, and closely masked, proceeded to the neighbouring palace gardens, on the night of a grand fête; she distinguished the form of her adored Henri leaning on a balcony; by his side, with her mask in her hand, the pale moonbeams casting their most delicious rays upon a countenance of queenly beauty, stood the future Queen of France. Fleurette leant by a noble tree to prevent falling, and pressing her hand upon her heart, she gazed upon the object of her solicitude. Around her were the choicest plants of her father's garden, and by the tree she leant, his hands had twined the clustering flowers—the key she held in her hand was taken from his pillow, or she could not have obtained admittance: he, poor old man, was sleeping soundly after the toil he had endured in order to enrich her, and his last thoughts had been upon her welfare. Breathlessly she watched each movement of her false lover, she saw him smile and take the lady's hand, and yet she looked again.

"Strange her young heart could have such power,
Upon its most impassioned hour.
She knew the fixed, yet timid look,
As if the soul some treasure took;
She knew the soft yet eager tone,

So had she looked, so had she spoken.
The past now made the present known,

By many a sad familiar token;
Ah! those who love can well divine
The slightest look, the merest sign."

Fleurette doubted no longer. Henri had deceived her, her peace was gone—her whole soul was centred in him, and life without him, would be an arid desert. She steelled her spirit—she had witnessed his infidelity, and he should not see her wasting sorrow.

"The grief which acts is easier borne,
Than that which weeps—the loae and lorn."

Her dreadful resolve was taken—she would never return to the home she must sadden, the humiliation of her broken heart should never be witnessed; but then came the bitter thought of the old man, her father—but her misery would "bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave," and that she could not live to witness. One more glance at the fatal balcony discovered Henri pressing a fervent kiss upon the lofty brow of his betrothed. With superhuman strength Fleurette rushed to her once happy home, and tearing from her tablets a leaf, she wrote on it, "You have passed near me,"—then softly sought her father's room, and pressing on his cheek an agonizing kiss, she proceeded to her bower, where she dropped the slip of paper, knowing that it was the intention of Henri to visit her there early the next day. But one more step remained to be taken—there was a deep basin, formed by a spring falling from the rock, "the trees had grown up, nourished by its waters, and, as if in gratitude, bent down over the clear and still pool," without a moment's hesitation, without time for the excitement to abate, with one determined plunge the fair girl was lost for

ever—leaving a fatal lesson of the insecurity of the best impulses, unguided by principle.

Pen could not paint the anguish of Auber, which happily was too violent to be very prolonged. We are told that the royal lover's grief was excessive, the pangs of remorse could scarcely fail to be so. It would be well if the gay and the noble could reflect on such scenes in *real* life, ere they spread misery and desolation in the place of happiness and virtue.

CLEMENTINA.

TO MY CRADLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF "FERNAND."

BY MRS. HASENCLEVER.

Musingly I sit near my cradle, wearied with the warfare of life. I do not slumber, and yet dream.

It is singular this wakeful dreaming. Only poets dream thus. But all men are poets; some write their inspirations; others pass an existence of embodied romance.

I sit near my cradle, and methinks I once more repose therein, a helpless babe. There I screamed and cried and whimpered to make myself understood, and the folks around brought me meat and drink, and laid more pillows under my head; but all this would not do, they did not understand me. My angel mother pressed me to her maternal bosom, and my father bent over me—and virtue was mirrored in their features. They alone had understood me.

Now, in maturer years, I sit near my cradle, and my eye is moist with tears, for I have to talk and converse with men in various languages, in prose and verse; and they bring me, as in my babyhood, meat and drink, and pillow my head on down. The *something* that my soul desires and yearns for, they do not understand. Only a few, a very few, have partially understood me.

There I lay once, my tiny arms outstretched far beyond my cradle, grasping at every object—the flowers on my counterpane, the clock on the wall, the rose-tree on the window-sill, the moon soft glimmering through the casement, and the twinkling stars! Then methought these would be beautiful smart toys, and look so pretty scattered around my cradle! Childlike, I would have entombed Sirius beneath a rosebud, and tied the moon to the ticking pendulum! Now I sit near the cradle, my arms listlessly hanging by my side, or crossed moodily over my breast. The roses are withered—the gentle moon and the glittering stars immutably fixed in the canopy of the unattainable heavens. Only the clock ticks onwards as heretofore. Time bids in one eternal embrace the child and the man!

CHARADE.

My first, sometimes, in Afric's arid soil
With pains is sought;
To forms of beauty, by my second's toil,
Oft, too, 'tis wrought.
The light of genius and of taste around
My whole is flung;
The never-wearying favourite 'tis found
Of old and young.

Cambridge, Massachusetts. VESPASIA.

BEADS FROM THE ROSARY OF A
FRENCHMAN.

No. IV.

HEALTH-HUNTING IN THE COUNTRY.

A PARISIAN APOLOGUE.

The air was sultry, the skies were—sky-blue—the sun smote fiercely upon the flowers, the flowers flung their aromatic arrows in the face of the sun—the Boulevards were abandoned—family carriages were daily departing by duos and dozens—the Parisians began to eat figs, and Paris quitted Paris. The beautiful Zara was a wife—the beautiful Zara was a mother—but she was still beautiful. She rose from her night's repose radiant as Venus when she first sprang from the surf: she flung herself into her husband's arms, just as he was about to soap his unshaven beard, and with such caresses as wives are accustomed to lavish on their spouses, preparatory to some pet petition, she playfully pointed (we like alliteration) to a scene that was depicted on the rich carpet of Aubusson at her feet. When I say *depicted*, I do not mean a lifeless display of mere tapestrial carpet-work;—the pictures lived, and laughed, and romped, in the shape of two little puppets—a boy and girl—with long disshevelled hair, and faces begrimed with the results of an indulgence in *bons bons*.

"My dear," exclaimed the mamma, in a suppliant voice, "the doctor declares that the town air disagrees with them; the roses of their cheeks are faded. The little cherubs require exercise—fresh air—and, as the Eastern poet says, 'mountain liberty!' My heart is sore to see them thus languid. I am a mother, dear Adrian! The lioness takes care of her cubs—the tigress has a *tendresse* for her tiny ones—the hen minds her chicks, and the viper her vermin. It is NATURE!"

Adrian was weak—the gentle Zara was obstinate in her maternal solicitude: the husband and the father yielded to the wife and the mother. The children were taken by their mother for two months to the country, twenty leagues from the metropolis, where they had sprung up, redolent of roses and lilies, into happy elegant children; but there, nevertheless, the doctor said they languished. Poor Adrian, forced to remain in town, was as melancholy as an opera dancer who is *forced* to retain her modesty.

Zara, however, did not quite neglect him, for she sent him regular bulletins of his children's health. The first letter which reached him was carefully embedded in the first apricots of the season. He opened it, in a sort of ecstasy, and read what follows:—"Our darlings daily improve; the country air does them the greatest good. Hector has only had three bad falls, and Sophie has had a slight stroke of the sun—a mere trifle, for she was only delirious for a day or two. They are, however, both confined to bed for the present. Otherwise, they are quite well."

You may guess that our worthy papa, who loved his children sincerely, felt his heart throb at these words. We do not know to what excess his anxiety might have been carried, but for the opportune recollection of the apricots which lay before him so temptingly, and which he forthwith

devoured, stones and all! At the end of another fortnight he received a fresh epistle, much longer, if less consoling, than its predecessor. Here it is:

"The little ones are not merely *loves*—they are perfect *peris*—*sylyphs*—everything that you can imagine the most delightful. They wander out by themselves, without any fear or restraint. Hector is a complete lion—so bold; he is always talking of going to see "*Pa*," mounted on grandmamma's crutch, which he uses very often against the progeny of the good farmer, as a general would use his sword in action. Never think of making a lawyer of Hector, Adrian, the rogue has already an irresistible vocation for the army. Judge for yourself—he broke the leg of the gardener's nephew the other day! It will cost us 3000 francs—but then the boy's bravery!"

"As for Sophie, she is a genuine Caledonian elf; she only wants a little Highland bonnet, with a bunch of heath stuck in it, and a plaid dress, to make a regular Scotch fairy! All day long she is running amongst the heather, playing with the sheep and goats. She is delighted with the old warren—it is so full of rabbits and roses. Unfortunately, yesterday, as she was chasing a rabbit, she fell into the great ditch close by, and was taken out almost dead."

Adrian was not satisfied this time with devouring apricots—he fulminated a considerable quantity of anathemas against a rage for rustication, and enjoined Zara to return immediately, on pain of his going himself to fetch her home. His displeasure was effectual; in another week a huge caleche rolled to the door, whence descended two grotesque gipsy-looking children, covered with sweat and straw hats. They were swarthy, sunburnt, coarse, fat; their lilies had become tallow—their roses, peonies; they were neither elf-like, playful, nor prattling; they were anything but poetical or pastoral—they were, simply, stupid. On the other hand, they chirruped very fluently a vulgar *patois* which nobody could comprehend. They came alone—for the beautiful Zara had remained in the country, to run after the rabbits with—the Doctor!

THE MORAL.

My apology has none.

CALDER CAMPBELL.

SOLITUDE.

There are many in this wide and beautiful world who are wholly unable to appreciate the joys of Solitude, and who, in fact, look upon it as a bugbear every means should be taken to avoid. To such would I say, "come not near me, ye are *soulless*!" for to a mind encumbered by no crying sin, and of a mild and contemplative turn, Solitude presents immeasurable delights. When the tear is glistening in the eye, and the bosom heaves with a hidden sorrow, can the glare and pomp of cities, the heartless laugh of a giddy crowd, or the servile adulation of the butterfly-flatterers by whom it is poisoned, restore you to yourself, or to the peace that has deserted you? They cannot! But turn ye to the simple charms of *nature*—gaze on her in her happiest hour; the sweet stillness of a summer's eve; inhale the perfumed breath of the thousand beautiful flowers that are blooming around ye; hear the feathered songsters warble

their notes of love and gratitude, whilst soaring through the ambient air of Heaven; and then, while surrounded with life and loveliness, look into your heart, and say do you not *feel* a mitigation of grief, a peaceful repose, that the art, and vain triumphs of the world, can never give? Yet, for all this, there are many whose highest ambition is to rush from this silent happiness, (which satiety will no longer permit them to enjoy,) into that world which proves a successful and destructive lure to many a young and guileless heart. Oh! when care and the numerous thorns of life sting them to the soul, how do they revert to those *hours of solitude* that no suffering or misery can consign to oblivion! when the mind, elevated into a silent ecstasy by the bliss around "turned from nature up to nature's God." Aye! though those hallowed moments existed in our *earliest youth*, though our course may have been chequered by sunshine and tears, yet if we *have* snatched them from our cup of bitterness, 'till the hour when our heads are declining to the grave, and we are rendered back to our native earth, those moments of pure and uninterrupted solitude will fling a ray of light o'er the vista of succeeding years, and serve as the fondly-cherished "landmarks of our memory!"

SOPHIA ALICIA JONES.

THE CHATEAU OF SEPT. FONTAINES.

(From the French.)

BY SOPHIA ALICIA JONES.

I was present last winter at the feast annually held on Christmas eve at the house of my great aunt. My venerable relative was much attached to the remembrance of the olden times; and after the festive board was cleared, formally required that each of the social party should, in their turn, relate one of those dark tales of banditti and ghosts, so delightful to listen to in a winter's evening, beside a cheerful fireside, when the north wind sweeps past the rattling casement, the dogs howl in the court-yard, and the snow whitens the tops of the houses. As this rather annoying task was one of the conditions of admission to the house of my aunt during the *keeping up* (as it is called) of Christmas, none of the guests ventured to oppose it. Fixed upon first by lot, I executed my part so as to shake the least delicate nerves, and awake the most slumbering imagination. I had hardly finished my gloomy narrative, which rivalled the horrors of Lewis, Ann Radcliff, or Hoffman, when my aunt, with all the gravity of a president of the chamber at the casting of a ministerial ballot, shuffled again in her apron many small strips of paper, with the names of the different guests written on them, and drawing one, slowly displayed it, and read in a loud voice the name of Mademoiselle Simon. A dame, of sixty years of age at the least, arose at these words from the place where she was seated; and drawing her arm-chair close to the fire, commenced without preface the following tale, which interested us the more highly as it was easy to perceive the good lady added nothing to it, but was even in the rela-

tion under the influence of the profound terror she had before experienced when playing her part in it.

"In 1788," said she to us, "I served in the capacity of confidential woman at the Count de Rocherolles's. Half ruined by unfortunate speculations, and the loss of a recent suit, the Count had retired from the capital, and established himself with his lady, who was still young, and his son, aged nine years, in his chateau of Sept Fontaines, situated in the department of Ardennes, about a league from Charleville. The chateau is an old Gothic building of the middle ages, much celebrated in the country; for tradition records that Henry IV. following the chase, passed a night there in a room on the ground-floor, called to this day on that account the 'king's chamber.' It rose majestically in the midst of a large and uncultivated plain; before it appeared, nearing the horizon, the ramparts of the city; behind, the mountains, the forests, and valleys. But there were neither farms, cottages, or habitations near it. At the epoch of this history, the establishment of the chateau was composed of the Count de Rocherolles, his lady, his son, an old English domestic named Tom, and myself. One day (it was, if my memory serves me, the 3rd of October of that year), Tom, on his return from the city, where he had been to make his accustomed purchases, announced to his master and mistress that a company of Parisian performers had arrived at the Golden Lion hotel, and had prepared to perform a very attractive piece the next evening at the Charleville theatre. The Countess having manifested a desire to witness this representation, it was arranged that old Tom should attend his master and mistress to the play, and that I should remain at the chateau to take care of the young Alfred, whose delicate health did not permit him to accompany his parents. Without being able to discover the cause, I remember I saw them depart with an indefinable sickness of heart; and standing on the threshold, my eyes followed them as long as they were visible; and when the carriage had entirely disappeared in the windings of the road, a thousand wild fears assailed me. The horrible exploits of a band of chausseurs, who then ravaged the Flemish provinces, flashed vividly on my imagination. I remembered with terror that but a few months before an old man and a young girl had been murdered in a farm near the village of Gruyeres, distant only a few leagues from Sept Fontaines; and the idea that I was alone with a sick child in this desolate chateau, far from all habitations, all assistance, all protection, in case of a nocturnal attack, augmented my fears. But I neglected no precaution prudence could suggest. I carefully closed the outside gate, drew the bolts of all the windows, and having (as it may be said) barricaded myself inside, I returned, pale, uneasy, and my soul filled with the most gloomy presentiments, to my seat beside the young invalid, in the room called the 'king's chamber.' Evening had passed away without any thing extraordinary having occurred to justify my apprehensions. Midnight came, announced by the old clock of the chateau, and its gloomy sounds produced an indescribable feeling of safety; for I knew that the 'spectacle' was over, and that my master and mistress were

returning. Smiling, and already three parts reassured, I advanced to the window to try and catch a glimpse of the carriage on the plain; when I heard a slight noise, proceeding, as I thought, from the floor of the room opposite that in which I was! To convey to you an idea of the impression this noise made upon me, is impossible—I remained standing, motionless; the cold damp rose on my brow, and I scarcely dared to breathe. Alfred, who had heard the same noise, and who, like me, was seized with fear, softly crept from his arm-chair, and with a movement natural to children who are frightened, came and hid his head 'neath my apron, and clasped my knees with his trembling hands,—this was no creation of fancy: I could no longer doubt it. There was surely some one beneath my feet, at a few paces from me; they trod with precaution, and sought to enter the chamber. I do not know whether it was the certainty of danger that armed me in this moment with courage and resolution I knew not I possessed, but rising from the seat on which I had sank, I ran to the kitchen, and seizing an axe, returned thus prepared, and placed myself at the spot where I had heard the noise, and where I expected some one would shortly appear. My expectations were not deceived; to my great surprise a plank slowly rose, and the next moment a hand rested on the floor, and the horrible head of a bandit, dark and menacing, appeared before me; at the same instant the axe I held in my hand descended with the rapidity of lightning, and the head of the robber rolled into the middle of the chamber! The child uttered a loud cry, the lamp that it had struck in its course fell, and was extinguished, and all was wrapt in the most complete obscurity.”—Here the narratress, whose voice had for some moments been scarcely audible, ceased entirely; we looked at her with as much interest as astonishment,—her face had assumed the livid hue of death, her lips quivered, her look replete with terror! After some strong efforts to conquer her emotion, the good old lady thus continued: “I was still at the opening, my axe raised to strike as many blows, and decapitate as many heads as should present themselves, when I distinctly heard beneath me the following words, spoken with much precaution in a low voice: ‘Well! dost thou see any one? is the chamber lighted?’ You perfectly understand why he who was thus addressed, answered not. Then ensued a silence of some minutes, which was interrupted by the same low voice, but this time with an expression of anger. ‘If thou art afraid, coward! make way for others; but diable! advance or recede!’—‘The position is not tenable,’ exclaimed a voice farther off, ‘Robert, who is on guard at the entrance of the vault, is certain that he heard distinctly the distant gallop of a horse.’ From the movement then made beneath me, I argued that the robbers had drawn back the body of their comrade, and, without doubt, at the sight of the headless bloody trunk, the chausseurs were seized with surprise and fear, for they uttered a terrible cry, and breathing imprecations of rage and vengeance, fled precipitately, abandoning in the subterranean passage, the body of their comrade. At the same instant, the courage that had sustained me when the dan-

ger was present, threatening and inevitable, vanished completely when it was dissipated. My heart failed me—my limbs refused support—I fainted!—a quarter of an hour after, the Count and Countess returned. After having uselessly and repeatedly called, they became uneasy at not seeing me appear, and imagining I must be asleep, old Tom, at the risk of his life, decided upon climbing the wall of the enclosure, and having performed this perilous escalade without accident, the faithful servant admitted his master and mistress, and all three directed their steps to the door of the room where I was, and which yielded to their united efforts. What a spectacle! the moon having extricated herself from the clouds, shed her pale beams on this horrible scene. In the farthest corner of the apartment, half concealed behind an old cupboard, crouched the little Alfred, pale, his eyes fixed, his hair on end, apparently petrified with affright; my fainting form lay in the middle of the room, and at a few paces from the door, the frowning and livid head of the bandit. As you may imagine, no one in the chateau slept that night, the Count and Tom passed the whole of it armed to the teeth, and disposed to make a vigorous resistance in case of attack; and the Countess herself, so soft, so gentle, so feminine in the ordinary circumstances of life, had gained, when danger threatened, all the spirit and courage of a man. There was only poor Alfred, who, entirely re-assured by seeing this unexpected relief, could not participate in the preparations for common safety. But most happily all were needless—no suspicious noise was heard, no new attempt signalized this night of horrors. The next day the Count de Rocherolles made his depositions before the minister of justice at Charleville; and a visit of the officers to the chateau led to the discovery of a skilfully contrived subterranean passage beneath the park, and leading under the wall of the enclosure to “the king’s chamber.” Several companies of troops of the line, and all the gendarmerie were stationed at the haunts of the banditti, and, after a battue of several weeks in the environs of Charleville, the chief of the troop, Joseph Kats, and the forty men he commanded, were taken, in the forest of Haviero, four leagues from Sept Fontaines, and executed the 30th of October of that same year in the great market-place of Charleville, in the midst of an immense crowd, collected from all quarters of Flanders, to witness their punishment. I forgot to say, the head figured in court and served to convict them.—As to me, this dreadful scene laid the foundation of an incurable malady; scarcely thirty years old I was seized with a convulsive trembling in all my limbs, that only discovers itself in persons of extreme age. I ought in gratitude to add, that the Count and Countess neither forgot or left me unrewarded. To reward the courage I had shewn, and the service I had rendered them, they assured to me a pension during my life, moderate, it is true, but quite sufficient for my wants, and to guard me from penury for the remainder of my days; and,” added the good old lady smiling and bowing graciously to her auditors, “and has procured me the honor of assisting here every year at the celebration of Christmas eve.”

STANZAS.

Ah! think not, friend, when you may see
A joyous, bright, and happy face,
That's lighted up with sportive glee,
And sign of grief you cannot trace;—
Think not because the face is drest
With all the outward show of joy,
The heart feels not within the breast
A settled grief without alloy.

The joyous smile in all its sweetness,
That can in happy hours appear,
Flies in a moment—ah! its fleetness
Is to get wedded to a tear.

The brightest flower of all the rest
That proudly in the garden blooms,
Within its sweet and honeyed breast
The canker-worm itself entombs.

The laughing eye that beams with gladness,
May feigned be but to beguile
The doting heart that loves in sadness,
And must be hidden by a smile.
Ah! think not then the eye that's beaming,
Cannot with a sister weep;
A smile may oftentimes be concealing
A love that's holy, pure, and deep.

ANN R. W.

OUR BOUDOIR TABLE,
OR
GLANCES AT NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"—Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

SHAKESPEARE.

POETICAL REVERIES; by M. Alphonse De La Martine. Translated into English verse by the Rev. Henry Christmas, M.A., F.S.A., &c.—La Martine is the greatest name among the living poets of France, a talented and a good man, whose genius has not been prostituted to the dissemination of vice. These *Meditations* were, we believe, among the earliest of his productions, and are highly esteemed by the reading portion of the population of the French Empire. Mr. Christmas has performed his task of translating them with great judgment. We give a passage from the *Meditation*, entitled "God":—

"Why was not I born in that happy age,
When man, but just escaped his Maker's hand—
Near him by Time, but more by innocence—
Talked and walked with him? Wherefore have
not I

Beheld the world's first day—Man's waking hour?
All speak of Thee, and thou didst speak thyself,
The Universe respired thy Majesty;
And Nature, fresh from thy creating hand,
Spread in all ways her Maker's glorious name."

When we say that we are pleased with this work, we beg also to add that we wish all translators would follow the example set by Mr. Christmas, and select such authors alone, who are moral and good in the publications they send forth to the world.

BELIEF AND UNBELIEF; by Joseph Fearn.—This little tale is addressed to the sceptical, and we do not think that it was written under any

prejudiced feelings. We are, however, doubtful whether such controversial writings ought to be placed in the hands of the young; if a book teaches them religious objections of which they had previously been ignorant, the tendency must be evil, and the very effort to remove scepticism serves but to fan the flame into a blaze.

PERE LA CHAISE, is a novel of a novel description—a religious one. We do not like works of this kind, they tend to do more harm than good.

THE COUNTESS; by T. S. Fay.—A very pleasing novel by an American gentleman, is now before us. Some of the scenes are admirably written. The novel begins in the year 1790, and opens with five passengers about to leave Hamburg for Berlin in the diligence. One is a gentleman named Claude Wyndham, young, good looking, genteel, and well-bred. By his side is a middle-aged lady, well-dressed, well-behaved, intelligent, and displaying a great deal of good sense and knowledge of the world. Her name is Mrs. Wharton. Opposite to these are a John Bull family, consisting of a Mr. Digby, fat, of course, with a Mrs. Digby, fat and coarse, and a Miss Digby, very young, very beautiful, and much less coarse than might have been expected from her birth, parentage, and education. Nature has done much for this young lady, and circumstances still more, to make her the victim of the follies, or even of the strange errors called vices of the world.

We would recommend seriously to young men, especially husbands, to reflect upon the following sad scene, *after a duel*:—

"As Claude finished reading, there was a slight stir behind him. He turned. It was Mrs. Denham. Her pale face, her wild eyes, her loose hair, the singular expression which terror and long agony had called into her countenance, now heightened by the certainty that Denham was no longer living, gave her the aspect of a spectre escaped, at that dead hour of night, from the abodes of eternal woe. She had read the letter over his shoulder, and she stood pointing at it with the grin of a lunatic. "Well, then!" she said, calmly, "I know all. Charles is dead. Charles! Charles! my life! my love! my husband! My own beloved Charles!" She wandered back again to her room. Claude could not conceive, indeed, how she had been thus suffered to escape from it. He had not time to follow her, before he heard the wheels of a carriage rolling away from the door, and he understood, at once, that the body had arrived, and that the attention of the rest had probably, been attracted to that new and appalling scene in the tragedy. Shuddering with a horror which he had never experienced before, and at the thought of the shock which the approaching scene was about to inflict on himself, as well as on the appalled heart of the widow, he followed her once more into the room, which was now deserted by every body. Even Ellen was gone. "Where are they all?" said she, in a voice perfectly calm and natural. "Have they gone to bed already, without saying good night. No. There they are! Where have they been? What is going on?" These queries were drawn forth by several figures which came in, with their backs towards the apartment. As they turned, their faces were all white and terror stricken. Two or three men next appeared, waiters, and strangers, among whom were some street passengers, apparently attracted by curiosity. A noise was heard in the cor-

ridor, as of the uneven tread of men with heavy shoes, bearing a burthen. Not a word was spoken. Then the landlord entered, and whispered to Claude, who took Mrs. Denham's hand, and led her into the adjoining room. She accompanied him passively. Ellen, pale and terrified, followed, but instantly darted back. The tramping drew nearer. The adjoining room seemed full of people. "Lock the door!" said a voice in a low but business-like tone. "Shut this one." There was a pause, interrupted only by the heavy tread of feet. "Take away the little girl!" said the same voice. "The other table,—no, breadthways,—now! steady!—there! A sheet." There was another pause. Claude held the hand of his companion with firmness, but, disengaging herself with a sudden start, she escaped—darted forward,—and threw open the door. There, in his usual clothes, boots, and spurs, his cravat off, his face stark, stiff, white, his long glossy hair hanging back from his head, his arm fallen lifeless from the table, his marble forehead and lips touched with blood, lay the dear, the revered, the happy husband, his stately form extended in death. The wife saw it as she threw open the door. There was a quivering, broken shriek, but low and short. She darted forward. She pressed her hand against his brow—his lips—his heart. She touched his closed eyes—his icy cheeks, his stony forehead. Her fingers were chilled and stained with blood. "My husband!" she cried, with a convulsive sob. Then, without a word, a tear, a murmur more, she fell upon his bosom. The rude men stood apart. No one broke the silence. And thus came back the duellist to those whom Providence had appointed him to protect, to his wife, to his adopted child,—to his home,—but yesterday full of happiness, of peace, of hope!

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE ARK.—A certain Mr. Radford, of the R.N., has published a very silly work upon this *antideluvian* subject. We know not whether the family records of Noah are in his hands, but in our opinion he had better buy up the work at a *very cheap* rate, for we do not think any other purchaser can possibly be met with to take such a strange and silly production.

MR. YOUNG'S ENGLISH IN CHINA, and **MR. DAVIS'S CHINESE,** are two very interesting and valuable works, and that will be read with avidity at the present time.

SPORTING EXCURSIONS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—These travels, by Mr. Townsend will be found exceedingly amusing. We would recommend to some of our quacks, more particularly the advocates of *Mesmerism*, the following practice of Indian doctors:—

"Their mode of *"making medicine,"* to use their own term, is this—The sick man is laid upon a bed of mats and blankets elevated from the ground, and surrounded by a raised frame-work of hewn boards. Upon this frame two "medicine men" (sorcerers) place themselves, and commence chanting, in a low voice, a kind of long drawn, sighing song. Each holds a stout stick, of about four feet long, in his hand, with which he beats upon the frame-work, and keeps accurate time with the music. After a few minutes, the song begins to increase in loudness and quickness, a corresponding force and celerity being given to the stick, until in a short time the noise becomes almost deafening, and may well serve, in many instances, to accelerate the exit of him whom it is their intention to benefit."

This kill or cure system beats Mr. Morrison himself.

THE MEMOIRS OF MALIBRAN, by the Countess de Merlin, possess an interest for all the admirers of that fair Cantatrice. Some of the anecdotes of her kindness of heart ought to be every where recorded.

"One day a poor Italian refugee applied to Lablache for assistance. He had received permission to return home, but, alas! he was destitute of the means. The next day, at rehearsal, Lablache broached the subject of the refugee's distress, and proposed a subscription. Madame Lablache, Donzelli, and several others, subscribed each two guineas, "And you, Maria," said Lablache, turning to Madame Malibran, "what will you give?" "The same as the rest," answered she carelessly, and went on practising her part. With this little treasure the charitable and kind-hearted Lablache flew to succour his unfortunate countrymen. The next morning Maria took an opportunity to speak to him alone. "Here are ten pounds more for your poor friend," said she, slipping a note into his hands: "I would not give more than the others yesterday, fearing they might think me ostentatious. Take it to him, but do not say a word about it to any one."

"Malibran, as I believe every one is aware, had a remarkable talent for musical composition. This talent, however, she exercised only for amusement, giving to her friends, or to charities, the pieces she composed. On this occasion Madame de — was present; a lady for whom our fair cantatrice had the greatest respect, but whose pecuniary circumstances were deplorably reduced. Willingly would Maria Malibran have assisted her, but the pride of Madame — precluded the possibility of a pecuniary offer; she, therefore, resorted to an ingenious little artifice to effect her generous purpose. Madame —'s son, a lad of sixteen, was present.—"I understand that this young gentleman has a great talent for poetry," said Madame Malibran to the mother. "I am going to propose a little speculation between us. Having written six airs for publication, I want words for them; will you undertake to furnish them, and we will divide the profits?"—The proposal was instantly accepted; the young poet produced the verses, and they were sent to Madame Malibran. The songs were never published; but Madame de — received six hundred francs as her son's share of the profit arising from them."

"Many false and exaggerated statements have been made respecting Madame Malibran's manners and habits of life. To the charge of being masculine she herself used to plead guilty, inasmuch as she was passionately fond of riding, and indeed of all violent exercises. She delighted in long walks. She would think nothing of travelling day and night during the most inclement weather; and sometimes taking the reins herself, she would mount the coach-box, and drive amidst hail and snow. She was fond of skating, swimming, and fencing; in short, she excelled in every manly exercise. Yet who ever was more gentle in her domestic circle? Who could soothe the pillow of sickness with more delicate attention? Who, like Madame Malibran, could move the feelings by the truly feminine expression of grief?"

We wish we had space to say more of poor Malibran.

THE INTERDICT, a three volume novel, to whose title-page no author's name is appended, though the advertisements inform us it is by Mrs. Steward,

is a work of no mean pretensions; the plot is good and well-worked, and the characters ably sustained. If it is not the best modern novel we have read, it is far from being the worst—and possesses sufficient interest to make it become popular.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE CAMDEN SOCIETY. **ANNALS OF THE FIRST FOUR YEARS OF THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH;** by Sir John Hayward; edited by J. Bruce, Esq.—This work is published by a society of gentlemen who laudably employ themselves in searching out and reprinting the greatest nonsense of the olden time they can meet with. We envy not queens who are bespattered and bepraised by noodles of ancient or modern date.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.—We regret that these volumes are *what* they are. The memoirs of such a man as Sir Samuel Romilly ought to have been edited by an abler hand, but taking all things philosophically, we begin now to be grateful for anything like a decently written volume of memoirs.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER; by Lady Morgan.—We took up these volumes, expecting to find a novel abounding in tyrannical husbands and imperious lovers; as such personages *do* exist in the pages of fiction, though rarely in real life (at least if we are to believe what the Lords of the Creation affirm of themselves), but we were pleasantly disappointed in finding a very elaborate and classical work, on the rise and progress of woman from the earliest ages of barbarism, to the palmy days of modern refinement. We do not agree with all the opinions the fair author lays down, but the work will be read with pleasure by every female reader, who takes an interest in the improvement and advancement of her own sex, without detracting from the merits of the other.

THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT; OR, ERIN AS SHE WAS.—A poem by Thomas O'Brien, Esq. Curry, Dublin.—This is a short poem by the author of *PARISINA*, a tragedy which was, on its appearance, much and deservedly lauded by the Dublin periodical press. It contains much that is worthy the author of *PARISINA*; but tokens of an unpardonable haste pervade the diction, and even the important though unpoetical minutiae of punctuation, which creates much obscurity, and detracts from the force and beauty of many passages creditable to the author's poetic habit of thought. The scope of the work is to contrast the state of a country once enjoying all the blessings of peace, prosperity and wealth, with its subsequent poverty, &c., consequent on its subjugation to unjust masters. Ireland is the prototype chosen, as the title of the poem imports; but it would be difficult to point out a period of history when that country enjoyed the Utopian blessings described by the poet. The following is a fair specimen of the wild beauties cull'd by Mr. O'Brien for this work:—

“ In the centre an altar
And o'er it bent a lovely goddess:
Fortune's daughter—serene she stood;—
No tempestuous passion of the soul
Storm'd that eye, flush'd that roseate cheek;
“ Her soul drank the warming rays”
That shone concentrating from every side:

The dense throng's undying echo
Greeted her ear, while on they hurried,
Laden with rich hecatombs;—
They bend before her altar, and adore!
“ She gloried in existence,” and, smiling, saw
Her mighty shadow darken all around:
As the great oak, in the fertile plain,
O'er the bending corn shoots its lengthen'd shade.

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

No. 1. “ Let us think of old times;” words by J. E. Carpenter, Esq. Music by James Hill. Duff and Hodgson.

2. “ The happy bride;” words by J. H. Jewell. Music by Alexander Cheffins. Cheffins, Mortimer Street.

3. “ Fantasia for the pianoforte;” by G. F. Harris. Monro and May.

4. “ The old arm chair;” words by Eliza Cook. Music by J. Hine, Esq. Jefferys and Co.

5. “ Fourth set of the Queen's country dances;” arranged by R. Guinness. Jefferys and Co.

6. “ The Lord's prayer;” composed and arranged with an accompaniment for the organ or pianoforte; by E. Fawcett. J. Lawson, Rathbone Place.

1. This ballad does Mr. Hill great credit; he is a spirited as well as talented composer.

2.—

Unhappy is the Bride that Jewell'd stands
Asking a favour at the Critic's hands!
All she would crave if she had “ found her tongue,”
Would be by Jewell to be left unsung.

3. Mr. Harris has produced a very pleasing composition. The introduction of God Save the Queen, and God Save the Emperor, have a good effect, and the variations are in excellent taste.

4. The old arm chair, is one of the prettiest things we have lately met with.

5. A very spirit-stirring set of country dances.

6. We never saw this sacred composition better set; it has been introduced to the public by Miss V. Guinness whose name is appended on the title page as the vocalist. It is well suited for Sunday music in a private circle.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

After having walked through the magnificent galleries of the Louvre, which are always appropriated to the use of the French artists for their triennial *Exposition*, we always feel mortified at seeing the works of our native painters stuck up in the closets of what we term, par eminence, the National Gallery. In this pepper-castor crowned edifice we this year have met with some good pictures, and also some that ought to be hung on a swinging sign before a country auberge. We will, however, notice a few of the best briefly.

976. Death of Geoffroi Rudel, by L. Hicks, is

well conceived and prettily painted. Poor Rudel was indeed the Pilgrim of Love.

731 Portrait of a Lady and Child, by Miss Kearsley, is a good specimen of the pictorial talents of this lady. It is nature copied faithfully and well.

590. The Trial of Rebecca, by J. M. Leigh, is a charming production. The Jew, crouching in the corner, is well introduced, and the figures of Rebecca and Brian de Bois Gilbert are excellent.

509. The Assuaging of the Waters, by J. Martin, is a fine production: Mr. Martin has made the most of his subject.

793. Portrait of Lady Seymour, in the evening dress, as the Queen of Beauty, by Sir W. J. Newton, gives us the semblance of one of the loveliest women of the day. We do not, however, approve of all the frippery introduced in the costume.

83. Coast Scene, Boulogne, by C. H. Seaforth, is true to nature.

125 Milton dictating to his Daughters, Sir W. Callcott, R.A., is an old subject, handled after the old fashion. We had hoped for something better from this artist.

174 Banquet Scene in Macbeth. D. Maclise, R.A. Elect. Well designed, and beautifully executed.

230 A Subject from the Parable of the Ten Virgins. W. Etty, R.A. This picture possesses all the peculiarities, merits, and defects of the artist. We do not admire it.

665 Portraits of the Children of Mrs. C. B. Wilson, by Miss Kearsley. These are faithful resemblances, and well painted. Miss Kearsley has a delicate touch, and finishes with great taste and judgment.

39. Portrait of the Hon. Miss K. C. is also by the same artist, and to which our previous remarks may be justly applied.

482. Prince Charles Edward and the Highlanders entering Edinburgh, after the Battle of Preston, by J. Duncan, is one of the most interesting pictures in the Exhibition. The figures of the Miller of Quarnahayle, Lochiel, and Hamish McGregor, are finely portrayed.

Among the Sculpture, the Busts of the Queen, by Chantrey; D. Maclise, by E. Davis; W. C. Macready, by the same; the late Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., by J. E. Thomas; and a posthumous one of the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland, struck us as possessing peculiar merit. There is also a sketch in clay, by a gentleman bearing the captivating cognomen of *Physick*, of a captive prisoner bursting his bonds asunder, which has great merit. The architectural portion of the Exhibition is of about the same standard as usual.

OUR SCRAP SHEET.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL AND SELECTED SHORT ARTICLES, EPIGRAMS AND FACETIÆ.

TAGLIONI.*

Maria Taglioni was born at Stockholm on the 23d of April, 1809. Her father is an Italian; her mother a Swede. The name is a celebrated one on the Italian stage, several artists bearing it with much distinction,

* This biographical article is partly taken from a Belgian publication.

but it is chiefly indebted for its fame to the great dancer, who has dethroned the *ci-devant* Terpsichore of the Paris Academie Royale, and upon whose aerial pedestal such an abundance of flowers, wreaths, and incense has been offered for ten years past.

Karstein, Taglioni's maternal grandfather, was the Talma of Sweden, and not only an able tragic actor, but likewise a very remarkable singer. Gustavus III., who loved him much, appointed him his court secretary.

The daughter of Karstein, having married the Sicilian choregraph, Taglioni, first dancer at the Stockholm Theatre, she gave birth to Maria Taglioni, whose cradle Terpsichore rocked.

M. Taglioni having been summoned to Vienna as ballet-master and dancer, in 1822, his daughter made her *début* there in a ballet, which he composed expressly for her under the title of *Reception of a Young Nymph in the Temple of Terpsichore*. The young nymph's success was a complete one, and her fame spread throughout Germany. Stuttgart and Munich successively possessed her. It was from the latter capital that she proceeded to Paris, where she made her *début* at the Academie Royale, on the 23d of July, 1827, in *Le Sicilien*. She returned to Munich to fulfill her engagement there, and re-appeared at Paris in *Les Bayaderes*. Her performances were unprecedented triumphs; her revelation of a new style of dancing was enthusiastically hailed as an event in that frivolous capital; and the old routine vanished before so much inspiration and so much natural and unaffected gracefulness; a complete revolution took place around the great artiste. Choregraphy was *Taglionised*; and the youthful queen of the art continued, however, inimitable, bestowing her lessons, but keeping her secret to herself.

In that magnificent combination of the lyric drama and of the ballet which has carried to such a height the glory of the French grand opera, Taglioni has inspired the masters of the orchestra with the sweetest notes that have sounded beneath the feet of a dancer. Rossini, Meyerbeer, Auber, and Adam, then wrote those delightful ballets which had found such intelligent feet to interpret them. Then came the *Tyrolienne of Guillaume Tell*—the rural and naive dance, unmingled with silliness—the dance of the ideal shepherdess, who flies from the lake to the mountain, through an atmosphere of melody and love. Next in *Robert le Diable*, the admired artist was seen gliding on the moon's beams through the ogives of a sepulchral cloister, and by her matchless gracefulness and ariel lightness seeming the spirit only of one of the nuns mouldering below. Next, Auber produced his *Bayaderes*, the bright vision he had had in an Indian pavilion. There the celestial dancer shone in all her poesy. Who remembers not the raptures of the spectators when, to the sound of the Indian trumpets, she darted through the palm trees, and proclaimed herself the sole *Bayaderes* whom the poet had dreamt of, and whose name only India had invented. Thus, at every creation of a new character, the sublime artiste commanded the acclamations of a triumph, and every time her success was so great that it seemed a fresh one could not surpass it. In the ballets of *La Sylphide*, *Nathalie*, *La Révolte du Serail*, *La Fille du Danube*, Taglioni did but continue to fly from ovation to ovation; but the ballet *La Sylphide* has been, as it were, her especial domain. The dancer has bestowed her name upon that composition of her father which has returned it to her; never was there a more equitable exchange. *La Sylphide* is the *chef d'œuvre* of choregraphy, as Taglioni is the *chef d'œuvre* of the sylphides. She alone can bring to life

Victor Hugo's sweet ballad ; others have attempted it, but always in vain.

All the great theatres of Europe envied the Parisians the possession of so inimitable a dancer ; from the north and south the most brilliant offers reached the sylphide of the Académie Royale. Russia tendered a large and rapid fortune to a young woman who, in the pursuit of fame, had never yet thought of making one ; the French Opera, which had enriched itself through her, ventured not, in spite of its yearly subvention of above 24,000*l.* to struggle with the magnificent promises held out to her from St. Petersburg. She was neither exiled nor detained, but suffered to fly towards brighter destinies. Taglioni, in April, 1837, gave her farewell performance on the main theatre of her glory. It was a melancholy and marvellous *soirée*. Amidst heaps of flowers showering from the boxes upon the stage, in the second act of the *Sylphide*, dreadful shrieks threw the house into consternation : two young girls had fallen from an alarming height, and lay senseless on the stage. Taglioni flew from the side scenery to the assistance of her fellow sylphides, reckless of another peril threatening above her. Some minutes after, she gracefully stepped forward, and all who were present remember the touching emotion with which she appeared the universal anxiety, and uttered the only three words ever spoken by her on the stage—" *Personne n'est blessé.*"

After spending one season at St. Petersburg, where her stay was a continued triumph, Taglioni gathered fresh wreaths at Warsaw, Vienna, Stuttgart, Munich, and in London, whence she retraced her steps to St. Petersburg. After another triumphant sojourn in that capital, she proceeded to England through Germany, enrapturing the Viennese on her way, and again shone at her Majesty's Theatre, her performance in *La Gitana*, and especially in *La Masurka*, astonishing even those among her admirers who had witnessed all her preceding achievements. She has since fulfilled another engagement at St. Petersburg, whence it is hoped she will again return to us by the end of May. In that capital, which she has delighted in two new ballets, *L'Ombre* and *Le Pirate*, composed expressly for her, her performances would appear to have been attended with more success than ever. Among other munificent gifts she was presented there a few weeks ago with a sledge, four superb horses to draw it, and a Russian driver, with the national appendage of a long beard. This equipage is intended by the gallant donor to convey the sylphide to her rehearsals and performances at the theatre. The sledge is ornamented in front with a bronze figure representing Taglioni in her character of *La Gitana*. The interior of the sledge is strewn with the most costly sable fur, and to the horse-clothes are appended above 2,000 little silver bells, the tingling of which failed not to attract all St. Petersburg about the car of the queen of dancers.

In private life Taglioni is not only a most amiable but likewise a very superior woman. When she resided at Paris her drawing-rooms were opened to all persons of note in literature or the arts, and she did the honours of her house with as much simplicity as elegance. She speaks French as correctly as a Parisian. In short, to quote the rather too glowing words of a foreign Biographer, " *Quand on a vu Mlle. Taglioni au théâtre, si grande, si radieuse ; et dans le monde, si spirituelle, si obligeante, si bonne, on peut la nommer l'artiste et la femme sans défaut.*"

† She is the wife of Count Gilbert des Voisins, son of the French peer of that name.

OCTOBER, 21st, 1839.

This glorious day recalls us to the tomb,
And midst its laurels waves the cypress gloom,
Another of Trafalgar's heroes is no more
And thou brave "Hurdy" do we now deplore,
Immortal Nelson's true, and valued friend ;
'Twas thine the hero's closing hours to lend,
And as in sorrow thou didst o'er him stand,
To thee the dying Nelson gave his last command
To thee he turn'd, and " *kiss me, Hardy, cried,*"
As then in Victory's our he calmly died,
Grateful to Heaven his country's cause was won,
His prayers were heard, his race on earth was run ;
To distant ages shall his fame descend
With thine, brave "Hurdy," Nelson's dauntless
friend,

Justly upheld with pride our country's boast,
The staunch defenders of Britannia's coast.

Land of the brave, the true, the free,

Thy patriot sons are worthy thee.

Long as thy flag triumphant waves,

To Memory sacred be their graves.

Rennes, France.

CLARA PAYNE.

How chilling are the reflections which sometimes force themselves upon us when the first bright years of youth are passed away ; some of those we have loved are no longer here to bless us, and of those who remain many will disappoint us. Even where we have reposed our confidence in full and undoubting faith we often find we are deceived, and the tongue which has beguiled us into love will utter words that shall eat into our hearts, and throw a blight over every blossom which in our after years shall spring up in our path. We care but little for the unkindness of those who are not dear to us, but deep indeed is the wound when inflicted by those who, possessing our affections, should have a holy regard for our feelings, and its effect on the mind is deep and indelible.

Our notice of the progress of theatricals at this house, during the month of May, must be reluctantly compressed into a brief summary. We shall, then, only mention what we have *seen*—premising that no novelties have been brought forward. The entertainments have been exclusively confined to popular plays, and those revivals of popular plays, the *mise en scene* of which reflects so much credit on Madame Vestris. If she has not succeeded this season in her enterprise, the public scarcely deserve that such genuine feasts of histrionic talent as she has set before them should in future tempt the morbid appetite, which, leaving Shakspeare, and the olden "giants," runs to revel on such garbage as *Jack Sheppard*, and similar "dog's meat." *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, has been more effectively than we could have believed possible, placed before the public. Bartley's *Sir John*, if not Shakspeare's veritable fat knight, is at all events a very amusing and merry fat knight ; nor had he ever a more fascinating pair of "wives" to woo. Madame Vestris played *Mrs. Page*, while in *Mrs. Ford*, the piquante and

dazzling beauty of Mrs. Nisbett, had the full aid of those splendid comic talents with which, in her own particular line, no living actress can compete. The *Anne Page* of Miss Rainforth was as well acted as sung, and that is saying much. *Twelfth Night*, for the introduction of Miss E. Tree in her favourite character of *Viola*, has been, without exception, the best revival yet attempted here. *Viola's* acting was delightful—her male costume, a picture. *Sir Toby Belch*, *The Clown*, *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, as ably represented by Bartley, Harley, and Meadows, as could be desired; whilst Mrs. Hunby, (most peerless of nature's own favourite children,) played *Maria* with a mingled mirth and malice that drew loud plaudits. Farren chose *The Lord of the Manor*, for his benefit. We scarcely think his choice a happy one. Setting the music aside, the thing is rather a bore than otherwise. Madame's own benefit was a better selection—*The Belle's Stratagem*, and it should have drawn a fuller house than it did. *The Sleeping Beauty* has deservedly enjoyed a glorious run, and a farce has occasionally stepped between it and the play. Farren's *Griffenhoof* in *Shocking Events*, and Keeley's *Puggs*, were inimitably ludicrous; whilst the lady-like acting and deportment of Miss E. Phillips, as *Dorothy*, (originally played by Miss Crisp,) made us wish to see her oftener brought forward.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

This little theatre has been well attended during the present month. A new romantic drama from the pen of Mr. J. Bruton, called the *Cattle Dealer*; or, *The Innkeeper of Pest*, has been successful. Another little piece entitled *True Blue*; or, *The Sea Gull's Home*, has been produced. The manager deserves credit for his exertions.

MR. M. JACOB'S ENTERTAINMENT, CROWN AND ANCHOR.

This gentleman has been giving a series of amusing illusions in Sleight of Hand and Legerdemain, to which he adds Ventriloquism and Improvisatore. He does not weary his audience by too much repetition, as is generally the case, but keeps them amused during the two hours his entertainment lasts. Persons having young folks to see the Lions of London will find an evening very pleasantly spent in witnessing Mr. Jacob's performances.

YORK THEATRICALS.

Mr. Hooper's excellent little company have at length left us for Leeds, from whence they proceed to Hull, when we hope to have them back again. If they have not succeeded in this, our aristocratic city, as they deserved to do, we can only wish (since we cannot command,) that their next visit may repay them. *Jack Sheppard* has been got up effectively here. Mr. Mude is a clever actor, and Mrs. Hooper, the chief strength of the corps. A Miss Darcus, we believe from Sheffield, is an elegant young woman, and captivates all hearts in her male attire. She is a great favourite, and we sincerely wish Hooper success at dusty Leeds.

CONCERTS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. Henry Dulcken's Concert was given at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 29th ult. Misses Bruce, Birch, and Dolby were the principal vocalists, and were received with decided approbation. The duetto, *Quanto Amore*, by Miss Bruce and Signor F. Lablache; *Lasciami, non t'ascolto*, by Misses Bruce and Dolby; *Non v'e donna*, by Miss Birch; *Largo al Factotum*, by Signor Lablache; and *L'Amor suo mi fe beata*, by Miss Dolby, were well sung. Madame, Mr. Henry Dulcken, and W. S. Bennet, performed a grand Trio for three Pianofortes admirably. Don de Ciebra was much applauded for his Fantasia, *Ma Normandie*; and Mr. Richardson was everything that could be desired on the flute. A Madame Seeland, from the German Opera, made her debut, and a decided hit in the song *Erinnerung*. Her voice is sweet and powerful, and her person good. Of the other fair debutante, Miss Louisa Yarnold, we can only say that she looks rather pretty, and dresses in good taste.

On the 1st of this month a Concert was given at the Music Hall, Store Street, at which M. Benedict, Ole Bull, Tamburini, W. Harrison, Handel Gear, Grattan Cooke, and other performers of first-rate talent, assisted. With such vocalists and instrumental performers, had the Concert been properly announced, the Hall would have been crowded. Mr. Borrani sang the "Pirate Crew," in his best style. Mr. W. Harrison gave "Water parted from the Sea," and "Tell her I love her," admirably. Tamburini in *Non più andrai*, and Mr. Handel Gear in "Land of the West," never sang more sweetly. Miss Luccombe, accompanied on the pianoforte, by Bishop, gave "By the simplicity of Venus' doves," with a chaste elegance of manner; as did Miss Rainforth "My Mother bids me bind my hair;" and Mrs. Toulmin, "The Herdsman's Spring Song." "Flow, gentle Deva," by Mrs. Toulmin, and Mr. J. Parry, jun. was much applauded; but the grand features of the Concert were Benedict's Fantasia, Pianoforte, and Ole Bull's Solo Violin. Parry's "Wanted a Governess," told very well; as did also "Love's young dream," by Mr. Francis. Messrs. Hobbs, Purday, Fitzwilliam, and J. Bennet, assisted at this entertainment.

At the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 7th ult., Mr. H. C. Deacon's Concert was fully attended. Of Mr. Deacon as a pianist we can speak in praise, and he promises to be a first-rate performer. Miss Birch was admirable in the "Bridal Bells," and *Stanza di piu*; and Miss Bruce in *Dove Sono*, and the duetto *Dunque io son*, with Mr. A. Solà, was received with great applause. Mr. Handel Gear sang "The Jew at Antioch," a MS. song, composed by Miss Humboldt, with great taste and effect. We have not heard a more graceful and elegant composition for some time. Herr Kroff was very good in *Der blinde*; and among the instrumental performances we may say that those of Blagrove, J. B. Chatterton, Haussman, T. Baker, and D'Alqueen were extremely good.

Mr. John Parry and Mrs. A. Toulmin's Concert was given on the 8th ult. at the same place. A Solo on the Horn by Mr. Jarrett, and one on the Flute by Mr. Richardson, were charmingly executed; but a Grande Fantasia, *Reminiscences des Puritans*, and the *Grand Marche Hongroise*, performed by Liszt on the Pianoforte, bore the palm. Tamburini gave *Sorgete*, and the duetto *D'un bell' uso du' Turehia*, with Mr. H. Phillips in his best style. Miss M. B. Hawes sung, "As I walked by myself," with considerable taste, as did Mrs. Toulmin "The Inchcape Bell," a new composition by Mr. John Parry, and that gentleman highly amused his auditors by his *Singing Lesson*. In the song "Gentle Airs," Mr. Horncastle, assisted by Lindley's Violoncello Obligato, was highly and deservedly applauded. Miss Birch and Miss Rainforth sang very charmingly; and Miss Brooks, a first appearance, received a very favourable reception in "Let the bright Seraphim," Trumpet Obligato by Mr. Harper. Miss Susan Hobbs, in *Qui la voce*, was very pleasing, and the Concert was one of the best we have been at during the present season.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

FOURTH CONCERT, APRIL 27.

We consider the fourth concert of this Society, as the best of the season, yet in so saying, we do not intend to be very complimentary. "Comparisons are odious,"—but it is comparatively we speak. Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, Earl Howe, and Lord Burghersh, attended; and was received with welcoming hands. Nor did she leave the rooms until the commencement of the concluding overture, which (strangely misplaced, we think), was that to "*Anacreon*" by Cherubini. Why does not the Royal Victoria, under whose immediate patronage the Society is, patronize it by her appearance? There was no new feature in the evening's amusement, unless it was "Concerto," No. 2, beautifully executed by Herr Moliqué, whose violin becomes a chaste and harmonious sprite, undecorated by the trickery of modern wonderworkers on catgut, beneath his tasteful and powerful minstrelsy. Madame Dulcken played on the piano, Ribas on the flute, Mesdames Toulmin and Birch sang from Mozart, Rossini, and Beethoven, with Tamburini (the Laporte-conquering Tamburini, the Omnibus-supported Tamburini), as cavalier,—and all "went merry as a marriage bell!"

FIFTH CONCERT, MAY 11.

This concert would have been a good one, had it consisted only of the opening piece—Beethoven's *Sinfonia Pastorale*, played as it was in a manner to do honour to all concerned. As it is, the concert was even superior to the last, and had novelty, as well as a good selection of music, to recommend it. There were two lions—or rather a lion, and a lioness. The former, Mr. Listz, is a pianist of the most wonderful power, velocity, and capability of finger, we ever heard. He is the Paganini of the piano, and to an ardent, impassioned manner, adds the power of imparting matter to his performance. Whether this be a merit, we know

not—but certain we are, that he gave additional aroma to the fragrance of the piece he chose for his début—Weber's "Concert-stück," which do not originally belong to it. His playing is not the pure, quiet, truthful playing of Moschelles, but it is entirely calculated to astonish and to fascinate. The lioness on the occasion, was Mademoiselle Nau, from the French Opera at Paris, where she divides fame with Cinti Danoreau and Dorus Gros. She is a brilliant artistic singer, but there is a thinness of voice, which served indeed to show to advantageous contrast, the deep, rich pathos of Miss M. B. Hawes, who accompanied her in the *Ti beggo* duet, from the "Rape of Proserpine." Molique gave a third specimen of his delightful violinism, taken from "Norma;" and Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*—Sinfonia No. 6, (Jupiter) was played in excellent style. The overtures of the evening were Mendelssohn Bartholdy's "Mid-Summer Night's Dream," and Weber's "Oberon."

SIGNORA CLOTILDA PARIGEANI'S AND SIGNOR FOLZ'S CONCERT.

The morning concert of this lady and gentleman was most fully and fashionably attended on the 22nd inst., at the Harover Square Rooms. Some delay in the commencing gave rise to a slight show of dissatisfaction on the part of the audience, which was speedily dissipated by the appearance of La Parigeani and Signor Mussatti, who allayed the irritable symptom's by a duet from *Pacini*. The chief attractions of the concert consisted in an aria, sung by Tamburini, the exquisite flute concerto and fantasia by Signor Folz, and the singular delicacy and power with which Signor Ciebza performed the *Overture to Guillaume Tell*, on the guitar, arranged by himself. The Misses Broadhurst gave a brilliant piano-forte duo, and Mdlle. Nau sang several times, to immense applause. Nor must we omit the graceful and energetic singing of Madame Alban Croft, and the astonishing (*that is the word*), "quartetto on one violin," by Mr. Ole Bull. The name of Signora E. Grisi appeared in the programme, and *only there*.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

TO THE EDITRESS OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Rue du Faubourg, St. Honoré,
à Paris, May 24.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will see by the elegant models I have sent you, that our summer fashions are this year still more tasteful than those of several preceding ones. Forms and materials may now be said to be in some degree fixed, with the exceptions of modifications, which you know are continually taking place, and accessories which, being new in themselves, very often give an air of novelty to modes of some standing. Let me see now what our promenades offer that is most worthy of the attention of your fair readers.

I shall select from the variety of *chapeaux* and *capotes* that have appeared since my last letter, the *chapeaux* of Italian straw, with the brim slightly

turned up at the back, of a moderate size, and very open. They are trimmed with a broad rich ribbon, tied on one side in bows with floating ends, the latter fringed; the interior of the brim is ornamented with two small tufts of violets, one placed very low on the left side, the other rather high on the right. Some others of the *demi capote* shape have the brim rather smaller than usual, and slightly turned up: the crown is quite horizontal. The trimming consists of a wreath of heath blossoms, marquesites, or moss roses; it encircles the bottom of the crown, and is terminated on one side by a long slender *gerbe* of the same flowers; which, falling on the brim, droops a little below it. Bonnets of *gaze bouillonnée* have lost a little of their vogue; but yet they continue to be adopted by many *élégantes*, when adorned with very light wreaths of flowers, or with a marabout plume of exquisite lightness floating over the *bouillons*. However, though they are really the prettiest of our summer *capotes*, I must repeat that I cannot, for the reasons given in my last, recommend them. *Paille de riz* has, from the warmth of the weather, been brought forward earlier than usual this season: the prettiest are those of the *demi évasee* form; they are variously trimmed, some with a wreath of roses without foliage, others with bouquets of flowers falling low upon the brim; lilacs, particularly red lilacs, are in great favour. Others, remarkable only for their elegant simplicity, are ornamented with a double torsade of white ribbon, which traverses the brim, and ties under the chin. Lace is a good deal adopted in the trimmings of rice-straw, crape, and silk *chapeaux*. Some of the most novel are ornamented with a wreath of violets of Parma, intermingled with jonquilles; a *demi voilette* of English point-lace is drawn full round the bottom of the crown, extends in the fan style upon the brim, is brought in full quillings round the back of the crown, and descends in lappets at each side. I have seen also a good many *capotes* with the interior of the brim partially covered with lace *voilette*, looped near the bottom of the brim, at each side, with flowers, so that the ends of the *voilette* descended on the bosom in floating brides. A new and very pretty trimming, that has just appeared, for crape *chapeaux* is a wreath of shaded marabouts, encircling the edge of the brim and the bottom of the crown, in the style of a *ruche*; a light *bouillonnée* of transparent gauze is inserted in the centre of the wreath. I think this is the most novel trimming that has yet appeared. I have seen within the last few days a few *capotes* of *tulle illusion*, arranged in *bouillons* in a very novel manner; these *capotes* are not lined, but the material is supported by ribbons drawn through the casings. I must observe that, until within the last few days, ribbons have been but little used; but I see that some of our most celebrated *modistes* begin to employ them in profusion. Some of the new ribbons are broader than usual, they are shaded and *chinés*, or one-half shaded, and the patterns of the other either painted or *chinés*; velvet and *velours épinglé* ribbons, and particularly plaid ones, are also a good deal employed.

There is more variety than novelty in shawls and *mantelets*. I may cite, as one of the latest, a muslin mantle made in the *bournouss* form, lined

with coloured *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with lace. Another kind of shawl very fashionable at present, but which must be laid aside when the weather becomes very warm, is a *châle bournouss* of cashmere. I must observe that the material is of a very thin kind, beautifully fine, and consequently, though rather warm, it is by no means heavy. These shawls are cut bias, in such a manner as to drape gracefully round the figure, without being too full on the shoulders. The majority are white, embroidered round the border in small patterns and very delicate colours; a fringe which really merits its appellation of *frange mossouse*, completes the trimming: it is partly-coloured, but the hues are those of the embroidery. If the shawl is coloured, it is either grey or *écru*, and the trimming is in strongly-contrasted hues. Some of these shawls are made with a small hood, which has the appearance of a pelerine; others with a pelerine lappel of moderate size. These last are finished at the throat by cords and tassels. I have seen some double-sided silk shawls, that are pretty enough; but I cannot yet tell you that they are fashionable, though I believe they are likely to become so. They are of the *fichu* form, but very large, and are trimmed with gauffed, knotted, or beaded fringe, which, as well as the shawl itself, exhibits a different colour on each side. The favourite hues are rose and grey, lilac and white, green and straw colour, and blue and green.

Peignoirs are coming fast into favour in morning dress. They are either of muslin or *foulard*; but the former predominate. *Peignoirs* are also getting a great deal into fashion in *demi toilette*; the majority are white muslin or *organdy*. They are closed in front, and trimmed down one side and round the border with lace, to which embroidery frequently serves as a heading. Others are composed of printed muslins or *organdys*; both are indeed beginning to be adopted in half-dress, and I think are likely to be very much in vogue. The *mousseline prairie* has a white ground thickly covered with flowers of all sorts and sizes; roses, pinks, dahlias, pensées, are intermingled with violets, sprigs of lilac, and camelias. These muslins are certainly beautiful; but in my opinion they are too showy; I greatly prefer the *organdys* printed in small patterns, flowers, arabesques, and others of a singular kind. I shall be able to tell you next month whether either or both of these new materials succeed.

You would suppose, *ma chère*, that the grand question of sleeves was settled at last; but such is not the case. Very powerful efforts are making to bring tight sleeves into vogue, and at present they are certainly fashionable, but only for silks, *mousselines de laine*, or fancy materials of silk and wool. The demi large sleeve will continue to be adopted for plain and printed muslins, *organdys*, and *barèges*. The latter is a half-transparent material, composed of the finest cashmere wool: it is not yet very fashionable, nor do I think it likely to become so. The *redugute* form is a good deal in vogue for silks, &c.; if the sleeve is tight, it may be made with one seam only, in which case it is cut bias, or else it is cut, like that of a man's coat, with two seams; the *mancherons* are also tight, but of different forms. Some are composed of a

fold, others turn up in a point, and a third sort are formed like a shell. The *corsages* are almost invariably tight; the trimmings are either of the material of the dress, fancy silk, or black lace: the latter is quite as much in vogue for silk dresses, as white is for muslin ones. In saying that tight sleeves are fashionable for the materials I have mentioned, I must not lead your fair readers to suppose that they are the only ones fashionable; on the contrary, they are still in a decided minority, and I believe are likely to continue so.

The *corsages* of muslin or *organdy* robes in evening *negligé* are mostly made *en gerbe*, full at the bottom, cut rather low behind, and very open on the bosom. Demi large sleeve, ornamented with jockeys; they are mostly of lace, set in full. The trimmings are either *biais* or flounces. There are but few grand parties at present; but I was lately at one where some of the dresses were so novel and elegant that I cannot resist describing them to you. They were of Indian *organdy*, of the most transparent kind. The *corsage* is cut low, tight to the shape, and descending in a point in front; a *gerbe* of flowers, in coloured cashmere worsted, issues from the point, and extends in the fan style over the front of the *corsage*; the back is trimmed with a mantilla of English point lace. Demi large sleeve, the top made deep and tight, is embroidered in the centre with a bouquet of flowers. A double row of English point-lace, serpentine down each side of the skirt, and turned round the back of the border just above the hem; in the centre of each festoon formed by the lace, a bouquet of flowers is embroidered to correspond with those on the *corsage*. I should observe that these robes (for there were two, made exactly in the same style,) were worn over white *pou de Soie* under-dresses.

I have nothing novel to announce to you in head-dresses. The gorgeous ones of winter have disappeared; but we still retain the expensive but elegantly simple ones formed of lace and flowers. Head-dresses of hair are still more prevalent. Some are adorned with flowers, others with Venetian pins and other ornaments of fancy jewellery, and in some instances both are employed. The colours *à la mode* remain the same as I announced to you last month, but lilac and pea-green are predominant.

Adieu ! ma très chère Amie,
Croyez moi pour la vie,
Votre dévouée,
ADRIENNE DE M——.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY PLATES.

FIRST PLATE.

LONDON PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—*Green pou-de Soie* robe, the *corsage* made quite high, and tight to the shape, is trimmed down the sides and the centre of the front with fancy silk buttons. Tight sleeve, with a rather deep cuff buttoned up the side. Three rows of trimming, arranged in *dents* of a novel form, decorate the skirt. White *gros d'Afrique* bonnet, a round open brim, descending very low at the sides, and finished at the edge with a puffing of the same material; the in-

terior is trimmed at the sides with lace, brought very low, and intermixed with flowers; the exterior is decorated with white ribbons, and a bouquet composed of roses, wild flowers, and spear-grass. Antique black lace shawl.

PARIS PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—India muslin robe, *corsage à la Vierge*; the upper part is formed of a fulness of muslin, confined by bands of embroidery; the *corsage* sits close to the shape in the centre, but is a little full at the bottom of the waist. Large sleeve, confined at top and bottom by *bouillons*. The border is trimmed with a single very deep flounce, embroidered, in a wreath of flowers and foliage, with blue and green cashmere worsteds; a corresponding embroidery heads the flounce. Rice straw *chapeau-capote*, the brim open and of an oval form, has the interior trimmed in a light style with flowers; a lace drapery, sprigs of laburnum, and white and green ribbon, adorn the exterior. Blue silk scarf, the ends embroidered and trimmed with fringe of a new and rich kind. Green parasol of a large size.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. PROMENADE BONNET AND SHAWL.—

The first is French grey *pou de Soie*, a small round brim, the interior trimmed with lace; a *demi voile* and two white and grey willow feathers ornament the exterior. The shawl is fawn-coloured *tartan*; it is made with a falling lappel, disposed in folds round the top, and is bordered with antique black lace.

No. 4. MORNING VISITING DRESS.—Lilac crape bonnet, of the open cottage shape, the interior of the brim is trimmed with *tulle*, intermixed with flowers; full quillings of *tulle* nearly cover the whole of the exterior, a *gerbe* of foliage is inserted in them, and droops very low on one side. Muslin dress, the *corsage* high behind, but open, and displaying an embroidered *guimpe* in the bosom; it is trimmed with a double lappel, worked to correspond with the *guimpe*. Very large sleeve, with a deep tight cuff: the upper part of the sleeve disposed in *bouillons*. Lilac *ceinture* tied in bows and ends in front.

No. 5. PROMENADE BONNET AND SHAWL.—

The first is pink *pou de Soie*, a small round shape, the interior of the brim trimmed with lace and damask roses without foliage; the exterior is ornamented with a lace drapery, intermixed with roses and pink ribbon. Green *gros d'été* shawl bordered with *bouillonnée* of the same.

SECOND PLATE.

Lilac *gros de Tours* robe, the *corsage* low, round at top, and crossing in folds to the left side; it is trimmed with a *Berthe* of *point d'Alençon*. Demi large sleeves, the top decorated with three *volans* of the same lace. The skirt is ornamented with three lace flounces, they encircle the back of the border, and ascend in crossing each other on the front, so as to form what may be called a *tablier en gerbe*; each flounce is headed by a light embroidery, and one of a more elaborate kind adorns the centre of the front at the bottom. Rice straw hat—it is a *chapeau à la Duchesse de Nemours*; the interior of the brim is ornamented with lace and white ribbon, the crown with ribbon and shaded feathers.

OPEN CARRIAGE DRESS.—Blue *gros d'été* robe, the *corsage* is half high, with a falling tucker of English point lace; the sleeve demi large. *Ceinture* of blue ribbon, with long floating ends. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces. White crape bonnet, a small round shape; the interior trimmed with moss roses, the exterior with white ribbon and sprigs of lilac with their foliage. Parasol of the new form, called *ombrelle à la Duchesse*; it is white *gros de Naples*, and edged with white fringe.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 3. EVENING DRESS.—Robe of saffron-coloured *tulle*, a low *corsage*, trimmed with a falling tucker of Brussels lace. Triple *bouillon* sleeve. A single deep flounce of lace encircles the border. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with a lace lappet and flowers.

No. 4.—BRIDAL COSTUME.—Robe of English lace over white *pou de Soie*, the *corsage* is formed *en cœur* by three falls of lace. Demi long sleeve, composed of *bouillons*, and terminated by a round lace ruffle. The hair is ornamented with a wreath of roses, intermixed with orange blossoms, the bridal veil, and gold pins.

No. 5.—A back view of the above costume.

No. 6.—A back view of the evening dress hat.

No. 7.—CARRIAGE BONNET.—A French cottage shape of straw-coloured crape, trimmed with lilac dahlias, and a *demi voile* of English lace, disposed in drapery.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW BOOKS.—The absence of the Editress from England, in the early part of the month, has delayed the review of several new works, sent for notice.

MATILDA.—The verses will probably appear.

A. WARNCIFFE.—The reason we did not before insert the tale, was because it appeared to us unfinished, and belonging to some other story. We will, however, re-peruse it, and decide its fate.

JOHN R.—The tale under the circumstances it is offered, will not suit our pages.

MARION (Ludlow).—The articles shall appear.

C. G. L.—We wish this lady would chuse less sombre subjects for her poetical contributions. We have "Farewells" and Adieux" by dozens. The present season should inspire joyful strains, for "the green earth laughs, and Nature's in her bloom."

DANW.—May think himself extremely witty—we have a great mind to "print" (his letter) "and shame the fool." The verses by Haynes Bayley, which he wished to palm off on us, as his own, we happen to have in print, in a volume published by that gentleman in the year 1812. Perhaps Danw will next claim the authorship of "Rough Sketches of Bath!" We should not wonder!"

ALPHA.—Certainly, we will oblige this correspondent by printing his verses. Here they are—

A FAREWELL OF A FATHER TO HIS SON ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

Adieu, adieu, my eldest son,

Adieu, until you hear again,

That I have had a prosperous run

Across the mighty Western main.

Adieu! adieu! once more adieu!

May bounteous Heaven guide your aim;

And safely keep a home for you,

Without a chance to blight your name.

May you repose in peace on shore,

Where every comfort can be given;

And if perchance you do get more,

Send up your praise to mighty Heaven.

X. Y. Z.—The very pretty lines sent by this correspondent, shall ere long appear in our pages.

HERO.—Is thanked, and attended to.

SOPHIA D.—We regret the verses will not suit our pages.

ELIZABETH R.—Certainly the *amende* honourable was due to us. The article shall appear.

MARIA MARTIN.—Is informed she may obtain the information she desires, from the catalogue of the exhibition—*Verb sat.* "Old Birds are not to be caught by chaff"—and we are not so easily imposed upon. We recognize the writer, or prompter of the inquiry, and we regret it.

E. W. HOWELL, may rest assured his article will appear.

LUCRETIA H.—Shall receive our best attention.

EILEEN.—The article was sent to print, but omitted through press of matter.

W. C. W.—One of the poems sent by this correspondent, shall appear.

T. J. W.—The poem is accepted. We are never severe, unless absolutely obliged—and have far more pleasure in accepting than rejecting the contributions we are favoured with.

AUGUSTA L.—Is on our accepted list.

G. M. S.—We beg to decline the nonsense sent by this correspondent. "Oh! John! John!" you wont suit us!

J. STEWART (Liverpool).—Our decision is, that the article will not suit our pages. We never perused greater nonsense.

RALPH, BENBOW, JACODUS, ARMINS, JAKES, PETER SLY, JACK O' THE LANTERN, and FRIENDSHIP, will not suit us.

R. M. B. (Putney).—We wish this correspondent, who really has talent, would throw aside the extreme nonsense with which he introduces his writings to our notice. If he intends it for wit, we are sorry he should labour under so great a mistake. The poem on "Spring" would have been inserted, had he sent it with a rational letter. When he chooses to do so, we will attend to his productions, but not before.

W. E. H.—The poems received from this correspondent, shall appear.

LETTERS received after the 20th of the month, cannot be answered in the next month's magazine. Of such we have many on our file, that must stand over till our July number.

END OF VOL XII.

